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THE

# Irish Quarterly Review.

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1858.

Figure 1 consists of two scatter plots. The left plot shows a positive correlation between the number of children and the number of mothers, with a regression line indicating a positive slope. The right plot shows a negative correlation between the number of children and the number of mothers, with a regression line indicating a negative slope.

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1. *Typographia, or the Printers' Instructor, including an account of the origin of Printing, with Biographical Notices of the Printers of England from Caxton to the close of the Sixteenth Century.* By J. Johnson, Printer. London: Longman and Co., 1824.
2. *Origines de l'Imprimerie de Paris.* Par J. Chevallier, Paris, 1694.
3. *Annales Typographica.* Norimbergæ: 1793.
4. *Essai sur les Livres dans l'Antiquité.* Par H. Gérard. Paris: 1840.

PRICES OF BOOKS IN ANCIENT TIMES AND IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—“The ancients apprise us, according to Aulus-Gellius, that Plato, though possessed of a very moderate patrimony, purchased for 10,000 deniers (£400) the three books of the Pythagorean Philolaus, and from which Plato is said to have derived the greater part of his *Timæus*. Some authors assert that this sum was given him by his friend Dionysius of Syracuse. It is also related that Aristotle, after the death of Speusippus, paid three attic talents (£659) for some books composed by this philosopher. This sum, according to the value of the Roman money, was about 72,000 sesterces. Timon, in his three books of satires, gives vent to his malignity; apostrophizes Plato, whom he tells us was very poor, in consequence of hav-

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\*For the other papers of this series see IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. VI., No. 23, p. 439. No. 24, p. 647. Vol. VII., No. 25, p. 1. No. 26, p. 267. No. 27 p. 629.

ing purchased at a very high rate a treatise on Pythagorean philosophy, from which he obtained some plagiarisms for his famous dialogue. The following are Timon's lines on the subject:—"And thou also Plato, thou hast been seized with the desire of improving thyself, and purchased with so much money a little book, by the aid of which thou wilt be enabled to write thyself."\*

We have here the most ancient mention of the prices given for books by the writers of antiquity, but few evidences have been afforded us on this subject. Martial, however, furnishes us with a few.

"Near the Forum of Cæsar," wrote he in the hundred and eighteenth epigram of his second book, "may be seen a shop, the entire front of which is covered with titles of works, where with the glance of an eye you can read the names of all the poets. Entering there and addressing yourself to Atrectus, the name of the shopkeeper, you ask for my book. He takes from the first or second shelf a Martial well bound and ornamented with purple, which he sells to you for five deniers" (about 3s.)

The work alluded to here is the first book of Martial's *Epigrams*, composed of seven hundred lines. Besides, speaking of his thirteenth book, composed of a hundred and twenty-seven very brief title pages, and of two hundred and seventy-four lines, the same poet wrote (*Ep.* 3): "Everybody sought to procure this little book, which sold so dear, four sesterces (about nine pence) four! too much. If the bookseller Tryphon had sold it for two, he would still have had profit." If this *Epigram* might be taken literally, it followed that Martial's bookseller in selling the thirteenth book of the poet for four sesterces gained more than cent per cent profit on each copy.

The following are some particulars of the prices given in the middle ages, which will complete those which we have already inserted.

In 690 Benedict Biscop, monk and founder of the monastery of Wearmouth, sold to Egfride, King, of Northumberland, a manuscript on cosmography for eight hundred acres of arable land.

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\* Attic Nights, book III., ch. 17, Collection Dubochil. See also Diogenes Laërtius, Life of Plato.

In 1174, Walter, prior of Saint Swithin, at Winchester, purchased the *Homilies* of Bède and the *Psalter* of Saint Austin, for twelve measures of barley, and a pallium, on which was represented, in embroidery, the history of Saint Berinus converting a Saxon king.\*

W. de Howton sold to the Abbot of Croxton, in 1276, a Bible expounded, for 50 marks of silver, about thirty-four pounds, whilst the construction of two arches of the Bridge of London, at this period cost only twenty-five pounds. In the registry of the Priory of Bolton, in the year 1305, may be found this note: Pro quodam libro Sententiarum empt. XXXs. It was the book of Sentences of the famous Peter Lombard. They would have got two fat oxen for the same price.

In a deed of 1332, Geoffroy de Saint Liger, one of the clerks of the library of Paris, acknowledged and confessed having sold and surrendered, under mortgage of all his goods and guarantee of his body, a book entitled, *Speculum historiale in consuetudines Parisienses*, divided and bound in four volumes, covered in red leather, to a nobleman, Girard de Montagu, Advocate to the King in Parliament, for the moderate sum of forty Paris livres

The book of Pierre Comestor, *Scolastica Historia*, taken at the battle of Poitiers, was afterwards bought for 100 marks of silver, (about 66 livres sterling), by the Count of Salisbury.

Petrarch (who died in 1374), relates in a letter addressed to his friend Penna, that Tuscus, his master of grammar and rhetoric, being a great libertine, was obliged, in order to pay his debts to pawn two small volumes of Cicero.

A very old document of the same period, (1393), the truth of which is unimpeachable, relates that Alazacie de Blevis, a lady of Romolles, wife to Boniface the Magnificent of Castellane, Baron of Germany, in making her will, bequeathed to a young lady, her daughter, a certain number of books in which were inserted all the body of laws, formed and designed on parchment in the most elegant hand-writing; she enjoined her that in case she was about to marry, she should select a gentleman of the long robe, a jurisconsult, and that at her death she

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\* Timperly relates that in 1120, Martin, a monk selected by the Convent of St. Edmond's Bury to transcribe a copy of the Bible, could not obtain parchment in England for this object.

would bequeath to him this rich and most valuable treasure, as being a portion of her dowry. We may here observe that the Art of Printing was not at the time in use, or even discovered, Guttenberg being the originator. Gentlemen of Germany, and such of the noble houses of Provence as possessed such volumes, esteemed them a great treasure and considered themselves endowed with a vast and important inheritance; because libraries containing such works usually cost a very large sum, and they could not be copied or transcribed for even a very high price; and the men of letters were so scarce, so very difficult to be met with, and held in such high esteem and veneration, that those who could possessed themselves of those treasured volumes; studied them eagerly night and day, and preserved them carefully.\*

In 1394, Louis d'Orleans bought of Oliver Lempire, a Breviary, in a single volume, for 40 crowns in gold. Another Breviary used in Paris, in two large volumes, covered in white leather, was purchased by the same prince, the 18th of February 1397, for 200 golden francs.

In 1396, Jacques Johan, grocer and burgher of Paris, sold to Louis, duke of Orleans, for the sum of 60 crowns, two books, "in which were contained, the *Livre du Tresor*, the *Livre des Rois*, the *Secret des Secrez*, and the *Livre de Estrille Fauveau*, all in one volume, illuminated and emblazoned with the arms of the old Duke of Lancaster; and in the other the *Romant de la Rose*, the *Testament de maistre Jean de Meun*, and the *Livre des Eschez moralisé*, illuminated with azure and gold, and containing likenesses.†

In 1400 a copy of the *Romance of the Rose*,‡ was sold at Paris, before the Palace gates, for about thirty-three pounds.

\* L'Histoire et Chronique de Provence, de Cæsar de Nostradamus, Lyon, 1614, in folio p. 516.

† See the Bibliothèque de Charles d'Orleans, à son Château de Blois, by Le Roux de Lincy, Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des chartes, vol 5. We would be able to extract from this Catalogue the price of a very great number of books, but these volumes were almost all ornamented with such gorgeousness, that it would be impossible to give a just idea of the relative value of such work.

‡ For an account of this book see IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 24, p. 673.

*Les Heures* which Charles the VI. gave, in 1412, to the Duchess of Burgundy, cost 600 crowns.

An ancient scroll at the abbey of St Stephen at Caen, recorded that in 1431 they purchased for seven francs the works of Peter Lounbard. This year they might have had, for the same sum, seventy bushels of corn.

The 2nd of November, 1447, Lantimer de Gisors made a bargain with Guillaume Tuleu, proctor to the Hotel Dieu at Paris by which he obtained entrance into the hospital and permission to dwell there on condition of his bestowing a manuscript entitled *Le Pèlerinage de la vie humaine*, written about the year 1358, by Guilleville, a Bernardine religious of Chaales; in order said Lantimer "to obtain pardon of his sins, and that our Holy Father the Pope would grant in his Bulls to the Hotel Dieu the power of maintaining him for that sum, and an intention also through God's mercy for himself, his wife, children, father, mother, friends, and benefactors, both living and dead, and especially his master Nicole Ducar, surgeon to King Charles, whom may God absolve for having given him this book, and may he participate with him in obtaining pardon of his sins."

About the middle of the fifteenth century, Cardinal James Piccolomini having requested the Florentine, Acciaïoli to purchase for him a Josephus, Acciaïoli not daring to buy this work in consequences of its very high price offered to the Cardinal, three volumes of Plutarch for 8 crowns of Gold, and the *Epistles* of Seneca for 16 crowns.

We find in the fifth book of the *Epistles* of Antonio Panormita, a letter addressed by this savant to the King of Naples, Alphonso V. the enlightened supporter of literature, (who died in 1458). The following is a translation:—

"Having been apprised that the works of Livy, in good type are selling in Florence for 120 golden crowns, I request your Majesty to purchase in my name, and send to me the works of this historian, that we have been in the habit of designating the *King of Books*. In a short time I hope to be enabled to procure money to reimburse you for this purchase. I desire, however, very much to know who has acted a wiser part, Poggio or me. He, in order to purchase a villa at Florence, sold a Livy that had been magnificently transcribed in his own hand whilst I have sold an estate to buy a Livy."

We read in the twentieth epistle of Gaguin & Fichet, that,

having been commissioned by one of his Italian friends to purchase at Paris, a concordance of the Bible, he could only find one very well written copy, which the bookseller Paschassius would sell for 100 golden crowns.

Louis XI having learned that the Faculty of Medicine were in possession of a manuscript of Rasès, a celebrated Arabic Physician of the tenth century, demanded a loan of it from the Faculty for the purpose of transcribing it. We have here the reply addressed to him by the body.

"Our Sovereign Lord, whilst in our humility we recommend ourselves to your favour, and desire to inform you, our Sovereign Lord, that the president, Messire Jean de la Driesche, has commissioned us to say that you can have the rescript for which you have sent, *Totum continens Rasis*, in order to transcribe it; but as we possess but one copy, we require a guerdon for its security, Sire, being the most valuable and rare treasure in our faculty, and not to be procured elsewhere. Nevertheless, desiring with all our hearts to comply with your request, we will forward the book for transcription, provided you deposit certain vessels of silver and other securities to bail us as to its safety: this, according to the statutes of our faculty, must be complied with, having sworn on the Holy Gospel to guard and preserve it, which, without such observance could never have been accomplished. Praying to God, Sire, &c. This 29 November, 1471." Farther on it has been recorded that the security required by the faculty had been fixed to 12 marcs of silver and 20 sterlings, and that beside Malingre should go security for a hundred golden crowns.\*

As might be supposed the discovery of printing pulled down rapidly the price of manuscripts. "What acts of thanks!" wrote Jean André Bishop of Aleria to Pope Paul II., "should not the Christian and literary world render to you for having introduced printing into Rome. Is it not a great glory and honor for your Holiness to have procured for so many of your poor people the facility of forming a library at comparatively trifling expense, and of purchasing for 20 crowns correct volumes which some time since could scarcely be obtained for 100 crowns, though filled with the errors of the copyists? At

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\* "Historia Universitatis Parisiensis," by Du Boulay, vol. v. p. 885.

present we can buy a volume cheaper than formerly we would pay for binding."\*

To conclude all we have written on the price and value of books before the discovery of printing, we do not consider it irrelevant to shew by the following catalogue that in 1521 a small classic library could be formed at but trifling expense. We copy it textually from an unpublished inventory taken at Paris the 22nd of March, 1523, after the death of M. Pot, who whilst living had been the king's councillor, president of inquiry, treasurer and canon of La Sainte Chapelle of the Palace :—

	Sols.	Deniers	Turnois	
Aulus Gellius .. ..	..	6	..	..
Ariani prefacio de res gestas (sic)				
Alexandri .. ..	....	8		..
Cicero de officiis cum commento. 1 vol. ...	12			..
—de Natura Deorum, textus avec Sallustius cum commento ....	..	12		..
Tusculanes Ciceronis cum Commento ..	6			..
Rhetorica Ciceronis cum Commento ...	6			..
Plura Ciceronis .. ..	..	2		..
Commentaria Cesarii (sic), Venize ...	6			..
Diogenes Laercius .. ..	..	2		..
Opera Dyonisii ... ..	..	12		..
Herodiani historie ... ..	..	16		..
Isidoris sinonima, escript à la main				
en parchemin .... ..	....	..		6
Titus Livius, 3 vol. ....	17			..
Lucianus cum interpretatione Erasmi ....	4			..
Philostratus de vita Apoloni (Apollonii)			..	12
Opera Platonis .... ..	18			..
Plinius, 2 vols. ... ..	16			..
Priscianus cum Commento .. ..	3			..
Sallustius, impression d'Alde ....	2			..
Opera Senesce, 1 vol. ....	20			..
Suetonius cum commento, impression				
de Venise. ... ..	18			..
Cornelius Tacitus ... ..	6			..
Thucides (Thucydides) de Bello ....	6			..
Pelomponesaaco (Peloponesiaco) ...	6			..

\* Dedication of the "Epistles and Treatises of Saint Jerome."



The manuscript from which we have extracted these details forms a volume in quarto on parchment, and belongs to the archives of Bourges. We are indebted for this communication to an enterprising and learned antiquary, M. le Baron de Girardot Prefect at Bourges. Chevillier's *Origenes de l'Imprimerie de Paris*, quarto, 1694, p. 319, may also be consulted.

Our remarks have hitherto applied to the monastic scribes alone; however, it is necessary here to speak of the secular copyists, who were an important class during the middle ages, and supplied the functions of the bibliopole of the ancients. But the transcribing trade numbered three or four distinct branches. There were the *Librarii Antiquarii*, *Notarii*, and the *Illuminators*—occasionally these professions were all united in one—where perserverance or talent had acquired a knowledge of these various arts. There appears to have been considerable competition between these contending bodies. The *notarii* were jealous of the *librarii*, and the *librarii* in their turn were envious of the *antiquarii*, who devoted their ingenuity to the transcription and repairing of old books especially, rewriting such parts as were defective or erased, and restoring the dilapidations of the binding. Being learned in old writings they corrected and revised the copies of ancient codices; of this class we find mention as far back as the time of Cassiodorus and Isidore.\* “They deprived,” says Astle, “the poor *librarii*, or common scribes, of great part of their business, so that they found it difficult to gain a subsistence for themselves and their families. This put them about finding out more expeditious methods of transcribing books. They formed the letter smaller, and made use of more conjugations and abbreviations than had been usual. They proceeded in this manner till the letters became exceedingly small and extremely difficult to be read.”† The fact of there existing a class of men, whose fixed employment or profession was solely confined to the transcription of ancient writings and to the repairing of tattered copies, in contradistinction to the common scribes, and depending entirely upon the exercise of their art as a means of obtaining a subsistence, leads us to the conclusion that ancient manuscripts were

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\* Muratori Dissert. Quadragesima tertiâ, vol. iii. column 849.

† Astle's *Origin of Writing*, p. 193.—See also Montfaucon *Palæographia Græca*, lib. iv. p. 263 et 319.

by no means so very scarce in those days ; for how absurd and useless it would have been for men to qualify themselves for transcribing these antiquated and venerable codices, if there had been no probability of obtaining them to transcribe. The fact too of its becoming the subject of so much competition proves how great was the demand for their labour.\*

We are unable, with any positive result, to discover the exact origin of the secular scribes, though their existence may probably be referred to a very remote period. The monks seem to have monopolized for some ages the "*Commercium Librorum*,"† and sold and bartered copies to a considerable extent among each other. We may with some reasonable grounds, however, conjecture that the profession was flourishing in Saxon times ; for we find several eminent names in the seventh and eighth centuries who, in their epistolary correspondence, beg their friends to procure transcripts for them. Benedict, Biscop of Wearmouth, purchased most of his book treasures at Rome, which was even at that early period probably a famous mart for such luxuries, as he appears to have journeyed there for that express purpose. Some of the books which he collected were presents from his foreign friends ; but most of them, as Bede tells us, were *bought* by himself, or in accordance with his instructions, by his friends.‡ Boniface, the Saxon missionary, continually writes for books to his associates in all parts of Europe. At a subsequent period the extent and importance of the profession grew amazingly ; and in Italy its followers were particularly numerous in the tenth century, as we learn from the letters of Gerbert, afterwards Silvester II., who constantly writes, with the cravings of a bibliomaniac, to his friends for books, and begs them to get the scribes, who, he adds, in one of his letters, may be found in all parts of Italy, both in town and in the country, to make transcripts of certain books for

\* In the year 1300 the pay of a common scribe was about one half-penny a-day, see Stevenson's Supple. to Bentham's Hist. of the Church of Ély, p. 51.

† In some orders the monks were not allowed to sell their books without the express permission of their superiors. According to a statute of the year 1264 the Dominicans were strictly prohibited from selling their books or the rules of their order.—*Martene Thesaur. Nov. Anecdot.* tom. iv. col. 1741, et col. 1918.

‡ Vita Abbat. Wear. Ed. Ware, p. 26. His fine copy of the Cosmographers he bought at Rome.—*Roma Benedictus emerat.*

him, and he promises to reimburse his correspondent all that he expends for the same.\*

These public scribes derived their principal employment from the monks and the lawyers; from the former in transcribing their manuscripts, and by the latter in drawing up their legal instruments. They carried on their avocation at their own homes, like other artizans; but sometimes when employed by the monks executed their transcripts within the cloister, where they were boarded, lodged, and received their wages till their work was done. This was especially the case when some great book was to be copied, of rarity and price; thus we read of Paulinus, of St. Albans, sending into distant parts to obtain proficient workmen, who were paid so much per diem for their labour; their wages were generously supplied by the Lord of Redburn.†

The increase of knowledge and the foundation of the universities, gave birth to the booksellers. Their occupation as a distinct trade originated at a period coeval with the foundation of these public seminaries, although the first mention that we are aware of is made by Peter of Blois, about the year 1170. We shall have occasion to speak more hereafter of this celebrated scholar, but we may be excused for giving the anecdote here, as it is so applicable to our subject. It appears, then, that whilst remaining in Paris to transact some important matter for the King of England, he entered the shop "of a public dealer in books"—for be it known that the archdeacon was always on the search, and seldom missed an opportunity of adding to his library—the bookseller, Peter tells us, offered him a tempting collection on Jurisprudence; but although his knowledge of such matters was so great that he did not require them for his own use, he thought they might be serviceable to his nephew, and after bargaining a little about the price he counted down the money agreed upon, and left the stall; but no sooner was his back turned than the Provost of Sexeburgh came in, to look over the literary stores of the stationer, and his eye meeting the recently sold volume, he became inspired with a wish to possess it; nor could he, on hearing that it was

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\* *Nosti quot Scriptores in Urbibus aut in Agris Italiæ passim habeantur.*—Ep. cxxx. See also Ep. xliv. where he speaks of having purchased books in Italy, Germany and Belgium, at considerable cost. It is the most interesting Bibliomaniacal letter in the whole collection.

† Cottonian MS. in the Brit. Mus.—*Claudius*, E. iv. fo. 105, b.

bought and paid for by another, suppress his anxiety to obtain the treasure ; but offering more money, actually took the volume away by force. As may be supposed, Archdeacon Peter was sorely annoyed at this behaviour ; and " To his dearest companion and friend Master Arnold of Blois, Peter of Blois Archdeacon of Bath sent greeting" a long and learned letter, displaying his great knowledge of civil law, and maintaining the illegality of the provost's conduct.\* The casual way in which this is mentioned makes it evident that the "*publico mangone Librorum*" was no unusual personage in those days, but belonged to a common and recognized profession.

The vast number of students who, by the foundation of universities, were congregated together, generated of course a proportionate demand for books, which necessity or luxury prompted them eagerly to purchase : but there were poor as well as rich students educated in these great seminaries of learning, whose pecuniary means debarred them from the acquisition of such costly luxuries ; and for this and other cogent reasons the universities deemed it advantageous, and perhaps expedient, to frame a code of laws and regulations to provide alike for the literary wants of all classes and degrees. To effect this they obtained royal sanction to take the trade entirely under their protection, and eventually monopolized a sole legislative power over the *Librarii*.

In the college of Navarre a great quantity of ancient documents are preserved, many of which relate to this curious subject. They were deposited there by M. Jean Aubert in 1623, accompanied by an inventory of them, divided into four parts by the first four letters of the alphabet. In the fourth, under D. 18, there is a chapter entitled " Des Libraires, Appreteateurs, Jurez et Enlumineurs," which contains much interesting matter relating to the early history of bookselling.† These ancient statutes, collected and printed by the University in the year

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\* Epist. lxxi. p. 124, Edit. 4to. His words are—" Cum Dominus Rex Anglorum me nuper ad Dominum Regem Francorum nuntium destinasset, libri Legum venales Parisius oblatis sunt mihi ab illo B. publico mangone librorum : qui cum ad opus cujusdam mei nepotis idoneo viderentur conveni cum eo de pretio et eos abud venditorem dismissens, ei pretium numeravi ; superveniente vero C. Sexburgensi Præposito sicut audini, plus oblulit et licitatione vincens libros de domo venditoris per violentiam absportavit."

† Chevallier Origines de l'Imprimerie de Paris, 4to. 1694, p. 301.

1652,\* made at various times, and ranging between the years 1275 and 1408, give us a clear insight into the matter.

The nature of a bookseller's business in those days required no ordinary capacity, and no shallow store of critical acumen; the purchasing of manuscripts, the work of transcription, the careful revisal, the preparation of materials, the tasteful illuminations, and the process of binding, were each employments requiring some talent and discrimination, and we are not surprised, therefore, that the avocation of a dealer, and fabricator of these treasures, should be highly regarded, and dignified into a profession, whose followers were invested with all the privileges, freedoms and exemptions, which the masters and students of the university enjoyed.† But it required these conciliations to render the restrictive and somewhat severe measures, which she imposed on the bookselling trade, to be received with any degree of favour or submission. For whilst the University of Paris, by whom these statutes were framed, encouraged and elevated the profession of the librarii, she required, on the other hand, a guarantee of their wealth and mental capacity, to maintain and to appreciate these important concessions; the bookseller was expected indeed to be well versed in all branches of science, and to be thoroughly imbued with a knowledge of those subjects and works of which he undertook to produce transcripts.‡ She moreover required of him, testimonials to his good character, an efficient security, ratified by a solemn oath of allegiance,§ and a promise to observe and submit to all the present and future laws and regulations of the university. In some cases, it appears that she restricted the number of librarii, though this fell into disuse as the wants of

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\* "Actes concernant le pouvoir et la direction de l'Université de Paris sur les Ecrivains de Livres et les Imprimeurs qui leurs ont succédé comme aussi sur les Libraires Relieurs et Enlumineurs," 4 to 1652, p. 44. It is very rare; a copy was in Biblioth. Teller, No. 132. p. 428. A statute of 1275 is given by Lambecii Comment. de August. Biblioth. Cæsarea Vindobon, vol. ii, pp. 252—267. The booksellers are called "Stationarii or Librarii;" *de Stationariis, sive Librariis ut Stationarius, qui vulgo appellantur, &c.* See also *Du Cunge*, vol. vi. col. 716.

† Chevallier, p. 301, to whom we are deeply indebted in this branch of our inquiry.

‡ *Hist. Lit. de la France*, tom. ix. p. 84. Chevallier, p. 302.

§ The form of oath is given in full in the statute of 1323, and in that of 1342, Chevallier.

the students increased. Twenty-four seems to have been the original number,\* which is sufficiently great to lead to the conclusion that bookselling was a flourishing trade in those old days. By the statutes of the university, the bookseller was not allowed to expose his transcripts for sale, without first submitting them to the inspection of certain officers appointed by the university, and if an error was discovered, the copies were ordered to be burnt or a fine levied on them, proportionate to their inaccuracy. Harsh and stringent as this may appear at first sight, we shall modify our opinion, on recollecting that the student was in a great degree dependent upon the care of the transcribers for the fidelity of his copies, which rendered a rule of this nature almost indispensable: nor should we forget the great service it bestowed in maintaining the primitive accuracy of ancient writers, and in transmitting them to us through those ages in their original purity.†

In these times of free trade and unrestrained commercial policy, we shall regard less favourably a regulation which they enforced at Paris, depriving the bookseller of the power of fixing a price upon his own goods. Four booksellers were appointed and sworn in to superintend this department, and when a new transcript was finished, it was brought by the bookseller, and they discussed its merits and fixed its value, which formed the amount the bookseller was compelled to ask for it; if he demanded of his customer a larger sum, it was deemed a fraudulent imposition, and punishable as such. Moreover, as an advantage to the students, the bookseller was expected to make a considerable reduction in his profits in supplying them with books; by one of the laws of the university, his profit on each volume was confined to four deniers to a student, and six deniers to a common purchaser. The librarii were still further restricted in the economy of their trade, by a rule which forbade any one of them to dispose of his entire stock of books without the consent of the university; but this we suspect, implied the disposal of the stock and trade together, and was intended to intimate that the introduction of the purchaser would not be allowed, without the cognizance and sanction of the university.‡ Nor was the bookseller able to purchase

\* Du Breul *Le Thetre des Antiq. de Paris*, 4to. 1612, p. 608.

† *Idid.* Hist. Lit. de la France, tom. ix. p. 84

‡ Chevallier, p. 303.

books without her consent, lest they should be of an immoral or heretical tendency ; and they were absolutely forbidden to buy any of the students, without the permission of the rector.

But restricted as they thus were, the book merchants nevertheless grew opulent, and transacted an important and extensive trade ; sometimes they purchased parts and sometimes they had whole libraries, to sell.\* Their dealings were conducted with unusual care, and when a volume of peculiar rarity or interest was to be sold, a deed of conveyance was drawn up with legal precision, in the presence of authorized witnesses.

In those days of high prices and book scarcity, the poor student was sorely impeded in his progress ; to provide against these disadvantages, they framed a law in 1342, at Paris, compelling all public booksellers to keep books to lend out on hire. The reader will be surprised at the idea of a circulating library in the middle ages ! but there can be no doubt of the fact ; they were established at Paris, Toulouse, Vienna, and Bologne. These public librarians too, were obliged to write out regular catalogues of their books and hang them up in their shops, with the prices affixed, so that the student might know beforehand what he had to pay for reading them. We are tempted to give a few extracts from these lists.

" St. Gregory's Commentaries upon Job, for reading 100 pages, 8 sous.

" St. Gregory's Book of Homilies, 28 pages for 12 deniers.

" Isidore's De Summa bona, 24 pages, 12 deniers.

" Anselm's De Veritate de Libertate Arbitrii, 40 pages, 2 sous.

" Peter Lombard's Book of Sentences, 3 sous.

" Scholastic History, 3 sous.

" Augustine's Confessions, 21 pages, 4 deniers.

" Gloss on Matthew, by brother Thomas Aquinas, 57 pages, 3 sous.

" Bible Concordance, 9 sous.

" A Bible, 10 sous†."

This rate of charge was also fixed by the university, and the students borrowing these books were privileged to transcribe them if they chose ; if any of them proved imperfect or faulty, they were denounced by the university, and a fine imposed upon the bookseller who had lent out the volume.

This potent influence exercised by the universities over book-

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\* Martene Anecd. tom. i. p. 502. Hist. Lit. de la France, ix. p. 142.

† Chevallier 319, who gives a long list, printed from an old register of the University.

ellers, became, in time, much abused, and in addition to these commercial restraints, they assumed a still less warrantable power over the original productions of authors; and became virtually the public censors of books, and had the power of burning or prohibiting any work of questionable orthodoxy. In the time of Henry the Second, a book was published by being read over for two or three successive days, before one of the universities, and if they approved of its doctrines and bestowed upon it their approbation, it was allowed to be copied extensively for sale.

Stringent as the university rules were, as regards the book-selling trade, they were, nevertheless, sometimes disregarded or infringed; some ventured to take more for a book than the sum allowed, and, by prevarication and secret contracts, eluded the vigilance of the laws.\* Some were still bolder, and openly practised the art of a scribe and the profession of a bookseller, without knowledge or sanction of the university. This gave rise to much jealousy, and in the University of Oxford, in the year 1373, they made a decree, forbidding any person exposing books for sale without her licence.†

Now, considering all these usages of early bookselling, their numbers, their opulence, and, above all, the circulating libraries which the librarii established, can we still retain the opinion that books were so inaccessible in those anteprinting days, when we know that for a few sous the book-lover could obtain good and authenticated copies to peruse, or transcribe? It may be advanced that these facts solely relate to universities, and were intended merely to insure a supply of the necessary books in constant requisition by the students, but such was not the case; the librarii were essentially public *Librarii Venditores*, and were glad to dispose of their goods to any who could pay for them. Indeed, the early bibliomaniacs usually flocked to these book marks to rummage over the stalls, and to collect their choice volumes. Richard de Bary obtained many in this way, both at Paris and at Rome.

Of the exact pecuniary value of books during the middle ages, we have no means of judging. The few instances that have accidentally been recorded, are totally inadequate to enable us to form an opinion. The extravagant estimate given by

\* Chevallier, 303.

† Vet. Stat. Universit. Oxoniæ, D. fol. 75. Archiv. Bodl.



some, as to the value of books in those days, is merely conjectural, as it necessarily must be, when we remember that the price was guided by the accuracy of the transcription, the splendour of the binding, which was often gorgeous to excess, and by the beauty and richness of the illuminations.\* Many of the manuscripts of the middle ages are magnificent in the extreme. Sometimes they inscribed the gospels and the venerated writings of the fathers with liquid gold, on parchment of the richest purple,† and adorned its brilliant pages with illuminations of exquisite workmanship.

The first specimens we have of an attempt to embellish manuscripts are Egyptian. It was a common practice among them at first to colour the initial letter of each chapter or division of their work, and afterwards to introduce objects of various kinds into the body of the manuscript. The splendour of the ancient calligraphical productions of Greece,\* and the still later ones of Rome, bear repeated testimony that the practice of this art had spread during the sixth century, if not earlier, to these powerful empires. England was not tardy in embracing this elegant art. We have many relics of remote antiquity and exquisite workmanship existing now, which prove the talent and assiduity of our early Saxon forefathers.

In Ireland the illuminating art was profusely practised at a period as early as the commencement of the seventh century, and in the eighth we find it holding forth eminent claims to our respect by the beauty of their workmanship, and the chastity of their designs. Those well versed in the study of these ancient manuscripts, have been enabled, by extensive but minute observation, to point out their different characteristics in

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\* The Church of Norwich paid £22 9s. for illuminating a Graduale and Consuetudinary in 1374.

† Isidore Orig., cap. ii —Jerome, in his preface to Job. writes, "*Habeant qui volunt veteres libros, vel in membranis purpureis auro argenteque colore purpureos aurum liquiscit in literis.*" Eddius Stephanus in his Life of St. Wilfrid, cap. xvi., speaks of "*Quatour Evangeliz de auro purissimo in membranis de purpuratis coloratis pro animæ suæ remedio scribere jussit.*" Du Cange, vol. iv. p. 654. See also Mabillon Act. Sanct., tom. v. p. 110, who is of opinion that these purple MSS. were only designed for princes; see *Nouveau Traite de Diplomatique*, and *Montfaucon Palæog. Græc.*, pp. 45, 218, 226 for more on this subject.

\* See a Fragment in the Brit. Mus. engraved in Shaw's *Illuminated Ornaments*, plate 1.

various ages, and even to decide upon the school in which a particular manuscript was produced.

These illuminations, which render the early manuscripts of the monkish ages so attractive, generally exemplify the rude ideas and tastes of the time. In perspective they are woefully deficient, and manifest but little idea of the picturesque or sublime; but here and there we find quite a gem of art, and, it must be owned, we are seldom tired by monotony of colouring or paucity of invention. A study of these parchment illustrations afford considerable instruction. Not only do they indicate the state of the pictorial art in the middle ages, but also give us a comprehensive insight into the scriptural ideas entertained in those times; and the bible student may learn much from pondering on these glittering pages; to the historical student, and to the lover of antiquities, they offer a verdant field of research, and he may obtain in this way many a glimpse of the manners and customs of those old times which the pages of the monkish chroniclers have failed to record.

But all this prodigal decoration greatly enhanced the price of books, and enabled them to produce a sum, which now to us sounds enormously extravagant. Moreover, it is supposed that the scarcity of parchment limited the number of books materially, and prevented their increase to any extent; but we are prone to doubt this assertion, for our own observations do not help to prove it. Mr. Hallam says, that in consequence of this, "an unfortunate practice gained ground of erasing a manuscript in order to substitute another on the same skin. This occasioned, probably, the loss of many ancient authors who have made way for the legends of saints, or other ecclesiastical rubbish."\* But we may reasonably question this opinion, when we consider the value of books in the middle ages, and with what esteem the monks regarded, in spite of all their paganism, those "heathen dogs" of the ancient world. A doubt has often forced itself upon our mind, when turning over the "crackling leaves" of many ancient MSS., whether the peculiarity mentioned by Montfaucon, and described as parchment from which former writing had been erased, may not be owing, in many cases, to its mode of preparation. It is true, a great

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\* Middle Ages, vol. ii. p. 437. Mr. Maitland, in his "Dark Ages," enters into a consideration of this matter with much critical learning and ingenuity.

proportion of the membrane on which the writings of the middle ages are inscribed, appear rough and uneven, but we could not detect, through many manuscripts of a hundred folios—all of which evinced this roughness—the unobliterated remains of a single letter. And when we have met with instances, they appear to have been short writings—perhaps epistles; for the monks were great correspondents, and, we suspect, kept economy in view, and often carried on an epistolary intercourse, for a considerable time, with a very limited amount of parchment, by erasing the letter to make room for the answer. This, probably, was usual where the matter of their correspondence was of no especial importance; so that, what our modern critics, being emboldened by these faint traces of former writing, have declared to possess the classic appearance of hoary antiquity, may be nothing more than a complimentary note, or the worthless accounts of some monastic expenditure. But, careful as they were, what would these monks have thought of “*paper-sparing Pope*,” who wrote his *Iliad* on small pieces of refuse paper? One of the finest passages in that translation, which describes the parting of Hector and Andromache, is written on part of a letter which Addison had franked, and is now preserved in the British Museum. Surely he could afford, these old monks would have said, to expend some few shillings for paper, on which to inscribe that, for which he was to receive his thousand pounds.

But far from the monastic manuscripts displaying a scantiness of parchment, we almost invariably find an abundant margin, and a space between each line almost amounting to prodigality; and to say that the “*vellum was considered more precious than the genius of the author*,”\* is absurd, when we know that, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, a dozen skins of parchment could be bought for sixpence; whilst that quantity written upon, if the subject possessed any interest at all, would fetch considerably more, there always being a demand and ready sale for books.† The supposition, therefore, that

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\* *D'Israeli Amenities of Lit.*, vol. i. p. 358.

† The Precentor's accounts of the Church of Norwich contain the following items:—1300, 5 dozen parchment, 2s. 6d., 40lbs. of ink 4s. 4d., 1 gallon of vindi decrili, 3s., 4lbs. of coporase, 4lbs. of galls, 2lbs. of gum arab, 3s. 4d., to make ink. We dismiss these facts with the simple question they naturally excite. That if parchment was so *very scarce*, what on earth did the monk want with all this ink?

the monastic scribes erased *classical* manuscripts, for the sake of the material, seems altogether improbable, and certainly destitute of proof. It is true, many of the classics, as we have them now, are but mere fragments of the original work. For this, however, we have not to blame the monks, but barbarous invaders, ravaging flames, and the petty animosities of civil and religious warfare, for the loss of many valuable works of the classics. By these means, one hundred and five books of Livy have been lost to us, probably for ever. For the thirty which have been preserved, our thanks are certainly due to the monks. It was from their unpretending and long-forgotten libraries that many such treasures were brought forth at the revival of learning, in the fifteenth century, to receive the admiration of the curious, and the study of the erudite scholar. In this way Poggio Bracciolini discovered many inestimable manuscripts. Leonardo Aretino writes in rapturous terms on Poggio's discovery of a perfect copy of Quintillian. "What a precious acquisition!" he exclaims, "what unthought of pleasure to behold Quintillian perfect and entire!"\* In the same letter we learn that Poggio had discovered Asconius and Flaccus in the monastery of St. Gall, whose inhabitants regarded them without much esteem. In the monastery of Langres, his researches were rewarded by a copy of Cicero's Oration for Cœcina. With the assistance of Bartolomeo di Montepulciano, he discovered Silius Italicus, Lactantius, Vegetius, Nonius Marcellus, Ammianus Marcellus, Lucretius, and Columella, and he found in a monastery at Rome a complete copy of Tertullian.† In the fine old monastery of Casino, so renowned for its classical library in former days, he met with Julius Frontinus and Firmicus, and transcribed them with his own hand. At Cologne he obtained a copy of Petronius Arbiter. But to these we may add Calpurnius's Bucolic,‡ Manilius, Lucius Septimus, Coper, Euty chius, and Probus. He had anxious hopes of adding a perfect Livy to the list, which he had been told then existed, in a Cistercian Monastery in Hungary, but, unfortunately, he did not prosecute his researches in this instance with his usual energy. The scholar has equally to re-

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\* Leonardi Aretini Epist. l. iv. eb. v.

† Mehi Præfatio ad vit Ambrosii Traversarii, p. xxxix.

‡ Mehi Præf., pp. xlviii.—xlix.

gret the loss of a perfect Tacitus, which Poggio had expectations of from the hands of a German monk. We may still more deplore this, as there is every probability that the monks actually possessed the precious volume.\* Nicholas of Treves, a contemporary and friend of Poggio's, and who was infected, though in a slight degree, with the same passionate ardour for collecting ancient manuscripts, discovered, whilst exploring the German monasteries, twelve comedies of Plautus, and a fragment of Aulus Gellius.† Had it not been for the timely aid of these great men, many would have been irretrievably lost in the many revolutions and contentions that followed; and, had such been the case, the monks, of course, would have received the odium, and on their heads the spleen of the disappointed student would have been prodigally showered.

ORIGIN OF PRINTING.—It was about the year 1398 or 1400 that Jean Gutenberg was born at Mayence.‡

In 1420 he was forced to exile himself in consequence of an insurrection which broke out in the city. We are ignorant what became of him during the fourteen following years, but know positively that in 1434 he resided at Strasbourg, where, two years later, he worked polishing mirrors and carving precious stones.

In 1436, he formed, with a certain Jean Riffe, for the achievement of some secret design, a society, which was afterwards joined by André Dritzehen and his brother Anton Heilmann. In the deed which was registered in writing we perceive that the interests of the society were divided into four parts; Gutenberg, who was the soul and spirit of this undertaking, reserved for himself two, having moreover allowed to his two latter associates the sum of 160 florins. Ere long Dritzehen perceiving that Gutenberg occupied himself secretly

\* A MS. containing five books of Tacitus which had been deemed lost, was found in Germany during the pontificate of Leo X., and deposited in the Laurentian library at Florence.—*Mehi Praef.* p. xlvii. See Shepard's Life of Poggio, p. 104, to whom we are much indebted for these curious facts.

† Shepard's Life of Poggio, p. 101.

‡ His father, of the noble family of Gensfleisch, bore the surname of Friele. He married Else de Gutenberg, and gave this latter name to his son Henne Gensfleisch Zum Gutenberg. The name of Gutenberg has been sometimes written Gudinberg, sometimes Gutenberg, and at other times Gadenburch.

with an invention, with the construction of which they were kept in total ignorance, obtained admission with André Heilmann to enter a new association by paying 250 florins. This invention, with which the Mayengais occupied himself so mysteriously, was printing.

André having died in 1438, his two brothers George and Claus, re-claimed from Gutenberg, either their admission into the society, or the payment of a sum of 100 florins, which the associates had reserved for the successors of those who died amongst them. A lawsuit was the result of this demand, when, after having heard a great number of witnesses, the tribunal acknowledged that Gutenberg was not bound to pay the inheritors more than 15 florins. It was in the depositions of the witnesses that mention was for the first time made of printing by means of moveable type, and this fact, of such paramount interest, remained undiscovered up to the year 1745, when the keeper of records, Schœpffin, found the deeds in an old tower of Strasbourg, the *Pfennigthurm*. These documents written in German, the authority of which is incontestible, were published by Schœpffin, in his *Vindiciæ Typographicæ*. M. Léon de Laborde has recently made an accurate copy of them, to which he has joined a translation and the facsimile of several passages.\*

As their text has been the subject of various important discussions we think it well to give the following extracts. The first part thus commences

“*Item*, Barbel de Zabern, deposes that he had one night a conversation with Andres Dritzehen on various matters, that amongst others, having said to him: ‘Will you not retire to rest at length?’ he replied: ‘I must finish this before I do so.’ Then the witness spoke thus: ‘But God preserve me, what a vast sum of money you must have expended? Why that must have cost at least 10 florins.’ In reply he said; ‘thou art a fool, if thou thinkest that that has cost me but 10 florins?’ Hearken, know, that this has already cost me more than 300 florins, a sum more than sufficient for thy whole life, aye, it has cost me at least 500 florins. And that will be no-

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\* See *Débuts de l'imprimerie à Strasbourg*, Paris, 1840 in octavo. The original parts of the documents are preserved with great care in a cabinet at the library of the university of Strasbourg.

thing if it does not cost me still more, it is for this purpose that I have pledged my goods and my inheritance.' 'But,' said this witness, 'holy dolors, if it should not succeed what would you do then?' To which he replied; 'That is impossible, it must succeed; before another year revolves we will have recovered our capital, and we shall all be happy unless it be God's will to subdue us.'

"*Item*, the woman Ennel, wife of Hanns Schultheiss, timber merchant, deposes that Lorenzo Beildeck came at one time to the house of Claus Dritzehen her cousin, and said to him. 'Dear Claus Dritzehen, Andrés Dritzehen had iiij pieces concealed in a press, and, Gutenberg requests you will take them from the press, and that you will separate them one from another, in order that they might be unintelligible, as he did not wish any one to understand them:' this witness also deposed that, when at the house of her cousin Andres Dritzehen she assisted in this work night and day.

"Lorenzo Beildeck deposes that Jean Gutenberg sent him on one occasion to the house of Claus Dritzehen after the death of Andres his brother to tell Claus Dritzehen not to show any one the press he had under his care. He told me moreover, that by going to the press and taking the trouble of opening it with two screws, that then the pieces would become detached one from the other. He was then to place these pieces in the press or on the press, and no one after that could understand for what they were intended.

"*Item*, Hanns Dunne, goldsmith, deposes that he had, three years before, gotten from Gutenberg nearly 100 florins, for matters belonging to printing alone."

The text, sometimes very vague, of these *proces-verbaux* have been examined and commented on in a hundred different ways by those who occupy themselves in studying the origin of printing, each seeking to draw from it a text for the system which they have adopted.

There are four questions raised about the type: were they moveable or fixed? Schœpffin sustained the former opinion and Fournier the latter. Were they metallic or xylographic; Schœpffin maintained that they were lead, Fournier and Meerman that they were of wood.

Does the word *pressen* which is very often used, imply the same meaning as we give to the term *press* at that present day? This question has been resolved as the preceding, affirmatively

by some, negatively by others. It appears nevertheless certain that Gutenberg, according to the report of his contemporaries, invented at Strasbourg a new species of writing carved on wood with moveable type. It is doubtful for which of his type he employed metal, whether in engraving or in cast fount. "Besides, it is probable," wrote M. de Laborde, "that he composed in moveable letters some leaves of works of which he had the manuscripts beside him; he had undoubtedly re-printed some volume of great importance, and when he offered his device to his associates, they could then undertake works of greatest importance, a bible, for example. We can easily conceive that these four men reunited had undertaken what was altogether above their strength, the impression of a bible in folio, in double columns; and this supposition has been confirmed by the evidence that the productions of the association ought to have found a quick and enormous sale at Aix-la-Chapelle during the grand reunion of pilgrims in 1440; and that another year of assiduous labour was requisite to produce something beside a bible, or a *catholicon*, they should also be voluminous and worthy by their title to receive a good price."\*

Gutenberg remained at Strasbourg for several years and returned in 1445 or 1446 to Mayence, where, from 1443, he had rented the house called *Zum Jungen*, in which he established at a later period his first presses.

The considerable expense he had to undergo in order to accomplish this attempt, had completely cramped his resources. Fortunately he met with powerful support from his fellow-citizen, Jean Fust or Faust, with whom he became associated in 1450 by a deed, the copy of which has been preserved. Fust engaged to advance to Gutenberg the sum of 800 florins in gold at 6 per cent interest, for the formation of the implements and instruments necessary for printing, and which were to be pledged to Fust; he, besides, giving 300 golden florins for what we would call at the present day general expenses, such as hiring domestics, rent, fuel, purchasing parchment, paper, ink, &c.; the emoluments to be divided equally between the two associates. In case the society should be dissolved, it was agreed that Gutenberg should release his tools and reimburse Faust his 800 florins.

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\* See Biographie Michaud, t. XLVIII. p. 446.



In the earlier period of their association, Gutenberg and Fust do not appear to have made much advance. It seems even, according to a passage of an author of the time, that they did not at first make use of the moveable type that Gutenberg had employed at Strasbourg; it was necessary for them to have as many separate blocks as they had pages to print, and the leaves could only be printed on one side. They had probably been disheartened by the enormous expense entailed in engraving moveable type on wood,\* as also by the difficulty of giving to these letters and their tails equal dimensions, and of disposing of them in such a manner as that they would not be broken or put out of order whilst in press. Meerman, in his *Origines typographicae*, maintains, however, that the tails, which were of box and separated in the centre, could very easily be reunited by a little cord or brass wire. The ancient printers of Mayence preserved, it is said, some of these letters of wood in their workshops, and it was customary to give one to each apprentice who was admitted as freeman in their corporation.

After having printed on the fixed blocks of wood, a small vocabulary and a *Donatus Minor*,† Gutenberg and Fust detached from these blocks the type which they carved separately to render them moveable; there are a few specimens of this edition in xylography.

About the years 1452 or 1453 they discovered a method of casting the figures of the Latin alphabet, which they called *matrices*, and in these matrices they formed new type in brass or pewter.

Notwithstanding this very positive testimony the honor of having invented the casting of the type was attributed exclusively to Pierre Schœffer a workman of Fust ‡ who was more likely to have improved on the invention of Gutenberg and his associate. We have here an explanation on this point from Jean Frédéric Faust d'Aschaffembourg, an extract from his

\* Camus carved letters in wood, which, polished and arranged in proper order, brought him a profit of ten sous each. According to M. de Laborde, a letter in wood at the present day would be only value for three sous.

† The Bibliothèque Royale is in possession of two of these blocks, see *Chronicon urbis Coloniae*, 1433, folio.

‡ According to the incorrect custom of this period, the name of Schœffer (Shepherd) was to be found translated in latin by *Opilio* among the historians of the time.

family papers, and translated in Latin in the *Monumenta typographica* of Wolf (vol. 1, p. 468):

“ Pierre Schœffer of Gernsheim, having conceived the project of his master Fust, and filled with taste for his art, discovered by divine inspiration the manner of engraving the type which they have called matrices; and of casting by this means other type, by which they were enabled to increase them and give them the same form without being obliged to do each separately. He made without the privity of his master, a matrice in alphabetical order, and shewed it to Jean Fust with the type which he had cast by these means. His master was so delightful that in a transport of joy he at once promised his only daughter to Pierre, who espoused her shortly after. But they encountered as many difficulties in this species of type, as they did heretofore in the type engraven on wood, for the substance was too weak to resist the pressure. At length by the amalgamation of several other metals they discovered a substance which sustained the weight of the press.”

There is great uncertainty regarding the first works printed by means of the process invented by Schœffer. However, without entering into any of the discussions, we will limit ourselves to the mention of the Letters of Indulgence granted by Pope Nicholas V. in 1454 to the faithful who, by their alms, aided the King of Cyprus, John II, to make war against the Turks: these were most likely printed in this type; the bible of three quaternions\* of eight hundred and seventy sheets, and attributed to Gutenberg and Fust never existed; but the edition of the bible in six hundred and forty sheets has been acknowledged as the most ancient, having been printed at Mayence between 1453 and 1455 with the type invented by Schœffer.

The royal library possesses four sheets of a *Donat* printed on parchment with the imprint of Mayence by Pierre Schœffer. These sheets found in Germany covering some books were collected by an inhabitant of Trèves who bestowed them on the library in 1803. Lambinet has given a circumstantial description of them. At the back of the fourth and last leaf, may be read at the top of the page the following inscription in red ink: Explicit Donatus, arte nova imprimendi seu caracterizandi,

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\* The ancient printers gave the name *quaternion* to a collection of four leaves forming 16 pages in folio.

per Petrum de Gernsheym, in urbe moguntina cum suis capitalibus absque calami exaratione effigatus.

Gutenberg was as unfortunate at Mayence as he had been at Strasbourg. He had to sustain, in this city, a new lawsuit, and on this occasion lost it altogether. The following is the translation of the original German deed relative to this affair.

"Fust summoned Gutenberg to recover the sum of 2,020 golden florins, accruing from the 800 florins he had advanced to Gutenberg, in accordance with the contract they had entered into: also 200 more florins, given at the demand of Gutenberg, to finish the work, besides 36 florins expenses and interest, which he had neglected to pay, not having sufficient funds. Gutenberg replied, that the first 800 florins, had, according to their letter of contract, been all at once employed in preparations for their work; that he had offered to render an account of the last 800 florins, but that he had no idea he was to pay either interest or usury. The Judge tendered the oath to Fust, whether he had lent him the money, and he having taken it, Gutenberg lost his cause, and was condemned to pay the interest, and that part of the capital which he had employed for his own particular use. Fust then demanded and obtained a decree from the notary, Helmasperger, dated the 6th of November, 1455."

This lawsuit caused a dissolution of the partnership, and Gutenberg finding it impossible to satisfy his creditor, was obliged to resign to him all his printing implements. Nevertheless, he found another person willing to advance funds, in Doctor Conrad Humery, syndic of Mayence, and succeeded in establishing a new printing establishment in the same city; but the only typographical memorial that we can attribute to them is a large work in folio, known under the name of *Catholicon*, bearing the date, 1460, and entitled: *Summa quæ vocatur Catholicon, edita a Joanne de Janua*.

The latter years of Gutenberg were spent very happily. He was, in 1465, received amongst the gentlemen in waiting on the Elector of Mayence, Adolphus II., who granted him a pension; he died, however, in 1468.

We have not noted, in this biographical sketch, two writings cited in all the accounts given of printing. The first is a letter addressed from Strasbourg, in March, 1421, by Gutenberg to his sister Bertha, a religious in a convent at Mayence; the second is a deed executed in 1459, between

Gutenberg, his brothers, and his sister, by which he undertakes to bestow to the library of the convent where his sister dwelt, the books he had printed, and should print in future. A *Histoire de l'imprimerie*, published about twenty years since, by M. Schaaber, has proved in the clearest manner that the keeper of the archives at Mayence, Bodmann, who was assumed to have discovered these writings, had simply fabricated them, in order to relieve himself from the importunities of Oberlin, Fischer, and other bibliographers, who tormented him unceasingly to obtain for them some souvenirs of Gutenberg.\*

After the separation from Gutenberg, Fust and Schœffer preserved their workshop, and began to print anew. The first book known up to the present day as indicating a precise date of the name and residence of the publishers, is the Psalter of Mayence, which issued from their press in 1457. This book in large folio, regarded as a chef-d'œuvre of its kind, was an epoch in the history of printing.

In what sort of type was it printed? This question was a matter of dispute amongst the savants; Van Praet thought they employed moveable type in wood, the number being so considerable, as to oblige them to have 640 for one page and 2,560 for a sheet.

The volume is composed of 75 sheets; it is embellished with 288 ornamented capitals, engraven in wood, with surpassing delicacy, traced in red when the ornaments are blue, and in blue when the ornaments are in red; the largest capital letter is on the first page. It is printed in three colors, blue, red and purple, comprising ornaments 92 millimetres high, and 108 wide. It represents a B encircled by arabesques of foliage and flowers; in one of the bends of the letter may be discerned a hare chasing a flying partridge.

The following inscription may be seen printed in red characters on the back of the last leaf:—

Presens Spalmarum (for Psalmorum) Codex Venustate capitalium decoratus rubricationibus que sufficienter distinctus, ad inventionem artificiosa imprimendi ac characterizandi. Absque calami ulla exaratione sic effigatus, et ad eusebiam Dei industrie est consummatus, per Johannem Fust, civem Maguntinam. Et Petrum Schœffer de Gernsheim. Anno Domini millesimo CCCCLVII in vigilia Assumptionis.

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\* Lambinet has given the translation of these writings.

There are but six copies of this edition extant, and each varies. Two years later, Fust and Schœffer published another work with the same type as the former, and comprising 136 sheets. There are eight copies of it to be found at the present day in the Royal Library.

The Psalter was re-printed in 1490 and 1503 by P. Schœffer alone, and in 1516 by J. Schœffer son to Peter.

We have here the detail of the works printed by Fust and Schœffer.

1459. *Guilelmi Durandi rationale divinarum officiorum*. Moguntiae, Joannes Fust et Petrus de Gernshezm, 1459, large folio.

This edition, looked on as a chef-d'œuvre of typography, is probably the first work printed in moveable type bearing date and the name of the two printers.

1460. *Constitutiones Clementis Papæ V. Una cum apparatu Joannis Andreæ*. Moguntiae, Joannes Fust et Petrus Schoiffer 1460, large folio.

1462. *Biblia latina vulgatæ editionis, ex translatione et cum præfationibus S. Hieronymi*. Moguntiae, Joannes Fust et Petrus Schoiffer. 1462. 2 vols. large folio.

This latter Bible, the first printed with a date, is famous as the Mayence Bible. There are various copies in vellum and paper. A copy which belonged to Coustard, Minister of the Parliament at Paris, and which perhaps is lost at the present day, contained a deed of sale in Latin of which the following is a translation. "I, Herman of Germany, factor to the honest and prudent Jean Guymier accredited librarian to the University of Paris, acknowledge to have sold to the illustrious and learned master Guillaume de Tourneville, Archpriest and Canon of Angers, my lord and very respected master, a Mayence Bible in two volumes for the sum of forty crowns, which I have substantially received; a sale, which I promise to ratify in the following manner:—guaranteeing to my lord the indisputed possession of this Bible, against any claimant who may seek to dispossess him of it. In testimony of which I affix my seal this fifth day of April, the year of our Lord MCCCCLXX."

1465. *Liber sextus Decretalium Domini Bonifacii Papæ VIII. cum glossa*, 1465 in folio.

*Cicero de Officiis*. Moguntiae, 1465, in quarto.

1466. *Grammatica vetus rhythmica*. Moguntiae, 1466, small folio.

At the end of this work which contains but eleven sheets, may be found the following four lines which are rather obscure.

Artis ter deni jubilaminis octo his annis.  
Moguincia reni me condit et imprimit annis.  
Hinc nazareni sonet oda per ora Johannis.  
Namque sereni luminis est scaturigo peregnis.

Various explanations have been given of this quatrain; the best, however, is that of George Bathon, Canon of Saint Bartholomew at Frankfort. *Jubilamen*, designating a Jubilee of fifty years. Twenty nine jubilees make fourteen hundred and fifty years. If twice eight years (octo his) be added of the thirtieth (ter deni) the current jubilee would take place at the date of 1466.

The two last lines indicate Mayence as the place where it was printed, and Jean Fust as printer.

Fust and Schœffer did not limit themselves, in the sale of their books, to the towns where they were published; it is unquestionable that they established depots in Germany, Italy, France, and in the most celebrated Universities. Naudé even gave sanction to a fable, which has been repeated by several writers. He maintains that Fust having brought a great number of copies of the Bible of 1462, to Paris, sold them at first as manuscripts at sixty crowns, and afterwards for twenty crowns only; the fraud having been discovered, he was prosecuted by the purchasers, and obliged to fly. This story which is not substantiated by any authority, has been refuted by several critics, who have sought in vain amongst the parliamentary registers of Paris, for any trace of the prosecution against the printer of Mayence.

Be that as it may, it is fact that Fust came to Paris in 1466. It is even conjectured that he died there of the plague, which desolated the city in the months of April and September of that year.

After the death of his associate, Pierre Schœffer continued to print alone at Mayence, up to the year 1508, and had repositories for the sale of his books in several towns in France. He had for factor at Paris a German, named Herman de Statboen. He having died there, the Royal Commissary in virtue of his right of escheat, seized and sold all the books and effects which were found on the premises; Schœffer and his associate Conrart Hanequis or Henlif, took active measures to obtain from Louis XI., an indemnity or restitution of the books which belonged to them. Their demand, supported by the King of the Romans, Frederick III., and the Elector of Mayence, was most successful, and in the month of April, 1475,

the King issued the following decree, a portion only of which we give, as a detailed account would be quite uninteresting.

“Louis, by the Grace of God, King of France, to our trusty and beloved councillors, ordained by us comptrollers of finance, greeting in all affection, on behalf of our dear and well beloved Conrart Hanequis and Pierre Schœffer, merchants and citizens of Mayence in Germany, who have been represented to us as devoting the greater portion of their time to the invention of the art of printing, by which means they have with much care and diligence succeeded in making several beautiful books of rare and exquisite workmanship, in which history and the different sciences have been portrayed; some of those have been sent to various parts of our kingdom and even to our City of Paris, and its eminent university; that in order to dispose of those books, a commission was given to a certain man employed by them for that purpose; that with this man Herman de Stathoen, native of the diocese of Munster in Germany, they had contracted for the sale of a certain quantity of books, which they had sent to him and for which he was held responsible by Conrart Hanequis and Pierre Schœffer; Stathoen dying, according to the universal law of our kingdom his goods and effects were escheated, as no alien dying in our City of Paris was empowered to make a testament or dispose of any property in his possession. In this manner the books belonging to those men were seized by the commissary and the other officers of our kingdom, and in requittal for this loss, they demand from us either the books or restitution to the amount of the value of those books which they estimate as being worth the sum of two thousand four hundred and twenty-five golden crowns and three solstournois: Now, in consideration of the most high and very powerful prince our very dear and best beloved brother, cousin and ally the King of Romans, having written to us on this matter, and also, as we understand that Hanequis and Schœffer are subjects to, and from the same country as our very dear and truly beloved cousin the Archbishop of Mayence who is our father, friend, confederate and ally, and who has also written to us on their behalf, for the love and affection we bear to them, as well as in requittal for the services rendered by Conrart Hanequis and Pierre Schœffer to science, and the public advantage which their invention has bestowed in the increase of literature, we are willing to make restitution to the amount of the sum claimed of two thousand four hundred and twenty-five

golden crowns and three sols tournois and therefore agree to grant out of our finances the sum of eight hundred livres yearly, to commence the first day of next October, and to continue annually until the entire sum be paid. We therefore expressly command and enjoin our friend and leal Counsellor, Jean Briçonnet, comptroller general of our finances, to pay and deliver to the said Conrart Hanequis, and Pierre Schœffer or to their agent the sum specified, commencing the first day of October, and continuing annually till the entire sum of two thousand four hundred and twenty-five golden crowns and three sols tournois be liquidated; signed this day by our hand and with our royal seal in discharge of our recognizances to Conrart Hanequis and Pierre Schœffer.

Given at Paris the XXI day of April, year of Grace MCCCCLXXV and the XIV of our reign. Signed Louis, King. The Bishop of Evreux and several others present.—Le Gouzzy.\*

*Origin of Printing, Type Founding, Block, or Stereotype, Printing.*

These subjects perhaps ought to have been noticed in an earlier portion of our pages, but as it was not intended to go into any regular or systematic details or elaborate discussion, we shall introduce a few remarks from Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, or an Historical account of the origin and progress of Printing in Great Britain and Ireland, being by far the most extensive work on the subject, and which has from time to time, been considerably enlarged by Mr. Herbert and Mr. Dibdin; added to these, there are other admirable histories of the art, by Meerman, Bowyer, Nichols, Watson, Palmer, Luckombe, Le Moine, Hansard, Stower, &c.—But as it would be impossible to do ample justice to them all, we shall advert to the leading features of a few of the Printers, and their Biographers.

Joseph Ames, the historian of British Topography, was born at Yarmouth, 1688-9, and apprenticed by his father, the master of a Yarmouth trading vessel, to a plane-maker in London. After serving out his time, he became a ship-chandler in Wapping, which business, notwithstanding his antiquarian pursuits, he carried on until his death. He early discovered a taste for English history and antiquities; and in 1730, the composition of a history of printing in England

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\* See *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions*, vol. XIV. p. 243.



being suggested to him, after a labour of twenty-five years, he brought out in one vol. 4to, 1749, *Typographical Antiquities, being an historical account of Printing in England, with some memoirs of our ancient Printers, and a register of the books printed by them from 1471 to 1600 ; with an appendix concerning Printing in Scotland and Ireland to the same time.* He inscribed his work to lord chancellor Hardwicke, and was at the same time fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, being chosen secretary to the last of them. Sir Hans Sloane in particular showed him very great countenance, and left him trustee to his will. Mr. Ames died in 1739, much esteemed. Besides his great work, he wrote 1. *A Catalogue of English Printers from 1471 to 1700*, 4to ; 2. *An Index to Lord Pembroke's Coins* ; 3. *A Catalogue of English Heads ; or an account of 2000 English prints, describing what is peculiar to each* ; 4. *Parentalia, or Memoirs of the family of Wren*, 1750, folio. An enlarged edition of the *Typographical Antiquities* was published by the late Mr. W. Herbert, vol. 1, 1785, vol. 2, 1786, and vol. 3, 1790. A new and splendid edition of Ames and Herbert has since been presented to the world by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin.

It is somewhat extraordinary that Mr. Cole, a celebrated Antiquary and collector, who was on friendly terms and corresponded with Ames, should have drawn the following severe character of him, and which appears under the head "*Biographiana*" in the 24th Number of Sir Egerton Brydges's *Restituta*, in article 3.—After copying the full title page of Ames's *Typographical Antiquities* he says,

"I have written as follows on the back, of the title-page—The author, Mr. Ames, I was well acquainted with, having been several times to see him, in order to look over his curious prints, of which he had no small collection, especially of English heads ; many of which at different times I purchased of him to add to my collection of the same sort. He lived in a strange alley or lane in Wapping : was a patten-maker, an Anabaptist, with a spice of Deism mixed with it. I have often thought it no small reproach and disgrace to the Antiquarian Society, to have so very illiterate a person to be their Secretary : he could not spell, much more write, English : I have several letters of his by me at this time which prove it. It was by no means proper to have such a person in that station, which required reading aloud at the meetings of the Society, several papers in various languages often, of which he was used to make miserable work ; more especially when strangers and foreigners happen to be there, which was often the case.

"He was a little, friendly, good-tempered man ; a person of vast

application and industry in collecting curious old printed books, prints, and other curiosities both natural and artificial. It is to this must be attributed his office of Secretary to the Society: but surely, a Secretary who could neither read nor write, was an odd appointment for a learned Society! He must have procured some one to have perused his book for him, which yet is full of blunders, and prove my assertion in an hundred places: the printers would correct the false English and spelling.

"What is singular, Mr. Stephen Wren employed Mr. Ames, an Independent, and Deist professed, to usher into the world the *Parentalia, or Memoirs of the Family of the Wrens* in 1750, which throughout is a most orthodox book, full of reflections upon the fanatics of King Charles's time."

"The origin of Printing, by multiplying letters, is intitled to the first place after the invention of letters themselves (though it gives light to all other arts) remains itself in obscurity. It has been the subject of repeated discussions.—Mr. Meerman is the last who has written upon it, and he has endeavored to reconcile some difficulties on this head in his "*Origines Typographicae*," printed in 1765; and translated and abridged by Mr. Bowyer, in his two Essays on the Origin of Printing, 1784.

"The more we reflect on the accidental discovery by Laurentius, of the effect produced by concave wooden types, the more we wonder that the mechanics of antiquity should never have applied the concavity of their metal inscriptions to the same use as those of their intaglios, and their liquid colours to an use similar to that which they made in wax.—But we are not here to extend our views beyond our own country. Whether Laurentius of Haerlem, Geinsflech, of Mentz, or Guttenburg, at Strasburgh, invented single wooden types, much certainly may be concluded, that the invention took place rather before the middle of the fifteenth century in Holland or Germany. We have a fact established beyond controversy, that WILLIAM CAXTON first introduced the Art of Printing with fusile types into England; and some suppose that Frederic Corsellis, or some foreigner, used wooden types a few years before him. Be this as it may, Caxton (an eminent mercer and negotiator) within a few years of the discovery of printing, is thought to have printed a French romance at Cologne in 1464."

"William Caxton an Englishman, memorable for having first introduced the art of printing into his native country, was born in Kent about 1410, and served an apprenticeship to Robert Large, a London mercer, who in 1439 was Lord Mayor. On the death of his master, Caxton went to the Netherlands, as agent for the Mercers' company, in which situation he continued about twenty-three years. His reputation for probity and abilities occasioned his being employed, in conjunction with Richard Whitchill, to conclude a treaty of commerce between Edward IV. and Phillip duke of Burgundy. He appears subsequently to have held some office in the household of duke Charles, the son of Phillip, whose wife, the lady Margaret of York, distinguished herself as the patroness of Caxton. Whilst abroad he became acquainted with the then newly discovered invention of printing, by JOHN FUST. At the request of the duchess, his

mistress, he translated from the French, a work, which he entitled "The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye, by Raoul le Feure," which he printed at Cologne, 1471, in folio. This book, considered as the earliest specimen of Typography in the English Language, is reckoned very valuable. At the famous sale of the Duke of Roxburgh's library in 1812, a copy was purchased by the Duke of Devonshire for 1060*l.* 10*s.*, which originally belonged to Elizabeth Gray, Queen of Edward the Fourth. A copy sold in West's Sale 1773, for 32*l.* 11*s.*, an imperfect copy sold at Lloyd's Sale in 1816, for 126*l.* After this he printed other works abroad, chiefly translations from the French; at length having provided himself with the means of practising the art in England, he returned thither, and in 1474 had a press at Westminster abbey, where he printed the "Game and Playe of the Chesse," generally admitted to be the first typographical work executed in England. Caxton continued to exercise his art for nearly twenty years, during which space he produced between fifty and sixty volumes, most of which were composed or translated by himself. Among his most distinguished patrons were John Islip, abbot of Westminster, and those two learned noblemen John Tiptot, earl of Worcester, and Anthony Wydeville, earl Rivers. Caxton died about 1492, and was buried according to some accounts at Campden in Gloucestershire; though others state his interment as having taken place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The following lines from his epitaph are characteristic of the age.

"Moder of merci, shyldes him from th' orribul fynd,  
And bring him lyff eternal, that never hath ynd."

Ames devotes 116 quarto pages to an account of Caxton, and of the Works that passed through his press; to Wynken de Worde, the second Printer of note, he has bestowed 120 pages, and to Richard Pinson, 84 pages. He has also given portraits of the above personages, with one or two others, which I insert as fac-similes of the rude wood block devices, characteristic of the time.

John Lettou and William Machlinia, or Machlyn, were cotemporaries of Caxton, as well as Wynken de Worde. "*Lyttletons Tenures*," is supposed by Sir William Dugdale, to have been Printed by them in the reign of Henry VIII., and Dr. Middleton, in his discourse on Printing, supposes the above book to have been put to press by the Author, Littleton, who died 1481. It contains 108 leaves folio.

Mr. Ames has placed *John Lettou* with *William Machlinia* between *Caxton* and *Wynken de Worde* which authorizes the supposition of Sir Win Dugdale, and of Middleton.

"*Wynken de Worde*. This famous printer was a foreigner, born in the dukedom of Lorraine, as appears by the patent-roll in the chapel of the Rolls. Our first printer, Caxton, when resident abroad, might probably meet with him there, and engage him to come over to England for a servant or assistant, like as John Faas at Mentz had his lad, or servant, Peter Sheoffer, whom they chose for their ingenuity and promising parts; and their after works show they were not mistaken in their choice. However this be, he continued in some capacity with Caxton till his death, 1491; and printed at his house in Westminster afterwards.

If he was married or not, or had relations that came over with:

him does not appear by his will; yet we find in the church-wardens accounts for St. Margaret's Westminster, an entry made in the year 1498. "Item for the knell of Elizabeth de Worde vi pence, Item, For iii torches, with the grete belle for her, v. iii." Again, in the year 1500,—item for the knell Julian de Worde, with the grete bell, vi. pence."

"By his connection with Mr. Caxton, and on account of this new art, he occasionally fell into the company and acquaintance of the learned and noble of this kingdom; and at length was appointed printer to Margaret mother of king Hen. VII. and grandame to Henry the VIII., as he styles himself in 1509; which is the first year of thus describ'd himself.

"After the death of Mr. Caxton, he printed, in his house as afore-said; primarily it may be supposed with his types, sometimes using his cypher only, without the printer's name; sometimes adding "in Caxton's house;" and at other times, probably the latter part of his dwelling there, adding thereto his own name also. By his colophons we learn that he continued at Westminster until the year 1500, or very likely 1501; in which year we find in Mr.

only one book, 'Mons perfectionis,' printed for being a printer to the year 1500, or was printed; but Palmer's copy is for which he was Mr. Ames, an account of refer to Westminster press, and to printer without any account where it printed by him at the press, as also adding; and he does not mention any book find "The ordynar in English: Run in Fleet-street before 1503: however I We do not find in English; Run in Fleet-street before 1503: however I It has been which might have of crysten men" was printed there in 1502. as a sign any sign mentioned by him while at Westminster. self. Sir supposed that Caxton's cypher might have been exhibited Holde sign, but we find no imitation of this by either Caxton or him-

zed, 1500. He printed *Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus Rerum*.—The first book printed on paper made in England.

A copy of At the Duke of Roxburgh's in 1812, a copy sold for 70l. 7s. An imperfect copy at the Sale of Stanesby Alchorne, Esq. in 1813, sold to the Duke of Devonshire for 13l. 13s.

Rowe Mores was of opinion that Wynken de Worde was his own Letter Founder, a circumstance that shews the rapid progress of the Art in England at so early a period; in fact, the circumstance cannot be doubted, for it appears that Caxton had him employed with Fust's servant's, at Cologne;—amongst whom were also said to be, Pynson, Rood, Macklin, and Lettou.

The great advancement and improvements in this beautiful Art, during the whole of the last and present centuries, has been truly astonishing; aided by the taste and talents of the Caslons, Baskerville, Fry, Figgins, Thorowgood, and others, as *Type Founders*.

"Richard Pynson, Esq., was born in Normandy in France, as appears by king Henry's patent of naturalization, wherein he is styled "Richardus Pynson, in partibus Normand, oriund." However there were of the same name in England, as may be seen in the church-warden's account for St. Margaret's Westminster, in the year 1504; "Item, received of Robert Pynson for four tapers iiii d." Perhaps some relation of his. There was one also Philip Pinson an Englishman, who died of the plague, the 2d of December, 1503; three days after he had been nominated to the archbishoprick of Tuam Ireland."

"Whether this artist was apprentice to Mr. Caxton, as intimated by Mr. Lewis, is rather uncertain; nor can I see any reason for such a supposition of him any more than of W. de Worde, whom he styles his foreman or journeyman: perhaps these characters may be equally true of them both, at different periods of time. However this be, Pynson himself in his first edition of Chaucer, calls Caxton his worshipful master—"whiche boke diligently ouirsen & duely examined by his pollitike reason and ouirsight of my worshipful master William Caxton," &c."

Mr. Ames intimates that our artist was in such esteem with the lady Margaret, King Hen. VII's mother, and other great personages, that he printed for them all his days; but this does not particularly appear.

He printed "*The life of a Virgyn cally'd Petronylla, whom Erle Flaccus desired to his Wyf.*" 18mo.

"A very rare Poetical Tract, consisting only of three leaves, 18mo., and which at Townley's Sale in 1814, was sold for the very moderate sum of six guineas, or two guineas per leaf, to Messrs. Longman and Co."

Mr. Heber bought a copy at Horne Tooke's Sale in 1813, for the sum of six pounds, two shillings, and sixpence.

"Pynson was the first who introduced the age of publications, which country, and he was eminently successful in his pursuit; he died about 1529. He is supposed to have been the utmost family."

Psalmanaazaar intimates that this printer lived in a state of disturbance by liariety and friendship with W. de Worde, and quite undisturbed by any mutual emulation or rivalry in trade; the contrary rather appears by their works, for they are found frequently printing different editions of the same books, at or near the same time; not partners, or the one's name taken out, and the other's inserted to a certain number of the same edition. He tells us indeed that they printed several year books together: perhaps they might be joined in the same privilege or licence for printing them.

Reynold Woolfe, Esq., King's Printer, "He was a man of eminence, a good antiquary, great promoter of the reformation, and in favour with king Henry VIII. lord Cromwell, archbishop Cranmer, &c. John Beland was of his acquaintance. Our learned Kentish antiquary John Twine calls him a German by nation, good man, and well learned, and a very faithful friend of his, whose kindness he had experienced in prosperity and adversity, and who, when he was set at liberty from his imprisonment in the Tower, took him into his house, situ squaloreque obsitum, and entertained him there till he could return to Canterbury, to his own house and family. John Stowe observes of him, that in the year 1549, the bones of the dead, in the Charnel house of St. Paul's, amounting to more than 1000 cart loads, were carried to Finsbury field, and the expence paid by him. He spent 25 years in collecting materials for an universal cosmography of all nations, which though at his death he left undigested, he thereby laid the foundation of those chronicles, which afterwards were compiled by Ralph Holinshed, who frankly acknowledged so much in his dedication to lord Burghleigh. Those chronicles were published in 1577 by John Harrison his son in law; and

again with large additions, in 1587, by the said John Harrison, and others. We are further informed by Edmund Howes, the continuor of Stowe's Annals, that if Stowe had lived but one year longer, he purposed to have put in print Reyne Woolfes chronicle, which he began and finished at the request of Dr. Whitgift, late archbishop of Canterbury; but being prevented by death, left the same in his study, orderly written, ready for the press; but it came to nothing."

"He settled his printing-office in Paul's Church-yard, and set up the sign of the Brazen Serpent, which device he used to most of his books, though he sometimes used that of the tree of charity; his rebas you will see in the frontispiece."

The house, says Stowe, as I guess, he built from the ground, out of the old chapel, which he purchased of the king at the dissolution of monasteries, where on the same ground he had several other tenements, and afterwards purchased several leases of the dean and chapter of St. Paul's. He followed his business of printing with great reputation for many years, and printed for archbishop Cranmer most of his pieces, and for others of great note Henry Binneman was servant to him, who afterwards proved a good printer, and used the same device of the Brazen Serpent; as also did John Shepperde, another of his apprentices.

"He was the first who had a patent for being a printer to the king in Latin, Greek and Hebrew; by which he was authorized to be his bookseller and stationer, and to print and publish all sorts of books in the said languages, as also Greek and Latin Grammars, although mixed with English; and likewise charts, maps, and such other things, which might be at any time useful and necessary." He printed,

*"James Servingham Yates's, Castell of Courtesie, whereunto is adjoynd the Hulde of Humilitie, with the Chariot of Chastitie, thereunto annexed, 1582."*

A Copy sold at the Sale of G. Steeven's, 1800, for £2 10s. And another at Saunders's Sale Room, 1818 for £23 10s.

John Day, Daye, or Daie, was born in St. Peter's parish, Dunwich in Suffolk, to which he left a gift; as appears by the papers of the late Thomas Martin, Esq.; of Paulsgrave, from Mr. Le Neve. He is supposed to have been descended from a good family, buried at Bradley-Parva, in that county. He bore for his arms, ermin, on a base indented, two eaglets displayed; his crest, out of a ducal coronet, a demi eagle with wings expanded ermin. He first began printing a little above Holborn conduit; and about 1549 removed into Aldersgate, where he printed, and, for his greater convenience, according to Stowe, built much on the wall of the city, towards St. Dun's church; he kept also, at the same time, several shops in different parts of the town, where his books were sold. He had a license in September, 1552, to print the Catechism, which K. Edw. had caused to be set forth, both in Latin and in English: but as Reynold Woulfe had a former privilege for all Latin books, he seems to have applied for redress; accordingly among Cecil's papers, published by the Rev. Mr. Hains in 1740, page 128, is this memorandum:—"Item, that were one Day, hath a priviledge for the catechisme, and one Reyne Wolfe, who hath a former priviledge for

Latyn Books they may joyne in printing of the sayd catechisme." However, it appears to have been determined that Wolfe should print it in Latin, and Day in English, for thus we find it printed; and Day in another license, dated 25 March, 1553, had privilege to print it only in English, with a brief of an A B C, thereunto annexed: Also, for the printing and reprinting all such works and books, devised and compiled by John (Ponet) now bishop of Winton, or by Tho. Beacon, professor of divinity; so that no such book, be in any wise repugnant to the holy scriptures, or proceedings in religion, and the laws of the realm."

He printed "*The Whole Psalter translated into English Metre, which containeth an hundred and fifty Psalms.*"

It is so scarce, that Mr. Strype tells us he could never get sight of it; and Warton, in his "*History of English Poetry*," points it out as a great rarity, adding "*It certainly would be deemed a fortunate acquisition to those capricious Students, who labor to collect a library of rarities.*"

"Its rarity is conjectured to arise from the circumstance of only a few copies having been given away to the nobility, by the Archbishop's wife Margaret, to whom Fuller, in his "*Church History*," has given a very high character."

Mr. Ames then continues to give a full account of all the eminent Printers from Julian Notary in 1498, and William Faques in 1500, down to William Aspley, and John Bailie, in 1600, with a general history of Printing from its origin to that period; this elaborate Work, with Mr. Herbert's additions, form 1875 quarto pages, and Mr. Dibden's edition still enlarges it.

Mr. Herbert, after his labours in correcting and enlarging Ames's *Typography*, from a single volume, to three extensive ones, concludes his history of Printers, and Printing in England at page 1467, and in the following one, thus commences his history of

#### PRINTING IN SCOTLAND.

Since an account has been given of printing in England, I shall now proceed to offer a few hints, relating to the rise and progress of the art in Scotland, which may be of use to such as would pursue this subject further, in that formerly antient kingdom.

The late ingenious JAMES WATSON, who with Freebairn obtained a patent from Q. Anne, for printing in Scotland and was afterwards one of his majesty's printers there in the time of K. George the first, did in the year 1713, publish a short history of the art of printing, containing an account of its invention and progress in Europe; to which he added a preface, wherein he mentions three or four books, and as many printers of Scotland within my assigned time; that is, from the introduction of the art there, to the year 1600, which I shall take notice of in their proper place. He indeed supposes they had the art of printing early from their having a constant trade with the Low Countries; from their cases and presses being all of the Dutch make, till of late years; from their manner of working, in distributing the letter on hand with the face from us and the nick downwards; and their making ink, as the printers there do at this day; but that the books may be lost, being either lives of saints

and legendary miracles, or of devotions then in vogue, carried away by the priests, who fled beyond the sea, or destroyed by the zeal of the reformers. His further account of the Scotch printers are later than my time."

"The first book I have found mentioned by any, is, A breviary of the church of Aberdeen, printed at Edinburgh 1509, thirty-five years after the introduction of this art by William Caxton. The account Mr. Ames had of this, is in a letter directed to his good friend, Dr. John Mitchell, from Mr. Charles Mackay, professor of history in the university of Edinburgh. "The art with us is as early as 1509. I imagine, though I am not certain, that I have found Mr. Ames's voucher for it. Mr. John Ker, late humanity professor here, gave into the lawyers library an old breviary in octavo, for the use of Aberdeen, but the title page, and some sheets at the end are wanting."

In 1510, another Breviary, was printed at Edinburgh, and Mr. Herbert remarks that they evince that Mr. Watson's conjectures were well founded.

During the succeeding space of forty years, to the middle of the 15th century, about twelve books only were printed in Scotland.

Mr. Herbert, after devoting upwards of fifty pages in describing Printing in Scotland, from 1509 to the close of 1600; proceeds to the following account of

#### PRINTING IN IRELAND.

Ireland was one of the last European states into which the art of printing was introduced. Mr. Ames used his best endeavours to form thence an account of its rise and progress in that kingdom before 1600; but all the information he received was the following:

*Extract of a Letter from Doctor RUTTY, of Dublin, dated June 28, 1744, to Dr. WILLIAM CLARK, of London.*

Thy commission for furnishing a catalogue of books printed in Ireland before the year 1600, I think I have had pretty good opportunities of executing, and have accordingly made use of them. First, I had an acquaintance with a learned antiquary, who has made things of this sort his particular study for many years, who is able to furnish me with but one book, which he can assure me to have been printed within that period, which is this:

"The book of common prayer, and administration of the sacraments, and other ceremonies of the church of England. Dublin: in officina Humphredi Poweli. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum, anno Domini 1551." In black letter, a large quarto.

Next, I had recourse to the large library of Dr. Worth, a late eminent physician here, who was eminently curious in collecting ancient pieces, but there I found but one printed here so early as 1633. Lastly, on perusing the catalogue of the college library, I found within the period by thee limited, but that one individual book, as above recited. The truth is, printing is but of a very late date in Ireland. Here were indeed some few authors within that period, but their works were printed abroad as in England, France, Flanders, Italy, &c. Even down to 1700 very few books were printed here, but whatever was written here, was generally printed in London;



even now, the printing trade here commits chiefly to reprinting books printed in London, and they that value their reputation, commonly send their writings to England to be printed. And this is all the satisfaction in my power to give thy friend, on this account.

"The following books purporting to have been printed at Waterford, are thought to have been printed in England, having no assurance of any press being set up so early at Waterford; besides it must have been as dangerous printing these books openly there during Queen Mary's reign as in England; therefore they more properly belong to our General History; however we have given them a place here; one of them bearing the superscription, and the other having the same types, on the authority of Maunsell."

"Warranted Kidings from Ireland," was the first newspaper printed here, which was in 1644."

In noticing Printing in England, at the commencement of the 17th century, I alluded to the Elder Bowyer, and referred to the works that passed through, or were connected with his press to the year 1732, which with Mr. Nichols's mass of Literary information, occupies a volume of 700 pages.

In 1712-13, the elder Bowyer, after having for thirteen years pursued business with unremitting industry and unsullied reputation, was, in one fatal night, reduced to absolute want, by a calamitous fire. Every one who knew the respectable sufferer was instant and anxious, either to relieve, or to sympathize in his great affliction; and Mr. Bowyer on this occasion, received from Dean Stanhope one of the most excellent and affecting letters that so melancholy an event could be supposed to suggest. It was written in haste the very day after; and speaks indubitably, the language of the heart.

The younger Bowyer never forgot this striking testimony of regard for his parent.

A similar accident occurred in the Office of Mr. Nichols, in 1808, nearly a century afterwards. In both instances Literary property to a vast amount was destroyed.

Of the second Wm. Bowyer, (born 1699, died 1777,) son of the preceding—Mr. Nichols gives a voluminous account, and of the annals of his Press from 1732 to 1777. Mr. N. entered into partnership with him in 1766.

I shall now select the following abridged account of him, which appears in GENTLEMEN, from the Gentleman's Magazine. "WILLIAM BOWYER an English printer and classical scholar of eminence in the last century," was a native of London, where his father, also a printer, carried on business. The son acquired the rudiments of learning under Ambrose Bonwicke, a nonjuring clergyman, and was afterwards admitted a sizar of St. John's College, Cambridge, but left the university without a degree in 1722, and became an associate in trade with his father. In 1729 he obtained the office of printer, of the votes of the house of commons, which he held nearly 50 years. He was subsequently appointed printer to the Society of Antiquarians, of which learned body he was admitted a member; and on the death of Samuel Richardson in 1761, the interest of Lord Maccolesfield procured him the appointment of printer to the Royal Society. In 1768 he was nominated printer of the journals of the house of Lords

and the rolls of Parliament. He died in 1777, aged 78; and was interred in the church of Low Layton in Essex. By his will he bequeathed a considerable sum of money, in trust to the Stationers' Company, for the relief of decayed printers or compositors. His principal literary production was an edition of the New Testament in Greek, with critical notes and emendations. He also published several philological tracts, and added notes and observations to some of the learned works that issued from his press. About ten years previous to his decease, he entered into partnership with Mr. John Nichols, who shortly after that event published a small volume of biographical anecdotes of Bowyer and his learned contemporaries, which formed the basis of his "*Literary anecdotes of the 18th Century*," 9 vols. 8vo., a work containing a vast mass of indigested materials for a history of English literature during the period to which it relates."

It is highly creditable to Bowyer and to Nichols, in having maintained the highest respect from the first rate Literary characters for more than a century, and it is no less remarkable, that they have printed the Votes of Parliament not only during that period, than it must be gratifying, that they are now printed by J. B. Nichols, Esq., Son and successor to as extraordinary a man, as an author and printer, as the last century has produced.

Mr. Nichols does not appear to have been ambitious of printing, what is called *fine work*, hot pressing, &c. He left that to *Bensley, Bulmer, Davison, Whittingham* and others, who were particularly laid out for the *fine*, or *superior* style of Printing—in fact Mr. N— from the very nature and extent of his avocations and occupation, could not attend to the minutiae of that branch of the trade, so peculiar to itself. I have before observed that from this voluminous Writer, having not only Printed all his *own Works*, (exceeding upwards of one hundred Volumes,) but also *Edited* and *Printed* the most extensive Monthly Periodical the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and the *Votes of the House of Commons*, besides general work, for more than half a century, the tedious process of fine Work, pressing, and hot-pressing, &c., could not be contemplated or expected. The *Gentleman's Magazine* alone may almost be considered a closely printed Monthly Volume.

Mr. John Bowyer Nichols is following similar noble pursuits to those of his late amiable Father, who states, that his son was enjoined by the great antiquarian Gough, to assist his executors in transmitting his Library to Oxford; and Owen Manning acknowledges his great obligations to him, for his indefatigable attention in correcting his History of Surrey.—Mr. J. B. Nichols also edited the last edition of the *Life and Errors of John Dunton*, has displayed considerable literary taste, and been an ornament to his profession as a printer.

#### TYPE FOUNDING.

Of the improvement in Type Founding from the time of our predecessors, down to the commencement of the 18th century, *Custon* appears the first, and the family ever since have continued to maintain its pre-eminence.

*Mr. Nichols* gives a long and interesting account of him in different parts of his Work. I can only select the following :

*Mr. William Caslon*, born in that part of the town of Hales Owen which is situated in Shropshire, in 1692, and who is justly styled by *Mr. Rowe Mores* the "Coryphæus of Letter-founders," was not trained to that business ; "which is a handy work, so concealed among the artificer of it," that *Mr. Moxon*, in his indefatigable researches on that subject, "could not discover that any one had taught it any other ; but every one that had used it, learnt it of his own genuine inclination."

*Mr. Caslon's* first residence was in Vine-street in the Minories, where one considerable branch of his employment was to make tools for the book-binders and for the chasing of silver plate. Whilst he was engaged in this employment, the elder *Mr. Bowyer* accidentally saw in the shop of *Mr. Daniel Browne*, bookseller, near Temple Bar, the lettering of a book uncommonly neat ; and enquiring who the Artist was by whom the letters were made, *Mr. Caslon* was introduced to his acquaintance, and was taken by him to *Mr. James's Foundry* in Bartholomew close. *Caslon* had never before that time seen any part of the business ; and being asked by his friend if he thought he could undertake to cut types, he requested a single day to consider of the matter, and then replied he had no doubt but he could. From this answer *Mr. Bowyer* lent him 200*l.* *Mr. Bettenham* lent him the same sum, and *Watts* 100*l.* ; and by that assistance our ingenious Artist applied himself assiduously to his new pursuit, and was eminently successful —The three printers above mentioned were of course his constant customers.

In the *Universal Magazine* for June 1750, is a good view of *Mr. Caslon's* workshop in Chiswell-street, with portraits of six of his workmen. *Mr. Caslon* was three times married. The name of his second wife was *Longman* ; of the third *Waters*, and with each of these ladies he had a good fortune. The abilities of his son *William* appeared to great advantage in a specimen of types of the learned languages in 1748—His younger son, *Mr. Thomas Caslon*, was Master of the Stationers' Company in 1782 ; and died March 29, 1783.

*Mr. William Caslon* died in 1778, leaving a Widow who conducted the business with extraordinary ability, until her death, on the 23rd of October, 1795—Aged about 70. After the death of the mother, there were still two very large foundries carried on ; one of them by a third *William Caslon*, who having quitted Moorfields, had become the purchaser of the *Jackson* foundry in Dorset-street ; since given up to his son, a fourth *William Caslon*, a young man of considerable abilities, to whom I cannot recommend a better model than his great grand-father, who was universally esteemed as a first-rate artist, a tender master, and an honest, friendly, and benevolent man.—The original foundry in Chiswell-street was purchased by *Mr. Charles Catherwood*, a distant relation, who died June 7, 1809, æt. 45 ; and is now carried on by *Mr. Henry Caslon* (another great-grandson of the first *William*) under the firm of *Caslon and Livermore*.

*Jackson and Cottrell*, were eminent in their day. *Mr. Jackson* had acquired some considerable property, the bulk of which, having left

no child, be directed to be equally divided between fourteen nephews and nieces. On his only apprentice, Mr. Vincent Figgins, the mantle of his predecessor has fallen. With an ample portion of his kind instructor's reputation he inherits a considerable share of his talents and his industry; and has distinguished himself by the many beautiful specimens he has produced, and particularly of Oriental types.

*Figgins* and *Thornycroft*, have always stood high in the estimation of first rate judges; they are succeeding in all the beauties, chasteness, and improvements of the Art.

The *Frys* have also been eminent in this beautiful art, particularly *Edmund*, whom *Watt* in his *Bibliotheca Brit.* thus designates.

"*Edmund Fry*, M.D., produced specimens of Printing Types, 1785-98. also *Pantographia*; containing copies of all the known Alphabets in the world, and specimens of all well authenticated languages, in a large octavo volume, price 2 guineas; this interesting and laborious Work, is executed with great neatness."

#### MR. JOHN BASKERVILLE.

I cannot slightly pass by this extraordinary Letter Founder, Printer, Paper maker, Ink maker, &c.—In my "History and Topography of Warwickshire," I devoted, with the aid of his Biographers, about a dozen pages to him, of which I here present a small portion. Mr. Hutton says, "he was in succession—a stone cutter, a schoolmaster, a japanner, and lastly an eminent type founder and printer; he gave his name to the first, and his establishment and fame to that of the other. The pen of the historian rejoices in the actions of the great; the fame of the deserving, like an oak tree, is of sluggish growth, the present generation becomes debtor to him who excels, but the future will repay that debt with more than simple interest. The still voice of fame may warble in his ears towards the close of life, but her trumpet seldom sounds in full clarion, till those ears are stopped by the finger of death."

Of Mr. John Baskerville, Mr. Nichols, who appears like myself to have been indebted to Mr. Hutton, states that "this celebrated printer was born at Wolverly, in the county of Worcester, in 1706, heir to the paternal estate of £60 per annum, which in fifty years after, while in his own possession, had increased to £90, and this estate, with an exemplary filial piety and generosity, he allowed to his parents until their deaths, which happened at an advanced age." Mr. Nichols says that he was brought up to no occupation, but Mr. Hutton asserts that he was trained to that of a stone cutter, but they agree as to his becoming a schoolmaster in 1726, and that in about ten years after he taught school in Birmingham, and wrote an excellent hand. Both circumstances account for his subsequent skill and talent in the formation of letters. It appears that he was not even confined to his early predilections, for previously to his attempt at printing, he found that painting accorded with his taste, and in despite of the odium cast upon, what is termed "tea board painting," he entered into that lucrative branch at his then residence, No. 22, in Moor-street. His biographer, Hutton, observes that, in 1745, "he took a building lease of about eight acres north west of the town, to

which he gave the name of Easy hill, converted it into a little Eden, and built a house in the centre; but the town, as if conscious of his merit, followed his retreat, and surrounded it with buildings. Here he continued the business of a japanner for life; his carriage, (each pannel of which was a distinct picture, and might be considered as the *pattern card of his trade*;) was drawn by a beautiful pair of cream coloured horses. His inclination for letters induced him in 1750, to turn his thoughts to the press. He spent many years in the uncertain pursuit, sank £600 before he could produce one letter to please himself, and some thousands before the shallow stream of profit began to flow. His first attempt, in 1756, was a quarto edition of Virgil,—price one guinea, now worth several." This according to Nichols, he reprinted in 1758, and was employed by the University of Oxford upon an entirely new-faced Greek type.

The talents of Mr. Baskerville were now very generally appreciated; the celebrated Mr. Derrick, in a letter to the Earl of Cork, July 15, 1760, containing a description of Birmingham, says, "I need not remind your Lordship, that Baskerville, one of the best printers in the world, resides near this town. His house stands at about half-a-mile's distance, on an eminence that commands a fine prospect. I paid him a visit and was received with great politeness, though an entire stranger. His apartments are elegant; his staircase is particularly curious; and the room in which he dines, and calls a smoking room, is very handsome. The grate and furniture belonging to it are, I think, of bright wrought iron, and cost him a good round sum. He has just completed an elegant octavo common prayer book; has a scheme for publishing a folio edition of the Bible; and will soon finish a beautiful collection of fables, by the ingenious Mr. Dodsley. He manufactures his own paper, types and ink; and they are remarkably good. This ingenious artist carries on a great trade in the japan way, in which he shewed several useful articles such as candlesticks, stands, salvers, waiters, bread baskets, tea boards, &c., elegantly designed and highly finished. Baskerville is a great cherisher of genius, which he loses no opportunity of cultivating."

In 1764, Mr. Baskerville received the following curious letter from the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

"Craven-street, London, 1764."

"Dear Sir,

"Let me give you a pleasant instance of the prejudice some have entertained against your work. Soon after I returned, discoursing with a gentleman respecting the artists of Birmingham, he said, "you would be the means of blinding all the people in the nation, for the strokes of your letters, being too thin and narrow, hurt the eye, and he never could read a line of them without pain." "I thought (said I) you were going to complain of the gloss on the paper some object to." "No, no, (says he) I have heard that mentioned, but it is not that, it is in the natural and easy proportion between the height and thickness of the stroke, which makes the common printing so much more comfortable to the eye." You see this gentleman was a connoisseur. In vain I endeavoured to support your character against the charge; he knew what he felt, and could see the reason

of it, and several other gentlemen among his friends had made the same observations, &c. Yesterday he called to visit me, when mischievously bent to try his judgment, I stepped into my closet, tore off the top of Mr. Caslon's specimen, and produced it to him as yours, brought with me from Birmingham, saying, "I had been examining it since he spoke to me, and could not for my life perceive the disproportion he mentioned, desiring him to point it out to me." He readily undertook it, and went over the several founts, shewing me everywhere what he thought instances of that disproportion, and declared, "that he could not then read the specimen without feeling very strongly the pain he had mentioned to me." I spared him that time the confusion of being told, that these were the types he had been reading all his life, with so much ease to his eyes; the types his adored Newton is printed with, on which he has pored not a little; nay, the very types his own book is printed with, for he is himself an author, and yet never discovered this painful disproportion in them, till he thought they were yours."

"I am, &c."

"B. FRANKLIN."

In 1765, he applied to Dr. Franklin, then at Paris, and afterwards ambassador from America, to sound the Literati, respecting the purchase of his types; but received for answer, "That the French reduced by the war in 1756, were so far from pursuing schemes of taste, that they were unable to repair the public buildings, but suffered the scaffolding to rot before them." After this we hear nothing of Mr. Baskerville as a printer. He died without issue, in Jan. 8, 1775: but it is painful to observe, that in the last solemn act of his life, he seriously avowed his total disbelief of christianity.

I have a copy of his Will, but some parts of it are objectionable, which the following inscription on his tomb would imply:—

"Stranger,

"Beneath this stone, in *unconsecrated* ground, a friend to the liberties of mankind directed his body to be inurned."

"May his example contribute to emancipate thy mind—from the idle fears of *Superstition* and the wicked arts of Priesthood."

The principal part of his fortune, amounting to about £12,000, he left to his widow; who sold the stock, and retired to the house which her husband had built.

Many efforts were used after his death to dispose of the types; but no purchaser could be found in the whole commonwealth of letters. The universities rejected the offer. (Hutton says coldly) "The London booksellers (Mr. Nichols says) preferred the sterling types of Caslon and his apprentice, Jackson." Hutton says, "they understand no science like that of profit. The valuable property, therefore, lay a dead weight, till purchased by a literary society at Paris, in 1779, for £3700. Invention seldom pays the inventor. If you ask what fortune Baskerville ought to have been rewarded with? The most that can be comprised in five figures. If you further ask what he possessed?—the least; but none of it squeezed from the press. What will the shade of this great man think, if capable of

thinking, that he has spent a fortune of opulence, and a life of genius, in carrying to perfection the greatest of all human inventions, and that his productions, slighted by his country, were hawked over Europe in quest of a bidder." Mrs. Baskerville died in March, 1788.

"We must admire, if we do not imitate, the taste and economy of the French nation, who, brought by the British arms, 1762, to the verge of ruin, rising above distress, were able in seventeen years to purchase Baskerville's elegant types, refused by his own country, and to expend an hundred thousand pounds in poisoning the principles of mankind, by printing with them the works of Voltaire."

Near his residence a conic urn was placed to the memory of Mr. Baskerville, but was lost in the ruins, or destroyed by the riots of 1791, a remarkable circumstance has, however, recently occurred in determining the spot where he was entombed; In levelling the ground for the formation of wharfs, his coffin, standing in an upright position, and in an entire state, was dug up; upon opening it, the body was not decomposed, and the teeth had the appearance of being perfectly sound, although he died at the age of 60, and had been interred for nearly half a century. I have by me a small piece of the Shroud with which he was surrounded! It has been asserted, that, a little before his death, he jocularly said he should "again appear upon a white horse," which saying, connected with his extraordinary exhumation, has met with believers in the credulity of some connected with the manufactory established on this spot.

Baskerville's ambition to excel caused him to spare no expence; he even went to that of casting some founts of type in Silver, instead of the usual metals, and their agents; and certainly the face and form of his letter was extremely beautiful and chaste. Dr. Franklin speaks of its lean and sharp strokes being too fine, but it is the plan of the French to this day, who have by far exceeded Baskerville in the length and sharpness of their letters, and although they appear (as most of our modern types do, in one way or other,) a sort of caricature, still they are very beautiful.

### BLOCK PRINTING.

*William Ged.*—In 1781, Mr. Nichols printed and published *Biographical Memoirs of William Ged*, including a particular account of his progress in the art of *Block Printing*, on which the *Mouthly Review*, spoke favorably.

It appears that *Ged* gave a narrative of his scheme for Block-printing, in 1730, and stated that "he had eclipsed his competitors in the art of Letter-founding, but found more difficulty than he apprehended in an attempt to make plates for Block-printing." Mr. N—— gives the following interesting narrative of him:—

"*WILLIAM GED*, an ingenious artist, was a goldsmith in Edinburgh and made his improvement in the art of printing in 1725. The invention was simply this. From any types of Greek, Roman, or any other character, he formed a plate for every page or sheet of a book, from which he printed, instead of using a type for every letter, as is done in the common way. This was the first practised, but on blocks of wood, by the Chinese and Japanese, and pursued in the first essays of Coster, Guttenberg, and Faust, the European invent-

ers of the present art. "This improvement," says James Ged, "is principally considerable in four most important articles; viz. expense, correctness, beauty, and uniformity." But these improvements were controverted by Mr. Mores and others. In July, 1729, William Ged entered into partnership with William Fenner, a London Stationer, who was to have half the profits, in consideration of his advancing all the money requisite. To supply this, Mr. John James, then an Architect at Greenwich (who built Sir Gregory Page's house, Bloomsbury Church, &c.,) was taken into the scheme; and afterwards his brother, Mr. Thomas James, a founder, and James Ged, the inventor's son. In 1730, these partners applied to the University of Cambridge for printing Bibles and Common Prayer-books by blocks instead of single types, and, in consequence, a lease was sealed to them April 23, 1731. In their attempt, they sunk a large sum of money, and finished only two Prayer-books; so that it was forced to be relinquished, and the lease was given up in 1738. Ged imputed his disappointment to the villainy of the pressmen and the ill-treatment of his partners; (which he specifies at large,) particularly Fenner, whom John James and he were advised to prosecute, but declined it. He returned to Scotland in 1733, and had no redress. He there, however, set about Sallust, which he printed at Edinburgh in 1736, 12 mo. Fenner died insolvent in or before the year 1735; and his widow married Mr. Waugh, an Apothecary, who carried on the printing-business with her, and whom she survived. Her printing materials were sold in 1768. James Ged, wearied with disappointments, engaged in the Rebellion of 1745, in Captain Perth's regiment; and, being taken at Carlisle, was condemned, but, on his father's account, by Dr. Smith's interest with the Duke of Newcastle, was pardoned, and released in 1748. He afterwards worked for some time, as a journeyman, with Mr. Bettenham, and then commenced master; but being unsuccessful, he went privately to Jamaica, where his younger brother, William was settled as a reputable Printer. His tools, &c., he left to be shipped by a false friend, who most ungenerously detained them to try his skill himself. James Ged died the year after he left England; as did his brother in 1767. In the above pursuit Mr. Thomas James, who died in 1738, expended much of his fortune, and suffered in his proper business; "for the Printers," says Mr. Mores, "would not employ him, because the block-printing, had it succeeded, would have been prejudicial to theirs." Mr. William Ged died in very indifferent circumstances, Oct. 19, 1749, after his utensils were sent for to Leith to be shipped for London, to have joined with his son James as a printer there. Thus ended his life and project: which, ingenious as it seemed, "must," says Mr. Mores, "had it succeeded have soon sunk under its own burthen," for reasons needless here to recapitulate. It is but justice, however, to add, that, since that period, the plan has been revived, first by my friend Mr. Alexander Tilloch, the learned Editor of "The Philosophical Magazine," who, without having known of Ged's plan, obtained a patent for a similar invention, which he afterwards relinquished. But the exertions of Mr. Andrew Wilson have been more successful; as he has been able to accomplish several very considerable *Stereotype Editions*."



It will be recollected that Stereotype-printing was practised in Paris, ere it was generally adopted in England, and numerous beautiful Editions of the classics were printed there from Stereotype plates. A work on the Christian Religion, said to be translated from the German,\* by the late Queen Charlotte, was the first book Stereotyped and Printed in England, executed by Andrew Wilson, and published by Harding of Pall-mall. This mode of printing being now so general and so well known, and ample descriptions being given in the various Encyclopædias, render it unnecessary here.

The *Logographic* mode of Printing was invented about 50 years ago by an ingenious Irish gentleman of the name of Johnston:—this system was arranged by the casting of whole words upon one piece of Metal, and arranging those more generally in use, in the most convenient position to the Compositor, in a similar way to single types as now placed in the Cases.—

The only person that took up this mode of Printing was the late *John Walter, Esq.*, the original proprietor of the *Times* Newspaper. At this time he printed for a few Authors, and one or two Booksellers—among the former was the celebrated Rev. Dr. Trusler, among the latter the late Mr. Owen of Piccadilly; but this mode of Printing was soon found not to answer—in fact a very unlucky accident occurred at its commencement, which was as follows. An elegant edition of *Robinson Crusoe* was printed in 2 handsome volumes in octavo; it was intended to have been dedicated to his *Majesty*, but unfortunately the Letter *M* broke from the rest, and a large portion of the impression went into circulation, (before the accident was discovered) dedicated to his *ajesty*! this created an unfavourable impression in the trade, and the *Logographic* Art of Printing fell to the ground.

*Engraving on Stone, Engraving on Copper, Drawing upon Stone, or Lithography; Drawing upon Zinc, or Zincography.*

Engraving on Stone rested with the ancients for a length of time; but was lost in the middle ages, nor was it revived or practiced with any success in Britain, until about the middle of the 18th Century. Soon after which, Mr. Tassie produced a catalogue of his extraordinary performances. The following very interesting account of this talented man is given in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

"This truly ingenious Modeller, whose history is intimately connected with a branch of the Fine Arts in Britain, was born in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, of obscure parents; and began his life as a country stone mason, without the expectation of ever rising higher. Going to Glasgow on a fair-day, to enjoy himself with his companions, at the time when the Foulis's were attempting to establish an Academy for the Fine Arts in that city, he saw their collection of paintings, and felt an irresistible impulse to become a Painter. He removed to Glasgow; and in the Academy acquired a knowledge of

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\* John Anastatius Freylinghausen's abstract of the whole doctrine of the Christian Religion, London, 1804, was the first book stereotyped on a new process.

drawing, which unfolded and improved his natural taste—He was frugal, industrious, and persevering; but he was poor, and was under the necessity of devoting himself to stone-cutting for his support; not without the hopes that he might one day be a Statuary if he could not be a Painter. Resorting to Dublin for employment he became known to Dr. Quin, who was amusing himself in his leisure hours with endeavouring to imitate the precious stones in coloured paste, and take accurate impressions of the engravings that were on them. That art was known to the Antients; many specimens from them are now in the cabinets of the curious. It seems to have been lost in the Middle Ages; was revived in Italy under Leo X. and the Medici Family at Florence; became more perfect in France under the Regency of the Duke of Orleans, by his labours and those of Homberg. By those whom they instructed as Assistants in the Laboratory it continued to be practised in Paris, and was carried to Rome. Their art was kept a secret, and their Collections were small. It was owing to Quin and to Tassie that it has been carried to such perfection in Britain, and attracted the attention of Europe. Dr. Quin, in looking out for an Assistant, soon discovered Tassie to be one in whom he could place perfect confidence. He was endowed with fine taste: he was modest and unassuming; he was patient; and possessed the highest integrity. The Doctor committed his laboratory and experiments to his care. The associates were fully successful; and found themselves able to imitate all the gems, and take accurate impressions of the engravings. As the Doctor had followed the subject only for his amusement, when the Discovery was completed he encouraged Mr. Tassie to repair to London, and to devote himself to the preparation and sale of those pastes as his profession. In 1766 he arrived in the Capital. But he was diffident and modest to excess; very unfit to introduce himself to the attention of persons of rank and affluence: besides the number of engraved Gems in Britain was small; and those few were little noticed. He long struggled under difficulties which would have discouraged any one who was not possessed of the greatest patience and the warmest attachment to the subject. He gradually emerged from obscurity; obtained competence; and, what to him was much more, he was able to increase his Collection, and add higher degrees of perfection to his Art. His name soon became respected, and the first Cabinets in Europe were open for his use; and he uniformly preserved the greatest attention to the exactness of the imitation and accuracy of the engraving, so that many of his Pastes were sold on the Continent by the fraudulent for real Gems. His fine taste led him to be peculiarly careful of the impression; and he uniformly destroyed those with which he was in the least dissatisfied. The Art has been practised of late by others; and many thousands of pastes have been sold as Tassie's, which he would have considered as injurious to his fame. Of the fame of others he was not envious; for he uniformly spoke with frankness in praise of those who executed them well, though they were endeavouring to surpass himself. To the ancient Engravings he added a numerous Collection of the most eminent modern ones; many of which approach in excellence of workmanship if not in simplicity of design and char-

tity of expression to the most celebrated of the ancient. Many years before he died he executed a commission for the late Empress of Russia, consisting of about 15,000 different engravings (see article *GEM*, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*). At his death in 1799, they amounted to near 20,000; a Collection of Engravings unequalled in the world. Every lover of the Fine Arts must be sensible of the advantage of it for improvement in knowledge and in taste. The Collection of Felox at Paris consisted of 1800 articles; and that of Dhen at Rome of 2500. For a number of years, Mr. Tassie practised the modelling of portraits in wax, which he afterwards moulded and cast in paste. By this the exact likeness of many eminent men of the present age will be transmitted to posterity as accurately as those of the philosophers and great men have been by the antient statuary. In taking likenesses he was in general uncommonly happy; and it is remarkable, that he believed there was a kind of inspiration (like that mentioned by the Poets) necessary to give him success. The Writer of this Article, in conversing with him repeatedly on the subject, always found him fully persuaded of it. He mentioned many instances in which he had been directed by it; and even some, in which, after he had laboured in vain to realize his ideas on the wax, he had been able by a sudden flash of imagination, to please himself in the likeness several days after he had last seen the original. He possessed also an uncommonly fine taste in Architecture, and would have been eminent in that branch if he had followed it.—In private life Mr. Tassie was universally esteemed for his uniform piety, and for the simplicity, the modesty, and benevolence, that shone through his character.”—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The great Prize of the “Shakespeare Gallery”—drawn in Mr. Boydell’s Lottery on the 28th of January, 1805, fell to the lot of Mr. Tassie, the above ingenious modeller.

Engraving is divided into so many branches, and is so important and interesting an art, that numerous volumes have been written upon the subject; and the *Encyclopædias* and *Dictionaries* of Engravers, and the Fine Arts, present such ample details and directions for the execution of each separate branch, that I shall only give an outline of each. Mr. Elmes in his valuable “*Bibliographical Dictionary of the Fine Arts*,” not only describes the whole of them, but in many instances gives valuable information for practising each, particularly that of the more modern invention of Engraving or drawing upon Stone, termed Lithography, with which *Senefelder*, the Inventor, has furnished him with the means which he acknowledges, and other valuable communications that he has given.

It is stated in the *Dictionarium Polygraphicum*, that the art of Engraving is for the greatest part of modern invention, not being older than the 16th Century.

“It is true indeed, the ancients did practise *Engraving* on precious stones and crystals; some of which works are still to be seen, equal to any production of the latter ages; but the art of Engraving on plates of metal or blocks of wood in order to form prints from them, was not known till after the invention of painting in oil.”

*Elmes* in his *General and Bibliographic Dictionary of the Fine Arts*, states,—

The art of engraving is divided into various branches or classes: as engraving on stones for seals, signets, called *gem sculpture*; die sinking for coins, medals, &c., called *medallurgy*; on copper-plates after various manners, as *line engraving*, *etching* or engraving with aqua fortis, *mezzotinto engraving* or *scraping*, *aquatinta engraving*, *stipple dot* or *chalk engraving*, *engraving on wood*, *engraving on steel*, on stone, called *lithography*, *etching on glass*, and some other minor branches of the arts.

The art of engraving is of great antiquity, and was originally only rude delineations expressed by simple outlines, such as are described by Herodotus, as traced upon the shields of the Carians. The importance and utility of this art is acknowledged by every person of taste and knowledge; and its dignity as an art is undoubted. It multiplies the works of other artists and preserves them to posterity; it records the talents of eminent artists by an art which requires equal talent, and scarcely less genius. Bezaleel and Aholiab are mentioned in the book of Genesis as "filled with wisdom of heart to work all manner of work with the graver." The hieroglyphics of the Egyptians are also a species of engraving, of which there are many fine specimens in the British Museum. Among the Etruscan antiquities in the same collection are two specimens of the art of engraving at a very remote period; a representation of which forms the frontispiece to one of the volumes of *Stuart's Dictionary of Engravers*.

The art of engraving in this country, like the practice in every other country, commenced and increased with civilization and knowledge. Under Alfred the Great the art met with great encouragement, and remains of it as practised in his days are still in existence. There is still preserved in the Museum at Oxford a valuable jewel of this period representing St. Cuthbert, the back of which is ornamented with foliage very skilfully engraved.

The most ancient as well as the most legitimate and beautiful mode of practising the art is that which is called line engraving or engraving proper; and is the art of cutting lines upon a copper-plate, by means of a steel instrument called a graver or burin, without the use of aqua fortis. This was the first way of producing copper-plate prints that was practised, and is still much used in historical subjects, portraits, and in finishing landscape.

*Of Mezzotinto Engraving or Scraping.*—This art, which is of modern date, is recommended by the ease with which it is executed, especially by those who understand drawing. Mezzotinto prints are those which have no strokes of the graver, but whose lights and shades are blended together, and appear like drawing in India ink. They are different from aquatinta, but as both resemble Indian ink, the difference is more easily perceived than described. Mezzotinto is applied to portraits and historical objects, and aquatinta is chiefly used for landscape and architecture.

The invention of *mezzotinto* engraving is generally attributed to Prince Rupert; but in the Life of Sir Christopher Wren it is given to that eminent architect. "The mode of impressing pictures by light and shade on copper, commonly known by the name of engraving in mezzotinto, owes its improvement if not its origin to Wren." The

journals of the Royal Society for October 1, 1662, record, that Dr. Wren presented some cuts done by himself in a new way, whereby he could almost as soon do a subject on a plate of brass or copper as another could draw it with a crayon on paper. On this subject the editor of Parentalia speaks with decision, that "he was the first inventor of the art of gravings in Mezzotinto; which was afterwards prosecuted and improved by his Royal Highness Prince Rupert, in a manner somewhat different, upon the suggestion, as it is said, of the learned John Evelyn, Esq."

*Of Engraving in Aquatinta.*—Aquatinta is a method of producing prints very much resembling drawings in Indian ink. The principle of the process consists in corroding the copper with aquafortis in such a manner that an impression from it has the appearance of a tint laid on the paper. This is effected by covering the copper with a powder, or some substance which takes a granulated form, so as to prevent the aquafortis from acting where the particles adhere, and by this means cause it to corrode the copper partially, and in the interstices only. When these particles are extremely minute and near to each other, the impression from the plate appears to the naked eye exactly like a wash of Indian ink; but when they are larger, the granulation is more distinct, and as this may be varied at pleasure, it is capable of being adapted with success to a variety of purposes and subjects.

The art of *engraving on wood* is not only of very ancient date, but is a legitimate, beautiful, and artistlike mode of operation, for the production, of prints, particularly for books. The first engravers on wood whose names have reached our times are William Pluydenwurff and Michael Wolgemuth, who engraved the cuts of the Nuremburg Chronicle which was published in folio in 1493, which are marked with all the stiffness and inaccuracy which characterize the works of the German artists of that time.

*Engraving on wood* is a very artist-like mode of execution, and requires considerable graphic abilities to execute it well. Hence many painters of excellence have practised it with success. Among the best engravers on wood, we must particularly mention Pierre Scæffer or Schoifer, whose coloured figures in his celebrated Psalter (folio 1457) prove that this mode of engraving, the invention of which is commonly attributed to Hugo Da Cabri, had its rise in Germany.

ALBERT DÜRER also practised the art of wood engraving with great success, which began now to assume a higher character; and, as far as regards the executive part, he brought it to a perfection, which has hardly been equalled by any succeeding artist.

Bewick of Newcastle, Harvey his pupil, the Thompsons (brothers), Bransford, and other artists, have carried this art to the highest perfection.

*Engraving on Steel* is performed in nearly a similar way to engraving on copper. For etching on steel the plate or block is bedded on glazier's putty, and etched with a needle through a ground of Brunswick black in the common way. Messrs. Perkins and Heath have carried the art of engraving on plates of softened steel, afterwards hardened by a scientific process, to a great degree of perfection.

*Engraving on stone* is a recent invention now in great vogue. It is

cheap and, when well performed, produces impressions of great beauty in imitation of chalk, Mezzotinto, pen and ink, and even of etching.

*Engraving or etching on glass* is performed by laying on a ground consisting of a thin coat of bees wax, and drawing the design therein with an etching needle. It is then to be covered with sulphuric acid, sprinkled over with powdered fluor spar or fluoric acid. It must be taken off after four or five hours, and cleansed with oil of turpentine.

*Etching* is a mode of engraving on copper and other metals or substances by drawing with a needle inserted in a handle, called an etching needle, on and through a thin ground, which being corroded or bitten by aquafortis, forms the lines upon the plate.

*Lithography.* A little reflection will suffice to show that this invention, of only a few years' date, is calculated to be in many ways of the highest possible utility. The facility with which, through its medium, any thing whatever in the shape of writing or pictorial display can be multiplied is truly astonishing. By means of it the painter, the sculptor, the architect, are enabled to hand down to posterity as many fac similes of their original sketches as they please. The collector or antiquarian is enabled to multiply his originals, and the amateur the fruits of his leisure hours. The portrait painter can gratify his patron by supplying him with as many copies as he wishes to have of a successful likeness. Men in office may obtain copies of the most important despatches or documents, without a moment's delay, and without the necessity of confiding in the fidelity of secretaries and clerks; whilst the merchant and the man of business, to whom time is often of the most vital importance, can, with similar promptitude, preserve what copies they may require, of their tables or accounts.

My Son-in-law, the late F. Calvert, Esq. executed a greater variety of Subjects in this branch of the art, than perhaps any other person in Europe.

It is gratifying to me to state, that at my request, my Son has enabled me, by his execution of the four Lithographic Heads, which accompany this Retrospect—to present this earliest specimens of his ability in that art; my second GRANDSON has also engraved the five fac simile Wood Cuts of the ancient Printers.

### Drawing, or Etching upon Zinc called *Zincography*.

This is the very latest invention, or improvement in the fine Arts.—The process and progress is similar to the drawing on, and printing from Stone. It was invented by Messrs. Chapman & Co. of London, who have obtained a patent for this branch of art, and have extensive Mills at Dartford, in Kent, for preparing the Zinc Plates, which possess a great advantage over Stone, from being light and portable; I have some Impressions from this mode of Printing, executed by my ELDEST GRANDSON, from the original drawings, which are very beautiful.

## ART. II.—THE WAR OF THE FEUILLETONS.

1. *Les Contemporains*, Alexre Dumas, Émile de Girardin, Eugène Sue, George Sand, Jules Janin, &c. par Eugène Mirecourt; 24mo. Paris. 1856-7.
2. *Fabrique de Biographies Maison E. de Mirecourt et Cie*; par un ex Associé Pierre Mazerolle; 24mo. Paris. 1857.
3. *Biographie de Jacquet dit de Mirecourt*; par Théophile Deschamps. Paris. 1857.

Among those privileges of young days which we would gladly seize on again, the most desirable would be to feel once more the awe and veneration with which we once regarded every one who had written a book. Messrs Dilworth, Fenning, Walker, and other grave signiors, enthroned on easy chairs in the frontispieces of spelling books and dictionaries, and calmly dictating to files of docile urchins, were well enough in their way, and worthy of due respect; but still what a height above their full-bottomed wigs and collarless coats, sat enthroned the authors of *Sandford and Merton*, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Puss in Boots*, and the *Battle of Aughrim*! At twenty years of age we cheerfully sacrificed a good dinner to the pleasure of getting a glimpse of the *Great Unknown* during his visit to Dublin; and looked on it as an event to be ever after deplored, that the *bodily presence* of the authoress of *Ennui* once embalmed the air of the apartment in which we were employed at our drudgery, without our being at the time sensible of our privilege.

At that era of literary faith and hope, though we had heard of poets in Grub-street garrets holding deferential language to milk-women on the subject of scores left unpaid, we gave very little faith to the report; and looked on the author of *Marmion* sitting in ease and dignity beside a castle wall, with gallant *Lufra* by his side, and his pencil ready to fasten a poetical idea on the page of his note-book, as the true type of authorhood.

Great was our admiration of a portrait of the authoress of *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, and hearty our approval of the taste of

the painter settling her on a ruin in a dark night with bare neck and countenance lighted up by the pale moon ; while regardless of cold and solitude she calmly gazed abroad on the night landscape and the gloomy heaven, with sublime and romantic ideas sweeping across the magic mirror of her imagination. Small thanks we gave to a common-place friend in our company who suggested the propriety and comfort of the lady's resuming bonnet and shawl, walking home, putting her feet in a pan of warm water and taking a glass of hot wine negus.

If at this advanced period of our lives and experience we look on favorite writers as mere men and women, we can honestly lay hand on breast, and declare that the fault rests not with us. If Mrs. Siddons will beg for black muddy porter, though in tones of tragic depth ; if one man of genius allows himself to be so bemused in beer, whiskey-punch, and tobacco, that some one must see him in safety home when he dines abroad ; if another delights every reader where the English tongue is known with a tale of true love, loyalty, heroic daring, and liberal feelings, and afterwards calumniates in a furious newspaper, the religion, political faith, and honesty of nine-tenths of his fellow subjects, and all for sake of filthy lucre ; finally if a third casts such a production on the world as no Christian father would allow to be read by wife, son, or daughter, will not the idols which we raised to those false divinities in our mind's sanctuary, fall of themselves and be hopelessly shivered in pieces !

The light in which the young and the unworldly portion of the reading world look upon their unknown literary guides and instructors, is similar, with a difference, to that in which a judge on the bench arrayed in all the grandeurs of horse-hair and ermine, is regarded by a simple-minded occupant of the gallery, while with unruffled visage, calm passionless tone, and dignified gesture, he settles the law between the angry and smarting advocates, himself occupying that exalted seat, beyond and above the atmosphere in which irritation or personal animosity is known.

But let this lofty personage enter on a wordy war with one of the incensed wranglers, and, forgetful of his official greatness, utter such words and with such gestures as a fish-woman or cab-driver, familiar with books and learned in the law, would use on the occasion, would not the un-



sophisticated history depart and stretched states of mind, heartily despising study, knowledge, official grandeur, and the undignified individuals in whose possession he finds them.

So to every man who thinks he can inform or improve his fellows, and writes a book, we say, "let not the example just propounded depart from your mind: if assailed by some sharking cur, let your demeanor to him be that of the sedate judge to the irritated selfish pleader whose figures of speech were acquired at the fish-auction in Pill-lane. If misunderstood or even found in error by a rational and civil spoken censor, let logic be the substance of your answer, and courtesy its form." And so shall we settle your bust beside those of the great minds of all ages; the results of whose genius, judgment and labour remain for our pleasure and improvement; while we dwell as little on their defects, littlenesses, and faults, as if in *their* instances such infirmities were altogether unknown.

But if one, eminent by his literary and official rank, takes to exercise the romancer's privilege on the sober pages of history, and raises to the rank of a demigod, a very ordinary specimen of humanity; if he wilfully misrepresents the motives and actions of those with whose political or religious principles he does not sympathise; if after being shewn repeated proofs of the falsehood of his statements, he coolly and arrogantly repeats the seven-times convicted lie, surely the punishment of the traitor to the love of his native land will not be too severe for the traitor to truth, and the wilful calumniator of the dead. He,

Living shall forfeit fair renown;  
And doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

As the reading and hard to be pleased portion of the community expect to find a combination of virtues and good qualities, in those who cater for their entertainment, which they by no means meet on as necessary in their own individual cases, it is worth enquiring, whether consistently with the ordinary rise and progress of the literary career, their expectations seem in a fair way to be ever fulfilled. No writer living or dead was ever educated solely with a view to the profession. The republic consists of deserters

from the ranks of the students of law, of physics, of theology, in some cases, or the still more difficult sciences of political and commercial finance. A youth spends his available fortune in the purchase of a stuff gown, or a gold headed cane; but these appendages will not ensure a respectable subsistence without connexion, patronage, or what is called good luck. Another has exhausted his paternal resources in dissipation, while pretending to be engrossed in earnest study; and his fortune is gone, his parents enraged, and the gold headed cane or the stuff gown not procured. Each in his progress has acquired a literary taste, and neither can talk but that he possesses a creative literary power; so he can think of nothing better than constructing a tragedy, a poem, a novel, or an essay on the state of morality among the inhabitants of the moon. He shuts himself up for three months, lives on bread and weak tea, and, when the great work is achieved, he seeks a publisher. He is requested to name his former work, and mention the publisher, the number of copies sold, opinions of the press, &c. He modestly indicates the red taped parcel as the first offspring of his brain—the rejoinder informs him that when he has acquired a name, the present individual will have much pleasure in making him further known. He naturally suggests that to acquire that same good name, paper and print must be risked by some one, and finally the sedate gentleman opposite, declines the office of forlorn hope in his regard. Thus “I will not publish till you acquire renown,” “I cannot acquire renown till you publish,” become the two unsympathising portions of a vicious circle; and instead of moving easily and swiftly between their hands as a sentient mahogany convenience, between the hands of the ci-devant table-turners,

“Fools that rush in where angels fear to tread,”

each by pushing and pulling in the opposite direction holds the engine fast, and a decidedly dead lock is effected.

Let us now suppose our aspirant tired in his chase after a publisher, and decided to win fame at his own proper risk. An agent for the sale and advertisements is easily found; and with a thrill of pleasure the proofs are awaited. Oh labor of love! Oh welcome the comely black and red cheeks of the printing house messenger, handing in the

dirty roll of manuscript enclosing the four leaves of type! How interesting the title page in the windows, greeting the happy author on the day of publication, but oh how nervous the enquiries after the sale for the first few weeks! Half a year comes to an end even with the most impatient author that ever held a pen; and the agent unfolds his ledger. (We pass over the hot and cold fits suffered from the reviewers' varied treatment). The ledger, we repeat, is opened; and the sanguine victim reads the plainly written statement without venturing to give credit to his eyes—"Mr. Wildgoose to Mr. Balaam Foolscap, Dr. To warehousing and advertising the '*DEARISH OF THE DESERT*,' £30 16s. 7d. Cr. by sale of 4 copies, deducting commission, 16s." A friendly householder having signed his name as security for paper and print, £87 15s., our adventurer's sensations for the next twenty-four hours may be left to the pity of the most apathetic reader.

Of course a great deal of occupation is given to persons in our hero's situation by newspapers and magazines; but who can calculate the quantity of articles rejected or not paid for, or the misery of those who have nothing to occupy them till the last day of each month, but "the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick!"

How wise, in the greater number of cases, for the aspirers after literary celebrity to content themselves with the discharge of some useful plodding occupation; and how unreasonable to expect from the disappointed, irritated, and excitable employes of literature, the calmness or dignity of people placed by their position above the paltry cares requisite to procure daily subsistence!

We are spared the disagreeable task of illustrating our theme by examples from the corps of English literati, by a manifestation of decided discomfort among their brothers of the steel pen on the other side of the channel. We have endeavored ere now to familiarise our readers with the real merits of several of the French literary notables: it is now our less pleasing task to produce some traits of the men which are calculated to temper our high opinion of the writers.

*Eugène de Mircourt*; not finding a free field for his labors in the domain of poetry or fiction, has established

himself the historian and censor of the great and little actions, and good and bad qualities, as well as the literary merits and defects of those of his contemporaries who have acquired a status either in literature, the arts, politics, or finance. Unable to see any faults in some, he chastises others with so unsparing a hand, that besides retaliating to the best of their power with their own proper members, they have recourse to the long arm of the law to level their assailant. But in making out this supplement to the 'quarrels of authors' already known to the reading world, we prefer the advice of the simple giant to that of the keen satirist, and will begin at the beginning.

*Eugène Jacquot*, born at Mirecourt in Lorraine, and baptised in 1815, at the very moment when his native town was invested by the Cossacks, was early devoted to the clerical state by his mother. Not feeling a very strong vocation, and blaming himself profoundly therefore, he left home without warning his parents, intending by way of mortification for his lukewarmness, to become a very Trappist, and thus make a complete sacrifice of his own proper will and propensities. In the diligence he falls into conversation with a worldly-minded painter and his wife, and is induced to change his purpose, and essay the life of a man of letters in Paris; and his prentice essays fill the letter-boxes of the journals, from which they are promoted to the stoves of the editors.

He accepts and fulfils the duties of one or two offices, but is still driven back to the pen by an uncontrollable impulse; in the second stage his articles are printed but not paid for, and in the third, he gets a scanty and irregular recompense. Thirsting for fame and a first place in periodical literature, he finds himself foiled by the simple fact of the best places in the chief newspapers being filled by *Auguste Maquet*, *Paul Meurice*, *Couilhac*, and others, each and all signing their names *Alexandre Dumas*. Simultaneously appear *Les Medois*, *Une fille du Regent*, and *La Guerre des Femmes*, in the columns of *Le Globe*, *Le Commerce* and *La Patrie*; and every time that *Eugène* prays for leave to labor in the fields of these demesnes, he is met at the gates by such responses as were erewhile given in *Puss in Boots*, "All these vast estates belong, and will

holding, till time stand still, to the Most Arrogant the Marquis de la Fayette.

Our author's patience and cash being equally exhausted, he borrows 500 francs, and in four days he puts together *Fabriques de Romains, Alexandre Dumas et Cie.* He applies to an adventurous printer, who, though he foresees a legal prosecution in perspective, puts the libel in type, and the impatient author gets 300 copies stitched and sent to all the influential men of letters in Paris.

The brochure caused tremendous excitement; impatient readers cudgelled each other for possession of a copy, and in the editor's room of *Le National*, a paper then supported by Armand Marrast, Duras, and Mallefille, there was one contented exclamation, "Here is the truth at last." Several passages were selected for insertion in next day's No. when unluckily they stumbled on this passage:—

"And now comes your turn, Messrs. Mallefille, Paul Meurice, Hippolyte Augier, Auguste Maquet, Fiorentino, Coullhac; you the principal artisans, you the foremen of this manufacture; you who do not blush at being the partner of this trafficker of sentences, and selling him soul and spirit! &c. &c."

One of the Assailed, Mallefille, being on the spot at the moment, the hitherto pleasurable excitement gave way to a very disagreeable feeling of consternation; and in due time and place, a duel that might have crushed many an exciting tale and biting criticism in the bud, harmlessly exploded, and left Mallefille and Mirecourt sworn friends to this day.

While these events were in progress, Alexander brought his foe before "their honors" who condemned Eugene to fifteen days detention, but without costs or seizure of the pamphlet; and he improved the opportunity by posting over some new compliments to the credit of his victim in *La Silhouette*. Immediately on their appearance, a sturdy young gentleman appeared in the office of the paper; and with his riding whip he made journals, manuscripts, and other light articles fly in all directions, demanding with might and main the address of the defamer: this *Enfant Terrible* was Alexandre Dumas fils.

Next day two bulky men of war with curled moustache and military gait, called on Mirecourt, and on his ac-

knowledging the authorship of *Monsieur Prisms*, demanded satisfaction on the part of Alexander Dumas.

"I am at his orders, gentlemen." But it is only right to apprise you that we come on the part of Alexander Dumas the son, not the father. "Oh that is a different affair," he rang the bell and desired the servant to bring his son; and the nurse soon appeared leading in a child four or five years old, and his face smeared with barley-sugar.

Mirecourt then addressed his visitors with a very serious air, "Messieurs, I am certain that my son feels as lively an interest in my honor as the son of M. Alexander Dumas in that of his father; you will therefore please to demand satisfaction from him in the present instance."

The friends arose from their seats, and exclaimed against the stupid joke played off at their expense.

"I grant that the joke is not in good taste; but it will serve to show the ridiculous character of your proceeding. M. Alexander Dumas is in good health; him I have attacked, and it is from him I expect a demand for satisfaction. I have nothing to do with his son. If I happened to kill or wound him, would not the world say, 'he! the defamer has murdered the child of the defamed?' This is what I propose; let M. Alexander Dumas authorise his son to go to the ground in his stead, and I will place myself at his disposal tomorrow morning."

The visitors however disappointed, could not gainsay the justice of the proposal: they withdrew, and did not repeat the visit.

A regular Parisian *Edmund Curll*, proposes to our literary adventurer to write a chronicle on the subject of *Marian Delorme*. He takes the hint, but rather disappoints his loosely inclined patron by the decent and moral style of the work, which gives a very lively picture of society in the Paris of Louis XIII.

The work is ready but the fitting time of publication is wanting. The revolution of February allows neither time nor inclination to the Parisians, to study old world memoirs, and the author has enemies by the hundred. After some time it comes forth in a feuilleton with the name of *Mery* attached. Towards the conclusion *Mirecourt* puts his own proper signature to the work, writes a very flattering biography of the *Marseillais Proteus* by way of introduction to the second edition of the chronicle; and being assailed by Dumas and his corps in the *Memoirs* and the journals at their command, *Curll* urges him to proceed with *Les Contemporains*, making use of them as fitting instruments for parrying the attacks, and assaulting in turn, *Dumas*,

*Emile de Girardin*, *Jules Janin*, *Eugène Sue*, and the professors of socialism and Voltairianism in general:

The idea has been worked out to the advantage of the author and his adviser, *Gabriel Roux Curll*, not without the former suffering now and then from fine and imprisonment awarded at the earnest request of his smarting antagonists. The rod seems to make no impression, nor induce more measured language. He hates to the full measure of Dr. Johnson's taste, and if the objects of his wrath exhibit sympathy with socialism or infidelity, he is at a loss to find colors sufficiently odious for the finishing touches of their portraits. He is however incapable of a deliberate falsehood; in lashing the abominable system of *Proudhon*, he does every justice to the social and domestic virtues of the man himself, while the orthodox views of *Veillot* do not screen him from a most bitter flagellation.

As the *Fabrique des Romans* *Alexre Dumas et Compagnie* was the starting point of his literary career, it is but just to lay before our readers his style of handling that great man, cautioning them to bear in mind his original grievance and tendency to be carried away by prejudice. We need not dwell on his sketch of *Alexander's* youth, having treated that part of the subject in our review of the *Memoirs*.\* Coming to the production of the Drama of *Henri III.*, he exhibits side by side, Act II. Scene IV., of *Schiller's Don Carlos*, and *Dumas' Henri III.*, Act IV., Scene I; and a more glaring piece of plagiarism could not be found after Mr. Charles Reade or Lord William Lennox.

No matter what error or fault he may be chastising for the time, the vice of borrowing from his fellow creatures, either money, or ideas, or language, is always tagged to it as certainly as the regulator to a steam engine. He gives an instance of his undoubted composition from the drama of *Christine à Fontainebleau*: it is here submitted with a faint expectation of our being favoured with a neat translation into English; the choice of prose or verse being left to the convenience of the operator.

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\* IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. XII.

"Compte au haut d'un grand mont, le voyageur lassé  
 Part tout brulant d'en bas, puis arrive glacé;  
 Sans qu'un éclair de joie un seul instant y brille,  
 User à le rider son front de jeune fille,  
 Sentir une couronne en or, et diadème;  
 Prendre place, à ce front, d'une bouche d'amant."

*Alexander the Great* hearing the report of musketry in the streets in July, 1830, cries out to his servant:

"Joseph hie to my gun-maker for my double-barrelled musket, and two hundred bullets, twenty to the pound."

Two hundred bullets! Oh Misericorde! what a multitude of royalists he means to slay!

An entire volume of the *memoirs* is devoted to his exploits during the *three days*.

We seek not the slightest quarrel with him on the subject. Let him outshine *Renaud* or *Tancred*;—let him pretend that he braved the bullet shower at the Pont d'Arcole;—leave him the honor of having taken the Artillery Museum;—let him have peppered the Swiss guards from behind one of the Lions of the Institute, it concerns us little: are not these astounding facts chronicled in the "*Memoirs*."

And here the critic lectures *Dumas* and, by implication, *Souvestre* his collaborateur, on the abominations of the drama of *Antony*, and the pilfering from *Victor Hugo* of the character of *Didier*. No doubt but his censures on the evil effects of the piece are just, and the culprits richly deserve the execration he lavishes on them; but oh, Mirecourt, worthy *Censor Morum*! Why do you see the straw in *Dumas*' eye, and let the briar in *Hugo*'s escape notice? Have you read the romance of the latter, and is it not one of the most depressing and least edifying that ever issued from the brain of writer, and might not these maxims be drawn from it without the slightest perversion of the author's meaning? "The moral power of a human being over his impulses and actions is nil. The world is governed by destiny, or fate, or necessity. Genuine goodness, if extant, is allied to deformity. We are powerless in our attempts to do good; but if our designs are wicked we are certain of success, the devil lending a hand; and the amiable and innocent exist for the sole purpose of being hunted down and devoured by the wicked."

The only merit allowed by our critic to his *Bête Noire* is that of a tolerable arrangement of the materials collected by his scouts: he denies him any power of invention in toto.



"There is a certain merit in being a good disposer, but solely in the case of disposing materials collected by one's self. But this is the mode adopted by our man. Here is a pirate captain who has boarded and taken a merchant vessel; but our filibuster is an amiable rogue, and would not for the world put an enemy to the sword when he cries quarter: quite the reverse. He orders an allowance of rum to the vanquished to refresh them after the fatigues of fight; but all the while, he is getting an endless amount of valuable parcels conveyed to the deck of his vessel, and thence to the hold, where he arranges everything in the neatest order. Oh what a jolly good fellow, and how comfortably he settles matters!"

On the representation of his piece "*Les Demoiselles de Saint Cyr*," Jules Janin took the liberty of passing thereon some ungracious remarks; Dumas not at all relishing the liberty taken, returned blow for blow, and a very characteristic quarrel arose. An imaginative French writer describes his Englishman not stretching out a saving arm to a drowning countryman, for the valid reason that he had not been previously introduced to him; so a few words about the mercurial Parisian *Jeames* of the *Morning Post*, may not be out of place before we enter on the particulars of his terrific combat with the Goliath of letters.

And here once for all, we pass unqualified censure on *Mirecourt* and his imitators, who from the circumstance of a literary opponent having a cast in his eyes, a turned up nose, a disreputable sire who saw no evil in coining bad money, or a mother who preferred the society of a neighbour's husband to that of her own, will persist in saddling his victim with the crimes of his parents, or ridiculing him for natural defects which the poor culprit himself would be the very first to repair if in his power.

Jules escapes extra punishment of the kind alluded to: his tormentor merely quotes one of his apostrophes; "Oh eighteen hundred and four! Glorious year to enter on the world!" and adds from himself.

"Of a certainty no year so glorious or prolific of great events has taken its position in the procession of ages. Napoleon, victorious at the Pyramids and at Marengo, placed the imperial diadem on his own head; and the prince of critics was born at St. Etienne near Lyons, of poor but honest parents."

In due time he is pursuing his studies in Paris at the college of *Louis le Grand*, very little to his own satisfaction, or that of his teachers. He is too much occupied in reproach-

ing government for removing masks, and drums from the students; and giving them only bells and missals in place; and in devising a Saint Bartholomew for all the Jesuits in the kingdom,—too much occupied, we repeat, to be able to afford time to physics or metaphysics.

*James*, that is to say *Jules*, according to his biographer, was never intended by nature for a disciple of St. Peter of Alcantara; to back his assertion he quotes from his notice of *Les classiques de la Table*.

“You cannot open this book without finding the water coming to your mouth :—a book full of juice and savour—written by men full of their subject. You have but to turn over the sparkling pages, and you will at once hear the click clack of the spits, the roaring of the furnace, as the flames envelope the mighty pot; charming smoke! sweet vapors! odoriferous clouds! Ah! the difficult and perilous profession of the gourmand,—profession that requires such profound knowledge, such strength of head, and such indomitable health.”

“There” says *Mirecourt*, “is a style inspired by the stomach;” but he spoils the effect by adding that *Janin* exercises his exquisite taste at his neighbour’s table only. If you pay him a visit you are treated to an omelet, or if very high in favor, to a cutlet.

After leaving college our future monarch of the coulissos is supported partly by a kind aunt, and partly by the produce of lessons. Along with his attachment to the delights of the table, he has a foible for dogs, and will change his lodging if his favorite is not made free of the premises.

“He proceeds to the dog-market; his heart throbs with delight at the chorus of melodious barking and baying that he hears. He is in extacy, he trembles with joy in seeing round him the living merchandise, yelping, growling, shewing teeth, or wagging tail. *Janin* goes from greyhound to *boule-dogue*, from the king-Charles to the Newfoundland, from terrier to spaniel, from beagle to house-dog. He gets a shake-paw from every one, studies the breeds, makes enquiries after their morals and characters, and finishes by selecting a full-breasted, wanting the ears, and with a coat unaffectedly ragged. The happy brute had fixed his choice by holding out his muddy paw in a more friendly fashion than the others.”

“Having given lessons at an academy for a quarter without touching salary, he finds the keepers in possession one morning, as he enters to discharge his functions. He knows that there is a cask of excellent wine in the cellar, and determines that it is a pity to have it sold for the behoof

of remorseless creditors. He departs, and in twenty minutes returns in the guise of a wine-merchant's porter trundling on a hand-cart a vinous looking vessel. He calls out that his employer has sent him to exchange the present article for the cask in the vault, which had been sent in mistake, and was of an inferior quality : of course the false porter is *not* aware of the seizure. So the genuine good liquor is removed under *Janin's* careful attention, a vessel of indifferent water left in its place ; and the erewhile proprietor is treated to a good glass of the generous beverage that evening, and gratified by a receipt in due form for the quarter's lessons given by our talented friend.

Through the intervention of a friend, he gets on the staff of *La Lorgnette*.

At this point the critic excuses the jesting character of the biography by simply asking "if any of his readers ever took *Janin* at his word," and asserts that the style is worthy of the subject.

"M. Janin is really a man of honour, a respectable citizen : in this light, he shall have our genuine esteem, and that is something. But why did he meddle with literature? Where was the need of his becoming feuilletonist? Why did he *Se fourrer dans cette galère* ? \* Can you say with hand on heart, that this broad simple-looking countenance, made for good nature, candour, and laughter, should ever present flashing eyes and snarling teeth. Look at that smooth, round, and dimpled hand ; ought a cat with such a velvet paw ever exhibit her claws ?

Ah poor Jules, what a piece of folly !

To distribute criticism with dignity, no matter in what department, you should be sure of yourself ; you should have perfected your judgment by serious study ; you should have examined your conscience ; you should have inspected the very recesses of your soul, to see that reason, sincerity, and justice were its occupants.

Have you done so ? answer.

Criticism is a kind of priesthood, my poor garçon, do not deceive yourself. It demands great moral strength, a hale spirit free from the mists of ignorance, and proof against rancor, jealousy, and caprice. There is more to be done than throw over your shoulders a Collegian's greasy gown, pick up a quill and lie in wait round the corner of a journal for unwary authors. That is not all that's needful, Janin, my good friend.†"

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\* "Les Fourberies de Scapin."

† It seems to us that our vivacious, acute, and easily prejudiced friend himself, would derive some profit by close personal attention to the lesson he is here administering to his temporary victim.

The actresses obnoxious to *Janin's* criticism, cajole him for favorable notices, and call him contemptuously *Jean Jean* when his back is turned. By-and-by they joke on him to his face in this free and easy style.

"Ah! good morning, Monsieur Jean Jean. How do you find yourself, Mr. Jean Jean? Have you seen Mr. Jean Jean's last article, my dear? every one devours Jean Jean. This big Jean Jean is quite the rage. Will you treat us to a nice little supper this evening, Jean Jean, my friend?"

*Julius Janin*, not acting as *Julius Cæsar* would, on such occasions, takes these stupid pleasantries in bad part; and the unthinking culprit shortly lights on a printed compliment such as the subjoined train of thought passing through the mind of the offended critic would naturally produce:

"You have nick-named me Jean Jean, Madame: very well. In your acting I neither recognise merit, delicacy, nor grace—you have no inspiration; you are destitute of vigour; the audience find you not at all to their taste, and your arms are remarkably meagre."

*Jules* once gave a troublesome hanger-on an effective piece of advice—doubly effective, indeed, as he thereby got rid of his importunities for the insertion of articles, and put money in the poor fellow's pockets.

"Impossible," cried *Jules*, "you write like an oyster—set your wits on the invention of monstrosities, strange suicides, horrible assassinations—tell how a child was born in such a place with a pair of horns on him—describe the sea serpent that appeared last week off Havre, three hundred metres in length. Take fourteen or fifteen lines to each article; if it induces a reply so much the better."

The advice was taken, and the system thus improvised has now acquired vast proportions. We have seen one of these *Marchands de Cuvards* in the office of M. Dumont of the *Estafetts*. He entered, made his bow, and taking out a bundle of square bits of paper, read out one to the director. "How much for this?" "Two francs." "Too much; say fifteen sous." "Be it so." He pocketed the coin, and departed to dispose of his *fimias* to other newspapers. It is really a lucrative profession.

*Janin* effectively contributed to the success of *Figaro*, exhibiting in that paper the jovial and aggressive spirit of his character. They cite, as his most glorious piece of mystification, the bizarre discourse at an academic reception, to which was appended, as signature, *Le Duc de Montmorency*.

The last of this noble line had been just admitted to a chair among the FORTY.

He protested in the *Quotidienne* against the burlesque harangue of the *Figaro*; the other royalist papers added their indignant reclamations.

Janin had his answer ready in his pocket.

"What the deuce is the matter with you, Monseigneur?" cried he, "You say you have been admitted to the *Académie Française*? Parbleu! I did not know a word of the matter, I assure you, and have, very unwittingly, led the public astray. *M. Leduc*, keeper of the *White Horse* at *Montmorency* was received member of the *Glorious Appollos* of that town. I gave a report of the reception, and published the speech of the new member. You count for nothing in the matter. Very sorry, I'm sure, for the quiproquo. The double meaning was most adroitly maintained from one end of the article to the other."

A young actress, daughter of a portier, rue de Tournon, makes *Jules* be of opinion that she is impressed by his talents of mind and graces of person; cunning young rogue! and she all the time the affianced bride of a young painter—but she thought it the surest road to success in her vocation. The deluded youth occasionally sees her safe home, but is not invited to enter, as she lives with her family. His hopes of a conquest are strong, till the real state of affairs is revealed by an officious tatler.

"Scandal great—duel unavoidable—but friends interpose, and they come to a sorrowful but amicable resolution. 'Let us mutually swear to see this woman no more,' cried the painter. 'Yes, my friend, we will swear,' answered the feuilletoniste, and they grasped each other's hands like men in earnest."

On the third day the painter forgave the faithless fair, and the critic was seeking an interview.

"Lovers' oaths," thought he to himself, "Jesuits' vows!"

But his false rival had anticipated him in his perjury: he uttered cries of rage, took pen in hand, and wrote out the nastiest of his novels without taking breath.

In the story, he assigned the fair but false cause of his woe, the punishment she so richly merited; but, as if to spite him farther, she is at this day a faithful and virtuous wife, and respectable mistress of a household, possessing the esteem of her friends, and the love of her husband and children.

*Nestor Roqueplau*, in whose judgment *Mirecourt* reposes trust, when music is not in question, thus apostrophises *Janin*—

"You are a writer of an undecided, powerless, and above all, of a frivolous cast. You adorn yourself with mock lace; you jerk about the furbelows of your faded robe, the inharmonious hues of whose tissue is never relieved by a pure or correct pattern. Your phrases abrupt, powdered with conceits, and, spun out, fly away in shreds. These circumstances, of which good writers avail themselves to give repose to their readers, become in your hands delusive finger-posts to set them astray. Sometimes, self-punished and involved in a complicated phrase without issue, you go buzzing at random to find an outlet, like a wasp inside a window. Then it is—'quick, undo me this button—be brisk with a citation to extricate M. Janin, who is knocking his forehead against the wall of his grand style.'"

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"You never make a frank, manly attack. Your weapon, in consequence of being barbed like a Chinese dart, never penetrates. A wrestler without strength of arm, you try to trip up your adversary. Noise and no stroke—thunder and no flash—damp fireworks, the squibs escaping as chance will have it. Your pen scratches and blots the paper, and cannot make a straight line. Your composition is uncertain, and not under your proper command: it goes at random and without order; it seems no more under the control of your proper will, than the limbs of a paralytic under the influence of the spinal marrow. There is a profusion of words, but the right one is never forthcoming. When we dissect this plump-looking old child in swaddling clothes, we find neither vein, muscle, nor sinew." *So far Nestor Roqueplan.*

Our merciless critic goes on to scarify his patient at greater length than we can follow. He says that he has been gossiping, that he is gossiping, and that he will continue to gossip for ever; that he is a flood of epithets, an ocean of phrases; that he swells the balloon of the paradox, puts his lip to the sophism to blow it out to fabulous dimensions, and that he tempers the soap water for the produce of millions of sparkling bubbles which float about and burst when their hour comes. A quarter of an idea will serve for the production of a dozen columns, and his knowledge of history and geography is on a par with *Mr. Jolly Green's*, of the *New Monthly*. He criticises a theatrical piece without having heard a word of it spoken; he confounds people and incidents, for the *Debats* is waiting for copy, and he has not time to be accurate. Like Harlequin, his head may be broken by an enraged victim, and with his own wooden sword too; no matter, he continues his dance.

In October our hero is married; and on the very wedding night, instead of looking after his bride, he locks himself

up in his study to write a feuilleton, not of the last new piece, but of his own perilous exploit. This is to be *the* news of the week.

"At first a universal stupor fell on men's senses. 'What do you say? he is married—*himself*, and at *his* age—he is a dead man. What will become of him, and what will he do with his bride?' 'Why! what can a *Bohemien* do with his wife but make her a *Bohemienne*?' "

And then he relates the difficulties he had to overcome before he could cast the lasso with effect: but at last, through fire, water, and mud, the notary's table is reached, and the contract signed. *Chateaubriand* does not send his blessing, because it generally brings misfortune; but the Archbishop is not so scrupulous. Let *Jeames* of the *Morning Post* read the following, and blush for his own shortcomings.

"And then, trembling with emotion, astonished at the deep regard shown to her, and in such high quarters, she cast her eyes timidly around. Her limpid and modest glance became more decided, and seemed to say, 'You see I was right.' Mean time the church was prepared, and the altar decked, the crowd great, and nothing wanted but the presence of the young bride. At last she appeared, and they saw her such as she was—young, beauteous, smiling, sincere—the most touching, the most modest, and the most calm of beings. Eh, well! that delicate fair hand, that perfect grace, the serenity of that beauteous countenance, that loveliest of creatures, all those treasures for a mere scribbler, for a—"

*Mirecourt*:—"Ah, silence! you indiscreet spouse; the *National* is cocking its ears. Why should you begin to blab in the public feuilleton? Alas! it is too late; they have taken a note of your avowals; they are turning your confidences into ridicule, and *M. Rolle* is mending his pen. Ah! Janin, Janin, instead of an epithalamium, hear this apostrophe.—" *Rolle Loquitur*.

"Allow me, Monsieur, to join my congratulations to those which you have offered to yourself, and to lay my poor grain of incense on the mighty heap which you burn in your own proper honor. In fine you are married, and now there is neither *Ah*, nor *Oh*, nor *How* about it. Let the entire universe recover from its stupor, thank God, and say nothing. Your conjugal feuilleton, dated *St. Sulpice*, and written on the very altar, you have charitably entitled, 'The Wedding, not of a Critic, but of Criticism.' As another great man once boasted, 'The State is vested in me,' so you modestly announce, 'Criticism and I are one.' Many thanks, Monsieur! From the embodiment of the genius, talent, and merit of all living critics in one, it results that eight days ago we were all wedded in your person. A charming cadeau you have offered us, Monsieur, if I may trust the prospectus of the bride of whom you have got ten thousand copies issued. What a liberal husband you are, Monsieur! I know

more than one who watch their wives with the vigilance of the dragons of the Hesperides ; and what is your first care ? You get yours printed, stamped, bound, and distributed throughout Paris and the Banlieue. This cannot fail to bring in subscribers in shoals. P.S. All Europe is impatiently expecting the first cries of the young family announced."

Janin made no response ; he was literally crushed by the ridicule. "

*Eugène* gets tired at last of scourging *Jules*. He says that his spirits were terribly tamed by the defeat just recorded, and another suffered at the hand of *Dumas*—that, at all events, age with his slow stride is gaining on him. He has put on the hermit's gown, and now aims at burning in the eyes of young Paris, a shining example of decent morals. He now only sighs for true friends, and for enjoyment of domestic comforts, and is painfully re-erecting what he has been demolishing for thirty years.

"His conversion has affected us very sensibly ; we almost regret our tartness. Yesterday's errors are redeemed by to-day's merits. However, the old habitudes return at times, and the ancient wolf of criticism sometimes shews his teeth ; this is a simple act of oblivion, a mere distraction. He at once contritely strikes his breast, and bitterly weeps over all the sheep he has devoured. Will any one dare to call these healing drops the tears of a crocodile ?"

The mention of sheep reminds us of looking after our *moutons perdus et enragés*, whom we left on the eve of deadly arbitration.

*Dumas* having retaliated on *Janin* for his attack on *Les Demoiselles de Saint Cyr*, a second onslaught of the critic brought the laughers to his side. *Dumas* vomited fire and flames ; he swore that he would exterminate *Janin*.

"His seconds took their way to the Rue de Vaugerard ; the negotiations endured three weeks, and the duel was at last decreed as firm as fate. The champions were on the ground, and *Dumas*, who had the choice of arms, proposed the small sword. 'By no means, replied the critic, 'I'm familiar with a certain push which will lay you high and dry on the sod at the first brush. I claim the pistols through sheer humanity.' 'Oh, oh, pistols indeed!' cried *Dumas* : 'you are stark mad, my dear Monsieur *Janin* ; I could lame a fly at forty paces, and you are a trifle larger than the biggest fly that floats on wing.' So, neither being willing to murder his antagonist, no passage of arms took place. They made mutual excuses, and embraced each other as brothers who should never have ceased to esteem and cherish each other."

Several of *Dumas*' fellow artisans in the manufacture of dramas having obliged him at last to allow their names to



appear in turn, it curiously happened that all falling to his name were successful, the others being failures, or at least greeted with very faint praise.

And here it may be fit to give a list of some of Dumas' plagiarisms, and assumptions of the product of his neighbours' intellects.

"His book, *Jacques Ortis*, is a mere simple translation of the *Ultima Littere di Jacopo Ortis* of Ugo Foscolo, a verb or an adjective being occasionally changed. *Les Aventures de John Davy* are borrowed from the *Revue Britannique*. *Gaule et France* is copied from *Les Études Historiques* of Chateaubriand, and from *Thierry*, without the trouble, in most cases, of inverting prepositions or changing words. *Le Capitaine Aréna* is the re-production of a delicious novelette of the *Revue Britannique*, called *Térence le Tailleur*. *Albine* is a servile translation of a German romance.

"*Les Mémoires d'un Médecin* is a re-casting of a romance of the same name in the *Revue Britannique*. Fiorentino the Neapolitan enriches his patron with the manuscript of *Le Corricolo* and that of *Le Speronare*. Paul Meurice brings *Ascanio*, *Amaury*, and *Les Deux Diane*. Mallefille wrote *Georges* from beginning to end, and signed it Dumas.

"*Auguste Maquet*, the most prolific of these literary artisans, furnished, as his own contingent, fifty volumes; *Le Chevalier d'Harmental*, *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, *Vingt Ans Après*, *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*, *Sylbandre*, *Le Comte de Monte Cristo*, *La Guerre des Femmes*, *La Reine Margot*, *Une Fille du Regent*, *Le Bâtard de Mau-léon*, *Le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge*, and *La Dame de Montsoreau*."

The writer of these last named books seems to belong to the class born with saddles on their backs for the convenience of other writers who are tired out treading the thorny paths of literature. We believe that he has turned restive, and pitched his patron over his head; but it is insinuated by a clever cotemporary, that the author of *Peg Woffington*, wearied with the fatigues of the rough road on which his *Course of True Love* has not run smooth, has taken our unlucky pack horse unawares; bestrode him in his explorations through the Demesne of the *Chateau Grantier*; and condescending to utter *White Lies*, has passed himself off to the unsophisticated readers of the *London Journal*, as the rightful proprietor of that *Chateau d'Espagne*, changing its title of course.

Having a high opinion of the powers of *Maquet*, we were curious to examine this original drama of his; and by the kind promptness of Mr. Nutt, we were enabled, at an interval of three or four days, to get the pamphlet

from Paris ; and, on looking over it, came to the conclusion, that if the author was ever obliged to commit his catechism to memory, he had retained very little of it in head or heart, when he was constructing his *Chateau de Grantier*.

A lady, the widow of a royalist captain, is on the point of being turned adrift on the world with her two portionless daughters. The undeclared lover of the younger has been regularly laying a purse in the ladies' path at monthly intervals for some time, without their appropriation of the contents ; and the declared lover of the elder is dead in the Peninsula, or worse, gone over to the enemy. One of Buonaparte's brave generals is the purchaser of the family chateau and demesne. He is on the point of starting for Egypt, and takes the chateau on his way to the coast. Under an impulse of generosity and love at first sight, he proposes for the elder sister. She, judging that her true love is either dead or false, and wishing to preserve an asylum for mother and sister, consents ; and her husband leaves her to return from the church without him ; for he must be at Marseilles in time for the embarkation of his squadron. Any experienced play-goer reading thus far, knows by instinct, that the dead and traitorous lover will be found as true and loyal as Leander, stretched out at the garden gate, exhausted to death, but doomed to worse than death by the sight of his true-hearted mistress, a bride of half an hour. If the play is destitute of poetry, common morality, or genuine sentiment, it possesses at all events, a terrific situation at the end of each act. The descent of the green baize puts an end to the harrowing scene.

We are admitted to the drawing room of the chateau in about fifteen or eighteen months. The bride and no wife, is reclining in a languid state on the sofa ; and we find that after the best cares had been bestowed on the unfortunate lover, he quitted for the campaign on the Rhine ; and is now hotly employed at the siege of some town. The false wife has been absent at some watering place for health's sake ; and we find her in woe, not for the absence of her generous-hearted husband, exposed in Egypt to the rays of the hot sun, and the scymitars of the Mamelukes. but for the separation from her infant, kept at a convenient distance from the chateau.

All this time the lover is an honorable, and high-minded, and sensitive man; but what avails honor, honesty, or religion, when pleading in a cause in which counsellor Cupid holds an opposing fee. Therefore, the seducer is guiltless; and who can blame the too sensitive lady when he is informed that Lothario swore he would neither take powder nor pill, but die off from spite, if she continued insensible to his misery! Some feeling, made up of 98 per cent. of guilty sorrow for lover and child, and the rest of remorse, has induced her to secrete enough of laudanum for a composing dose for her earthly woes. She writes to her guilty partner that their love was too pure and ethereal (a pretty proof they have given) to hope for toleration here below. She was going to ascend, and when he could make it convenient to join her spirit there—but here we beg to stop short of absolute blasphemy. The deed is deferred; her innocent and sympathising sister has brought, by private passages, and in a cradle of the neatest pattern, her child to pay her a visit. Ods raptures, and extacies! The ladies retire behind a screen with the cradle, and the sister is singing an innocent lullaby, when the general, who ought to have been at the moment measuring the right eye of the Sphinx reposing in her far off sandy bed, walks in, accompanied by the affianced of the young Miss. The screen opens—the cradle and its guilty guardian is visible; and here would be the end of a two-act tragedy—but, as three acts yet remain to be achieved, the *unmarried* rushes on in despair, avows herself the culprit, and situation No. 2 harrows the hearts of the audience.

We are in the trenches of the beleagured city, and the hooded-winked general finds out Lothario, and reads him a moral lecture on the *inconvenience* he has caused. He is on the hooks of torture at first, but after the established amount of equivocation, he finds out that he has only to lead the frail sister to the altar, and do legitimate justice to his infant son, of whose existence, by the way, he is up to this moment ignorant. What was simple wretchedness, now becomes anguish, doubled, complicated, and intolerable. Marry her sister, and before her eyes!—see the world in ashes rather than such an outrage! A glorious opportunity for escape is presented. He contrives to anticipate the colonel as leader of a forlorn hope; a mine explodes, and

he and his immediate followers are blown some kilometres beyond the region of the moon. Well, here is something like poetical justice. The honest-minded general will now return, and walk over his estate for the first time, his penitent wife on his arm, swallowing her guilty tears, and doing all she can to recompense her worthy but ill-treated lord. *Benjamine*, after a decent shew of sorrow, will manage to satisfy her lover of her innocence, and a happy union will be the result. Nothing of the kind takes place.

On his return home everything is in a very ticklish state ; but when he announces the death of his companion in arms, the wife's wild grief finds vent, and she reveals her guilt and shame—not that she considers herself *very* guilty, but to live with another is not to be thought of for a moment.

The mother and daughters will not now remain in the castle ; but, as they are leaving the premises, a knock is heard at the gate, and the porter brings in a note to the colonel. Oh ! wonderful wonder ! Lothario has again found his way back to this nasty world, and is humbly requesting permission, before departing to voluntary exile among the Hottentots, or elsewhere, to embrace and bless his infant heir. A lucky thought strikes the generous Chateellan. He invites the prodigal son to enter, joins his hands to those of his self-divorced lady, utters a genuine stage blessing on their heads, and a long-concealed treasure is at the moment brought to day-light from a subterranean passage : so, if they become uncomfortable it will be their own faults, and if their lot turns out happy, all we say is, that it will give us no little surprise.

To convert this drama, vicious in spirit and form, into a circumstantial tale, fit for the perusal of a moral and religious though novel-reading public, seems to us rather more difficult than to construct a purely original work. If we have any subscribers, among the weekly purchasers of the *Journal*, whose acquirements embrace the art of writing, may some one of them favor us with an outline of the English garments thrown over the French model !

The success of *Monte Cristo*, and its fellow publications, seems to have turned poor *Alexander's* head. His dreams, even in the open sunshine, and when his bodily-eyes were wide open, were of caverns piled with gold and precious stones, and no thought of poverty ever passed his mind.

The *Folly* built by him at St. Germain, and which he was pleased to call *Monte Cristo*, was the natural result of this exalted state of his ideas.

"He summoned from Africa two Arabs, who decorated a chamber for him in the Algerian style, covering the walls with verses from the Koran; and he engaged themselves in writing to execute no other similar piece of work in Europe. There were to be seen gothic pavilions, turrets with their belfries, gardens, an island, a torrent, and the celebrated kiosk, with its sky-blue ceiling besprinkled with stars, and which served for the study of the master.

"There were at Monte Cristo an atelier for painters, twelve rooms devoted to visitors, a little palace set apart for monks, another for parrots, and a third for dogs, without mentioning a stable of regal proportions for the accommodation of eight superb steeds.

"The grand salon, hung with cloth of silk and gold, displayed wonders of artistic skill; and the private salon or boudoir was furnished with genuine cashmere for window curtains.

"It was altogether a heap of pictures, statues, Buhl ornaments, bizarre curiosities scattered at random from kitchen to attics, profusion of sculptures, and casts beyond counting: good taste was banished, and ostentation reigned supreme.

"All these riches and splendors could not confer the much-desired stamp of aristocracy on this magnificent structure. In the midst of the luxury floated a vapour of literary vagabondage, and the etiquette of the chateau had its origin in the coulisses of the theatres.

"On the façade stood out the escutcheon of the Marquis de la Pailletterie. Dumas inaugurated his palace with an entertainment given in honor of literature and art; six hundred guests were regaled, and a piece was presented after dinner, composed for the circumstance, and having for title, 'SHAKSPEARE ET DUMAS.'"

To reign even for two years in such a palace, *Dumas* was obliged to keep his journeymen hard at work. So, from 1845 to 1846, more than sixty volumes were written, printed, and published.

And here, by an accurate calculation, our critic, allowing his writer to sleep but few hours, to eat his meals in a hurry, and to be constantly under the inspiration of the muse of romance (an impossible conjunction), allows him power to produce fifteen volumes per annum, if he abstains from revising the style or correcting the proofs.

All his assistants, including his son, were trained to imitate his handwriting.\*

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\* In addition to the works quoted, *Dumas* published in *Le Pays*, *Le Passeur d'Ashbourn*, copied literally from *Madame Montolieu's* translation of the *Village Pastor* of *Lafontaine*, the German names

Being at last obliged to say something, by way of apology or defence, here is his most frank and courageous avowal.

"Inventions are made by men, not by any individual man. Every one, at proper time and place, appropriates the things known to his forefathers, arranges them in new forms, and dies, after adding a few facts or ideas to the heap as he found it. As to the pure creation of anything, mental or physical, it is out of the question." . . . .

This is what caused Shakspeare to say, when a stupid critic once accused him of having taken an entire scene from a cotemporary writer, 'It is a young girl whom I have withdrawn from evil society to establish her in that which is good.' This also made Moliere once exclaim, 'I seize my property wherever I find it.' And Shakspeare and Moliere were right; for the man of genius never steals—he seizes by right of conquest. I am obliged to say these things in my own defence, as, instead of being grateful to me for bringing before their eyes so many scenic beauties before unknown, they point them out as thefts—brand them as plagiarisms. However, I am consoled by my resemblance to Shakspeare and Moliere in this respect; those who attacked them were so obscure, that their very names have not been preserved."

*Mirecourt*, lashed by the sense of his own individual wrongs, and the injury inflicted on literature and morals by the *systeme Dumas*, thus pours on him the vials of his wrath:—

"You have closed the avenues of literature against those young fresh writers who would use their talents, without providing for the public an unhealthy feast, and without committing the crime of *lese-patrie* in defiling the most noble pages of our history. Yes, Monsieur Dumas, you have murdered our literature; you have assembled a host of nameless writers, who, protected by the darkness in which they move, cast into the mass of society a leaven of bad taste and of corrupting influence. With the succour of these concealed workmen you prepare a slow poison which penetrates into the veins of the social body. You mix history and fable, and distribute the indigestible morsels as intellectual nourishment. In presence of the rising generation you remove from virtue her prestige; you discard modesty as if

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being merely changed to English ones. *Le Collier de la Reine* was written by *Maquet*, so was *La Tulippe Noire*—so was *Auge Pitou*. *Le Trou de l'Enfer* was contributed by *Meurice*, as well as *Dieu Dispose*. *Hendrik Conscience*, the Flemish writer, was plundered of *Conscience l'Innocent*.

\* *Sir Godfrey Kneller* was chagrined at not having been consulted at the creation, as he was conscious of being able to suggest some valuable hints. *Dumas*, in common with *Sir Godfrey* and several Gallic writers, handles awful subjects in so familiar a style that he must be satisfied with seeing some of his flights left unrecorded.

she was a castaway. In your pages vice is endowed with amiable qualities, debauchery is not so bad as it seems, and crime excites pity instead of hate. You propagate this spasmodic and frantic species of literature, which excites the evil passions, sets the blood in a ferment, and reawakes the powers of old and used-up debauchees. Thanks to your catering, the public now refuses all healthy nourishment; it cannot relish anything but your highly-spiced ragouts. . . . We are severe without doubt, but posterity will be much more so."

Against the calumniating of the memory of the characters of history, and the distorting or misrepresenting of established historical facts, we join our protest to that of our critic. With the exception of *Le Chevalier d'Harmen-tal*, *Sylvandire*, and *La Tulippe Noire*, we can scarcely recollect one of these quasi-historical romances of *Dumas and Co.*, which we would like to see in the hands of our young people. The perusal of some in particular, is only wading through a slough of depravity, cruelty, and craft. You are obliged to light a candle in the middle of the day, if you wish to find out an estimable character, and to look for repose in some scene hallowed by the domestic virtues is altogether useless. No one of royal rank is a good man or woman, or sincere Christian. If history has handed him down as jealous for religion at all, he is sure to be an intolerant zealot and persecutor. If the reader is interested for the success of true love, he is only left to wish that D'Artagnan may carry away his neighbour's wife. And are the firm above named the only culprits in this line? By no means; they are edifying moralists when set beside *Bibliophile Jacob (Lacroix)*,\* *Foudras*, *Montepin*, *La Touche*, and some others. But money was to be got to keep *Dumas* in state, on his high horse, riding to ———. To get this money, their feuilletons should be as necessary to the reading public as their café au lait. To infuse this quality into them, they must be piquant and terribly interesting, and leave their readers in a state of feverish suspense about the interesting but guilty lover, left outside on the window-sill, forty feet above ground, with a very slight defence against the temperature of a night twenty degrees below zero.

They know he will endure, rather than compromise the comfort of the tender female who is feigning sleep beside her clod of a husband in the warm bed-chamber within :

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\* We except from the works of the Rabelastic Lacroix, *Les Cutacombes de Rome* and *Le fils du Notaire*.

but whether will he freeze stark and stiff on his bad eminence, or make an involuntary descent,—that is the question that will keep several pairs of eyes unvisited by sleep. And won't there be a feverish welcome for the coarse damp paper next morning! and still not the trace of an allusion to the difficulty for several numbers to come.

*Dumas* was obliged to defend an action for defamation of the character of a lady whose head has not ached since the days of *Henri Quatre*; and, though he could not be touched by human law, it is no less certain that he sinned in the person of *Auguste Maquet*, against that divine statute which forbids us to bear false witness against our neighbour. It may be urged that the persons slandered are beyond the power of the poisoned tongue to wound them; but it is no less certain that, as in the case of the descendants of *La Dame de Montsoreau*, many of the living are deeply interested in the good fame of the great departed, from ties of family, country, policy, or religion, and are deeply pained by finding their memory slandered or assailed.

We wish that we could vindicate all the writers in our own vernacular from such a reprehensible line of conduct, but that is not left in our power, since the days when half-a-dozen poor ecclesiastics were set to watch over the spiritual welfare of their thin flock, scattered through the fields and streets of Britain; and when the same apparently inoffensive proceedings shook more terror through the land, than if Louis Napoleon, King Leopold, Pius IX., and the monarchs of all the "Heathens and Turks" throughout the world, were disembarking on all sides of the island at once, to put the inhabitants to sack or ransom.

In order to add fuel to the unholy flame that at the moment was consuming men's candour, love of their neighbour, and common justice, a lady takes at the end of her jewel-tipped pen, the character of the earnest and fearless Archbishop of Canterbury, who braved the displeasure of his loved sovereign, and the terrors of martyrdom, rather than leave it in the power of selfish and unholy rulers to deprive the flock entrusted to his keeping of their spiritual nourishment. However historians may differ as to the less or more of spiritual pride or obstinacy, or pure devotion of this great man, no one has been found to breathe a suspicion against the purity of his life after he became a churchman. What is his conduct as discovered by his fair (?) historian



through those peculiar telescopes through which novelists look over the dim landscape of the past? He is in love with Fair Rosamond Clifford; she is insensible to his suit, but he is determined that she shall be his mistress sooner or later, and takes this nefarious plan to succeed. He brings her under the notice of the unprincipled young king, judging that when she has surrendered all right to female honor, his own vile object will be easily attained.

Now, if the authoress of the *Lady and the Priest* had taken ordinary care to prepare for her self-imposed and ungracious task, by consulting the authentic histories of that reign, she would have found that her narrative was as irreconcilable with fact, from the well-established purity of the Archbishop's life, as from the circumstances of time and place through which the characters of her story moved. Poisoned springs and poisoned weapons, and the stiletto of the paid murderer, are never thought of when Christian powers are at war with each other; and shall such false and poisonous arms as these be used by parties who merely differ in their modes of Christian worship, and are all loyal subjects of the same sovereign?

In the month of February of the present year *Maquet* had his unkind patron doing penance in the courts of law. He lost the cause. It is probable that *Auguste* deserved to lose it; but quere did Alexander deserve to gain it?

We proceed to touch on another duel of the great man, and have done with our critic's personalities, as his store are inexhaustible where his swarthy foeman is the subject.

"He entered one evening the office of the *Figaro*, whence two hostile articles had been launched at him: 'Who is the author of these infamous productions? his name—be quick.' 'I know not,' said Maurice Alhoy, chief editor of the paper. 'You must know; I will not wait a minute; I must kill some one.' 'My good friend,' said Maurice, 'you have exhausted my patience. I will be responsible for the articles; name your seconds.' Mutual friends interposed, and Dumas condescended to spare Alhoy's life; but he, as the offended, should keep his honor intact. They should repair to the Bois de Boulogne next morning, but no blood was to be drawn. The seconds were, however, entirely ignorant of this implied arrangement.

"Alexander looked sublime; courage was visible in every feature; he was insensible to fear; pallor sat not on his manly face. They produced the swords. 'What's here,' cried he, 'blue weapons! I never used a blue-colored blade. Pierre,' continued he, turning with the gesture of a hero to his Negro, 'produce the dark-dyed swords.'

They were brought, and the weapons crossed.

Maurice Alhoy being somewhat nervous, and a little overawed by the truly intrepid mien of his adversary, lost command of hand altogether, when Dumas began—

‘Defend yourself, corbleau! wrist firmer: a victory over an opponent of your force would not be worth gaining—oh!’ cried he in affright, letting fall his sword.

In order to punish his vain boasting, Alhoy had slightly wounded him in the shoulder.

‘What’s that for?’ added he, forgetting himself for the moment, ‘it was not mentioned in the programme.’”

*Mirecourt*, feeling a sort of remorse at last for his merciless treatment of his foe, relents, and tells something to his credit:—

“Our hero, notwithstanding his faults, has sincere admirers and enthusiastic friends. [M. Porcher, the illustrious director of the *claque*,\* is of the number. One day he gave a splendid dinner to the great *Mousquetaire*. The wine sparkled, and the most delightful gaiety reigned from one end of the table to the other. Porcher alone kept looking at his glass without approaching it to his lips. It must be acknowledged, however, that he had already emptied it very often, and had now reached the maudlin stage. ‘What is the matter with you, my dear friend?’ said Alexander. ‘Am I really among the number of your dear friends?’ sighed the renowned dispenser of venal applause. ‘How can you doubt it?’ ‘Well, I don’t, but still there is one thing that gives me great trouble.’ ‘Ah! what is it?’ ‘My heavy sorrow is this, you never say *thou* to me: just *thou* me once.’ ‘My poor Porcher! with the greatest pleasure! Shake hands, dear friend, and lend me a thousand crowns.’”

With some degree of inconsistency, *Mirecourt* seems disposed to enhance the merit of *Dumas Fils* in the proportion of the disparagement of *Dumas Pere*. Besides his qualities of a writer of genius and talents, he represents him as a sincere, honorable young man, living within his income, keeping his father within some bounds, and helping him out of his difficulties. In the *Cure for the Heart-ache*, *Hodge*, after relating to his sister the misdeeds of their extravagant father, and mentioning how his own good example was entirely lost on him, gravely asks her, as a case of conscience, whether he would be justified in giving the immoral old boy a licking. *Dumas Fils* supports sister and mother, and gives what he can to charitable purposes,

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\* For closer acquaintance with this great practitioner see our review of the *Memoirs of Dumas*.

but never lets the idea of the licking cross his mind. It may be supposed, from the character of his works, especially the earlier ones, that his life in one respect has been far from correct. Our lenient critic throws out hopes that there will be a decided improvement in his works to come, as he is Christian at heart and studies the Scriptures. Amen, say we.

However our author may relax in his dislike to *Dumas*, his feelings towards *Emile de Girardin* exhibit a most determined personal hatred; and, therefore, he is not so much to be trusted in his statements concerning his character.

His portrait, serving for frontispiece, exhibits a *Napoleon* when in good humour. So he is an anomaly, if his veins are filled with poison instead of blood, as insinuated by his critic. Circumstances connected with his birth, and the after neglect or dislike of his parents, have given a misanthropic tinge to his character. He considers every office beneath him but that of prime minister; and his political creed has been re-modelled a dozen times. The facts adduced by *Mirecourt*, such as ordering his own immediate release from prison, when he might have kept him there at pleasure, do not bear out his theory to our satisfaction.

If he dispraises the husband to the utmost stretch of language, he makes up in his unqualified admiration of *Madame, née Delphine Gay*, a lovely compound of personal beauty, grace, goodness, conversational powers, and poetical gifts. Any person who has read or seen acted her delightful dramas, or read her tales, too few in number, alas! or her lively and picturesque sketches of Parisian life, social, political, literary and artistic, from about 1836 to 1848, under the name of the *Chevalier de Launay*, will bear out the critic as far as evidence is before themselves. *Mirecourt* evidently grudged her to her selfish lord. Literature has had a great loss by her too early death.

One of *Mirecourt's* grievances against the editor of *La Presse* arose from his rejecting *Marion D'Lorme* unless signed *Alex. Dumas*.

We must find space for the unhappy duel between *Girardin* and *Armand Carrel*, judging that a simple recital of an incident so contrary to the spirit of Christianity is nearly as good as a sermon. The account is from *Le National*, *Carrel's* paper:—July 1st, 1836.

"The direct explication which had place between M. Carrel and M de Girardin left nothing in the power of the seconds to bring about a reconciliation. Having reached the ground, the Bois de Vincennes, M. Carrel advanced towards M. de Girardin, and said, 'Monsieur, you have threatened me with a biography: as the chance of the day may be against me you will probably fulfil your promise; but if you write it in an honest spirit you will not find either in my private or public life anything unbecoming a man of honor. Is it not so, Monsieur?' 'It is, Monsieur' replied M. de Girardin.

It had been decided that the combatants should be placed at a distance of forty paces, and that each was then at liberty to walk forward ten steps. M. Carrel advanced that distance with a firm and rapid pace; then, raising his pistol and taking aim he fired at his adversary, who had only advanced three paces. The two discharges were nearly simultaneous, but M. Carrel had fired first. M. de Girardin cried out 'I am hit in the thigh;' 'and I in the groin,' said M. Carrel.

He had still strength enough left to walk to a bank at the edge of the avenue, and sit down. His second, and Dr. Marx his friend, ran up to him. M. Persat (proprietor of *Le National*) burst into tears. 'Do not weep, my good friend,' said Carrel; 'this ball has given you quittance.' This was an allusion to a legal process to come off on the next day."

They carried him to St. Mandé, to the house of M. Peyra, an old comrade of the *École Militaire*. Passing near M. Girardin, M. Carrel addressed him: 'Are you suffering much, M. Girardin?' 'I would be rejoiced if your sufferings were no greater.' 'Adieu, Monsieur, I bear no ill will to you.'

Carrel was not deceived as to the dangerous character of his wound. He requested that they would bear him directly to the cemetery after his decease; no priest, no church. Such was his short and definite direction.

The next day Armand Carrel was dead. Had his last hours been consoled by religion, his posthumous reputation would surely have sustained no loss. It is a pity that republicanism and impiety are such near neighbours."

*Mirecourt* handles *George Sand* with delicate touch, passes slightly over the unsound portions of her career, and gives all homage due to her great powers. She has not taken his biography, however, in good part at all; and he complains that she even adds a year or two to her age, in order to enjoy the pleasure of a contradiction. Still he will not have the public to be too fastidious as to the self-restraint, &c. of those who write or act for their amusement. Let them be satisfied that his heroine for the moment is what *Ninon de l'Enclos* once boasted herself to be, viz.: *an honest man*.

He quotes from the *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, a passage

which we repeat for its beauty. All the world knows that Aurora Dudevant is a native of Berri, and that she was brought up in that rough province under the wing of an energetic grand-mother.

"Oh! who amongst us does not fondly recollect the first volumes which he has tasted or devoured! Has not the very cover of an old book, found mantled over with dust, on the shelf of a neglected book-case, retraced the sweet outlines of the picture of your youthful years! Have you not seen rise before you, the wide meadow bathing in the warm rays of the evening, where you perused it for the first time! Oh! how quickly fell the night over the enchanted leaves, and how cruelly the fading twilight made the characters dance in confusion on the darkening pages!

It is all over: the lambs are bleating; the sheep have gathered to the fold; and the cricket has taken possession of the huts and the plains: you must depart.

The road is stony, the plank is narrow and slippery, the side path rough. You are covered with perspiration, but all is useless: you arrive too late, they have commenced supper. It is to no purpose that the old servant, who loves you so much, has delayed to ring the bell as long as she could. You must endure the mortification of sitting down last, and the grand-mother, relentless in etiquette even in the depth of her secluded farm, administers a tender reproach in a mild, sorrowful tone, which affects you more sensibly than a severe reproof.

But when at night, she asks you for an account of how the day was spent, and you acknowledge with a blush, that you forgot the time reading; and being required to produce the book, you draw out, with a trembling hand, *Estelle et Némorin*, Oh, then the old lady cannot help smiling. Take courage; your treasure will be restored, but mind, never be late for supper again.

O, happy days! O, my dark glen! O, Corinne! O, *Bernardin de St. Pierre*! Ye willows by the river, my vanished youth, and oh! my poor old hound, who never missed the supper-hour, but answered to the ring of the distant bell by a hungry and sorrowful howl!"

*Charles Nodier*, with whom we spent some pleasant moments in *Les Mémoires de Alexandre Dumas*, *Méry*, the exaggerated type of our *Theodore Hook*, *Victor Hugo*, *Beranger*, *Alfred de Vigny*, *Arsène Houssaye*, *Francis Wey*, *Baron Taylor*, *Paul Féval*, and other estimable writers meet with warm though judicious welcome in the pages of *Les Contemporains*. The degree of blame administered to *Paul de Kock* and *Balzac* is very slight, compared to the kindness with which they are treated. How *Balzac* could have spent much time in collecting materials for his *Comedy of Human Life*, we are unable to under-

stand, with the following programme of his daily occupation before us.

"Balzac has been the most assiduous worker of modern times. We must refer to the monks of the middle ages to find the same zeal, the same assiduity, the same patience. He goes to bed at half-past five, soon after taking dinner, rises at 11 o'clock, or mid-night, wraps himself in a sort of monk's gown, and works away till 9 o'clock in the morning. His servant, François, then brings in his breakfast, takes up the proofs, and Balzac, drawing out his watch, says to him, with the gravest air imaginable, 'I give you ten minutes to take these to Charenton.' Charenton (the locale of the printing office) is two leagues distant, but that does not frighten François. His stereotyped answer is—'ten minutes! very good! off I go.' Balzac resumes his writing after breakfast, and works till three o'clock; then takes a country walk till dinner, immediately after which he retires to rest, to resume the same process on awaking. . . .

Balzac sketches a romance as a painter does a picture. His first outline, even of the longest of his stories, never exceeds forty pages. He flings every leaf behind him without even paging it, for fear of being tempted to make corrections; and the next day he receives the proofs, furnished with enormous margins. The forty pages yield a hundred in the second proof, two hundred in the third, and so on to the end of the story. This mode of proceeding throws the unfortunate compositors into despair; finding their work of yesterday buried under a mountain of corrections and additions. It is a chaos, an irregular expansion of lines from a common centre, a system of fireworks; the rockets crossing and encircling each other, turning to the right, to the left, ascending, descending, knocking their heads together, and inflicting head-aches innumerable. In the compositor's time-tables, two hours of Balzac make one day."

If we can believe his indulgent critic, *Balzac*, despite the uncommon penetration into character apparent in his writings, was a very *Oliver Goldsmith* in all matters where worldly wisdom was requisite. Unable to dupe a simpleton, he was himself the most facile of that unhappy class. He was ever labouring to diminish a heavy amount of debt, and only augmented it with every new literary speculation. We give him much credit for never allowing his nieces to read his books. He enjoyed his release from his grim creditors but a short period; and now *Dumas*, his relentless foe during life, will pull down the moon, if not allowed by the widow to raise a monument to his memory, with this inscription, "TO BALZAC, BY HIS RIVAL, DUMAS."

We must find room for an extract from the sketch of Frederick Lemaitre. He made his debut at the *Ambigu*, in *l'Auberge des Adrets*, and was very badly received. He felt that

success in the part of *Macaire*, as then played, was out of the question, and was pensively walking along the Boulevards, devising some plan for ensuring success to his part.

"All at once he perceived a personage standing before the door of a cake shop, covered with indescribable drapery from head to foot. His clothes might once have been of irreproachable stuff and fashion; but now they hung about him in ragged stripes. Wretchedness and debauchery had left their marks everywhere; but still the wearer maintained an arrogant deportment, and the most excellent opinion of his individual merits.

Proudly poised on his old boots, broken and down at heel, and with a greasy and many cornered hat set jauntily on his left ear, he was daintily breaking, with the tips of his fingers, a halfpenny cake, carrying it to his lips with the gestures of a *petit maitre*, and eating it with all the air of a gourmand. His collation over, he drew a depending rag from his coat pocket, wiped his hands, brushed his filthy habits, and continued his route along the Boulevard. 'That's my very man,' said Frederick. In effect, the type he had vaguely imagined, was before him in flesh and blood: Robert Macaire was found at last.

That very evening at the theatre, the comedian presented himself with a coat, hat, and boots, the very fellows of those worn by the man of the Boulevards. He imitated the gestures of this Brummel in tatters; his grotesque self-possession, and his sinister dignity, induced his fellow-comedian, Serres, to adopt an analogous style, and the piece obtained an unhopèd success."

Not content with presenting Macaire to those who paid for the exhibition, he occasionally gave gratuitous specimens according as circumstances offered.

"One morning at the *Café de Malte* the bill was presented after the déjeuner. He arose, threw ten francs on the counter, and was passing on. 'But the bill is ten francs, fifty centimes,' observed the tavern keeper. 'Never mind,' said Frederick: 'the fifty centimes are for the garçon.'

In the winter of 1836 he was skating one afternoon on the pond of the Luxembourg. Some women were admiring the grace of his evolutions, when all at once one of them cried out, 'I want my fifteen francs, M. Frederic; you have forgotten my fifteen francs.' Our actor stopped. It was his old hostess of the *Quartier Latin*, at the time of his first engagement at the Odéon. 'Your fifteen francs, Madame—what assurance! I forgot a periwig when leaving your house, it is in my old trunk in the recess; it cost me thirty-five francs: you owe me a louis consequently; I will call for it the first morning I am in your neighbourhood.' He advanced the skate of his left foot and disappeared. Next day the landlady received the balance. Frederick never intended to repudiate, but he could not deny himself the pleasure of enacting *Robert* in the open air."

We have omitted those parts in the *Contemporains* which present after all the best specimens of our author's pungent, lively, and sarcastic manner, namely, his replies to *Eugène Sue*, *Girardin*, *Jules Janin*, and others on whom he bestows his hearty hatred. They are too personal and venomous for our taste. Lively sallies and bon mots innumerable we have been obliged to leave behind. Some look as if their perpetrators were of Irish descent. A worthy giving vent to his hatred says of his foeman, 'I would see him drowning and not offer him a glass of water.' *Charles Nodier* gives an adroit rebuke to one of his young imitators who had been reading a specimen of his composition to the patriarch: 'My dear Wey, I fear the piece is without value, for at first I took it for one of my own.' Probably we will make up for our short comings when we resume our consideration of other literary and artistic celebrities on a future occasion.

*Théophile Deschamps*, at the instance, as we suppose, of some of the patients smarting under *Mirecourt's* stripes, writes a biography of the biographer; but the only opprobrium he can fling on the dreaded critic is that his surname is *Jacquot*, not *Mirecourt*, that though an anti-infidel and anti-socialist, he seldom hears Mass; and that his occupation resembles that of a broker, who cuts out valuable pictures for the sake of selling the frames.

*Pierre Mazerolle* comes into court after him, and avows himself the author of several of the biographies. He professes Socialism and infidelity, defends the writings and conduct of *Eugène Sue*, whom *Mirecourt* had drawn as a luxurious, unfeeling, and selfish sensualist, while pretending the most earnest sympathy for the poor. He acknowledges having assumed *Mirecourt's* Christian principles while in his pay; but exclaims against his patron's passing off his (*Mazerolle's*) productions as the fruit of his own brain while declaiming against the plagiarisms of *Dumas*. He reminds the English reader of *Samson Brass* and *Mar-norm* in his humble appreciation of himself, and complacency in his abjection. With a very earnest desire to disparage his former employer, he can only convict him of making use of his (*Mazerolle's*) notes in the concoction of his biographies, trusting to hearsay, and being too much disposed to believe ill of his adversaries. He is compelled



to acknowledge his worth as a good citizen and honest man, and his never uttering praise by the inducement of bribery, direct or indirect.

So many good things remain to be gleaned in this field, that we shall, as already mentioned, resume our labours in a future number.

### ART. III.—THE FRENCH COMEDY AT PARIS.

1. *Histoire Anecdotique du Théâtre, de la Littérature, et de diverses impressions contemporaines.* Par Charles Maurice. Paris: Henri Plon. 1856.
2. *Moliere and the French Classical Drama.* By Madame Blaz de Bury. Charles Knight. 1846.
3. *The French Stage and the French People, as illustrated in the Memoirs of M. Fleury.* Edited by Theodore Hook. Henry Colburn. 1841.

In a former article we gave some account of the rise of the national opera among the French, and their efforts to sustain it against the influence of foreign music, and the taste for Italian vocalism. No less remarkable has been their perseverance in upholding the drama of their country, although it did not meet with the same opposition and difficulties which beset the *Académie de Musique*. The perfection to which the art of composing plays, and especially of acting them, has been brought in France, has perhaps been scarcely ever equalled in any other country, not excepting England, at the head of whose stage stand the names of Garrick, Kean, Macready, Siddons, &c. The great critic of dramatic literature, Schlegel, has said that the French actors have brought the art of elocution to as great a degree of refinement as it can be conceived capable of. This may, perhaps, be owing to the peculiar adaptability of the French language to the purposes of conversation or dialogue, and also, in some measure, to the rigid system of governmental instruction adopted in

their first-class theatres. It is true that at various periods what is called the legitimate drama in England has been favored and supported by the people very liberally; but then long intervals have occurred during which nothing would go down with the public but extravaganzas, ballets, and farces; and at the present day the rage seems to be directed principally towards translations of French plays and vaudevilles. The English people are by no means so national in their dramatic taste as the French; it is true that they idolize Shakespeare, but then it is more in the closet than on the stage.

It is strange how the knowledge which the ancients undoubtedly possessed in a high degree of the resources of the histrionic art, was completely lost in the darkness of the middle ages. It would appear as if mankind had to commence over again to learn the tricks of the actor, and to go through centuries of apprenticeship to his profession. The pilgrims who rambled throughout Europe from town to town were almost the only performers of the 13th and 14th centuries, instituting mimic scenes and pantomimes in the market-places and at the fairs; their subjects were all taken from Holy Writ, and, no doubt, were intended to edify the passers-by, but were just as likely to create scandal and irreligion. In 1402 Charles VI. authorised a certain class of wanderers to perform sacred plays called *mysteres* or *soties*, and they were named Brethren of the Passion, from the invariable scenes represented by them. The Premonstratensian monks obtained subsequently a similar authorization, and their stage was of a very curious construction, consonant with the simplicity and ignorance of the period; it consisted of several scaffoldings, one above the other, the highest of which represented heaven and the lowest hell, with a gaping mouth to swallow up unrepenting sinners. Instead of side-scenes were a row of large shelves on which the performers rested from their fatigues, without withdrawing themselves from the eyes of the spectators.

The Parisians were not, however, very long in getting weary of the uniformly sacred character of these dramas, and soon began to mix up a little of the occurrences of the world on the stage, as is seen in the titles of two very early plays of that age, "*Le Mystère du Chevalier, qui donne*

*sa femme au diable*," and "*Le Mystère de la Sainte Hostie*," in which latter was introduced a Jew, who having communicated, brought home the Holy Particles and endeavoured to practise tortures upon them. Subsequently the leader of the *procureurs* (solicitors) of Paris, or as he was otherwise styled, king of the Basoche, on account of the valuable aid given by that body to the real monarch against the populace, was granted certain privileges of marshalling his men, some 3000 strong, in the *Pré aux clercs*, then a grassy bank of the Seine, and of afterwards acting *moralités* or farces in the presence of royalty. Another company, named the *Enfants sans soucis*, were much fostered by Louis XII., who found that they disengaged the attention of his loving subjects from too nice a scrutiny of his acts of government. Two comic pieces of this time have come down to us, "*L'Abus du monde*" and "*Pathelin*," the latter of which is still a well-known subject in the country parts of France, wherein a cunning lawyer having outwitted by some trick a simple *bourgeois*, is himself in turn outwitted with the same trick by a peasant.

Under Henry II. a good attempt seems to have been made at original tragedy by a young man of noble family named Jodelle. He wrote a play named *Cleopatra*, and having obtained leave to establish a theatre at the Hotel de Rheims, he assumed himself the character of the fair Egyptian, and delighted the court with his performances. Comedy in prose was not, however, introduced before 1562, an innovation on the former doggerel verse productions, which is due to the Brothers de la Taille. In 1600 Paris contained two theatres, that of the *Troupe de la Comédie Française*, which would seem to have been held in the Hotel de Bourgogne, afterwards a great rival of Molière's company, and that of the Marais, where most probably were performed the tragic or serious dramas of the period.

Before Molière's time the French Academy usurped complete dominion over all writers for the stage; whether composers of tragedy or comedy. The great Corneille had written six pieces of the former and one of the latter, entirely subservient to the classical rules of the unities laid down by the governing judges, before he felt himself sufficiently strong to hazard an attempt at independent, untrammelled

writing, in the style, which has been since called the *Romantique*, in contra-distinction to the *Classique*, or that according to the rigid poetical doctrines of Aristotle. Comedy, however, at this time, owed its progress in France to an exterior influence and example, as Molière himself afterwards testified, namely to the form which it has assumed in Spain, where dialogue was spun out not only into acts, but into successive days, in the plays of Calderon and Lopez de Vega. A drama, by Corneille, named "*Le menteur*," partially translated from the Spanish, formed the foundation and gave the idea to the celebrated French comic writer, of many of his situations and characters.

Molière, whose original name was Jean Baptiste Poquelin, was born on the 15th January, 1622, at Paris, in the Rue St. Honoré at the corner of the Rue des Vieilles Etuves. His father held the office of valet-de-chambre tapissier to the king, and endeavoured to give his son the best education he could, at the Jesuits' college at Clermont. Here he met the famous Gassendi, and had, as school-fellows, many who were afterwards celebrated characters of the age; among the rest, Prince de Conti, who favoured and patronised him very much in after life. At the age of nineteen he succeeded his father in the small office which he held at court, and was, therefore, obliged to go to reside at Paris.

At this time there existed, near the Pont Neuf, a small theatre, maintained by a troupe chiefly composed of two brothers and two sisters named Bédarts. They subsequently changed the place of their performances to a tennis-court, called "*La Croix Blanche*," where Molière imbibed very soon an insuperable tendency towards the stage. His family, wishing to dissuade him from following what appeared so idle and profitless a pursuit, sent a pedagogue to reason with him and withdraw him from the pernicious influence. The poor man knew not with whom he had to deal; he was himself so over-persuaded by the youth's arguments and convictions, that he turned actor and abandoned his wearisome life of schoolmaster. Young Poquelin, in order to avoid bringing any stain upon his family name as much as possible, assumed that of Molière, from whence derived it is not well known. He then joined the Bédarts, and their troupe having assumed the title of the "*Illustre Théâtre*," they set out on a tour through the provinces.

During three or four years they wandered about from town to town, always patronised by the Prince de Conti, who never forgot his early connexion with Molière, and having brought out "La Thébaine," a crude tragedy by the young dramatist, at Bourdeaux, they at length settled for a while at Lyons. Here, at length, his genius shone forth; "l'Etourdi" was produced in the year 1653, and a complete revolution effected in the manners and customs of the French stage. The public were so completely taken by surprise with this comedy, that the whole company of a rival house waited in a body on Molière, and begged that he would allow them to join their fortunes to his. Among these deserters were several, who afterwards proved the brightest ornaments of their profession, such as La Grange, Du Croisy, Duparc, Mdle. Duparc, Mdle. de Brie, and others.

The Prince de Conti now endeavoured to prevail on the comedian to accept the office of his private secretary, but Molière had got an innate love for his calling, and went to Paris in 1658, where he was shortly dignified with the post of Director of the Troupe de Monsieur, afterwards the Regent Philippe d'Orleans. Their theatre was at first established in the Salles des Gardes in the old Louvre, where "Nicomède" and "Le Docteur Amoureux" were brought out with great success; a removal soon took place to the Petit Bourbon, which being demolished in 1660, to make way for the new colonnade of the Louvre, the company were finally located at the Palais Royal. Their name was changed to that of Troupe du Roi in 1666, and after Molière's death, the actors of the Hotel de Bourgogne and the Marais having joined, the whole body combined to found the present Theatre Français. To Molière, therefore, may be ascribed the first rise of comedy as it exists at present in France, both as to composition and acting. Before his time the one had nothing remarkable either in character or dialogue, it was crude and without symmetry; the other was conducted without any unity or system, very little better than the *sottises* and *moralités* of the middle ages.

The reason why many of Molière's plays produced such an impression on the public mind of that period, was the same which gave celebrity to the ancient comic authors, Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence, and others. They were written to scourge the absurdities and vices of the time, and to

ridicule peculiarities in the manners of society. The occasions of their production were, in some instances, admirably chosen, and calculated to give ten-fold effect to the hidden satire of their scenes. An instance of this is found in the "*Précieuses Ridicules*," which was brought out in December, 1659, and having been played once on the first day, the public desire to see its performance became so enthusiastic, that the actors were obliged to resume their parts twice in the next twenty-four hours. Its subject was taken from the *Côterie* of the Hotel de Rambouillet, the female members of which indulged in the most ridiculous absurdities of speech and action. Their names were changed to those of ancient heroines and shepherdesses; they went to bed of a morning to receive their visitors, who were introduced by gentlemen, appointed directors of the "*ruelles*," (by which were designated the passages at each side of the couch); the most nonsensical formalities were gone through by the aspirants to the privileges of the society, and high-flown semi-Bucolic phraseology made use of during these *petits levées*. *Les Précieuses*, as these ladies styled themselves, were so successfully satirized, that they were obliged to renounce their nonsense; their *côterie* was broken up. Ménage, one of their followers, said on this occasion to his friend Chapelain—"we must, from henceforward, like Clovis, despise what we adored, and adore what we despised."

"*Sganarelle*" was produced in 1660, to ridicule one of the most prevalent customs of the age; that of paying extravagant attentions to married ladies, and the unpleasant positions into which the husbands were sometimes brought by that absurd practice. It is said that a rich bourgeois of Paris, who had married a handsome young wife, and had some reason to think that he had not been treated properly by her, conceived that he was specially pointed at by this comedy. He ran through the entire circle of his acquaintances complaining of the allusion, and even attempted to get the piece suppressed.

Molière was remarkable for his want of facility in finishing off his productions. Several of the very best lay by him for some years before he could bring himself to complete them, although at the dictation of the court he sometimes made an extraordinary effort, and brought out entire

pieces in a few days. These, however, proved afterwards to be the least worth of his performances. Fouquet, the celebrated intendant of finances, obtained from him "*Les Facheux*," to be presented before the king at Vaux, the intendant's private mansion, on the 17th August, 1661. On this occasion *entrées de ballet* were introduced between the acts for the first time. In one of those Mdlle. Béjart appeared, coming forth from a shell, which suddenly opening produced a magical effect on the spectators. Fontaine afterwards made the following verses on this scene :

" Peut on voir nymphe plus gentille  
 Qu'était Béjart l'autre jour ?  
 Lorsqu'on vit ouvrir sa coquille,  
 Toute le monde disait à l'entour,  
 Lorsqu'on vit ouvrir sa coquille,  
 Voici la mère d'Amour."

This fête, given by the unfortunate Fouquet led to his downfall, as is very well told by Madame Blaz de Bury in the following passage :

" Louise de la Vaillière had been named maid of honour to Madame, the sister-in-law of the king, and from her modesty, gentleness, and shy demeanour, remained obscure and unknown in the midst of Louis's brilliant court. These very qualities perhaps, so uncommon in the ladies of these days, and her graceful elegance, found favor for Mdlle. de la Vaillière in the eyes of the Superintendent Fouquet. The extreme coldness with which she received his advances astonished as well as annoyed him, and with true financial taste and breeding, he commissioned Madame du Plessis Bellievre to offer to the youthful fair one a couple of hundred thousand francs as the price of her honour. A second and still more disdainful refusal having met this infamous proposition, the superintendent suspected a cause of which he was not long in discovering the positive existence. The mutual affection of Louis XIV. and Mdlle. de la Vaillière was soon revealed by his spies to the watchful Fouquet ; and one day meeting the maid of honour in the anti-chamber of her royal mistress, he could not resist the desire of telling her he could account now for the refusal of his offers, as he was aware of the object of her attachment. Twelve hours had not elapsed ere the king was acquainted with the whole history, and the ruin of Fouquet was resolved. So great was his jealous rage, that he could scarcely be persuaded to dissemble a short time with a man, whose wealth and power had secured to him unnumbered adherents. Louis was full of his vengeful projects when the superintendent solicited from him the honour of receiving him and the court at Vaux. The king accepted, and the splendor of the very reception he met with only served to exasperate him still more. But one circumstance above all had nearly made him forget the part

he had imposed on himself; in the private cabinet of the superintendent the first object that met his view was a portrait of Louise de la Vaillière! Enraged beyond all bearing, the first impulse of the king was to have Fouquet instantaneously arrested. 'What!' exclaimed the queen-mother, Anne of Austria, 'in the midst of an entertainment you have accepted from him?' These words brought Louis to his senses, and he consented to defer his vengeance; but Fouquet was apprised of his danger in the midst of the fête by a note from Madame du Plessis Bellievre, and it was with the certainty of his approaching fate before his eyes that he led the way to the theatre, and smilingly listened to Pellisson's prologue, which represents Louis as

'Young, generous, wise, victorious, brave, august,  
Severe as kindly, powerful as he's just,  
Ruling his passions as he rules the state.'

Louis XIV. however, notwithstanding his anger, retained sufficient empire over himself not only to listen to Molière's piece but to say to him after it was finished, 'There goes an original,' pointing out M. de Soyecourt, the *grand veneur*. 'whom you have omitted to copy.' This hint was enough for the poet: in four and twenty hours the famous scene of the *chasseur* was complete, and the king, says Ménage, who recounts this anecdote, 'had the satisfaction, at the first representation of this comedy at Fontainebleau, on the 27th of the same month, of seeing added to it the scene his majesty had had the goodness to suggest.'"

To the *Facheux* there succeeded in 1662 "l'Ecole des Femmes," which was criticized rather severely by Boursault in his *Portrait du Peintre*. Molière took his revenge in l'Impromptu de Versailles, when Montfleury, the actor of the theatre of the Hotel de Bourgogne, fell foul of him, but was stopped by the bully Cyrano de Bergerac, who said that actor was too large to be well thrashed all in one day. Racine wrote for Molière the drama, "les Frères ennemis," and gave it shortly after to the Hotel de Bourgogne. Molière, however, was at this time gratified by the court with a pension of 1000 francs.

The comic poet's penchant for the female sex was of rather a heterogeneous description. He began with Mdlle Béjart, the elder, one of the company in which he originally engaged. He afterwards transferred his affections to Mdlle. Duparc, who had deserted him at Lyons, but on account of her pride and disdain, notwithstanding his persevering attentions, he confided his misfortune to Mdlle. du Brie, who consoled him with these words, "Be of good cheer, these wounds will not hurt you, they have been more fatal



to myself than to you." She was kind and gentle towards him, and such a favorite with the public that at the age of sixty when she gave up a part to a younger beauty, more suitable for the *rôle*, the audience called her out, and insisted on her acting.

Molière at length settled down with Mdle. Armande Béjart, whom he married in 1662. She is described as having been a coquette, guilty of the greatest absurdities, intriguing with the Abbé de Richelieu, the Comte de Guiche, and Lauzun. The comedian wrote her picture in the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," act iii., sc. 9, and satirized her again in "Le Mariage Forcé," and "La Princesse d'Elide," in 1664. Montfleury wrote a scurrilous pamphlet against her and her husband, but Louis XIV., to shew his estimation of the poet's character, stood himself as sponsor for Molière's first child. She had a great antipathy to Baron, the best actor of the company, and finally compelled him to fly from Paris. The unsuited pair were at length separated for a period of three years, when the comedian returned again to his constant friend, Mdle. Du Brie.

It would be tedious to go through the different circumstances which attended the bringing out of many of the finest of this author's comedies, "Don Juan" and l'Amour Medecin," in 1665; "Le Misanthrope" and "Le Medecin Malgré lui," in 1666; "Tartuffe" in 1667; "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" in 1670; and "Les Fourberies de Scapin" in 1671. The first and the fifth were at first interdicted, as too strong for the age. Molière himself acted in the "Misanthrope." M. de Montansier, who had been told that he was pointed at in the "Tartuffe," went in a rage to the theatre, but at the end of the performance came forth in a transport of joy and admiration, saying that he hoped he was designated by the "Tartuffe," as it would send him down to posterity along with the name of the poet.

At this time the company of the Palais Royal received the title of Comédiens du Roi, and Molière obtained a pension of 7000 livres. A privilege of a very peculiar nature was granted to certain regiments of the guards and others, the entry into the pit of the theatre gratis. This was resisted by the porter, on the first evening, very vigorously, but he paid for his temerity, for he fell pierced by the sword thrusts of four or five officers. Further

scenes of violence would have occurred in the body of the house but that Baron, then a youth of nineteen, appeared on the stage in the character of a decrepid old man, and begged of them to spare his declining years, and prevented any further outrages. "Le Medecin malgré lui" appears to have been originated in a quarrel which Molière had with his landlady, a doctor's wife, who insisted on Madame Molière's paying a higher rent, and turned her out on refusal. The play is said to have been ordered, written and represented in the space of five days.

The poet numbered as his friends the first literary men of the day, among the rest Boileau and Chapelle. The latter was a notorious drinker, and Boileau undertook one evening over his cups to cure him of his bad habit; Chapelle, however, turned the tables completely on his Mentor, who by degrees insensibly imbibed such a quantity of wine, as to be in a worse state at the end than the person he wished to correct. Chapelle afterwards epigrammatized him in the following lines:—

"Bon Dieu! que j'épargnai de bile  
Et d'injures au genre humain,  
Quand renversant ta cruche à l'huile,  
Je te mis le verre à la main."

Louis XIV., who had the greatest passion for private theatricals in his court, revived the fêtes in which he and his court played some of the principal parts. The "Ballet des Muses" was produced, and during one of its scenes Madame Molière gave a blow to the actor Baron, who, thereupon, fled from the stage of Paris. The valets-du-chambre, of whose body Molière was a member by succession to his father, refused to eat with the comedian, as beneath them in rank. This being reported to the king, he caused the poet to be brought into his bed-chamber at the *petit levée*, and making him sit at a table near, sent him one of the dishes, which *en cas de nuit* (as a night refection) were prepared for majesty alone. This was considered a great stretch of condescension, none but certain members of the royal family being ever permitted to eat off the very same board with royalty.

One of the best traits of Molière's character is that of his conduct towards an old player named Mondorge, who

had formerly accompanied him through the provinces, and had commissioned Baron to obtain for him some gratuity from the affluent poet. The moment his name was mentioned Moliere remembered him, and asked Baron what he ought to give him. The reply was that four pistoles would be amply sufficient. Moliere, however, gave four pistoles from himself, and sent also twenty, as from Baron, "in order," as he said, "that he may feel he owes more to you than to me."

"Le Tartuffe," when it first came out, was played under the name of "l'Imposteur," in consequence of a wicked pamphlet which had been written against it. The President Lamoignon and the parliament of Paris ordered its complete suppression, whereupon the players, La Grange and La Thorillière, went to Louis XIV's camp before Lille, with a petition from Molière, ending in these words: "It is certain, sire, that I must not be expected to write any more comedies, if the Tartuffes are to have the upper hand." The clergy were very vehement in its condemnation; the Archbishop of Paris forbid its being read, under pain of excommunication. The person aimed at in the principal character was the Abbé de la Roquette, a constant attendant or hanger on of the Duchesse de Longueville, and who enjoyed a rather gallant notoriety. He was afterwards made Bishop of Autun, on which Chénier has since made the following happy epigram:

De Roquette dans son temps, Talleyrand dans le notre,  
Furent tous deux prélats d'Autun.  
Tartuffe était le portrait de l'un :  
Ah ! si Molière eut connu l'autre.

The king afterwards in February, 1669, gave permission for it to be played in its present form. The name has been attributed to different sources; *tartufoli*, the Italian for truffles; and from *truffer*, or *tartuffer*, which in that age meant to deceive.

Gaudouin, a rich bourgeois, was the person pointed at in the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," which, on its first appearance before the court, in 1670, was very coldly received; until the king himself, on the second occasion, remarked it to be one of the best he had seen, when it attained its complete celebrity. The "Amants Magnifiques," produced in

1670, and "Psyche" in 1671; to which Corneille, Quinault, and the musician Lulli contributed, were complete failures, because written to suit the extravagant caprices and taste of the court. Madame Moliere, at this time, fell desperately in love with Baron, the actor, with whom she had been formerly always at war, but in consequence of his complete rejection of her advances, she returned to Moliere's house, and gained a complete ascendant over him, to the exclusion of la du Brie, until the period of his death.

"Les Fourberies de Scapin" was brought out in the year 1671, and produced no great effect; but the "Femmes Savantes" in the next year, written against the *precieuses*, become blues and mathematicians, was very highly appreciated. The ladies of the Hotel de Rambouillet had turned their attention from the absurdities of mannerism, to those of pedantry and scientific extremes. The Abbé Cottin and Menage were the principal directors of their coterie, and were sharply satirized as Trissotin and Vadius, in the comedy. Moliere himself acted the part of Chrysale, and is reported to have surpassed the other members of his company.

He was offered, shortly after, by the Academy to be elected a member of their learned body, if he would consent to give up his profession of an actor. He stoutly refused, on the ground that he could not now belie the manner of living, which he had followed all his lifetime. His opinion of it was not, however, of the best description, as may be seen from the advice he gave to a young man, who wished to enter his company, although possessed of a competence: that if he were beginning life again, he would choose the meanest handicraft, sooner than the profession of an actor, the miseries of whose existence, the public were not at all aware of, and could not appreciate.

"Le Malade Imaginaire" was produced in 1673. It was his last piece, and during the rehearsals of it he labored under some serious internal disorder. In fact his health had been declining for many years, principally owing to the ungrateful way in which his wife had repaid his affection. He should have acted the part of Argan, but when going through the preparatory rehearsal, a small blood-vessel burst, which disabled him from continuing. He felt his end approaching, and crawled home, disembling the

serious nature of his malady. His wife was not to be found, though he sent for her in every direction; he expired in the arms of two nuns, *sœurs quêtesuses*, who were in the habit of resorting to his house for alms.

Such was the miserable end of this great writer, and censor of his age. The indignation of the clergy in Paris against him was so great, that the curé de St. Eustache refused to allow his body to be buried in consecrated earth. Even the king, though delighted by the comedian when alive, and always a strong supporter of his productions, was with great difficulty, and after a considerable lapse of time, induced to sign an order for his burial. This took place by torchlight in the Rue Montmartre, but the body was afterwards transferred from place to place, and finally, in 1817, lodged in Père la Chaise. Lekain, the great comedian, proposed at the Théâtre Français, that a subscription should be entered into to provide a monument; this motion resulted only in a bust, which adorns the *Foyer* of the Theatre Français. Regnier, in later years (1839), revived the subject, and succeeded in erecting the present beautiful construction over his tomb, from the hands of the sculptor Visanti.

Molière's age at his death was only fifty-one. We have gone somewhat into detail as to his life and writings, because he was the founder of French comedy, and, moreover, of the peculiar institution which still supports the national stage of that country, with very slight modification. As we have already shown, before his time, the performances were of a crude nature, without plot or connexion, the dialogue carried on in that absurd manner, which may be observed in the pieces of Mdlle. Scudéri. He originated the play of character, manners and plot, and was particularly successful, on account of the applicability of his satire to the manners and personages of his age. It is singular, however, that he attributes a great deal of the excellence of his own performances to the ideas of the proper construction of comedies, which he got from "Le menteur" of Corneille, a play founded on the Spanish "La Verdad Suspechosa." This introduced particular characteristics of action and intrigue, unknown before on the French stage.

The "Troupe du Roi" remained for a year after Molière's death, under the direction of his widow, but then, in con-

sequence of the haughty temper of the lady, and her constant disagreements with the members of the body, it was broken up. Baron, with others, went into the provinces for a time, and shortly afterwards retired from the stage, to return to it again at the end of twenty-nine years. He was so broken down when he re-appeared, that although he obtained great success from his perfection of acting, yet the audience could not well hear all he said. A spectator once called out to him to speak "plus haut," when the actor retorted by telling his appellant to speak "plus bas." He had such an opinion of himself that he used to say: "It required a lapse of 1,000 years to produce another Cæsar, but it would take 10,000 years to bring forth another Baron."

All the members of the "Troupe" were *gentilshommes* or nobly connected. Floridor de Soulas came of German extraction, and at first an officer, as was also La Thorillière, a captain in one of the regiments of guards. Ducroisy became famous for his playing of Tartuffe; and Beauval for his acting of female characters, which at first were rarely performed by women. The only other part which the latter could go through creditably, was that of a "niais" or half-fool; a curious contrast with the vivacity of women. Brécourt was obliged to fly from France into Holland, in consequence of having killed a coachman by accident. He was, however, afterwards allowed to return by the king, in respect of certain services he rendered in that country, in hunting out a refugee. Louis XIV. had such an opinion of his acting, that on one occasion he said of him, "That man would make stones laugh." In 1678, at a boar-hunt at Fontainebleau, he delighted the court by a personal combat with the animal, in which he came off victorious by despatching his adversary with a single sword-thrust.

In 1680 the three companies of Paris, the Hotel de Bourgogne, the Marais, and the remains of Molière's joined to form one body, under the name of the "Troupe du Roi, ou du Théâtre Français," when the foundations were laid of the present society of the latter name. The rules and regulations, originally established by Molière, were adopted, with some slight modifications, and exist to a great extent in our own time. The performers were their own managers, inspected and supervised by the gentlemen of the king's

bedchamber, of whose body, it may be recollected, that Molière was a member. There were *sociétaires* and *pensionnaires*; the former having a right to a division of profits, and the latter paid regular salaries, subject to dismissal until elected to the higher rank. Twenty-two shares were made of the profits on the receipts, and each associate was entitled to a whole, three-quarters, half, or quarter shares, according to his standing and influence in the troupe. Small deductions were made from the surplus to form a fund for pensions, to be paid to retired or invalid actors. The beginners in this species of class found great difficulty in mounting up the ladder of promotion, the higher rungs of which were held on to most tenaciously by the old subjects.

Almost the only contemporaries of Molière in comedy, worthy of note, were, Scarron the satirist, Racine and Boursault. The first is well known as the husband of the famous Mdle. d'Aubigné, afterwards Madame de Maintenon. He said of his wife, that her fortune consisted of four louis d'or, two large coquettish eyes, a fine bust, a beautiful pair of hands, and much wit; but that her settlement would be immortality, as the wives of kings were little known, but Scarron's spouse would live for ever. He died in 1660, having been completely paralysed before his marriage. His contempt of death was so great that he said of it, "*Par ma foi, je ne me serais jamais imaginé qu'il fut si facile de se moquer de la mort.*" His plays of Jodelet and Don Japhet were gross burlesques, for which the genius of the French language is not at all fit. The latter imitated from the Spanish, disfigures the original, and, as Schlegel says, contains gross mystifications. Louis XIV. when young was so pleased by the "*Heritier Ridicule*" that he caused it to be played three times before him in the one day.

Racine's *Plaideurs* was, and is still, considered as only second to some of Molière's, although it appears to us as rather a heavy piece, not deserving the praise it has obtained of being full of witty sayings and strong paintings of character. Boursault, who came to Paris in 1651, speaking only *patois*, and refused the offer of Corneille to have him made a member of the Academy, produced several curious farces styled "*Pieces à tiroirs*," in which one actor performed several characters, and was enabled to shew great diversity

of talent. These were imitations of "Les Facheux" of Molière, but too long and diffuse to retain any command of the stage. His "Mercure Galant," "Æsopé à la Ville," and "Æsopé à la Cour," obtained some vogue, but never raised their author above mediocrity. He criticised rather severely Molière's "Ecole des Femmes" in a piece styled "Le Portrait du Peintre," and was well answered in the "Impromptu de Versailles." Boileau and he were for some time enemies, in consequence of a pamphlet he wrote called "La Satyre des Satyres," but he afterwards assisted with 200 louis the unfortunate poet, who lay at the Waters of Bourbonne in great distress.

From the time of Molière until that of Beaumarchais, that is to say for a space of nearly one hundred years, no name appears which can be ranked in the same class with the great founder of the classical French comedy. Regnard, who began, as he says himself, an adventurer travelling from country to country, was only of a secondary character. He went to Italy at first, where he gambled to a great extent, and with such success that he saved some 10,000 crowns over his expenses. Falling in love with a beautiful Provençale, they embarked on the Mediterranean for Genoa, and outside the bay of Nice were captured by Algerine pirates who sold them into slavery, Regnard fetching 1500 crowns and the lady only 1000. After two years of captivity he was redeemed by his family for a sum of 20,000 crowns, and then set out on a tour with some friends to the north of Europe. They reached the 68th degree of latitude in Lapland, when, having ascended a very high mountain, in order to view, as they conceived, the extremity of the land in that direction, they left their names and a Latin quatrain, indicative of their exploits, engraved upon a stone at the summit. On his return to Paris he was engaged in composing pieces for the Theatre Français from the year 1694 to 1708. His two best plays are "Le Joueur" and "Le Legataire Universel," the former naturally and forcibly sketched, the latter a sad style of farce, neither of them to be compared to the writings of his great predecessor.

A great deterioration now occurred in the productions of the French stage for a considerable period. The high comedy, in which the principal characters were drawn from



the upper classes or the noblesse, where it was *de rigueur* that each principal personage should carry a hat under his arm, a sword by his side, and appear in full dress, degenerated into lax morality, and the representation of adventurous heroes. The man of the world, such as "l'homme de Bonnes Fortunes" of Bezenval, and the "Chevalier a la mode" of Dancourt, became the type of the first parts, and injured very much the tone of the comedy of the age. Destouches, who next appeared, though no wit, was yet moderate, quiet and perfectly honorable in his views, and helped very much to redeem the sinking character of the drama. He had been originally in the army, and present at the siege of Landau, under Louis XIV. Retiring from that profession, he set about writing some pieces, one of which, "Le Curieux Impertinent," caused a great noise in Switzerland about the year 1710. He subsequently went to England with the cardinal Dubois, and aided the latter very much in obtaining the desired position of archbishop of Cambrai. He was offered the post of minister at the court of Russia, but declined it, preferring to employ himself in the production of comedies, two of which, his best, "Le Philosophe Marié," and "Le Glorieux," obtained considerable celebrity in their day, though not at all approaching the standard set by Molière. The academy honored him by electing him one of their members.

Marivaux, a contemporary of the last, brought out a very peculiar species of comedy, nearly approaching to those which had appeared in the French theatres before Molière's time. He was reckoned one of the "bêtes" of Madame Tencin, who had replaced the *precieuses* of the Hotel Rambouillet, by a coterie of wits of nearly as extravagant a character. Fontenelle and the philosopher Helvetius shewed a strong friendship towards him, the latter having settled upon him a considerable pension. He produced a vast number of plays, all nearly of the same character, the best of which, "La surprise de l'Amour," in 1727, may be taken as a type of the rest. His manner is not without some charm, but it is so enveloped in a superfluity of words that it falls flat upon the ears of the audience. There are no distinct characters, no intrigues to give interest to his pieces, and the sharpness of his wit is blunted by the minuteness of diction into which it is carried away.

This style has received from the name of its author the appellation of *Marivaudage*, which spoiled the taste of French comedy for nearly half a century. It was of him that the Abbé des Fontaines said "*Marivaux brodait à petits points sur des canevas de toile d'araignée*," (*Marivaux embroidered with a fine needle cloth made from a spider's web*). Another saying of him by a lady has been also preserved, "He fatigues himself and me by making me walk a hundred leagues on a stage bill."

Lagrange the actor gained some reputation by a farce named "*Le Roi de Cocagne*," of too burlesque a character to be placed in the same category with classical comedy. Of the same description are the productions of Dufresny, who was Comptroller of Gardens under Louis XIV., and tried his hand at small comic pieces. His "*Chevalier Joueur*" and "*L'Esprit de Contradiction*" are said to have sparkled with wit, and the wit absolutely original. Though Voltaire may be placed in the second rank as a tragedian, below Racine and Corneille, yet he cannot hold even so elevated a place in his comedies. Other names, such as La Fontaine, Subligny, Champmeslé, Palagat, J. B. Rousseau, Le Sage, De Moissy, and Bouciquault, who enlivened the stage for a short time, may be mentioned here, but any notice of their works or lives would take up too much space for our short limits.

Two other authors deserve to be noticed here; Piron, who produced "*La Metromanie*" in 1738, and Gresset, the contributor of "*Le Méchant*." The former began life in Paris as a copyist at forty sous by the day, under the chevalier Toquet, and throwing up this employment in disgust, was engaged by Francisque to compose *sortre* pieces for the Opera Comique. The first of these, "*Arlequin Deucalion*," he finished in three days. Crebillon, however, managed to persuade him to change the direction of his talents to a nobler aim, and he produced, in 1728, "*l'Ecole des Pères*," a respectable comedy, and subsequently several tragedies. His *chef d'œuvre* "*La Metromanie*," in which he ridicules the mania, at that time common, of writing verses, to which he was himself strongly addicted, has been recognized by critics as full of intrigue, style, comic wit, and gaiety. It holds, however, only a second rank, as the subject is not one calculated to produce any high description of character.

Piron was famous for his epigrams, in which he indulged at the expense of his most intimate friends, amongst the rest the Abbé Desfontaines.

He joined Voltaire, La Mothe, Gresset, and other authors of the time, in a league against the comedians, who endeavoured to restrict the remuneration given for stage pieces, and to keep all the profits to themselves. The two Crebillons and several other men of letters united to form a society, which held periodical suppers at *le Caveau*, whence all pretensions and pedantry were banished, and wit reigned uncontrolled. Piron was asked once to correct his play of "Ferdinand Cortes," as Voltaire had often done before. He refused, however, peremptorily, saying, "Parbleu, gentlemen, I'm satisfied he does, he works in marquetry, whereas I cast in bronze." He had many friends, who gave him assistance from time to time; the Comte de Livry a rent-charge of 600 livres; another funded charge for 600 livres, by an anonymous correspondent, through the hands of a notary; and Montesquieu obtained for him a pension of 1000 livres, on his being disappointed of entrance into the Academy. He married Mdle. Quenaudon, then fifty-three years old, who possessed an annuity of 2000 livres, and lived very happily in her company for many years.

Gresset, born at Amiens, obtained great celebrity at first, in 1735, by a burlesque poem called "Ver-Vert," in which the adventures of a famous parrot of Nevers were rehearsed in a most agreeable style of *badinage*. Jean Baptiste Rousseau admired this performance so much, and was so much struck with its originality, that he called it a literary phenomenon. He wrote, also, several comedies, the best of which, "Le Méchant," is remarkable for the superiority of its verses over those of the other productions of the age, many of them having since become French proverbs. It paints, with considerable force, the manners, tone, jargon, and character of the upper classes, both before and after the regency. He was admitted to the honours of the Academy, and enjoyed, for some years, the esteem of Louis XVI.

We shall mention the names of only two actresses of this age, who are not spoken of in the Memoirs of M. Fleury, Mdle. Gaussin and Adrienne Le Couvreur; the former

gained her principal reputation by playing some of Voltaire's tragedies. On one occasion, a sentinel who was placed at the side scene became so affected by her touching expression that he burst into tears and let his firelock fall from his hand, more attentive to the actress's part than the duties of his position. A famous Cræsus named Bouret, who had given her a bank draft signed, in blank, in his youth, when he became financier was very much alarmed at the use which Mdlle. Gaussin might make of it: she, hearing of his anxiety, sent him back the note with these words written into it, "*Je promets d'aimer Gaussin toute ma vie.*" Bouret sent her back a porringer full of gold double louis, as a recompense. She did not often play in comedy, but even at the age of fifty she was charming in the parts of young heroines, particularly in that of Lucinda in *L'Oracle*. She retired from the stage, with Mdlle. Dangeville, in 1768.

Adrienne Le Cœur, whose name has come down to us in a recent well-known drama, became a very principal actress in her time. At fifteen years of age she performed in private circles, and was much applauded. She particularly distinguished herself by acting the part of *Celimène*, in the "*Misanthrope*," and her high attainments in tragic representation. It was said of her, as of *Baron*, that she spoke tragedy in a natural unaffected tone, without any trivial familiarity, and unencumbered by the emphasis of declamation. Her devotion to an admirer, the Comte Maurice de Saxe, is well known. On one occasion she sold all her jewels and ornaments to raise a sum of which he was in need, some say 40,000 livres. A strange rumour on which the subject of the drama, above alluded to, is founded, has assigned her sudden death to her being poisoned, either by her lover in a fit of jealousy, or by some one of her rivals in the histrionic art. This is not, however, consonant with the fact; she met her death from an inward hæmorrhage, which carried her off quite suddenly, in the year 1730. It was with great difficulty, that her friends could procure a place of burial for her body, at the corner of the Rue de Bourgogne, on the banks of the Seine.

The notices of actors and actresses, who adorned the French comedy before the time of *Fleury*, are so scant and uninteresting, that it would be useless to waste any more space in running over their names. This celebrated come-

dian flourished from the year 1757 to the end of the century, and consequently was a contemporary of some of the greatest artistes which the Theatre Français ever produced. The names of Mdlle. Dumesnil, Mdlle. Clarion, Préville, Dugazon, Molé, Mdlle. Contat, Sainval, Mdlle. Mars, Talma, and a variety of others, occur dispersed through his pages, which may be considered as a species of chronicle of the stage occurrences in France, during the lapse of half a century. He made his debut in the character of the "Laquais mal Vêtu" in the "Le Glorieux" of Destouches, before the ex-king of Poland, Stanislaus Leckzinsky, who at that time (1757) held his court at Nancy. Although only seven years of age at the time, his performance gained him some notoriety. A charming sister of his, named Felicité, inspired a young noble, the Vicomte Clairval de Passy, with a violent passion, to such an extent that the Vicomte married the young lady, but instead of raising her to his rank, lowered himself by taking up the profession of comedian, and assuming the name of Sainville.

Fleury was engaged by Voltaire, along with other members of his company, to proceed to Ferney, and perform some of that author's pieces there. The young actor, however, seems to have taken great liberties with the philosopher, pulling his wig, and otherwise disregarding his pretensions to respect. These escapades only produced a mild reprimand, accompanied by a curl of the mouth to the side of the face.—"*Per-met-tez moi, mon-sieur, de Fleury,*" (and then he added in a milder tone) "to tell you, that I am not royal enough to understand pages tricks. Remember that at the court of Ferney, wigs are respected, in consideration of what may happen to be within them." Fleury afterwards went to Troyes, where he fell in with a strange player, named Paulin Goy, for whom he conceived a great friendship, and in whose company he had the following amusing adventure :

"One day we had a very droll quarrell but comical as its subject was, it might have had a tragic termination, We lodged together, and everything we possessed was common property between us. I know not whether it is on record, that Orestes and Pylades wore each other's tunics, but Paulin and I united our wardrobes together, and wore one another's clothes indiscriminately. Our wardrobe thus united, was by no means badly stocked ; and it enabled us to dress, not merely in respectable style, but even to exhibit a degree of ele-

gance, when occasion called for it. Among our best articles of dress were two pairs of inexpressibles, the one of black cloth, the other of black silk; and we entered into a mutual agreement, that the most elegant of the two pairs, viz., that of the black silk, should be worn by each of us alternately. Paulin adhered to the compact with the strictest fidelity, but my honour yielded to the promptings of vanity. I violated the treaty, and sported the silk inexpressibles three times in succession. Paulin took no notice of this, but having received an invitation to dine out, he very civilly asked me to surrender up the visiting suit. He fixed upon a most unfortunate day for making his request. I had learned that Mdlle. Clermonde, a provincial actress of great celebrity, was that day expected to pass through Troyes, on her way to Amiens. Her beauty was not less highly extolled than her talents. A feeling which I cannot define, a sort of presentiment prompted me with the idea of going to meet Mdlle. Clermonde, and I determined to station myself at the door of the Inn, at which she was to stop to change horses. On such an occasion, I was of course fully alive to the importance of being elegantly dressed, and accordingly I resolved once more to usurp the black silk shorts. Paulin asked me to surrender them to him, but I met the request with a blank refusal. He reproached me with the violation of our compact and declared that thenceforward there must be an end of all friendship between us.

"One angry remark led to another, until at length we both placed our hands on our swords, and sallied forth into the high-road, which was but a few yards distant from the house in which we resided. This was the very spot on which I had proposed, a few hours afterwards, to present myself to the beautiful Clermonde. I heaved a deep sigh as this reflection crossed my mind. My antagonist and I withdrew to a meadow, which lay a little to the right, and there, burning with impatience, we drew our swords. We were on the point of advancing upon each other, when we were suddenly arrested by a piercing shriek. We looked round and beheld a lady advancing hurriedly towards us. She was pale and terrified, yet at the first glance her beauty made a profound impression on me. 'Stay,' she exclaimed, 'stay, I conjure you! Is this like gentlemen?(Paulin and I it must be confessed, succeeded admirably in giving ourselves the air of young men of fashion). What, fighting without seconds! Is it for a woman to remind you of the laws of honor? Recollect, gentlemen, that if one of you had been killed, it would have been nothing less than murder!'

The tones of that voice, the beauty of the speaker, a certain air of dignity, of authority in her deportment and manner, overawed us, and we instantly sheathed our swords. I was captivated by the beauty of the lady, and stood gazing at her in an ecstasy of admiration. But Paulin soon recovered from the surprise caused by this unexpected interruption, and assuming his usual lively and jocular tone, he said, 'Truly, my dear Fleury, there never was a more ridiculous affair than this quarrel of ours. To fight for a petticoat might be perfectly natural, but who ever heard of a duel for a pair of black silk shorts? Ah, Madame, could you have believed it?' There was

something so irresistibly droll in Paulin's manner of uttering these words, that I could not repress a hearty fit of laughter. Next moment we cordially embraced each other. Our conciliatress seemed quite at a loss to comprehend this extraordinary scene. We were about to explain it, when some one came to tell her that the post-chaise was waiting, and all was in readiness for her departure. She smiled, curtsied, and bade us adieu. A thought, a presentiment, suddenly occurred to my mind—

'Can it be,' I exclaimed, 'Mademoiselle Clermonde?' 'The same,' she replied. And while she waved to us a most gracious salute, her glove dropped from her hand. I darted forward and picked it up.

'Take it, take it, my lad,' said Paulin. 'If the lady's eyes speak truth, the challenge was not thrown to me.'

"I will bring it to you, madame, exclaimed I." Whether or not she heard me, I cannot say. In another moment she was seated in her post-chaise, and a few minutes more, out of sight."

This is very nearly as absurd a scene as can be found in the pages of Sterne. This Mdlle. Clermonde afterwards brought Fleury into another scrape, which resulted in a duel with one of her admirers, the Comte de la Touche-Treville; and, finally, she abandoned the poor actor for another rival, Desforges. This occurred in consequence of her jealousy of Mdlle. Montansier, a lady of forty years of age, the female manager of the theatre at Versailles, attached to the court of Louis XV., then near the end of his luxurious reign, and under the influence of the famous Dubarry.

The first acquaintance which Fleury got of the principal actors of French comedy of the day, was at a dinner given to celebrate the birth-day of Mdlle. Danguenville, a celebrated actress, then about sixty years of age. Here he met St. Foix, Dorat, Mdlle. Drouin, Mdlle. La Mothe, Lekain, and Preville, all famous names on the French stage. These friends enabled him to go to the Theatre Français to improve himself in acting, and to make himself fit to enter as a *sociétaire* in that distinguished company. Mdlle. Dumesnil and Mdlle. Clairon were, at this time, as always, rival actresses in the great *roles* of Racine's tragedies. The former had been supported at court by Madame Dubarry, and the latter by Madame de Villeroi, who obtained for her protégée the part of Athalie, at the court fêtes. Marie-Antoinette, the young Dauphiness, appeared at the fêtes of Versailles, and produced a marked impression on all beholders, by her beauty, exceeding youth, dignified manner

and amiability. Mdle. Dumesnil at one time threw so much fiery energy into her acting of Cleopatra, that the front rank of the pit drew back, and an empty space was left between the spectators and the orchestra. In the fifth act of that play, she delivered several dreadful imprecations which so roused an old soldier, stationed at the side-scene, that he gave her a blow in the back, crying out at the same time, "Vas-t'en, chienne, vas-t'en à tous les diables." Being principally a tragic actress, any further mention of her would be out of our subject. She died at Boulogne in 1803, having nearly completed her 90th year.

Mdle. Clairon, her rival, was born at Condé, in Flanders, the native country of Mdle. Dumesnil, and having acted for several years in the provinces and at the Opera Comique, obtained at length the privilege of *double* to Mdle. Danguerville, in the parts of servant maids and such like characters. It was, and still is, customary at the Theatre Français that each first-rate actor or actress should have a *personnaire*, who could play his or her part in the absence of the principal player, and was thence called the *double*. The play-bills were made out only with the names of the characters, and not of the performers, at this period, so that it was impossible on any particular night to discover who were the actors. Mdle. Clairon afterwards insisted on taking up several of the parts played by Mdle. Dumesnil, and although she never attained the same eminence yet she obtained great celebrity. She was once put in the prison of Fort l'Eveque, for refusing to act along with Dubois, retired immediately after from the theatre, went to live at the court of Margrave of Anspach, and published memoirs, in which she attacked Mdle. Dumesnil, who answered her. They both died in the same year.

Mdle. Danguerville, of whom we have spoken above, was celebrated for her acting of *petits rôles*, *soubrettes*, and such like characters. Her manner has been very well described by Dorat in the following lines :—

" Il me semble la voir, l'œil brillant de gaieté,  
Parler, agir, marcher avec légèreté ;  
Piquante sans apprêt, et vive sans grimace,  
A chaque mouvement decouvrir une grace,  
Sourir, s'exprimer, se taire avec esprit,  
Joindre le jeu muet à l'éclair du débit,



Nuancer tous ses tons, varier sa figure,  
Rendre l'art naturel, et parer la nature."

Molé pronounced her eulogium at the Lycée des Arts in 1794, and her bust was crowned in the October following.

Fleury hoped, in the year 1771, under the auspices of Lekain, to become a member of the Comédie Française, but Bellecourt, Molé, and Monvel, the three reigning artistes of the day, opposed it, and he was obliged to go to Lyons, to take up an engagement there, at the theatre of which Madame Lobreau was manager. This lady had been deprived of her situation by means of an intrigue got up by some of her enemies with an under-secretary of the famous Turgot. A douceur of 8000 livres per annum was promised to the understrapper to complete the job; but Louis XVI., to whom the queen represented the matter, dismissed his minister, and reinstated the lady-manager. The celebrated Malesherbes resigned at the same time, on account of the dismissal of his friend.

The first part acted by Fleury on the boards of the Theatre Français was the character of *Egysthe* in "Mérope." He felt when he came on the stage perfectly confounded and bewildered, until Mdle. Dumesnil, who played along with him, suggested the opening words of his part, when he went on smoothly. She afterwards gave him a bottle of *bouillon de poulet*, (chicken broth), mixed with some wine, (her usual beverage) to keep up his nerves and spirits. Bellecourt was, at this time, one of the leading comic actors. He had succeeded Grandval, and being patronised by M. de Richelieu, endeavoured to rival Lekain, but felt himself obliged to give up the trial. With a handsome person, he became a correct and pleasing, though never a brilliant, actor, and could dance a minuet in almost faultless style. He was old, and about to retire, and to him Fleury hoped to succeed. Molé proved a very difficult model to imitate; he had a hesitation in his speech, and an unpleasing delivery; yet he continued to be the idol of the public, and an especial favorite with the ladies, who flocked at one time to his house in such numbers, when he lay ill, that the street was crammed with emblazoned carriages. Louis XV. himself sent twice to enquire after his health, because M. Dubarry favored him. Monvel was diminutive without dignity, his voice

harsh and very thin, yet he rose very nearly to the height of Lekain in tragedy. Preville was an universal actor; he had originally run away from his father's house, became an apprentice to a mason, afterwards a clerk to a notary, and finally, through admiration for the acting of Poisson, took to the stage, on which he shone for many years.

Lekain, a great friend to Fleury, is represented by Mdlle. Clairon, in her memoirs, to have been very plain in face and figure, vulgar in his manners in private, and somewhat ungainly; he was, however, the great tragic performer of the age. On the 3rd February, 1778, he appeared at the Theatre Français, in "Vendome," which character he performed to perfection. At this time he lived with a very intimate friend, Madame Benôit. Another lady, with whom he formerly had had a *liaison*, was present in the theatre that evening, and thrown into raptures by the action of the player. Madame Benôit conceived some jealousy on account of this, and received the actor on his return with a storm of tears. The consequence was that he got a fit, which carried him off in a few hours, in his 49th year. Voltaire came to Paris the very day on which Lekain was buried, after an absence of twenty-seven years, to see his own tragedy of "Irene" performed. The death of the principal supporter of it, in whom he relied, affected the Philosopher of Ferney so much, that he is said to have fainted. He was, however, consoled shortly after, at the fifth representation of the play, by his bust being produced on the stage and crowned by the actors, amid a burst of enthusiasm from the audience.

Molé had taken some unfortunate dislike to M. Fleury, and prevented for a long time his being admitted as a *sociétaire* of the Theatre Français. At length this was arranged by Madame Campan, by introducing Fleury to Marie Antoinette, who commanded his reception. The first effect of this success was that he had a duel with Dugazon, each new actor being obliged to serve his noviciate in the sword exercise, before he was acknowledged to be worthy of the troupe. The two became at once great friends.

The green-room at the Theatre Français became the resort of all the élite of men of letters of the day, among the rest Beaumarchais and Goldoni. Two actresses, Mdlle. Sainval and Madame Vestris, were rivals, and divided com-

pletely adverse parties in the capital. The former had some intimacy with the Duke de Duras, who wrote her some letters privately, supporting her claims. She was injudicious enough to publish those; the Duke de Duras became so indignant at the disclosures that he used his influence at court, and had the fair offender sent into exile at Clermont in Beauvoisin, a species of punishment reserved for disgraced ministers. She was degraded from her place as *sociétaire* and forbidden to act in the provinces. Her sister having been appointed to play in her stead, when she appeared in the piece of "Tancrède" the audience became so enthusiastic, that she was borne off the stage in a state of insensibility. The pit raised a shout for "Les deux Sainval," which the guards could not quell.

Marie Antoinette conceived the project of getting a wife for Fleury. She proposed Mdlle. Racecourt, to whom the actor politely objected. This lady, when seventeen years of age, had been so aspersed in her character by a letter of Voltaire, that she fell into a life of great expense, and, getting into debt to the extent of 100,000 crowns, was obliged to fly into the Netherlands. Subsequently the queen insisted on her being received again into the theatre, paid her debts, and wished her to marry Fleury; she, however, relieved him, by running away with the Prince d'Hénin. At this time Bellecour died, and Fleury succeeded to his position in the company.

Private theatricals now became very much in fashion at the court, without the knowledge or approval of the king. The Comte de Provence, and the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Louis XVIII., and Charles X., used to perform at them, but privately, and behind a screen, so that if any person not initiated happened to come in, the scene was closed by a sliding panel, and the company began to play at battle-door and shuttlecock. Marie Antoinette at length obtained the consent of the king to these representations. He even attended the rehearsals, but objected to the kissing scenes, and coughed loudly to prevent any repetition of them. The queen's appearance is very well described as follows:—

"Her eyes, though not large, had a power of expression which rendered them a perfect index of her mind. Her skin was delicately fair, and the contour of her neck and shoulders exquisitely formed. Her mouth, though stamped with that peculiarity which has been

termed the Austrian lip, was exceedingly pretty, and had that pouting expression which was peculiarly appropriate in many of the characters she personated. In "*Blaise et Babet*," for example, nothing could be more charming than her manner of half-reciting, half-singing, the following lines:—

'Le soir on dansa sur l'herbette,  
Blaise et moi nous dansions tous deux ;  
Mais il me quitta pour Lisette  
Qui vint se mêler à nos jeux.' "

The Comédie Italienne now became a rival of the Comédie Française, throwing overboard its own language, and bringing forward farces in the vernacular. This caused a counteracting influence by the latter company, in which Fleury was ably assisted by Mdle. Contat, a pupil of Préville. She had been received into the Theatre Français at a very early age, and played Suzanne in Beaumarchais' "*Marriage of Figaro*" with great effect. Marivaux's plays, to which she gave some vogue, suited her exceedingly well until her person attained too much enbonpoint for the *petit jeu* of these pieces. Marie Antoinette ordered suddenly the comedy of "*La Gouvernante*," of which the actress knew not one single line; she was obliged to learn off 500 verses in the short space of twenty-four hours, and performed her part in first-rate style. The occasion suggested to her the following witty saying, "*J'ignorais où était le siège de la mémoire, je sais à présent qu'il est dans le cœur.*" She died in 1813, of cancer, having become a perfect saint at the end of her life.

It might be well to notice here the different migrations which the French comedy underwent from the time of Molière. His troupe was at first stationed in 1658, by a grant of Louis XIV., at the Petit Bourbon, near the Louvre, and, two years after, went to the theatre of the Palais Royal, which had been erected by Richelieu in 1634, for the use of Rotrou and Pierre Corneille. The death of the great dramatist sent his company to wander, first to the Rue Guénégaud, next to the Rue des Fossés St. Germain, and to the Tuilleries, where they were in 1770. Twelve years afterwards the "*Odéon*" began to be built, and they established themselves in it, under the name of the Theatre Français. Again they changed to the Theatre de la Nation in 1790, and finally the present Theatre Français, built in 1787, was ceded to them in 1799, where they have remained

since, sometimes under the appellation of "Theatre de la Republique," and sometimes simply called, "la Comédie Française." An allowance for its support has been made by the state of 200,000 francs a year, under the superintendence of a royal or imperial commissioner. We have before noticed the difference of *sociétaires* and *pensionnaires*, besides which it would seem that there are now *élèves*, or pupils, who bind themselves to the theatre, which has a right to their services, to the exclusion of any other stage within the confines of France. Mdlle. Rachel, who, it is believed, became a pupil of the institution, at one time resisted this ordinance very strenuously, but was obliged to fly to England or America, in order to make use of her talent outside the theatre.

When the company transferred themselves to the new theatre of the "Odéon" in 1782, it was considered a great innovation to provide seats in the pit. La Harpe, the famous critic, shewed himself one of the most strenuous advocates for these, on the ground that no first performance had a chance with a standing pit, liable to cabal at any moment, and enough to mar the success of any piece. He brought out at the new theatre, with unexampled success, a piece entitled, "Molière à la nouvelle salle," and fell in love with a young lady, Mdlle. Cléophile, a third-rate dancer at the opera, because she applauded it. La Harpe was, however, generally disliked; his egregious vanity rendered him generally ridiculous. A witty writer of the day made the following epigram upon him:—

" Si vous voudrez faire bientôt,  
Une fortune immense autant que légitime,  
Il faut acheter La Harpe ce qu'il vaut,  
Et le vendre ce qu'il s'estime."

Dugazon endeavoured now to negotiate a marriage for his friend. The object was a Mdlle. Luzi, who had retired from the stage at fifty years of age, with a moderate fortune of 18,000 francs per annum, and turned devotee. Fleury, however, after a few visits, broke off the connexion, saying "that it was infinitely easier to become a martyr than a saint." He afterwards gained further promotion as a senior associate in the company by the departure of Monvel for Stockholm, at the instance of the court of Sweden.

In the year 1784, Beaumarchais first produced his "Marriage of Figaro." The success of the "Barber of Seville" prompted him to go on with the piece, notwithstanding that it had been forbidden by the court. This remarkable man, born in 1732, was the son of a watch-maker, in which trade he invented a peculiar species of escapement, which was disputed with him. He pleaded his own cause before the Academy of Sciences, and gained his first laurels. He obtained an intimate acquaintance with the daughters of Louis XV., by whose means he was able to influence the king to many benevolent actions, among the rest that of visiting and approving the Ecole Militaire, which had been founded by Paris Duverney, the patron of the future dramatist. Beaumarchais entered into several large speculations as a merchant, one of which, the supplying the North American colonies, at that time in revolt, with arms and provisions, brought to him a considerable fortune. His first essay in the dramatic art was crowned with success. Up to his time, from that of Molière, there had been no author, as we said before, of more than mediocre talent. It would be useless to repeat the list of those who essayed French comedy during that period; their names are too numerous, and their works too little worth noticing. Suffice it to say that the taste of the public had become completely degenerate, as were their manners. Absurdity and extravagance had possession of the stage, as well as of the salons, in which a witty word with a *double entendre* was never to be heard. Beaumarchais undertook to do away with the false customs and the servile spirit of the age. He commenced with the piece of "Eugénie," which, however, must be said to be somewhat improper in its plot, wherein a young lady, who believes that she is yielding herself to a legitimate husband, finds that she has fallen into the snares of an artful seducer.

Of a different character was his second piece, "Les Deux Amis," in which he depicts the mutual affection of a youthful pair who had been brought up together from their infancy; and the joy of the parents of each at the happiness of their children. Neither of these plays, however, were calculated to produce any great effect, being rather of a serious and afflicting kind. He was engaged besides in some lawsuits, which brought out his talent before the

public, and showed his power of comedy. This induced him to turn his attention to the laughable side of the drama, and he prepared the "Barber of Seville," at first a comic opera, in which several pretty Spanish and Italian airs were introduced. The Comédie Italienne, to which it was offered, refused to bring it out, so that he found himself obliged to retrench the arias, cut it down to four, instead of five, acts, and hand it over to the Comédie Française, where it obtained very considerable success. It has been pretended that Beaumarchais intended, by the character of Figaro, to depict much of his own manner, and some of the incidents of his life, yet it can scarcely be supposed that he would personify himself by a personage so gross and full of effrontery.\*

As we said before, Beaumarchais brought out his comedy of the "Marriage of Figaro," in the year 1784. The manners and fashions of this age, in Paris, were monstrously ridiculous. "Young girls in hoops, married ladies in frocks, fashions à la Marlborough, scarlet coats with black buttons, little hats, enormous masses of frizzled hair, and pictorial waistcoats (*gilet de grands hommes* covered with the portraits of Destaing, Broglie, Condé, and La Fayette)." The curés even turned *marchands de modes*, and established bazaars to sell millinery. All these things were fair objects of satire; while the taste of the public in comedy became completely effeminate; incapable of appreciating the manly plays of Molière, or even Regnard. The "Marriage of Figaro" was first read at the house of the Duchesse de Villeroi, but the king refused his consent to its performance. It had been, however, attempted to produce it at the Theatre of the Menus Plaisirs; Mlle. Contat was consulted on the cast of the characters, when the king's order again arrived, prohibiting its being played. Five or six hundred carriages were turned away from the door of the Theatre, and Beaumarchais was obliged to pay the expenses, 10, or 12,000 livres, out of his own pocket. M. de Vau-dreuil obtained permission to have it acted at his country residence at Genevilliers, after a revision by M. Gaillard, of the French Academy. The Queen, the Comte d'Artois, and other court personages, were present. The Baron de Breteuil, Minister of the Interior, had been the great opponent of the piece, but Beaumarchais managed to get round him, by reading the play to him, adopting some of his *bon mots*,

and taking the colour of a page's ribbon from Mme. de Matignon. It was announced at length in the bills, the 27th of February, 1784, and half Paris flocked to obtain tickets. Titled ladies descended from their carriages, and begged the crowd to allow them to pass. Many dined in the boxes they had hired; the house being nearly transformed into a restaurant. Preville, Mdle. Sainval, Molé, Dagincourt, and Mdle. Olivier, supported the acting ably, but the great success was due to Mdle. Contat, who played Suzanne, the *soubrette*, and so enchanted Preville, that when the play ended, he ran up and embraced her, crying: "This is my first infidelity to Mdle. Danguerville." The first twenty nights of the run brought into the treasury of the Comédie Française, 100,000 francs, and the rage for it scarcely abated during eighty more representations.

The reason of the success of this piece, is that which gave éclat to Molière's and others, that it lashed the morals of the time, and spoke in unrestrained freedom of the government, bastille, press, police, and censorship. It was subsequently performed privately before the king, by the queen and the Comte d'Artois, who acted Figaro with considerable talent. Beaumarchais has been since considered the precursor of the great French revolution. He afterwards produced "*La Mère Coupable*," a continuation of the former Spanish subjects, and an imitation of "*Tartuffe*;" also "*Tarare*," a comic opera of very little note. He lost his fortune by an endeavour to publish a magnificent edition of Voltaire's works, and by other speculations during the Revolution, which all but took away his life, with that of many other remarkable men. He died suddenly in 1799, without any previous illness.

François de Neufchateau, the author of the celebrated comedy "*Pamela*," had been originally brought up to the law. He was, however, so unfortunate as to marry the niece of an actor, and consequently being obliged to give up his profession, contented himself with an appointment of *ballage* in the provinces, which he purchased. His wife relieved him shortly after of her sinister influence by dying; on which he went to Paris to seek his fortune. This came to him very soon in the shape of a young lady, for whom he proposed and was accepted. On the day of his marriage, when the bridal feast was ready, his father brought him



into the garden for a short stroll, and, producing a pistol, gravely announced that that should be the last day of his own life, as he had fallen in love with the young lady to whom François was about to be married. This so horrified the young man, that he fled from the scene, and could not to be heard of for many years. He was supposed dead, and an edition of his works about being brought out by the Abbé Geoffroy, when he reappeared, and offered himself as a member of the Legislative Assembly, for which he was elected. He shared the imprisonment of the French comedians in the Luxembourg, and being afterwards raised to the Imperial Senate by Napoleon, became one of the principal persons who assisted in reviving the French drama, after it had been crushed and disgraced by the barbarities and terrors of the Revolution.

Préville and his wife, Brizard, and Mdlle. Fanier, all retired from the Theatre together. The first two removed to a small estate near Senlis, and had a box in the private Theatre of the Prince de Condé. Here they once received the royal honors of an obeisance from the actors in a piece, with the prince at their head, in the same manner as if the king were present. Brizard set himself about collecting a large library, binding the books with his own hand. He invented a curious system of paying himself every Saturday evening, for his labour during the week, and handing over the proceeds to the poor.

At this time a very good moral comedy, "l'Ecole des Pères," by M. Peyre, was brought out by the company, and so pleased the court, that it was ordered to be played at the private royal Theatre, a magnificent sword presented to the author, and a splendid dress coat sent to Fleury, to be used in his part. Unfortunately this required a plain one, but the king expressed a wish that some play should be performed, in which it might be shown to advantage. Fleury chose "Turcaret," in which he performed the Marquis, a drunken character, and so much to the life, that the Count d'Artois exclaimed: "I have seen Molé in the Marquis de Lauret, but he seemed to have got drunk only on piquette; Fleury's drunkenness was the drunkenness of champagne."

A strange incident occurred to Mdlle. Contat one day. She was driving over the Pont Neuf in her whisky, a species

of gig then the rage, and ran against a gentleman, who endeavoured to apologise for being in the way. She, however, resisted the apology, saying that she had cried out "*gare*" and he had never looked round. He retorted "Truly, Madame, you have more need to say *gare* now, when I do look round. The danger is in looking at you." This compliment produced some curiosity in the actress to find out her admirer, who sent her a note a few days afterwards, signed "Henry," and requesting her to attend a rehearsal of a small piece at the Comédie Italienne. She discovered subsequently that the personage was no less than Prince Henry of Prussia. The piece, afterwards brought out under the auspices of Mdle. Contat and Fleury, was entitled "*Les Deux Pages*," founded on an incident in the life of Frederick the Great, where he placed a rouleau of ducats in the pocket of a page, while sleeping, who had been in the habit of sending his pension home to his aged mother. It produced a very favourable impression in Paris at the time, notwithstanding the publication of a book, by Mirabeau, containing many scandalous and libellous matters concerning the court at Berlin. Prince Henry caused a gold snuff-box to be presented to Fleury on the occasion, surmounted with the portrait of the great Frederick, surrounded by brilliants; assuring him at the same time, that he had completely fulfilled a saying of the illustrious captain; "*feeling is the mainspring of every great effort.*"

During the severe winter of 1783-4 the Comédie Française brought out "*Coriolanus*," by La Harpe, for the benefit of the poor. There was a full house, although the play met but a very cold reception, and gave rise to a witty epigram by M. de Champcenetz:—

" Pour les pauvres, la comédie  
Joue une pauvre Tragédie ;  
C'est bien le cas en vérité,  
De l'applaudir en charité."

A fête was also got up for the same benevolent purpose at the winter Vauxhall, where all Paris, and all grades of society evinced great liberality. La Harpe met his enemy, M. de Champcenetz, there, when a laughable incident occurred. At one of the lottery tables the Marquis de Malseigne, an officer of carabiniers, won a small china

figure, which represented an old shivering man trying to warm himself. He held it up to the company, and asked aloud, "What do you call this?" "A Coriolanus," replied a voice from the crowd. La Harpe, who was standing near, immediately fastened on M. de Champcenetz as his reviler, and a lively altercation occurred between them, much to the amusement of the company. The sum of money collected at the different theatres for the relief of the poor amounted to 36,679 livres; but the curés of the different parishes would not receive it from the hands of the actors. They were obliged to hand it over to the lieutenant of police.

We have now arrived at the period when the revolutionary spirit appeared in Paris, and the clubs began to be held in all parts of the city. The tone of society became completely changed; every one talked of constitutions, laws, the rights of the people, &c., even the green-room of the Comédie was invaded by the mania. It was then that Chénier's famous tragedy of "Charles IX." appeared on the scene. Like the "Marriage of Figaro" of Beaumarchais, it may be said to be the precursor of the revolution. The play, however, produced a species of earthquake in the theatre; Fleury, Dazincourt, Contat, and Rancourt, at one side, demanded a certain cast of characters; Talma, Dugazon, and Madame Vestris, insisted on another. In fact Chénier had given over to Talma the principal part in the play, as some said, merely because Saint-Fal had refused it. It was looked upon by some of the sociétaires as a feudal assertion of right on the part of the elder members of the company, and as such resisted. The subject of "Charles IX." was the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and introduced a cardinal on the stage, an unheard-of novelty. Its other name, "l'Ecole des Rois," and many incidents in the drama, caused it to be displeasing to the court, which forbade the performance. The company fell into disrepute with the public, and were accused of keeping back Talma in order to bring forward Larive, who reappeared at this time on the stage, for, as Fleury says, "Larive was a theatrical Montmorency—an actor for the aristocracy; Talma was the actor of a revolutionized people."

Talma, whose father was a dentist, was born in the year 1763. He resided for a considerable time in London, and

evinced so much talent that Lord Harcourt shewed a great desire to have him brought up for the English stage. He removed, however, to Paris, and being very much struck with the playing of the most popular actors of the day there, took lessons in declamation from Molé, and held Dugazon as a model in acting before his eyes. He made his debut as "Séide" in the tragedy of "Mahomet," in 1787, producing only a very ordinary impression on the public. What brought him first prominently forward, and made him exceedingly popular, were his extreme republican opinions, and the affair of the play of "Charles IX.," which we shall now relate.

Mirabeau, the famous orator, visited the foyer of the Theatre Français, and endeavoured to obtain the performance of "Charles IX." for the fête of the Fédération, when the Provengal Deputies were to be present in Paris. Molé tried to support Mirabeau's proposition, as he admired the man extremely, but the whole company decided on refusing the request of the orator. The deputies themselves wrote to demand the representation, but it was again politely declined. The Fédéralists took umbrage, and threatened to call the actors to account. On the evening of the 21st February, 1790, the Deputies were at their posts in the theatre, and when Naudet appeared in the play of "Epiménide," loud cries were raised for "Charles IX." Naudet stated that it could not be played, as two of the principal actors, Madame Vestris and St. Prix, were ill. Talma, however, came forward, and said the audience should have "Charles IX." performed, as Madame Vestris was in the theatre and willing to play her part, while that of St. Prix might be easily read. It became absolutely necessary now for the corps dramatique to yield to the popular voice and bring out the forbidden tragedy.

It went off as was expected, in first-rate style, Talma surpassing himself in the representation of his rôle. A curious incident, however, occurred at it. It had been customary for all persons in the pit to take off their hats. One athletic figure appeared with his head covered, and was saluted with a tremendous roar from the house. He fixed his *couvre chef*, however, only the more stoutly on his head, declaring it to be as "firm as the hat of Servandony," (a *soubriquet* for one of the towers of St. Sulpice), and defied

the audience, who dragged him out to the Hotel-de-Ville. This individual's name was Danton, one of the most terrible stains on that dark page of history. Talma, not content with his triumph over the other *sociétaires*, engaged in a paper warfare on the subject, and so mishandled Chénier, Naudet, and others, that they judged it necessary to dismiss him from the company. Fleury was the man who proposed the measure, notwithstanding the great danger from the republican party. The actors were treated as *aristocrats* and *inciviques*, and threatened with denunciation at the Legislative Assembly. On the 16th September an enormous crowd invaded the theatre and demanded Talma; Fleury endeavoured to brave the storm, and explain that Talma had broken the regulations of the company. Dugazon came forward to support the dismissed actor, and the stage would have been pulled down by the mob, but for the interference of the military. Bailly, the mayor of Paris, caused the whole company to be brought before him, and insisted on their receiving back their associate, which they were obliged to do. Some of the actresses retired under protest, and resigned their appointments.

In November, 1790, La Harpe came before the Legislative Assembly with a petition that several companies of comedians should be licensed to act the plays of all authors, living or dead. His propositions produced a revolution in the theatrical world. Fleury fell suddenly into a violent fit of sickness; Talma, with Dugazon and Madame Vestris, renounced their rights as associates, and went to the Rue de Richelieu. The Comédie Italienne joined the Comédie Française, and every species of performance was brought out at either theatres; a complete *bouleversement* occurred. It may be easily remembered, by any one who has studied the history of these times, what an amount of license was granted to the populace in their places of amusement, and what infamous pieces replaced on the various stages the productions of the best dramatic writers. In fact these were the dark ages of classical comedy, which could only be revived under the strong hand of the Empire.

Préville, the comedian, had retired a very considerable time before, and lived at Senlis. During one of the revolutionary scenes in that town, a ball, which killed a man at his side, grazed the eye of the actor and took away his sight

completely. He lost, besides, his pension, on account of the embarrassments of the public treasury, and bethought himself to re-appear at the Comédie Française. He was received with open arms, came out in "*Le Mercure Galant*," one of his best parts, but his age and infirmities were too great and he found himself obliged to resign. He went then to live with his daughter, Madame Guesdon, who possessed a beautiful country seat near Beauvais. A short period of mental aberration preceded his death. This man was of a most benevolent and kindly disposition, even to weakness, harbouring the unfortunate, and spending his means on former associates. A provincial actor named St. Arnaud, in distressed circumstances, came into him once in the middle of the night, when M. and Madame Prévile were in bed together, and asked for hospitality; it was granted to him; a fine bed-room up stairs being made ready for his use. He remained there, however, nineteen years, on the most free and easy terms with his host.

One of the play-bills of the Revolutionary period may be considered to form a portion of the history of the time. They usually ran in this form:

BY ORDER OF THE PEOPLE!

The Comedians of the National Theatre

Will this day perform,

For the Benefit of the Widows and Children

Of our brethren who fell on the 10th August,

GUILLAUME TELL.

&c., &c.

Every play should bear the stamp of Republicanism, and the commune were the censors.

The Theatres were infested by three sorts of critics, the *Beaux*, who were the dramatic commentators, and affected the elegance of revolution, and afterwards degenerated into the *muscadins*, an effeminate offspring; while the *Tape-durs* (hard hitters) were the janissaries of the stage, singing, roaring, and shouting their boisterous patriotic songs, to the annoyance of every person. They had a strange costume;

he must suffer like the others." Danton, being also solicited, refused to interfere, and Fouquier-Tainville, the famous attorney-general-butcher, was written to by Collet to have judgment passed quickly on six of the actors. The names of Dazincourt, Fleury, Louise Contat, Emille Contat, Raucourt, and Mdlle. Lange, were marked with the ominous G (guillotine), and the following postscript appended :

"The committee sends you, citizen, the documents relating to the actors of the Comédie Française. You know, as all patriots do, that their conduct has been anti-revolutionary in the extreme. You must bring them to trial on the 13th Messidor. With regard to the others, there are some among them who may be punished with banishment. But we will see what can be done with them after the others have been tried.

" Signed,

" Collot d'Herbois."

The actors owed their safety to the interference of M. Charles de Labussière, who held a post under the Committee of Public Safety. He had been himself at first suspected, but his friends, in order to shield him, procured him first a place in the Bureau de la Correspondance, and then in the Bureau des Pièces Accusations. Through his hands passed many of the documents in which the denunciations and arrests were founded, as also the justifications of prisoners. He found that many persons were condemned without papers, others liberated on sound accusations, and others brought to trial on unfounded charges. The confusion of the office in which he was became so great, that no record or list of documents was kept, no inspection attempted. He managed, therefore, cleverly to abstract many important papers, which saved the lives of several heads of families. These documents he soaked in water, until they were converted into paste, when he rolled them into balls, and carrying them off, threw them into one of the baths in the Seine. Fouquier-Tainville found that many of his victims escaped him, and made a complaint to the Committee. The cases of the Comédie Française were to be brought forward on the 13th Messidor. Labussière managed to abstract the acts of accusation on the 9th, and destroy them on the 11th, but ran great risk in doing so. He came out of the Tuilleries late at night, with the papers in his pocket, and was arrested by a revolutionary agent named Aillaume, on

the Boulevards, because he refused to give his name. But for his address in the corps-de-garde, showing his official card, and the names of some of the committee on the papers he wished to destroy, he would inevitably have been himself brought to the guillotine. Among others saved by this man were Latour du Pin, Florian, and Madame de Beauharnois, afterwards the Empress Josephine.

After their liberation the comedians endeavoured to recommence business in their old theatre in the Faubourg St. Germain, which had been successively honoured with the titles of *de la Republique* and *de l'Egalité*. The plays of Marivaux, Gresset, Dorat, &c., were revived; Mdlle. Contat shone in the exquisite finesse of these pieces, but the benches were empty. They were obliged to transfer their services to Sageret, the director of the Salle Feydeau, Molé, Raucourt, Devienne, and others, being separated on three other principal stages. Sageret divided the company into two sections, and made them work in two houses at the same time, often in the same piece at both. His speculations, however, caused him to break, and the old company of the Comédie Française at length joined together, and was revived.

Charles Maurice, whose name is subscribed to one of the books at the head of this article, had been the editor of the Journal, *le Courier des Theatres*, for many years. He was himself a dramatic author, having composed, as he relates in one place, eighteen comedies, of which "*Les Consolateurs*," "*La Partie d'Echecs*," "*Le Parleur Eternel*," and a fragment by Regnard, finished by Maurice, called "*Le Bailly d'Asnières*," may leave some remembrance of him on the French stage. His book is made up of a mass of anecdotes, the greater part of them trivial, from the year 1782 to its date, mixed up with a great number of autograph letters from some of the most celebrated men of the day, literary, theatrical, and otherwise. The whole forms such a mass of confusion, and the subjects so different, that no one could collect from it any connected narrative. In fact it is a made-up book, though called in high-flown French phrase, "*Histoire Anecdotique*," fit only to while away an hour. The incidents of the author's own life, which he runs over in small separate chapters dispersed through the two volumes, amid a chaos of facts of different dates, cannot be



said to be very interesting, excepting this one, that he was imprisoned by Louis Philippe, in 1844, for rather too bold a letter which he wrote to the head of the state on the subject of the liberty of the press.

It would be impossible to trace the history of the French comedy from the time when Fleury's memoirs end until the establishment of the empire, as all facts on the subject are so confused, scattered, and partake so much of the nature of the times, that all connexion between them is lost. We have, to be sure, the lives of many of the chief actors of the day, Talma, Dugazon, La Rive, Molé, Mdle. Bangouin, Mdle. Rancourt, Mdle. Contat, Devienne, &c., but the details of biography are not suited to these pages. The first of these very nearly fell a victim to the Reign of Terror and the enmity of Marat. At his house, Rue Chantierine, which afterwards became the property of Buonaparte, he gave a fête to Dumouriez, who had just come back victorious from the army of the north, at which were present Chénier, Méhul, Ducis, Chamfort, and all the deputies of the Gironde. Marat came there suddenly, attacked Demouriez, and continued to dispute with him in a low voice, while Dugazon commenced to throw incense on a brazier in the room, as he said "to purify the air from the infection of the monster." These words, heard by Marat, rankled in his bosom; he denounced Talma and his guests the next day as conspirators; they were all placed on the list of proscriptions, and in constant expectation of being arrested. Talma was also accused of causing the arrest of his brother comedians, mentioned above, and became for some time very unpopular. He obtained, with great difficulty, from the curé of St. Sulpice, leave to marry a lady who went by the name of Julie, and in whose salons he met the most celebrated men of the day. They were separated afterwards, by divorce, in 1801, when he married Charlotte Vanhove, a distinguished actress of the Theatre Française. An absurd rumour was at one time spread about him—that Buonaparte took lessons from Talma in declamation, and even that he practised with him to play his part of emperor. On this subject Talma says, "he played it well enough without me! surely he did not require a teacher." When Buonaparte was coming back from Egypt, after his conquest of that country, a scene occurred

at the theatre at Lyons, of an amusing kind, which is thus described by Ch. Maurice :—

"I was at Lyons, attending to my duties in a solicitor's office, when the general, Bonaparte, arrived from Egypt, and stopped in the town. He put up at the hotel just next the Theatre des Celestins, on the square of that name. When the news spread, the whole town crowded thither, and demanded to see the hero so perseveringly, that he appeared on the balcony, although it was very late in the evening. Without mentioning everything I saw, and passing over the official demonstrations, Bonneville, the manager of the theatre just named, went at once to look for Martainville, who was vegetating in that climate, in order to induce him to compose a piece *à propos*, which should be played on the morrow. The time for delay was very short, but this did not frighten the adventurous mind of the author, who at once set his wits to work. On his side, Bonneville paid a visit to the General, to make a request that he would be present at the performance, which was granted.

"Great was the haste in getting up the piece. A large table, laid out with a supper, at the same time simple and abundant, was prepared upon the stage. Martainville was seated there, scribbling away what two copiers could snatch from him, and then distribute piecemeal to the actors, who devoured with avidity their double food. At five o'clock in the morning, the various portions of this labour, approved of, rejected, mangled, scratched out, learned, forgotten, and finally pasted into the memory, were finally dignified with the title, 'The Hero Returned; or, Bonaparte at Lyons;' and each person went off to his bed. Martainville kept a part for himself. As soon as he got up, he went to search in the store-room for something with which to dress up, in any way, his characters.

"The hour is come; the theatre is choked with spectators. The General and his staff occupy the range of boxes, to the left of the audience, at a slight elevation over the stage. The actors come together and endeavour to remember, to recall to their recollection how in the piece, one is a father, another a young officer returning from the army, a third the rival, and such a lady the betrothed of the officer. But terror paralyses them, they can no longer remember what they thought they knew before. Too great a desire of succeeding, that powerful reason for acting worse than usually, caused a dreadful confusion in their minds. What is to happen? The bell rings three times; the curtain is raised.

"In his character of father of a family, born the day before, Bonneville opens the play. He tries to go through his part, but he forgets it; he articulates all he can think of, thinks of what he can, and run out in his invention, approaches the side scene to beg of Martainville to relieve him by coming forward. 'Keep up the glib,' answers the latter, always joking; 'I'll be with you in a moment.' At last he enters. For him the improvisation was easier; besides he acted the part of the officer, whose couplets, crammed with warriors, laurels, glory, and victory, only required a slight efforts of mnemonics. He steps suddenly and cries out, 'Behold my intended.' The actress

understands him, and appears completely confused, she mixes up what she has to say, with something which occurs to her out of one of her old parts. Her companion, happy at invention, suggests some expressions which recall her character; while Bonneville, who had some time to recover himself, assists both with some useful commonplace phrases. When the father and daughter are run out, the officer speaks and sings, and in order to annoy perfectly his odious rival, it suffices for him to interrupt the monosyllables, which the poor actor has scarcely strength to pronounce. So far everything went on beautifully, the piece might have been said to be a regular hit. The *apropos* succeeded one another rapidly, applause resounded through the house. At each *encore* which was called for, Martainville responded by a different couplet, which passed for a premeditated compliment, and the transports of the audience only burst forth still more madly. It was necessary, however, to make an end of it. How were they to come, without too sudden a finish, and always under the auspices of the hero, to the marriage, which was to relieve so many persons from embarrassment? No one could tell. The poetry was becoming languid, the music had lost its charm; the General, for whom the *fête* was given, had his thoughts bent on the Directoire; the actors cast furtive glances at each other with the greatest anxiety; but happily the audience still remained enthusiastic, when a great noise is suddenly heard. It comes from the side-scenes. Is it a part of the play; an unexpected incident?

"Suddenly a woman appears, her hair flying about, her dress deranged; it is evident that some one endeavored to restrain her. She holds in her hand a paper, which, running beneath the box, she throws to General Bonaparte, who stoops and takes it up. Then she falls down almost insensible, and is assisted by the actors and a crowd of persons who followed her on the stage. Martainville discovers in a few words what is the matter, and explains it to the audience. This woman's husband, condemned to death for uttering base coin, is to be executed on the morrow, and she profits by the unhoped-for presence of the great captain, in order to save him.

"It may be well conceived with what a powerful degree of interest the scene is at once animated. The General casts his eyes over the petition, gives his assent to it by a nod, accompanied by a gesture of the hand, which leaves no doubt as to the issue; and while a fearful hurst of shouts, applause, and *vivats* resounds even out to the square, the play is either finished or not, but every one weeps, sings, or blesses the conqueror of Egypt, and from a foolish undertaking, unexpectedly arises one of the most *piquante* historical scenes, which no premeditation could have at all produced.

"The next morning Bonaparte received Bonneville and his troupe, in which was a young girl, now Mme. Herve, commissioned to recite to him a piece of poetry, with which he appeared very much pleased, although completely taken up with more important business."

Every one knows how much the theatres in France owe to Talma, in the improvement of costumes, especially in

subjects taken from ancient history. He studied in the most minute form ancient statues and other sources, the dresses of different ages, and adapted them to his parts. Vanhove, the father of his second wife, could not understand the sense of this improvement; "A fine step, indeed," said he, "they don't even put a pocket outside the thigh, in which one might keep the key of his box." Talma walked every evening to the comedy, with his wife leaning on his arm, from the Faubourg St. Germain, where he lived, a cotton cap pulled down on his ears to prevent himself from catching cold. In advanced age, when obliged to take a fiacre, he thought that he was going altogether too fast. During his great intimacy with the First Consul, he often went to the Tuilleries to breakfast, and discussed political affairs, as well as theatrical, with the head of the nation.

One of the most remarkable writers of French comedy at the end of the last century, and even to nearly our own day, has been Nepomucene Lemerrier, whom many have thought to be a madman or fool. He began by a piece, styled "Meleager," under the auspices of Mme. de Lamballe, and Marie Antoinette. This was never printed, and died a natural death. His second, "Clarisse Harlowe," in 1792, had some success; he became a thorough Revolutionist, attended the sittings of the convention, and from his sunken eyes, stupidity of expression, and the cries of anguish which the horrors of that assembly wrenched from his bosom, caused the women who attended the sittings to nickname him *L'Idiot*. This soubriquet is said to have saved him his life. He produced in 1795 the "Tartuffe Revolutionnaire," a good imitation of the original, and afterwards several tragedies, one of which, "Agamemnon," was crowned by the Directory in the Champs de Mars. In 1795, he became very intimate with Bonaparte, and afterwards often made use of that acquaintanceship, to speak out his mind pretty clearly. His knowledge of Beaumarchais led him to undertake a new species of Comedy, named "Pinto," under the Directory, in which he placed the Revolution and Republic in a most ridiculous point of view. It was forbidden, but the first consul demanded to have it read, and ordered its performance. Lemerrier afterwards set about writing several poetical pieces, some of which he dedicated to Mme. Bonaparte.

When the Legion of Honor was created, the first consul ordered a brevet of it to be sent to the dramatist, who received it with pleasure and took the prescribed oath, but when the Empire was proclaimed in 1804, he sent back his brevet to Lacépède, with a letter to the citizen Bonaparte, first consul, to whom he had said three days before; "you are amusing yourself in making the bed of the Bourbons; well! I predict that you will not sleep in it during ten years." At another discussion between them, Lemercier became quite red from irritation, when Bonaparte asked, "what is the matter with you, you have become quite red?" "And you are perfectly pale," answered Lemercier, "each of us has a peculiar manner, when anything irritates either of us two, I become red, and you grow pale." Bonaparte always designated him afterwards as a fanatic.

He produced in 1808, "*Plaute, ou la Comédie Latine*," in which he introduced the Latin dramatist, conducting a piece, and introducing the personages. It had not much success, notwithstanding the efforts of Talma. When Napoleon returned from his disastrous campaign in Russia, he met Lemercier, and asked him, when he was to give them another fine tragedy. The reply; "*Bientôt j'attends*," (soon, I am waiting,) was strange, when coupled with the odd species of prediction given before respecting the bed of the Bourbons. Several other comedies were brought out by him, one "*La Panhypocrisiade*," in which M. Victor Hugo says, "man is given by God as a spectacle to the devils." His last piece, "*la Heroine de Montpellier*," in which he depicts in a faithful and animated style, the manners of France at the commencement of the 18th century, was performed at Paris, in 1836, and at first not duly appreciated. He had been long a member of the French Academy, and put himself up for the representation of one of the arrondissement of Paris in 1831. Since his birth almost he had been subject to attacks of that frightful disease, paralysis, which carried him off at length in 1840. To it has been ascribed by many, some of the most striking defects in his plays, as well as several singular actions of his life.

Bonaparte was the first to appoint a commissary from government, to inspect the affairs of the *Theatre Français*. It was he also who united the two companies after the Revolution, in the Rue de Richelieu, and not perceiving the name of St. Prix, whom he had seen playing in the *Mort d'Abel*,

on the list, he cried out for him "Cain, ! Cain, !" and insisted that he should be of the troupe. It may be remembered by every one how he commanded the attendance of the Comédie Française, at Dresden, to drive away *ennui* from his army, and astonish two emperors and empresses and innumerable German princes. He caused Talma and Mlle. Mars to play at Erfurth in "la mort de César," a rather ominous piece, before the Emperor of all the Russias. The members of the Theatre Français, who went to Dresden, had lodgings provided for them before hand, and 1,500 francs, each, for general expenses. They played three times a-week, were well received, and courted every where, and Fleury says :—that he, Talma, Mlle. Mars, and a few others, received 10,000 francs each, afterwards for their services.

When Mlle. Mars was going into Dresden, her carriage was overturned, and she suffered some slight injury. Napoleon at once sent his physician, Desgenettes, to her assistance. This man, being very polite, after doing his medical office, entered into conversation with the actress, and displayed all the gallantry he was possessed of, accompanied by a peculiar manner, and gestures, for which he was remarkable. Fleury, who perceived this, studied the Doctor's style, and at a party in the evening, reproduced the gestures and manner so faithfully, that the guests cried out it was Desgenettes, to the life. The Doctor, hearing of it, insisted on seeing his own portrait acted, invited Fleury, and had the whole scene with Mlle. Mars done over again, to his own infinite delight, and that of the party present.

Dugazon, whose name appears so often in Fleury's memoirs, was celebrated for his playing characters in private.

He was once invited to dine with Barras, but at the time appointed, in his stead appeared an old peasant woman, who spoke a villainous *patois*, and bursting through the servants, went up to the Director, and gave a long history of her only *fils* (fils, son,) who had been taken for the proscription, and begged that he would allow her to get him back. Barras, who wished to proceed with his dinner, at length granted her request, on which she went out, and shortly afterwards Dugazon came in, and addressed the host in the same pathos which the old woman had spoken. Another time he presented himself before Napoleon, as a curé, but the Emperor recognized him, and though he did not show any anger at

the time, yet he never forgot it. Dugazon's description of Mlle. Georges, was rather odd; he always designated her from one of her principal characters, as "the Queen of Carthage eating salad with a tin fork."

The names of celebrated actors and actresses of the time of the Empire are so numerous, and the remarkable traits and stories concerning them so minute and varied, that it would be impossible to hint at even a tithe of what is related. Notwithstanding the great rivalry existing among them a strong esprit de corps bound them together; they were ever ready to assist one another, or any of their friends. Among the latter was one much respected, the celebrated Delille, author of the *Dithyranibe*, at the time of the *Deesse de la Raison*. He had earned the title of *Abbé*, by his age, good qualities, and general pleasing manners. His friends, the actors, got up the following scene for his amusement.

"In the quiet of his last years, the Abbé Delille ranked among his old culinary pleasures, the dinners which he had consumed at the *Cadran Bleu*, on the Boulevard du Temple, near the Rue Charlot. At St. Prix's house, where I have seen him often enough, he showed one day, so lively a desire to try them again, that a party was arranged at once for the following week. But afterwards, fearing that he might not enjoy himself there so much as in his youth, an idea was hit upon and carried out in the following manner. It must be remembered that M. Delille was almost completely blind.

"On the day fixed, a fiacre brought the Abbé, his wife, and Tissot, the *suppléant* of Delille at the French college, to the house, Rue du Cherchemidi, belonging to M. and Mme. St. Prix, which had been prepared on purpose. Scarcely had the Abbé alighted from the vehicle under the gateway, than he was delighted by the odour of 'the kitchen, whose perfume only exists among the restaurateurs.' This was the smell of a boiled cutlet, which the porter was told to have, on his passing by, while the woman cried out, 'Fine oysters all fresh, my fine gentleman.' 'Yes, yes,' answered Delille, 'open some of them, my good woman.' They ascended to the first floor, the suite of apartments was all open. Tables of two, three, or four persons were ranged along, occupied by the actors of this comedy, which might have been called, 'Delille in the Tavern.' Each one had his part allotted to him, from which it was agreed not to deviate, in order that the illusion might be carried as far as possible. Picard was a captain of a vessel, crying out starboard, larboard, &c., and dining by chance at the *Cadran Bleu*. Barré, Radet, and Desfontaines were good citizens, who understood nothing of theatrical affairs, but great lovers of the pleasures of the table. Chambon, the treasurer of the Vaudeville, had come to Paris to learn arithmetic, and was going away afterwards to keep the books of a grocer at Quimper-Corentin. Etienne Jourdan, the ballad singer, was a misanthrope, who was annoyed at fun, and thought that there was too

much noise continually made in the room. I, myself, was called Guilbert de Pixérécourt, and I roared at the slowness of the waiters, who would prevent me from being present, when the curtain was raised at the performance of one of my melo-dramas at the Ambigu. So on with the other guests, eating, drinking, speaking loud, and clinking their glasses, bottles, and plates, in order to produce a general impression of reality in the scene. But it may be easily supposed, that the best of these accidental comedians was Baptiste, junior, in whom nature was personified. He had taken on himself, accordingly, several characters and even the most difficult of those in our *scenario*. The first was that of the tavern waiter, whose duty it was to attend the principal table, where St. Prix, Mme St. Prix, Delille, his wife, and Tissot were sitting. He sustained his part so well, varying it with changes of voice and manner, that not only did the Abbé Delille believe that there were several persons, but even we ourselves did not recognise him.

"From an apparently neighbouring room, there resounded sharp, broken words, sometimes ireful, sometimes respectful, in two different accents, one English, the other French. The first was that of a young lady, trembling, uneasy, and irritated; the second seemed like that of a son of Albion, amorous, beseeching, begging for silence in a low voice; both most agreeable in their tones. Everyone is silent and listens. Delille is the first to perceive the existence of this Britannico-Gallic tête-à-tête, in which the feminine portion is exposed to the rash attack of a merciless assailant. The Abbé, on his side, begs that no one should speak, in order that they might the better hear, 'what only occurs in taverns.' The dispute is renewed in the room; milord perseveres, Lodoiska resists; she is about to cry out; curses, tears, oaths succeed one another. The sound of golden pieces is followed by an evident treaty of peace. Then the bell rings and the waiter comes in, appearing not to perceive the disturbance of the furniture. Baptiste had played all that, and in such a comic, true style, that without having lost sight of him, we thought that something similar had happened in the side-room. Our suppressed laughter was only the more ticklesome; Delille participated in it with complete confidence, felicitating himself on his idea of revisiting his dear *Cudran Bleu*.

"A hurdy-gurdy is heard in the court-yard, which itself acts the part of boulevard. A singer accompanies it, playing on the violin. It is proposed that the latter should come up by himself. He arrives, and Delille asks him to give us a specimen of his best collection. Off goes Baptiste, junior, a Stradivarius with a maimed hand, scraping, grinding out impossible sounds, and chaunting the lay of the 'Little Collet and the post-donkey.' This is the story of a poor young man, belated on his journey, and obliged, for want of the diligence, which passed while he was asleep, to try and follow up his road by riding. But, alas! he is a seminariste; how is he to get along? The cursed ass, who perhaps feels the inexperience of his rider, hoises, rears, only advances a few paces, and always goes back to his stable. As each couplet is sung with a most comical voice, the Abbé Delille cocks his ear, expresses his surprise in monosyllables, remembers the



occurrence, and at length cries out : ' That's mine—'tis to me that happened—between Beaucaire and Tarascon, in 17—,' and he could not understand either what had led to the telling of the story, or who the person was who had chaunted it so exactly. Radet, Desfontaines, and Barré made a sign to us that they wished to keep it secret. The singer, handsomely rewarded by the whole company, goes away with many demonstrations of gratitude, and making us burst laughing by his drollery.

" When the dinner was over, Tissot asked Delille if he would like to go and take his coffee at the *Jardin Turc*, which he knows the Abbé has heard much about. ' That will be so much the more easy,' said he, ' because we can go thither on this floor.' Delille accepts the proposal. After bringing him through the same rooms, they come to the last of the suite, in which Mme. St. Prix, sitting at something which passes for a counter, and changing the tone of her voice, plays admirably the character of the handsome lemonade-woman, in the midst of us, who continue to act our parts, suiting them to the pretended locality. Mine had become easy, and full of invention, on account of the supposed holiday which had been given at the Ambigu, and which put off my melo-drama for a week.

" When going away the Abbé Delille declared, that he amused himself more than he had expected, and that he would never forget it. He never found out of what elements his pleasure was compounded ; he was too great a favorite to be told it ; it was a mark of respect towards him to keep it a secret."

We have before spoken of the rule at the Comédie Française to have two actors or actresses for each rôle, the *premier sujet*, and the *double*. This caused a vast deal of rivalry and often ill feeling in the theatre. Mlles. Dumesnil and Clairon were rivals, as we have seen ; so were Mlles. Mars and Bourgoïn, Bourgoïn and Volnois, and numbers of others. The *premier sujet* had a right to play, if she liked, though her *double* was appointed to appear in the piece. This occurred once between Mlles. Bourgoïn and Volnois ; the latter was announced for *Zaire*, but the former, thinking herself slighted, dressed for the part, and came on the stage before her *double*, who was obliged to retire. This kept back often for a long while, very good actors behind older ones of little merit, and has led to a great falling off in the performances. Talma and Fleury were thus put out of sight for a considerable time by Molé, Dugazon, and others ; in fact, the age of love had almost past for the latter, before he was able to attain standing sufficient to entitle him to play the part of a lover. There were, and are still, certain recognized general characters, such as *jeunes-premierès*, *jeunes-princesses*, *ingénuités*, *soubrettes*, *amoureuses*,

*valet, &c.*, some one of which each actor and actress was supposed to do better than others, and to fulfil which, he or she was assigned. This limited very much the talent of each, though perhaps it occasioned a greater perfection in the particular part, on the principle of the division of labor.

Notwithstanding Napoleon's great expression of friendship for Talma, the latter did not seem to regret him much; he was the first actor of the Theatre Français to read on the stage the verses of Briffaut against the fallen conqueror. At the end of the recital, he waved his hand and cried "Vive le Roi." On the 8th April, 1814, when the Emperor of Russia went to the theatre, Talma and Fleury were deputed to present an address. They were both dressed in black coats, *à la Française*, but the first appeared to be very anxious to be remarked and taken notice of by the great sovereign, while Fleury handed the play-bill to the prince, with a noble, respectful, and sad air, with which the whole house appeared to be struck.

A great peculiarity has been observed in the manner of several actors, in studying their parts. The ordinary comedians learned them off quite glibly, and while the play was going on, chatted at the side scenes, and strolled about while awaiting their moment for entering on the stage. Not so with Talma, Fleury, Molé, Dugazon, and other great actors, who were never visible for two days before they acted any important character, no matter how often it had been produced. Even during the performance Talma had the book always in his hand, and putting it now and then close to his eyes, on account of his short sight, exercised his memory continually; made himself master of his rôle, and then strode on the stage thoroughly imbued with it. Once, when just about to enter in the tragedy of Hamlet, he seized his own valet by the collar, shook him violently, and pitching him away from him, rushed upon the scene, with all the marks of madness which were required to fulfil his part. "That gives me," said he to Maurice, "the nervous irritation required to commence with."

This great performer played, for the last time, in Lemerrier's "Charles VI.," on the 13th June, 1826, and died the October following, rather suddenly, of some internal malady, after thirty-six years of continued success in his profession. His body was transferred to Père la Chaise,

amid all the honors which the literary men of Paris could bestow upon it. His bust, by David d'Angers, occupies a very prominent position in the foyer of the Theatre Français. Though a good actor of comedy, yet his forte lay in tragic parts, like his contemporaries, Mdles. Duchesnois and Georges, both of whom made their debut in 1802, and were almost exclusively confined to tragedy. Once only did either of these actresses attempt a comic character, and though neither failed, it was evident that their talent lay principally in the serious drama.

Our short space will not allow us to give any lengthened sketch of the state of French comedy, from the period of the first empire. Anyone, who is at all familiar with the French stage of the last half century, must easily recognise the names and works of the principal dramatic authors. If we run our eye over the rôles which Mdle. Mars played since 1803, we shall find the chief contributors to comedy, within that period, to be Collin d'Harleville, Duval, Lemerrier, Andrieux, Roger, de Lesser, Désaugiers, Arnault, Mme. Gay, Scribe, Casimir de la Vigne, Picard, Alfred de Vigny, Frederic Soulié, Victor Hugo, &c., in fact their name may be called legion, and their pieces reckoned by hundreds. Scribe alone has written some 300 plays, besides vaudevilles, eighty of which have been brought out at the Theatre Français. Mediocrity is the only general characteristic of these productions, coupled with this, that many of them outrage all decency and morality, and take too great an advantage of the liberties of the *Romantique*, to destroy all unity of time, place, or action. The answer of the presiding judge of one of the criminal courts in Paris, to Alex. Dumas, who was produced as a witness in a trial for murder, will serve to show the estimation in which some of these writers are held in France. When asked what was his profession, Dumas replied bombastically: "*Monsieur, je dirais auteur dramatique, si je n'étais dans la patrie de Corneille.*" "*Mais, Monsieur,*" replied the witty president, "*il ya des degrés.*" Victor Hugo's play, "*Le Roi d'amuse,*" produced in 1832, is a burlesque on the historical heroes of France, and rejected by the public, was prohibited by the government.

Of the comedians who have appeared during the last half century many of them are celebrated names, such as

St. Prix, the two Baptistes, Laffon, Jouy, Arnault, Devigny, St. Phal, &c., fit to rival Molé, Monvel, or Fleury. Our space will not, however, allow us to notice more than two, and these actresses, Mdles. Mars and Rachel. The former, daughter of the famous Monvel, made her debut in 1793, at the Theatre Montansier, and shortly afterwards became a pupil of Mdle. Contat. The latter found her rather extravagant in gesture, and tied up her right arm with a small cord, but as the young actress became excited with her part, the bond was burst and full liberty given to her action; "Bravo," cried Mdle. Contat, "that is the full expression of good comedy—little or no gesture until passion breaks the bond of appearances." She became a *pensionnaire* of the Theatre Française in 1799, and two years afterwards a *sociétaire* for the character of *ingénues*, which the famous critic, Geoffroy, declares she performed to perfection. The retirement of Mdle. Contat in 1810 gave free scope for her talent in the parts of the *grandes coquettes*, and the roles *habillés*. Her great talent consisted in her perfectly natural style, although she studied thoroughly every portion of her play, left nothing to chance, and yet concealed completely the effect of preparation. Many historiettes have been told about this great comedian, her frequent attempts at marriage, her liaisons with Napoleon, and in particular that she always wore violets on the 20th March, the day of her death, and the saying attributed to her, "Il n'ya rien de commun entre Mars et les Gardes-du-corps." These are generally unfounded inventions of the feuilletonists. One anecdote is, however, recorded by Maurice: Louis XVIII. sent her a magnificent pair of earrings after one of her best performances, on which she remarked, "l'autre (meaning Napoleon) n'aurait pas fait autant," at which one of the actresses present remarked, "mais il vous a souvent donné plus qu'il ne fallait pour avoir de meilleurs." She died in 1847, having long before retired from the stage.

Mdlle. Rachel's death has been so recently before the public, with many different accounts of her life, that it is completely unnecessary to do more than allude to her position. She was principally remarkable for her performance of tragic pieces, although her first tastes were directed towards the most piquante female characters of Molière

M. de St. Aulaire, her instructor, perceived her greater adaptability for the former class of characters, and endeavoured to confine her to them in vain. Her debut was made in 1837, in the "Vendéenne." She appeared, for the first time, at the Theatre Français, in "Les Horaces," in 1838. Her peculiarity consisted in not declaiming, but speaking her part in the most natural and unaffected manner, at the same time often with tremendous energy. Her income, at first only 4000 francs a year, mounted in two years to 20,000, and has since attained the figure of 300 or 400,000 francs, chiefly earned during the congés allowed to her of six months out of twelve by the Theatre Française. Her father, who was originally a Jew hawker in Switzerland, has been for several years living magnificently on her bounty at Montmorency.

This subject has been already drawn out to too great a length, although the matter with which it might be amply filled, is sufficiently abundant to afford several successive papers. The difficulty of dealing with it lies more in the necessity for compressing and putting it into a connected form, in which a writer might be very materially aided by any book in our language which would treat of the French drama historically as a whole: no such work exists in English, or at least is not easily discoverable by any one who may have need thereof; and those which have appeared in France, are either out of print or very difficult to be got at. This, however, is a subject which would well repay the labours of any eminent literary man.

A word more as to the present position of the French drama. The revolution has caused such a change in public opinion, and has emancipated so much the ideas of the habitués, that authors must run along with the age, and endeavour to find out something novel and striking in every piece they produce. Utility and morality are thrown overboard, scenic representation, and strange positions and characters have obtained a mastery over everything rational and natural: hence arise the curious incongruities and absurdities which encumber the Theatre Français at the present day, the outré style of drama, which is produced to agree with the corrupt taste of the times. Our own stage is becoming infected with this species of malady, through the numerous translations which come across the

channel; the French have the merit of invention, and the English are fools enough to choose the most deleterious of their compounds to minister to the British nation. It is true that now and then a spark of national taste is revived, and the French comedy brings out the master-pieces of her best dramatists, but there is no excitement attendant on them, the house does not fill—the public would prefer a good vaudeville or the nonsense of an opera comique. Everything human must decline, but it is hoped that when this age of novel-writing, bloody-drama-concocting, extravagant revolutionizers, has passed away, there may dawn another era, when the classical comedy in France will become worthy of its great founder, Molière.

## ART. V. —PATRIOTS AND PROSELYTIZERS.

*A Letter to Lord St. Leonards on the Management of the Patriotic Fund, and the Application of Public Moneys to Proselytizing Purposes. By the Most Rev Dr. Cullen, Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. Third edition, enlarged. Dublin: James Duffy, 7, Wellington quay, Publisher to his Grace, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. 1857.*

Scarcely had the festivities attendant upon the proclamation of peace with Russia concluded, when England was again disturbed from the repose she had just begun to enjoy by intelligence of a mutiny amongst her native troops in India. At first it was supposed to be only the disaffection of a few companies, which the authority of their officers, backed by the vicinity of the European soldiers, would suffice to quell. But on receipt of more precise information, it was discovered that the insubordination was more extensive than the people of these countries could have imagined. Every mail brought accounts of some fresh outbreak. The mutineers murdered their officers, took possession of the military stations, expelled the royal forces, and committed the most frightful ravages. Neither age nor sex afforded any protection from their unbridled fury. Tender babes, feeble old men, and delicate females, were alike the victims of their brutal violence; and those who escaped with life from their ruthless persecutors, carried with them painful reminiscences of the appalling scenes through which they had passed. So serious did the danger appear to many, that it was at one time feared the power of England in India was at an end. But the vigour of the government at home, and the good feeling manifested by the native population in India, combined to extinguish the flame of insurrection, which otherwise might have been attended with most disastrous consequences. For it is to be observed that the native population, except in Oude, refrained from taking part in this revolt, and that whatever atrocities have been committed, are attributable solely to the savage cruelty of the Sepoys. But although this attempt has been repressed, and order partially re-established, the

sufferers, from the excesses of these military rebels, were found to be reduced to almost utter destitution. To alleviate the misery of their condition, and to compensate, as far as possible, the losses they had sustained, it was determined that a national subscription should be organised to provide a fund for the relief of our fellow-countrymen in the East. Accordingly a committee was appointed and authorised to receive contributions, from those who desired to participate in so praiseworthy a project. This was the origin of the "Indian Relief Fund," which, benevolent in its inception, may, if judiciously and impartially administered, achieve the most beneficial results. To this fund the people of England contributed with their characteristic generosity. Nor were they alone in this good work. Foreigners, emulating the bright example, hastened to contribute, desirous thereby to testify their detestation of the cruelties which had been practised, and their sympathy with those who had endured such hardship through the inhumanity of the Sepoys. One class of the community, however, kept aloof, and refrained from co-operating in this great undertaking. The Roman Catholics of the United Kingdom, but chiefly the Roman Catholics of Ireland, refused to contribute to this fund. Such conduct naturally excited considerable comment, and a portion of the press did not hesitate to brand us as "Sepoys" in feeling, wanting only an opportunity to re-enact, in these countries, the frightful scenes by which the revolt in India had been characterised. No doubt they hoped, by aspersing our motives, to weaken the effect and detract from the value of any representations we might make, as to the causes which had induced us to act in this manner. Undeterred, however, by any such disheartening anticipations, the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, addressed from Rome, whither he had gone on business connected with his diocese, a letter to the Very Rev. Monsignor Yore, than whom there is not a more liberal-minded, generous, saintly priest in the Irish Church, intimating his Grace's satisfaction at learning that a subscription was about being made, for the relief of our fellow-countrymen who had been reduced to destitution by the revolt in India. Having expressed his Grace's abhorrence of the outrages perpetrated by the Sepoys, his sincere sympathy with the



sufferers from these excesses, and his hope that the efforts made to relieve them might be attended with success, the Archbishop thus proceeds :—

However, before we take any step in the matter, or call on our flocks to do so, perhaps it would be well to inquire how the fund about to be raised is to be managed, and whether there is any danger that it may be applied by bigots to proselytizing purposes. The recollection of late transactions excites doubts in my mind on this head. In the year 1854 you subscribed to the Patriotic Fund, and you were kind enough to hand in my contribution for the same object. I think, also, that on the same occasion the Catholics of Dublin subscribed very generously according to their means. Now, how was that fund managed? You recollect, and Canon Grimley recollects, that Catholic clergymen of Dublin applied to the managers of the fund in favour of the widows and orphans of soldiers killed in the Crimea; yet, as far as I could learn, not one shilling was then obtained by such applications. When relief was granted in Dublin, a parson was always employed to administer it; and I have heard that he generally selected a Protestant church or vestry as the place for doling it out, thus compelling poor Catholic widows to undergo the mortification of visiting a house of worship which it is against their feelings and conscience ever to enter, and perhaps of waiting for him there before they could see the agent from whom they were to receive assistance. You will also recollect that the good Sisters of Mercy, and of St. Clare, and other religious communities, offered their services to the managers of the Patriotic Fund, for the education, at a very trifling expense, of the female orphans of the Catholic soldiers. Answers were sent to their proposals, but I believe there was not one single orphan committed to their care in Dublin, and I suppose the same may be said of the rest of Ireland. Nor is it to be imagined that the proposals of the good sisters were rejected for want of funds. There was an abundance of money in the hands of the committee; but in the impartial exercise of their powers, they thought fit to apply it to the erection or endowment of Protestant institutions. The *Times* of the 9th of June, 1856 (if I well recollect) informed us that the committee assigned £140,000 or £ 5,000 per annum, for the education of 300 daughters of sailors and soldiers, together with £20,000 for a house and grounds. As nearly one-half of the army consist of Catholics, very probably one-half of the orphans to be received in the projected house will be of the same religion. Now, let me ask, how many Catholics will be employed in superintending the education of these Catholic children? Most probably there will not be even one; and, under such circumstances, what chance will the poor children have of retaining the religion of their fathers?

“ Besides the grant of £160,000, just mentioned, the *Times* of the same date informs us that an endowment of £25,000 was granted to the Wellington College; £3,000 to the Cambridge Asylum for widows; to the naval school at New Cross; £5,000 to the female school at Richmond; and £5,000 to the naval and military schools at Plymouth and Portsmouth.—These seem to be all grants to Protestant institutions and for Protestant education.

Not a shilling voted, it would appear, to give a Catholic education to Catholic orphans!

I am most anxious that everything possible should be done to relieve the sufferers in India; let us, however, have some security that the funds collected will not be applied to the foundation of Protestant asylums for the perversion of poor Catholic orphans. The management of the Patriotic Fund shows how necessary it is for us to be cautious. The continual complaints of Catholic bishops and missionaries in India about the attempts made by the East India Company to proselytize, should increase our alarm. Read Doctor Fennelly's late pamphlet, and you will see to what an extent that Company has attempted to promote Protestantism by perverting the orphans of Irish Catholic soldiers. It appears to me that the proper time for coming to a fair understanding about these matters is before any fund is collected.

✠ PAUL CULLEN.

The Canon Grimley here referred to, is a highly respectable and most estimable clergyman, who officiates as Roman Catholic chaplain to the Dublin garrison, we may say without remuneration, for there is, we believe, no specific sum allotted for his services, and the paltry pittance annually paid by government to the parish priest for the use of his church, is by him, with Canon Grimley's assent, handed over, minus the income tax, which the authorities deduct, to an institution devoted to the education of deaf and dumb children. This letter of the Archbishop created not a little sensation. The press ransacked its vocabulary of vituperation for insulting epithets to heap upon him. "The Ultramontane Sepoy," was too mild a term to be applied to one who had presumed to question the management of a fund administered under a Royal Commission. His style was criticised, but his facts could not be disproved. There they are, challenging denial, yet remaining uncontradicted. If his Grace's statistics, extracted from the authorised report of the Royal Patriotic Commissioners, published in the *Times* of the 9th of June, 1856, be true, his accusation is well-founded; if false, they can be easily shown to be so, not, however, by a vague assertion of his being ill-informed upon a subject with which every reader of the *Times* must have been acquainted, but by the production of the correct report, stating the manner in which the various sums, at the disposal of the Royal Commissioners, were allocated. The latter course has not, and could not, have been pursued, and, therefore, we are justified in regarding his Grace's

statement as true. If so how do the Commissioners stand in relation to the public? The Commissioners were appointed by her Majesty, as the head of the state, trustees, to administer a fund, subscribed by the nation, for certain specified purposes. How has that trust been carried out? Was it the intention of the contributors to that fund, that it should be allocated to Protestant institutions and to Protestant purposes *solely*, or was it not rather intended to provide for the education or maintenance of those who had been deprived of their parents or husbands by death in battle, or while on active service in the field? Surely the latter. And if so then the Commissioners were thereby placed in the position of those protectors whom death had taken away, and were bound to see that the survivors, the objects of national bounty, should not be prejudiced by the loss they had sustained, which loss the Commissioners were appointed in some measure to supply. If then the Commissioners in the discharge of their duty, considered it competent to them to allot nearly a quarter of a million to institutions confessedly Protestant, surely it was within the scope of their authority to allot a proportionate sum for the maintenance or education of the Catholic widows and orphans of Catholic soldiers who fell in the Crimea. This they did not do, and what appears as the result? Out of seven hundred orphans, dependant upon the charity of the country, six hundred and eighty-six have been sent to these schools endowed by the Commissioners, while but fourteen have been permitted to be educated in Catholic institutions and this not without a struggle.

Such is the report up to November last; since then a few more children have been rescued from these patriotic proselytizers. Now estimating at the lowest calculation the relative numbers of Irish Catholics in the English army (say one third) and certainly it will appear that the number of children educated as Catholics shows a startling disproportion, a disproportion not borne out by the statistics of any other class of her majesty's subjects in which a similar relativity exists. We would not object to the course adopted by the commissioners had we any guarantee that Catholic teachers would be appointed in proportion to the Catholic pupils. But even this poor consolation is denied us. And what, let us ask, will be the character of the reli-

gious education, without which all secular teaching is worse than useless, given by Protestants to Catholics? How can the former conscientiously teach the latter doctrines they believe to be erroneous? Can it be supposed that the deportment of these Protestant teachers while discharging this, to them irksome duty, will be such as to impress their hearers with a proper respect for those sacred mysteries which Catholics hold in such deep reverence, but which they have been taught to scoff at and ridicule? How will these teachers be able to define "Faith," which Catholics look upon as a gift from heaven, a divine virtue which can come only from God, whereas one of the great luminaries of the church of England,\* an archbishop, has declared it to be merely a "*fairness in listening to evidence, and judging accordingly without being carried away by prejudice and inclination?*" How could they explain to their class that tremendous mystery in which Catholics believe the living God to be offered up, in an unbloody manner, as a propitiatory sacrifice for the sins of the world, when their principles compel them to regard the "Sacrament of the Lord's Supper" as but a memorial of that great sacrifice consummated on Calvary? The effect of Baptism, the efficacy of penance, the authority of the church, the necessity of good works, the number of the sacraments, devotion to the ever Blessed Virgin, &c.—these being matters in regard to which both parties are at issue, sound views according to Catholic theology could not be infused into the minds of Catholic pupils by Protestant professors. And then what influence would such teaching, even supposing it to be given with accuracy, from such lips have upon the moral sense of the pupils? Would it not be calculated to infect their youthful minds with indifferentism or infidelity when they heard doctrines opposed to the principles of their masters, promulgated for money? And further will it not occur to the most shallow thinker that Catholics would not be justified in permitting their children to be taught by such masters? It may be said that Protestants, believing their religion to be the true one, are bound to make every effort to induce those not belonging to their communion, to renounce the errors in which they have been brought up, and enter within that fold wherein is safety. But the answer to this is plain and

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\* Dr. Whately.

simple. In the first place, Protestants hold that salvation is attainable outside their church. In the second place, Catholics believe as firmly as do Protestants, that *their* church is the true church, "the pillar and the ground of truth," and are therefore as anxious to preserve their children in that faith as the Protestants can be to induce them to depart from it; and finally, the patriotic commission was placed by the country *in loco parentis*, and therefore it was the business of this body to enquire into the religious belief of the parent whose paternal care and duty they were elected to discharge, and it was one of the obligations contracted by the committee on accepting the appointment, to see that the children who had been made a charge for them should be placed in such institutions as those in which, had the father survived, they would have been placed; that they should receive such an education as their fathers would have desired, and that such a sum should be allocated as would be sufficient to carry out these objects.

The commissioners should never have allowed the authority with which they were invested, and the influence which the power of the purse too often, unhappily, confers, to be wrested from the legitimate purpose for which they were intended, to the accomplishment of the aims of a bigoted faction. But we fear that the characteristics of political ambition which the dramatist describes when he says

"Comprendi

Che l'uomo ambizioso é uom crudele  
Tra le sue mire di grandezza e lui  
Metti il capo del padre e del fratello  
Calcherà l'uno e l'altro : e farà d'ambo  
Sgabello ai piedi per salir sublime,"

may with equal truth be attributed to religious fanaticism. For that, too, tramples under foot all the relations which society considers binding, disregards the obligation of the most sacred trust, and perverts man's noblest tendencies to the accomplishment of its nefarious projects.

The question of the truth or falsehood of particular religions was not intended, and should not be permitted, to be an element in the allotment of the patriotic fund. Had these children been the offspring of Mahomedan parents, we conceive the committee were bound to have them reared in those particular principles.

If, on the other hand, the Commissioners, in a spirit of compromise, order that there shall be no religious teaching in those schools, but that each may pursue his own course without let or hindrance, what an awful responsibility do they not contract. "Train up a child," says the wise man. Yes, like a tender sapling he must be trained. The evil excrescences which a nature prone to sin necessarily produces must be pruned, the wayward tendencies of childhood must be checked, in his weakness he must be propped up : the irregularities incident to youth must be corrected, and the emotions, the feelings, the talents, the aspirations, must be watched, cherished, directed to just purposes, and limited within proper bounds, to the end that a well-ordered and healthy maturity may be developed. This desirable result can be attained only by a religious and literary education combined. So necessary indeed has this combination been considered, that some of our ablest statesmen have not hesitated to declare religion an *essential* part of everything worthy of the name of education. In a debate in the House of Commons, on the subject of separate grants to the schools of each religious denomination, Lord Morpeth (now Earl of Carlisle), is reported to have said : " We might have taken a uniform scheme, in which we might have prescribed the same course to all alike without adverting to the existing methods, and without adopting any special method of religious teaching ; but I believe, in my conscience, that such a plan would not have met with the consent either of parliament or of the people." The religious education here mentioned and alluded to by those to whom we shall immediately refer, does not consist in merely telling children " to be good," they must be taught how. Strong principles of virtue must be inculcated ; the temptations and difficulties which beset the path of life should be pointed out ; courage to resist and fortitude to bear with those besetting evils of their career, should be carefully instilled into their youthful hearts. In the same debate Lord Mahon said : " For his own part he considered that if the state should confine itself to secular education, without associating it with religion, it would be doing absolutely worse than nothing." Lord John Russell said : " I do not think that the future minister, contemplated by the honorable member (Mr. Roebuck), is likely to have a very long tenure of power, if

'vote for education without religion' should be placed on his banner, and that schools entirely secular should be established by the state." Sir Robert Peel thus spoke: "I am for a religious, as opposed to a secular, education. I do not think that a secular education would be acceptable to the people of this country. I believe, as the noble Lord (John Russell) has said, that such an education is only half an education, but with the most important half neglected."

Need we add anything to these observations. Surely nothing can be more conclusive. And the necessity of a religious education being admitted, the question arises, does the term "religious education" apply to every other sect, and exclude only the members of the Catholic persuasion. We apprehend that such a distinction was never contemplated by the legislature, for in the measure which gave rise to the above quoted speeches, the rights of the Catholics are fully recognised. The teaching in their schools, endowed by this act, is Catholic, and everything connected with the system Catholic. Yet in this great public body, acting under the sanction of a royal commission, the rights of the Catholic children of Catholic soldiers are disregarded. It is a principle of the constitution that the child should be brought up in the religion of the father, but notwithstanding this well-established rule, the children of poor Catholic soldiers are seized upon by the proselytizing agents of the commissioners, and compelled either to forfeit all chance of protection or abandon their faith. Such is the fate which England has ordained for the children of those brave soldiers who have shed their blood in copious streams to defend her empire, increase her dominion, and exalt her power.

The letter of his Grace the Archbishop, above quoted, drew forth from Lord St. Leonards a statement, in the form of a note, addressed to the Editor of the *Times*, and published in that influential and authoritative journal. This statement attributes to the Archbishop, notwithstanding his Grace's express declaration to the contrary, a desire to "induce Roman Catholics to withhold their aid from the Relief Fund for the sufferers in India." Lest we might inadvertently omit any material part of this statement, we give his lordship's letter in extenso:—

*To the Editor of the Times.*

"SIR,

I have just read with much surprise and regret the contents of a letter in your journal of this morning, written by Archbishop Cullen, dated from Rome, and addressed to one of his vicars-general, with the object, as it seems, of inducing Roman Catholics to withhold their aid from the Relief Fund for the sufferers in India. If he really believes that there is danger that the fund may be applied 'by bigots to proselytizing purposes,' his better course would be to raise by the subscriptions of Roman Catholics a separate fund for the relief of the sufferers of their own persuasion, in that respect following apparently the example of a higher authority in the Roman Catholic Church. But could anything be more unwise? Is this a moment to add a drop to the cup of bitterness between the two churches? The heart of every man beats warmly in favour of our suffering and brave soldiers and fellow-subjects in India, without reference to creed. I cannot believe that any subscriber has considered whether his donation will relieve a Protestant or a Roman Catholic. The Sultan of Turkey has set us an example in his munificent subscription which may make us Christians ashamed of insisting upon differences between our churches as a ground for not subscribing to the general fund. Roman Catholic equally with Protestant blood has been freely shed with a noble daring in defence of our sovereignty in the East. Christians of all denominations have suffered torture and death in their most savage forms, and the object of the subscribers is to alleviate the suffering of those who survive. It is treason to humanity to suppose that the fund will not be honestly dedicated to the sacred purposes for which it is designed. Still, I should not have felt it my duty to make any remark on Dr. Cullen's letter, had he abstained from attacking the management of the Patriotic Fund as regards the widows and orphans of Roman Catholic soldiers during the period I had the honor of being chairman of the executive and finance committee. According to his statement, applications were made by Catholic clergymen of Dublin to the manager of the fund, in favor of the widows and orphans of soldiers killed in the Crimea, yet, as far as he could learn, not one shilling was then obtained by such applications. Now, I assert that no application for the relief of any widow or orphan of a soldier killed in the Crimea was ever rejected or neglected, although I think it probable that applications by Roman Catholic clergymen of Dublin for money to be remitted to them for distribution by them among claimants of their own creed were not complied with. But I say, without fear of contradiction, that in distributing relief no question ever arose as to the religious persuasion of the claimant, except so far as to make the mode of payment as agreeable as it might be to the recipient. Archbishop Cullen then states that when relief was granted in Dublin, a parson was always employed to administer it, and he had heard that he generally selected a Protestant church or vestry as the place of doing it out. I never heard, during the many months of my attendance on the duties of my office as chairman of the committee, any complaint of the manner



of the distribution, and the payments were made by the paymasters of pensions wherever their services could be obtained, and always so as to meet the convenience of the claimants as far as might be. Dr. Cullen then refers to the manner in which the funds were ultimately allotted, and he says that they seem to be all grants to Protestant institutions and Protestant purposes. This only proves that Dr. Cullen is writing from Rome upon a subject dear to England and Ireland, in regard to which he is ill-informed. At every step care has been taken to extend the same relief to the widows and children of Roman Catholics as to those of Protestants. But while religious belief forms no element in the claim to relief, due regard has been paid to the religious feelings and education of the Roman Catholics. Some attempt was made to obtain a separate allotment out of the fund, to be managed by a committee of Roman Catholic gentlemen, for the relief of Roman Catholic objects in Ireland; but this was resisted, and I certainly understood that the arrangements as they now stand satisfied all classes and every denomination of Christians. If the charge of unfair conduct in regard to relief from the Patriotic Fund should be persisted in, it may be found necessary to enter more particularly into facts, in order to vindicate the conduct of the committee, which, up to this moment has never been impeached.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

"ST. LEONARDS.

"Boyle Farm, October 5."

This letter it will be apparent does not touch the real point at issue, it keeps wide of the question, it indulges in imputations for which there is no ground, and proposes that a course should be adopted which the writer immediately scouts as most unwise. His lordship charges the Archbishop with "treason to humanity" in supposing that the fund will not be properly applied, and asks, "is this a moment to add a drop to the cup of bitterness between the two churches?" The insinuation contained in this question is most unfair, for it assumes that the Archbishop intended to produce, by his letter, such an effect. To us, who have attentively read his Grace's communication to the Very Reverend Monsignor Yore, it seems that his Grace's intention was quite the contrary, and that his desire, as manifested by his letter, was, that in the removal of the doubts entertained by his flock as to the proper administration of the patriotic fund, such an explanation of the course pursued by the commissioners and their agents might be afforded as would extinguish that "bitterness" which his lordship affirms to exist between the churches, and dispose the Roman Catholics to contribute to the Indian relief fund. His lordship proceeds, writing at random, upon this subject. The

manner in which he tries to evade the statistics of his Grace is really unworthy of a person occupying the high position of his lordship. He says, "Dr Cullen then refers to the manner in which the funds were ultimately allotted, and he says, 'that they seem to be all grants to Protestant institutions and Protestant purposes.' This only proves that Dr. Cullen is writing from Rome upon a subject dear to England and Ireland, in regard to which he is ill-informed." Any unprejudiced person can see the drift of this observation: it is a base attempt to pander to the anti-Roman passions of Englishmen. How locality can affect the existence or non-existence of a fact we are really at a loss to determine. But his lordship, seeing he could not deny the statement made by the Archbishop, and knowing the antipathy that exists in the minds of most Englishmen towards any person or anything connected with Rome, hoped to escape from the difficulty in which he found himself by an appeal to the fanaticism of English bigots. Such a subterfuge will not avail; for, though at particular periods opposition to Romanism may cloud the judgment and obscure for a time the reason of the English people, still their sense of justice and love for impartiality is too deeply rooted to permit any mere feeling of antagonism to impede the due course of unbiassed opinion. The English people value too highly the privilege of free utterance which they possess to allow themselves to be induced to yield up that right by the cajoleries of the most skilful charlatan. The Archbishop, confident in the correctness of his figures, tries to convince their judgments and their reason. Lord St. Leonards, conscious of the weakness of the cause he has undertaken to advocate, appeals to their prejudices and their passions. Let us not be supposed to question the right of the English people to indulge feelings of dislike towards Rome as the city of the Pontiffs; we consider the feeling as the result of a groundless prejudice, but they no doubt think themselves justified in fostering that sentiment; we do, however, most strongly object to public men endeavouring to excite those feelings by inconsequential reasoning, seeking to import partizanship into a case from which it should be sedulously excluded. To prove that we were justified in attributing to his lordship a desire to enlist the popular prejudice in his favour, it will be sufficient for us to point out the character of his argument. The Most Reverend Dr. Cullen made a certain

statement which his lordship does not attempt to displace, but contents himself with saying, "this only proves that Dr. Cullen is writing from *Rome* upon a subject dear to *England and Ireland*, in regard to which he is ill-informed." How such a deduction can be drawn we cannot conceive. What proves that "Dr. Cullen is writing from Rome?" The statement? If so it would follow that a fact, which is admitted to be a fact by the Report of the Patriotic Commissioners, ceases to be such when the person who reiterates the fact dates his letter from "Rome." If his lordship mean this it is absurd; if he do not mean this, he means nothing. But his lordship, we are sure, never contemplated any such fallacy; the predominant idea in his mind was, to create against the writer such a sentiment in the minds of his readers as would disincline them to lend a favourable ear to any future representations. This was the reason why his lordship placed in antithetical proximity Rome and England. Then comes the appendix "in regard to which he is ill-informed." This is only filling stuff, for his lordship knew very well that his Grace, in common with others, her Majesty's subjects at least, was in full possession of the facts disclosed by the report, perhaps signed by his lordship, and it would be rather too much to expect an intelligent reader to believe that his Grace was ignorant of the contents of a report in which so many of his flock were concerned, published in the newspapers fifteen months previous to the date of his Grace's letter. It was a nasty little trick, natural enough, perhaps, in a petty fogging attorney of the Old Bailey, but most unbecoming in a distinguished member of the House of Peers.

With regard to his lordship's understanding that the arrangements satisfied all classes and every denomination of christians, "we fear *he* was ill-informed;" if indeed his lordship includes Roman Catholics in any denomination of Christians. Any delusion under which his lordship may have laboured on this subject must have been removed by the letter of the Duke of Norfolk, which we subjoin:

"Norfolk house,

Wednesday, October 7, 1857.

"MY LORD,

"I have just read your lordship's letter to the *Evening Mail* animadverting upon a pastoral issued by the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen. I do not write for the purpose of commenting upon the general merits

of the Archbishop's pastoral, or of your lordship's letter ; but I cannot allow your lordship to continue in the belief that the arrangements of the Patriotic Fund, as they now stand, satisfy all classes and every denomination of Christians. To the Roman Catholics those arrangements are exceedingly unsatisfactory, and I shall feel much obliged to your lordship if you will in the ensuing session of Parliament move for returns upon the subject, so as to lay before the public the manner in which the large sums intrusted to the Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund have been dealt with, and thus to show how far Catholic feelings have been respected in their distribution. I feel it my duty to make this statement with reference to your lordship's letter, and to give it similar publicity.

" I have the honor to be, my lord, faithfully yours,

" NORFOLK.

" The Lord St. Leonards, etc."

The returns recommended in this letter, and afterwards in Lord St. Leonards' reply, partially promised, we believe have been prepared, but as they are not yet before the public, we cannot comment upon them. To the above letter of the Duke of Norfolk, Lord St. Leonards sent the following answer :—

" Boyle Farm, October 10.

" MY LORD,

" I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your Grace's letter. I believe that the manner in which the sums intrusted to the Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund have been dealt with, as far as they have been finally appropriated, is already before the public ; but the Royal Commissioners will, no doubt, reassemble before the meeting of parliament, when your Grace's letter to me can be brought under their consideration.

" I have the honor to be, my lord, your Grace's faithful servant,

" ST. LEONARDS.

" The Duke of Norfolk."

We give this correspondence at large, in order that the public may understand the condition of the question, at the time the Archbishop addressed to Lord St. Leonards the letter which we have placed at the head of this paper.

Such, then was the position in which matters stood at the time, when the Archbishop, having returned from Rome, published an answer to the observations of Lord St. Leonard's. His Grace's long absence in the Eternal City, and the time required to collect, and arrange the documents upon which his allegations were founded, prevented his Grace

from replying to the statements of his Lordship as speedily as was desirable. This delay led those journals hostile to his Grace to indulge in many a sneer at his Grace's want of prudence in preferring charges he was not able to substantiate, and many of them declared he had abandoned the contest: boldly asserted that his accusations were groundless, and vauntingly dared him to the proof. Had his Grace allowed the letter of Lord St. Leonards to remain unanswered, abandoned things to their natural course and left the vindication of his first letter to time and the progress of events, he would have been justified in so doing. For his Grace's statements had not been denied, nor his allegations disproved. But his Grace considered that he might be thought wanting in courtesy to the Commissioners, did he not proclaim the circumstances which had induced him to make so serious a charge against a public body. Little did those newspapers which prematurely proclaimed a victory understand the character of him over whom they rashly triumphed. Fear he knows not. His Grace is not one to stultify himself, by statements unadvisedly put forward and hastily withdrawn. He never complains without cause; never makes a statement, the accuracy of which can be questioned, nor prefers a charge, the validity of which can be impugned. He thoroughly sifts the circumstances of every case upon which he is required to form a judgment, and convinces himself, beyond the moral possibility of doubt, that the representations made to him are true, before he endorses with the sanction of his name assertions liable to be controverted. And it is meet it should be so. For there are so many ever on the watch, for opportunities to criticise, nay not unfrequently to distort, expressions for the furtherance of their malignant hostility, that it behoves one in his Grace's position to be wary lest by an incautious phrase or an indiscreet assertion he may give a topic to his opponents upon which they may descant to the prejudice of that authority with which every averment emanating from his Grace should be attended. And well does the Archbishop observe this caution. To him we may look with confidence, in him we may repose with safety, well assured that his authorities have been collated, his facts certified and his opinions formed upon data, that cannot be controverted.

The Archbishop's letter appeared on the 21st November, 1857. Great was the dismay felt by that portion of the

press, which with profligate mendacity, had not scrupled to designate his Grace's statements as false, and with characteristic prescience had predicted that he would not dare to confirm by proof, what he had so rashly volunteered to assert. Sad was the reverse which those writers experienced when "the reply to Lord St. Leonards" which publicly they boasted they so much desired, but which in reality they anticipated with great apprehension, appeared; and it should prove a warning, to those who indulge so freely in nocturnal vaticinations not to permit a personal hostility to lead them beyond the bounds which prudence prescribes. Thus it was in this case:—Imbued with the greatest animosity towards the person and the profession of the Archbishop, these writers hoped that his Grace would pursue that course which would have been most pleasing to their party, and as it not unfrequently happens that individuals who wish a certain course to be adopted become so engrossed by the desire, that they imagine what they wished for has been done. Besides, there is another reason, and even a stronger one, to account for the conduct of these journals. Most people are apt to fashion the conduct of others upon the model of their own under similar circumstances. And from a recent occurrence we have every reason to believe, that the manner of proceeding pointed at as that which the Archbishop was about to adopt, would be the very manner in which these newspapers would act, even were their charges as false as his Grace's have been proved to be true. As we before said, his Grace's letter appeared, and certainly we may say without any danger of been called a flatterer, that a more calm, dispassionate, impartial statement, it has rarely been our lot to hear or read. It displays an honest wish to have a fair investigation of the various circumstances he therein details. His Grace does not condescend to indulge in empty threats, fruitless warnings, or claptrap appeals to passion and prejudice; his sole object is to arrive at the truth, and he declares his willingness to correct any error into which through inadvertence or prepossession he may be betrayed. With a moderation that cannot be too highly commended, particularly as his subject might have justified some warmth of expression, involving as it does, interests of vast and vital importance to the members of his Grace's flock, the Archbishop has laid before the public the case upon

which he relies, furnishing evidence sufficient to vindicate his Grace's conduct in publishing certain allegations in his former letter, and sufficient also to show that his Grace's assertions prove something more than "that Dr. Cullen is writing from Rome upon a subject dear to England and Ireland, in regard to which *he is ill-informed.*"

Passing over then the early portion of his Grace's letter, which is occupied with a brief account of the progress of proselytism in this country, the methods by which these Christian (?) ministers inculcate by their example the doctrines of the gospel of charity, and how they strive to foster a feeling of brotherly love amongst neighbours. These being matters with which Irishmen are well acquainted and which Englishmen cannot comprehend,\* we do not think it judicious to enter upon any subject which would be at all likely to withdraw the attention of our readers from the topic in the discussion of which we are at present more immediately concerned. In order then that we may understand the points at issue, it will be necessary to state them fully. For it is perfectly useless to argue if we do not know what we are arguing about, and there can be no hope of arriving at a just conclusion unless the subject be clearly understood and fully agreed upon.

To this end we must beg our readers to disabuse their minds of the erroneous impression which some of the public prints have, no doubt for a particular purpose, sought to disseminate, viz. that our object is to impede the success of the collection for the relief of the Indian sufferers. Such an impression, besides being erroneous, would be most pernicious in its effect, as it would by enlisting the sympathies of those who feel warmly on this subject against our reasoning, disincline them to give to the views which we are propounding that impartial attention which the importance

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\*An English gentleman, a Protestant, who had previously enjoyed a blissful ignorance, with regard to the character of the proselytizing schools which are so numerous in this city, being brought by a friend to visit one, was so disgusted at the appearance, the demeanour of, and the answers given, to some of the pet questions usually propounded on the occasion of such visits, by, these converts (!) that he requested his friend to bring him to some Roman Catholic school in order that he might rid himself of the unpleasant impression which his visit had made, and begged his friend never to ask him to go to such a place again.

of the matters under our consideration will require. We have no such object in view, for that indeed would be "treason to humanity," but what we wish is simply to shew, from the facts which the Archbishop, brings forward and from others which must have attracted the attention of the public, that the Archbishop having regard to the knowledge he then possessed, was justified in warning his flock against the danger of permitting their compassion for the sufferings of their fellow countrymen to beguile them into conferring upon an irresponsible body, a power which might be employed to the spiritual injury of their brethren in the faith, unless some safeguards were afforded, other than those which on a former occasion had been found insufficient, to protect them against the recurrence of the evils of which in the management of the patriotic fund, his Grace had had reason to complain. The enquiry will thus naturally divide itself into two heads.

1st. Whether there existed any grounds for suspicion of proselytism in the management of the patriotic fund, entitling Catholics to consider that their interests had not been regarded in the disbursement of the funds at the disposal of the commissioners, and calculated to render them satisfied with the allocation of the surplus funds.

2nd. Whether Catholics had any guarantee that the money collected for the Indian relief fund might not be similarly applied.

The second point will follow as a corollary to the first, as the funds were pretty much in the same position, except that in the former a greater confidence was induced by the sanction under which the administrators acted, than can be claimed for the latter. If then we can prove that the Patriotic commissioners, or their agents, or both, were obnoxious to the charge of partiality in the distribution of relief to the persons committed to their care, or of bias in the selection of certain institutions as objects of their generosity in the allotment of the surplus funds at their disposal, we think we shall have established a sufficient vindication of the conduct of the Archbishop in recommending caution, and a sufficient justification of those who believe with him in withholding, under the circumstances, their aid from the fund for the relief of the sufferers in India. If the Catholics of this Empire have refrained from subscribing to the Indian



relief fund, all the blame must be laid at the door of that short-sighted bigotry, which, for the attainment of an ephemeral triumph, risks the success of every scheme of national benevolence, destroys the faith of a large portion of her majesty's subjects, in the existence of any security for a due regard being had to their religious feelings, in the distribution of public funds, and widens that gulf between the churches which good men deplore, and into which those who desire to promote the prosperity of the country would gladly pour their richest treasures, could they hope thereby to close it for ever. Now let us be clearly understood, and we are most anxious about this matter; we arraign not the management of the Indian relief fund, with which, as yet, we have had no reason to quarrel, but we do arraign the Patriotic Fund for using, or permitting to be used, the public money for proselytizing purposes, and for having allotted a large surplus of that money without regard to Catholic wants or Catholic wishes, to Protestant institutions and Protestant purposes.

These preliminaries being settled, we shall enter upon the consideration of the Archbishop's letter to Lord St. Leonards. After referring to the unfortunate condition of things in this country, where, on the one hand, the grossest abuse is daily heaped upon the religious creed and the religious observances of the Catholics, the former stigmatised as a fable, the latter ridiculed as a mummery; and on the other, the greatest inducements held out to tempt the poor to desert the faith of their fathers and adopt a form in which they cannot believe. We say cannot believe, for it is Dr. Johnson, we think, who says, that the sincerity of a conversion from Protestantism to Catholicity can be easily credited, for in this case it is only believing what has been already taught, and something more; but how a change from Catholicity to Protestantism can be the effect of conviction, he cannot understand; as, in the latter case, the convert has to disbelieve everything, which, up to the period of his change, he has been taught to believe, and adopt a new system opposed to all his preconceived ideas. Having related how, at the time when our Catholic soldiers were fighting side by side with their Protestant companions, and shedding their blood freely on the burning sands of India, to sustain the glory of England, and avert the fate which was supposed to impend, those apostles of intole-

rance did not hesitate to denounce the religion of these brave men as idolatrous, and themselves as little, if at all, better than those infidel Mahommedans against whom they were contending. Having deplored the existence of this unchristian warfare waged with such violence by persons claiming to be ministers of a gospel of peace, on the members of the Catholic church, and having shewn that he, on his part, has done all in his power to lessen the hostility between the churches, his Grace goes on to say :—

Now, having a knowledge of the party and the feelings which I have described, was I not, my Lord, justified in inquiring by whom the funds about to be collected, were to be managed,—whether by men of honour and character, or by men who on other occasions had not hesitated to traffic on human misery? Had I not a right to ask, without incurring the guilt of treason to human nature, what protection was to be given to poor Catholic orphans, in whose souls a traffic, worse than the slave trade, is sought to be established?

I perceive that an inquiry almost similar was considered expedient by a colleague of your Lordship in the management of the Patriotic Fund—Sir John Pakington. “There exists,” so we read in a letter of his to the *Times*, “in the public mind, in combination with a desire to subscribe, a feeling that no adequate security has yet been offered with respect either to the responsibility under which the fund is to be administered, or the principles, regulations, or conditions under which it is to be applied.” When such an uneasiness about the fund existed in England, where fair play is the general rule, and where no attempt is ever made to injure the religion of the great mass of the people, could it be considered strange that doubts of a similar nature should be raised in Ireland, where bigotry and intolerance have left indelible traces on the soil?

Nor, my Lord, was the management of the various funds, collected for the relief of the sufferers in the late Russian war, calculated to make us place unbounded confidence in every future collection. In many cases, the sums raised were openly applied to the purposes of proselytism. A respectable lady living in Ireland, the widow of an officer, assured me some time ago, that, having applied to one of the societies established for relieving sufferers in the army, she was promised the means of educating her son and daughter, but was informed, at the same time, that they would be obliged to attend Protestant service at the school in which they were to be placed. I believe some of the public committees, and the founders of Hampstead School, did not attempt to conceal their proselytizing tendencies.

Greater regard to justice and charity was certainly displayed in the management of the Patriotic Fund, and undoubtedly your Lordship and your colleagues undertook that work of benevolence in a most impartial spirit. That, however, in carrying it out, grounds for complaint have been given, and arrangements attributed to your body or your agents, have been looked on justly with dissatisfaction, I trust I shall give you convincing proof. Far be it from me, how-

ever, to charge you or your colleagues, with a desire to do anything unfair, though I cannot but condemn some of the proceedings for which you are held responsible. Probably, whatever was defective or reprehensible in your administration, is to be attributed to under-agents of biased minds, whilst all the good that was done is to be referred to the direct agency of the Commissioners themselves.

It may be true, and no doubt it is, that the commissioners entered upon their duties with the very best possible intentions of acting with impartiality, but, it is clearly manifest that these intentions were not, in the sequel, carried out. It may be that the functions of this commission were, like those of other similar public bodies, in reality discharged by one or two working members, the others merely assenting to their acts, quite satisfied with the representations made to them, and it may be that these representations were not always in strict accordance with truth. It may be that the Commissioners, relying on the statements made to them of the favor and approval with which the conduct of their agents in Ireland had been regarded by all parties, considered that these officials had in every matter acted with fairness and impartiality towards the applicants for assistance, and were therefore entitled to the support of the Commissioners against the groundless clamour which discontented and ill-conditioned persons sought to excite. The idea prevalent amongst English people, that Irishmen, but particularly Irish Catholics, so love grievances that they cannot live without them, and oftentimes themselves create the evils of which they complain, may have induced the Commissioners to pass unnoticed the many demands for redress. But this is no apology, for the commissioners were bound to see that the money was properly distributed, and should not have allowed their names to be used without the strictest investigation. We set a high value upon the honour of English gentlemen, and cannot believe that they would be, knowingly, parties to what, in the mildest terms, must be called a fraud upon the public; but, if they desire that their high reputation for probity should continue unimpeachable, they must themselves be careful not to allow their characters to be trifled with, nor permit their names to be associated with proceedings more than suspicious. Spotless reputation is the highest boast of man, the purest treasure mortal times afford; as the poet says:—

“ Mine honour is my life, both grow in one,  
Take honour from me and my life is done.”

A fair name, without which, "men are but gilded loam and painted clay," should not causelessly or unheedingly be endangered by a rash adoption of statements open to contradiction. This is even more needed in public men; occupying, as they generally do, positions challenging public confidence, any failure on their parts tends to throw discredit upon every enterprise undertaken under their auspices. Besides being brought prominently before the country, their conduct is open to such severe scrutiny and their motives so often canvassed, that it is incumbent upon them to be careful so to regulate their lives that no imputation can be cast upon the integrity of their motives and the uprightness of their acts. The evil which results to the middle and lower classes from the corruption of those in high places, has been, in every age and in every country, too plainly exhibited to require notice. There is such a spirit of imitation in man, and such an absorbing sentiment of adulation for the aristocracy, in these countries, that the follies, the eccentricities, nay, the very vices of the great, are, by the little, aped, copied and exaggerated.

There is also this to be noted, that every evidence of the absence of those high principles, which should be the rule of all, afforded by the exalted and the noble of the land, weakens the prestige by which rank is hedged round: and every gap thus created presents an opening for the encroachment of those levelling doctrines which are dangerous even to democracies, and would be destructive of that mixed government under which we live. It behoves, then, those entrusted with public duties to perform them with honesty and fidelity. The neglect of this precaution, which is so necessary, even in our private relations, has involved the commissioners of the patriotic fund in a very serious difficulty, from which they will find it no easy task to extricate themselves with personal credit and public approbation. There must be no shuffling, no quibbling, no shifting of blame from one to the other, from principal to agent, from agent to principal. The public will not be trifled with. A great question is at issue. Did the commissioners faithfully administer the trust on which the public money was confided to them, or suffer it to be diverted to dark dishonour's use? Was it treated as a memorial of a nation's gratitude towards those who fell in defence of that nation's honour, or regarded only as a testi-

mony of partizan zeal for the promotion of sectarian purposes. Let the facts speak. Here is one :—

Among the many brave soldiers who lost their lives in the service of their country during the late Russian war, we find the name of Serjeant John Kirley, of the Fourth Dragoon Guards. Kirley was a native of Louth, and a Catholic. When dying, he left behind him in this country, a wife and three children. Unhappily, her afflictions preyed upon his wife's mind, and after some time she was placed in a lunatic asylum in this city. In the mean while, the report having gone abroad that the children were about to be sent to Protestant schools, at the expense of the Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund, the Rev. Canon Grimley, a clergyman who had devoted many years to the religious instruction of the Catholic soldiers in Dublin, wrote to Major Harris of the Royal Hospital of this City, agent to the Commissioners, informing him that the young Kirleys were Catholics, and protesting against any unjust interference with their religion. Major Harris did not give a decisive answer to Canon Grimley's letter, but stated that he would refer the case to the consideration of the Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund.

The question of the education of three Catholic children was thus fairly brought before the Commissioners, or those who were acting in their name. What their decision was, we learn from a letter of Major Harris, in reply to Canon Grimley, who, having waited for several weeks without hearing anything further about the fate of the young Kirleys, begged of the major, in a second communication, to let him know what was the decision of the Commissioners. Here is Major Harris's letter, of which I hold the original :—

“ Royal Hospital, Dublin,

“ Sir,

“ April 26, 1857.

“ I have the honour to acknowledge your note of the 19th inst. It does not appear that the children of Serjeant Kirley were ever, at any time, brought up by their parents in the Roman Catholic faith, and therefore they have been sent to a Protestant school where they will be well taken care of by the Royal Patriotic Commission. Had these children been Roman Catholics, they would have been sent to a Roman Catholic school, and the same care would be taken of them.

“ Should any further correspondence on this subject appear to you to be necessary, I beg you will be so good as to address it to the Honorary Secretary of the Royal Patriotic Commission.

“ I have the honour to be, Sir,

“ Your most obedient Servant,

(Signed) “ R. R. HARRIS,

“ Major and District Officer.

“ Rev. Thomas Grimley, etc.,

“ St. Paul's Church, Dublin.”

Here let us pause to direct the attention of our readers to the letter of the gallant major.

The Reverend Canon Grimley, is a most estimable clergyman, universally respected by all parties for his zeal and piety; he has devoted much of his time to the religious instruction of Catholic soldiers, and in the discharge of the many duties incident to his position must have had some official intercourse with the major. This Reverend gentleman, hearing that the young Kirleys had been sent to a Protestant school, wrote to the major, as the agent of the Patriotic Commissioners, informing him that these children were Catholics. To this letter an evasive answer was returned. After some time, Canon Grimley wrote again, and in reply, received the note to which we wish to draw the *particular* attention of the reader. The major knew Canon Grimley to be a Priest, a gentleman of high honour and of unimpeachable veracity, yet with a want of courtesy difficult to understand, the usual style of address adopted towards clergymen is departed from, probably through inadvertence; but it is strange that a tone so different from that which was exhibited in Major Harris' former letter should be so suddenly manifested. It suggests the idea that the Commissioners may have had a wish to snub any intermeddling Catholic Priest whose troublesome enquiries might disturb the even tenor of the course they had resolved to pursue.

This officer then proceeds with his letter in these words: "It does not appear that the children of Serjeant Kirley were ever at any time brought up by their parents in the Roman Catholic faith, and *therefore* they have been sent to a Protestant school where they will be well (!) taken care of by the Royal Patriotic Commission". This is another of those little courtesies which abound in the major's "complete letter writer" under the heading of "reply to a letter from a popish priest." Civilians usually indulge in the habit of softening down the asperities of a correspondence in regard to a matter in which there may exist a difference of opinion, and when they wish to intimate a doubt of the truth of any statement made by the writer to whom they are replying, generally convey their disbelief, in that well understood, but still inoffensive phrase, "we fear you are ill informed." But the major, with that military frankness and soldierlike disregard for the amenities of social life, goes straight to the point, and on the principle of when you mean a thing, say it in the plainest way, and in the fewest

possible words, he tells Canon Grimley plumply, "he lies." "Sir, you lie." Nothing is simpler, nothing more daring, and like other simple and daring things, nothing more dangerous. The major is now "in position," he cannot retreat. Oh yes he can. He is too clever a tactician to be trapped so easily. He only wrote as agent of the Patriotic Commissioners, and acted on "instructions from head quarters." Very well, major, we are content, every latitude will be given to you. It will answer our purpose as well to have it so. No doubt you conveyed to the Commissioners, all that Canon Grimley wrote to you. We should like to see that letter, and the answer the Hon. Sec. sent to it. The Commissioners then were in full possession of all the facts of the case, and they directed their Secretary to direct you to write the letter of "April 26, 1857." Every enquiry was, of course, made to discover in what religion the Kirleys had been brought up. The authorities in Dundalk were written to; the Rev. Mr. Hort, Chaplain of the Dublin garrison, was consulted; the records of the penitentiary were searched to discover the religion of the surviving parent; and all concurred to shew that the parents were not Catholics, and that the children were never at any time brought up by their parents in the Roman Catholic faith. Had they been, "they would have been sent to a Roman Catholic school, and the same care would be taken of them." Major, previous to your writing this letter, had you been at the Grange Gorman Penitentiary? If you had been, you knew that Mrs. Kirley was entered there as a "Roman Catholic." Did you ask the Chaplain, in what faith the children had been brought up? If you did you would have been informed "in the Roman Catholic faith." If you did make these enquiries, and still wrote what you did write, you acted very improperly. If you did not make these enquiries, and wrote the letter of the 26, of April, of your own mere motion, in contradiction of Canon Grimley's statement, you have placed yourself in a most unenviable position. Should it so happen that you continue in that ignorance which to you, under the circumstances would be bliss, we regret that duty obliges us to deprive you of your enjoyment. It is a fact that Serjeant Kirley was a Catholic, his father and mother, now dead, were Catholics, his brother and sister still living are Catholics. Kirley attended mass in Dundalk, and performed the other duties required of him by his Church. This you might have learned from the

Chaplain at that station. Whilst stationed there he placed his children in the school attached to the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy in that town, as proved by a letter of the superioress, which we insert.

"MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,—

"St. Malachi's,

"October 26, 1857.

"In reply to your Grace's kind letter, which I received this morning, I beg to say that Margaret, Patrick, and Alice Kirley, attended our schools during the months of June, July, and August, 1854. The father, a soldier, brought them himself, and was most anxious they should be instructed in the Catholic religion. . . .

(Signed) "SR. M. DE SALES VIGNE."

Had you consulted the Rev. Mr. Hort, he would have told you that when he proposed to Kirley sending one of his girls to England to a Protestant lady, the Serjeant stipulated that the girl should be brought up a Catholic.

Now for Mrs. Kirley: Some of our good friends of the press made great fun of this poor woman. They referred with great glee to the number of times she had been in prison. But now she is on the high road to respectability, she has become a Protestant. But what was she at the time the children were about being sent to school? Here are the letters of the governor and of the chaplain of the Penitentiary.

"Grangegorman Prison, Dublin,

"REVEREND SIR,

"November 4, 1757.

"With reference to your letter just received, I beg to state that you shall have the same information as that given to Major Harris, concerning the prisoner Kirley.

"Major Harris called here early in the summer of this year, and told me that the object of his visit was, if possible, to ascertain the religion of the children of the woman Kirley, who was then in my custody as a lunatic; that he was anxious to do something for them on the part of the Patrotic Fund Committee. I at once complied, and in the Major's presence directed Mr. Warren, the chief clerk, who has charge of the registries, and who is a most correct officer, to refer to them, which he did, and I think he traced herself and children back, in the Beggar's Registry, for four, but I am quite certain for three times or committals, and in each of these they were entered 'Roman Catholics,' and, if I mistake not, Major Harris did not consider it necessary to trace them farther back. I then sent for Kirley, who made some rambling remarks. I, however, told the Major that I would get a certificate from the medical officer, to say whether she was capable of making any statement which could be relied upon; this I did, and forwarded it to him; but the doctor's opinion was that she was a mere lunatic.

"On her last committal as a lunatic, she was also entered as a Roman Catholic.

"I have the honor to be, Reverend Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"Rev. Canon Grimley."

"THOMAS L. SYNNOTT."



" 19 Cabra Parade, Dublin,

" November 4, 1857.

" DEAR MR. GRIMLEY,

" In answer to your queries I have to state that Mrs. Kirley and her children were in the penitentiary of which I am chaplain. They were Catholics. I instructed the eldest child in her religious duties, and she went several times to confession.

" Believe me to be

" Your faithful servant,

" THOMAS WHYTE,

" Roman Catholic Chaplain to Grangegorman  
Penitentiary.

" Very Rev. Canon Grimley,

" etc., etc."

Lest there might be any doubt of the religion which Mrs. Kirley professed, we subjoin a set of affidavits sworn before M. Kelly, Esq., J. P. for the county Louth, testifying to the fact of the religion of parents and children being the same.

" I, Elizabeth Quinn, of Lisdoe, county Louth, do solemnly and sincerely declare, that I am sister of the late Serjeant John Kirley, of the Fourth Dragoon Guards; that Margaret M'Cormick, my brother John's wife, lived with me for four months; that she and her children attended Mass while stopping with me, and that said Margaret M'Cormick, my brother John's wife, told me she was at confession with Father Kieran of Dundalk. My brother John Kirley expressed in my presence that he wished his children to be educated in the Convent School of Dundalk."

" I, Patrick Kiernan, C.C. of Dundalk, do solemnly and sincerely declare, that Mrs. Kirley, wife of the late Serjeant Kirley, of the Fourth Dragoon Guards, presented herself for the reception of Sacraments in the Catholic Church at Dundalk."

" I, Mary Macken, of Dundalk, do solemnly and sincerely declare, that I lived in the same house with Mrs. Kirley, wife of the late Serjeant John Kirley, of the Fourth Dragoon Guards, about three months; that I heard her frequently say she was a Roman Catholic; that she could have got her eldest child provided for by a Protestant lady in England, but she would not consent to have her child brought up a Protestant."

" I, Rose Martin, of Seatown, county Louth, do solemnly and sincerely declare, that Mrs. Kirley, wife of the late Serjeant John Kirley, of the Fourth Dragoon Guards, lived in my house in Seatown; that I saw her and her children at Mass; that I heard her say she was a Roman Catholic; that I heard Serjeant Kirley state he wished above all things his children would be educated by the nuns."

Now what becomes of the major's, "It does not appear that the young Kirleys were ever at any time brought up in the Roman Catholic faith." Had one of the parents been a Protestant, there might have been some colour for the supposition that they had got no religious education at all, for mixed marriages oftentimes produce indifferentism in both parents, or matters are arranged between the parties by a compromise. But when both parents were Roman Catholics, married by a Roman Catholic Priest, it does appear rather absurd, to suppose that the children of such a marriage should be brought up not in the Roman Catholic faith. But we have shown by the strongest evidence, that these children were Catholics, and therefore the major's assertion is proved false. Now these matters have been known to the major for some time, yet he has neither withdrawn or explained his statement, but like a true hero is resolved to die at his post. As soon as these facts came to light, the Patriotic Commissioners immediately sent the children to a Catholic school, in accordance with the major's promise? Nothing of the sort. They have the children, and they have the mother, and they declare the mother wishes the children to be brought up Protestants. The wishes of a lunatic are certainly sure guides, and safe ones, to indicate how the children should be reared. Should her madness assume a different form, what will be the fate of the children? Thus these "Patriots and Proselytizers" take advantage of the position in which the country has placed them to defeat the purpose for which they were appointed. Hitherto it had been but too apparent, how the most awful calamity which had ever afflicted a country could be used as a means to rob the poor of that religion, to which through ages of persecution they had clung with wonderful tenacity, and that under the guise of private benevolence, individuals could avail themselves of the destitution of many to tamper with the faith of a few. But it remained to be proved, that a great national body organised for a noble purpose could degrade its high mission to accomplish the base ends of misguided zealots. It had been hoped that the blood so freely shed for England's glory, would have put an end to the distinctions which party feeling had created, and that the companionship of labour, of suffering, and of victory, abroad would have been the forerunner of union at home: that

henceforth all differences of creed, should merge in the undivided effort to promote the prosperity of the country, and that the time, ingenuity, and energy previously expended in fostering religious rancour, and sectarian bigotry, would be for the future employed to maintain and increase the acknowledged interests of the community, and the ancient power of these realms. But vain were such expectations, for the conduct of the Commissioners has revived the old enmities, which were fast disappearing, and has added to these feelings the consciousness, that not even the sacred name of Royalty can ensure to the Catholic that even-handed justice to which long-tried fidelity to the sovereign ought to have entitled him, nor preserve him from a persecution more odious than the most bloody enactments, which penal legislation devised. The love of the Irish people for learning is well known, and universally admitted. In the olden time, this country produced many great scholars, who carried to foreign climes, a knowledge of those sciences and that literature which else had perished, amid the darkness which overhung the then known world. In the eighth century, indeed, the high reputation of the Irish for scholarship, had become established throughout Europe. England herself owes to the piety and learning of Irishmen, her preservation from that total ignorance, which the convulsions, caused by internal dissensions and foreign invasions, were calculated to engender.

When more recently, the unjust and abominable enactments of a penal code inflicted the greatest hardships upon the native population, the denial of the privilege to obtain an education at home was felt most galling. Many who possessed the means to do so, sent their children to foreign seminaries, and thus enabled them to receive that instruction which, at home, it was forbidden to afford. Even the mass of the population, though unable thus to gain knowledge for their children, sent them to some obscure scholar, who, under the guise of far different avocations, evaded the vigilance of the officers of the law; and many a man who, with the last generation has passed from amongst us, could recall the spot where beneath the hedgerow that skirted some lonely roadway, he imbibed the first rudiments of those ancient languages in which the leading spirits of Greece and Rome were wont to ridicule the follies, denounce the

vices, or arouse the enthusiasm of their countrymen. When, however, a milder tone, more in accordance with the advancing spirit of the age, pervaded our laws, and those restrictions, which before, had repressed the tendency of our race, were removed, the genius of the youth of Ireland asserted its pre-eminence, and proved that centuries of penal laws had not dimmed the lustre of its hereditary glories. Now, this brave old land presents a picture unparalleled in the history of any country on the face of God's earth, of a people long enslaved, proscribed, nearly exterminated, springing into new life and vigour, overcoming by the mere force of its talent, its integrity, its perseverance, every obstacle which jealousy and power could oppose, and wresting from the hands of a long dominant, and still hostile faction, those rights from which it had been so long excluded. Still hostile do we say? Yes! for, finding repression unavailing, knowing that penal laws cannot now be reinforced, they seek to render ineffectual the rights they have been forced to concede; by jibes and jeers they seek to lessen the authority of our ministers; by insidious schemes of mixed education they try to sap the foundation of our religious belief; and to cap the climax of their iniquity, they divert the pure stream of national benevolence into the foul and fetid sink of sectarian proselytism. Is there no law to touch these men? Shall private peculation and personal dishonesty be amenable to justice, and those who have violated the most solemn obligations of a public trust escape with impunity? Shall these be permitted to carry on a trade in souls, more heinous than that accursed traffic, which erewhile excited the indignant vengeance of the English nation? That trade in human blood which enlisted the principles and feelings of our common nature against it, was less cruel, less unnatural than the system authorised by the commissioners, which deals in the souls of men. The former affected only the body, and influenced only the temporal condition of the sufferers; the latter affects the very soul, and will influence the eternal destiny of its victims. It behoves, therefore, those who are members of the Catholic Church, and who are placed, by Providence, beyond the reach of these ravening wolves, to help their weaker and poorer brethren, by every means within their reach; and as the law has been invoked to protect those evil-doers, let us, too, put that

law in motion to discover how far such misconduct will be permitted. Let us meet them on their own ground; let us seize every opportunity to trace and bring to light their deeds of darkness; let us not be discouraged by one failure or twenty failures, but persevere, confident in the conviction that "God will defend the right."

We have a little above asked this question—should Mrs. Kirley's madness take a different course, what would be the fate of her children? And to this we had intended to reply by analogy, judging from the conduct of a certain institution in England with regard to the children of corporal Guilfoyle. Whilst writing this paper, any necessity for a hypothetical answer has been removed by the occurrence of a case, the particulars of which we have just read, and to the circumstances of which, we shall venture to call the attention of our readers. We extract from the "Weekly Register."

We do not certify the facts, but we have every reason to believe they are true; for we cannot imagine that a respectable newspaper would, knowingly, state a falsehood. And this recital is so circumstantial, that, until there be an official contradiction of the statement, we must give it credence. In stating that a matter did *not* occur, which has happened, the party may not be guilty of any wish to misrepresent, and if the occurrence have taken place at any considerable distance of time, a justification may be found in that defectiveness of memory, to which we are all, in a greater or less degree, liable; and this is the view commonly taken by juries when deciding upon testimony of a contradictory character, as to events which may or may not have happened; but when a person states a fact to exist, which does not exist at all, he renders himself obnoxious to the charge of grossly and wilfully perverting the truth. Now, this journal is either telling a lie, or asserting a fact; if the former, why has it not been contradicted? if the latter, then we are bound to give the narrative our entire belief. We give it for what it is worth, let the reader judge of its value.

As we before stated, the commissioners bound themselves to educate the children in the religion of their fathers, having regard to the rights of the surviving mother; and they have also admitted that they were *in loco parentis*, and bound to enquire what was the father's religion,

not to take it on trust. Now, let us see how this principle is acted on when a Catholic is the subject of their jurisdiction. We give the facts in our own language :—

Private Nelson of the 95th regiment, a Catholic, had four children, aged respectively (in 1855), nine years and a half, six years and a half, five years, and three years. He died in the Crimea ; his widow is a Catholic ; the four children were sent to a Protestant school. Recently, several Catholic children have been removed from Protestant to Catholic schools, on the demand of their mothers. There was some chance that Mrs. Nelson might do the same. How was this to be avoided ? It seems there was some rule made by the commissioners, according to which every application for the placing of a child at a Catholic school, is rigidly refused, if the child want a day of being seven years old ; but if the Catholic mother permitted her child to be sent to a Protestant school, this rule was relaxed. One of Mrs. Nelson's children is still under the prescribed age ; she was therefore told at the office, some months ago, that she must remove it from this school, in which it had been placed, and keep it at home. She perfectly understood, that if she left her children at the Protestant school this notice would be allowed to remain a dead letter. For many months it continued so ; this poor woman applied to have her four children sent to a Catholic school ; the request was refused. "There is yet another remarkable fact," says the writer, and we shall now let him speak for himself :—

"There is yet another remarkable fact in the case of those poor children. When the mother went down in person into Hampshire to remove them, all the children, including the youngest (only five years old), refused to go with her, and she was compelled to return to London without them. This, we doubt not, will be represented by the agents of the Patriotic Fund as a signal triumph : they are heartily welcome to it. It shows what sort of training Catholic children receive at the schools to which they are consigned by Captain Fishbourne—how much more carefully they are instructed in theological controversy than in filial duty. The poor widow ascertained that notice had been sent to the managers of the school, some days before she came with Captain Fishbourne's order for their removal. The time thus gained had been carefully made use of. To speak on the representation of children is never safe ; their account may materially differ from the representation which the managers of the school would give of the same facts. Their account, true or false, is, that they were sent for by the lady who keeps it, and alarmed by being told of the treatment they would receive if they went. They even go into particulars, and say they were warned that they would be shut up, and not let to get

out, with other details of cruelty so strange as to sound like a child's misunderstanding. That it was suggested by any ill-will towards their teachers is unlikely, as they give the highest account of their good and kind treatment by them. In the end, after a second journey from London, the poor widow, not without considerable difficulty, recovered her children. On all this we would make only one comment. It explains Captain Fishbourne's obstinate refusal of any clue to the particulars of his proceedings; the names, ages, &c., of the children whom he has placed in different schools, how long they remained there, and where they now are, &c. If our parliament or her Majesty's ministers are really desirous of fair play, it will lead them to compel him to give that information. But, be this as it may, the Catholics of the Empire have much in their own hands. Somewhere around us are the mothers of the poor children whom he has kidnapped. They feel more than any one else, the sin against God, and the cruelty towards their children, which they have reluctantly been induced to commit. All that is necessary is to find them out; to explain to them their rights, and to assure them of influential support in demanding them, and they will only be too glad to remove their children."

Here is another example of how the public funds are disposed of. Every inducement is held out to poor Catholics, to cause them to allow their children to be brought up Protestants, and every impediment thrown in the way of their rearing them in their own religion. How is it reconcileable with a due execution of the trust reposed in the commissioners, that they should have one rule for those who wish to have their children educated in Catholic schools, and another for those who are willing to sacrifice them to the tender mercy of zealots. Many a poor woman overcome by her afflictions, and worn out by her poverty, may have been terrified by the prospect of having to charge herself with the maintenance of a child whom probably her means were inadequate to support. The want of courage, to view without flinching, such a prospect, might have induced weak mothers to neglect their offspring. The children would, in this way, have been left at the school, reared Protestants, and the reply to any indignant demand on the part of the members of her creed, would have been, the children were here by their mother's wish. The scene which took place on the demand of Mrs. Nelson for her children, is only one out of the many instances which might be adduced to prove how the managers of the Patriotic Fund have been able to sustain their statement with regard to the paucity of Catholics in the British army. But their triumph will be short lived. The country is at length awake; the indignation of the people

is enkindled, it will descend in thunder, and scatter this guilty traffic to the winds.

We shall just mention one other case, and then revert to the Archbishop's letter on the allotment of the surplus funds.

William Norris of the 90th Regiment, was a Catholic. He married a girl named Margaret Donovan, also a Catholic. They had children, and when Norris was leaving this country with his regiment, under orders for the East, he begged of Canon Grimley, who acted as Chaplain to the Catholic soldiers in the Dublin garrison, to take care of them, to look after their education, and see that they were religiously reared in the old faith. Poor fellow: he died in the Crimea. His widow, anxious that her children should be well taken care of, applied to have them placed in Catholic schools. No attention was paid to her request. She repeated her application again and again, specifying that she desired Mary-Ann Norris to be placed either at St. Clare's Orphan school, Harold's Cross, or in the school attached to the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Baggot-street.

Still her demand was neglected. Worn out by these reiterated refusals and reduced to extreme poverty, she again waited on the agent of the Commissioners, and stated her wish to leave the selection of a school to him. Immediately the agent wrote, and by return of post, an answer was received from Captain Fishbourne stating that the girl should be at once sent to London, and a sufficient sum of money placed at the disposal of the mother to enable her to come up to London with her child, and to pay her expenses back to this country. They went to London. The child was placed at a Protestant school; the mother returned, and heart broken at the fate to which the pressure of want had induced her to commit her child, died in a short period. She is no more. May her poverty plead an excuse for this her grave dereliction of duty. But it affords no excuse to the Commissioners. The agent here can offer no apology for such conduct. He well knew the religion of the father. There was no stain on the moral conduct of the mother; her wishes upon the subject were known; they were in accordance with those long before expressed by the father, and her wishes being in such perfect harmony with his



desire, his religion was the religion in which, according to the express declaration of Captain Fishbourne, the children should be educated. What now becomes of the assertion of Major Harris in the case of the Kirleys? "Were they known to be Roman Catholics they would be sent by the Commissioners to Roman Catholic schools and well taken care of." It just occurs to us to ask who is this Fishbourne? There was a Fishbourne in Carlow of whom we in our youth heard much, who, with four other Magistrates, was struck off the roll on a representation to the Lord Chancellor for having interfered with the civil rights of one or two hundred Catholics. We wonder is the gallant Captain any relation of this ex-Magistrate. It would be well to know this, for we might then be able to estimate the justice of the Commissioners, and be enabled to understand much which is at present incomprehensible. If he be a relative we cannot congratulate the public upon the selection of such a man to administer a fund in which Catholics are interested. Out of this case of Mrs. Norris arose an amusing correspondence which we shall insert, in order to relieve the tedium of this matter of fact paper. The Archbishop interested himself in this poor Mrs. Norris, and referred to her case in his letter to Lord St. Leonards. The reference attracted the attention of a gallant Major, not the Kirley's Major, but another Major, Mrs. Norris's Major: and he wrote an indignant letter to the Archbishop in the following terms.

Royal Hospital, Dublin, December 10, 1857.

MY LORD—I have the honour to state for your information, that, as I was the only person in Dublin acting for the royal commissioners' Patriotic Fund that had any right to forward any application for Mrs. Norris, the woman alluded to by you at page 38, in your letter to Lord St. Leonards, I therefore consider I have a right to demand from your Lordship to state whether or not I am the official alluded to at page 38 who treated Mrs. Norris so uncivilly, as described by your Lordship? I have the honour to be, my lord, your most obedient servant,

OWEN LLOYD ORMSBY.


Major, and O.S. 2nd Dublin District.

The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Roman Catholic Archbishop,  
&c., &c., 55, Eccles-street, Dublin.

To this note his Grace returned a very proper and becoming answer, informing Major Ormsby that his knowledge was derived from two gentlemen who had the facts

from the lips of Mrs. Norris herself. Here is the Archbishop's letter.

55, Eccles-street, 14th December, 1857.

SIR—In reply to your letter of the 10th instant, with which I have been honoured, I beg to state that I have given all the information of which, when writing, I was possessed regarding Mrs. Norris, at page 40 of the third edition of the letter to Lord St. Leonards, published a day or two before your letter reached me. By referring to that page, you will perceive that my information was derived from a gentleman who, in company with another, had received it from the lips of Mrs. Norris herself. My informant, in his letter, does not mention the name of the official who treated with Mrs. Norris about sending her child to a Protestant school; but he declared that he and his friend are ready to verify this statement, of which I gave a condensed account, before any tribunal or commission deputed to examine the case. Since my letter to Lord St. Leonards was published, another gentleman has informed me that he had also a conversation with Mrs. Norris, and that in course of it she referred to a letter addressed by herself to the commissioners, and to an answer she received from them early in November, 1856; also, to another letter addressed to the commissioners about the middle of said month, and to an answer received to the same letter. If these four documents, and all the correspondence that passed between Mrs. Norris and the commissioners be produced, perhaps the name of the official she mentioned may be discovered, and her own feelings more fully understood. It appears that Mrs. Norris is dead. The high character and unbounded integrity of my informant leave no room to doubt that she made the statement given in my letter. If she brought an unfounded charge against an official of the commissioners, she has already rendered a dreadful account for having done so; if, on the contrary, her statement be correct, the official will, in his turn, have to answer before a just Judge, who is no respecter of persons, for having induced a poor woman to act against her conscience, and to sacrifice the faith of her child, which should have been dearer to her than life itself. As I am only anxious that the full truth should be known, I have waived all controversy about the right which you assume of putting me questions, whilst these whom you represent have given no answer to a plain statement of facts sent to them. I have the honour to be your obedient servant. (Signed)  PAUL CULLEN.

Major Owen Lloyd Ormsby, O.S. 2nd Dublin District.

The Major grew pugnacious, and like most persons who lose their temper lost his head, for we cannot believe that "an officer and a gentleman" having full possession of his faculties could have penned such an effusion as the following.

Royal Hospital, Dublin, Dec. 21, 1857.

MR LORD—In reply to letter of the 14th inst, have the honour to acquaint you, as you decline to say whether or not the statement

published by you. relative to a Mrs. Norris, alluded to me, I have now to state in the most positive manner, that the statements referred to are utterly without foundation, if intended for me. I have the honour to be, my lord, your most obedient servant,

OWEN LLOYD ORMSBY,  
Major and O.S., 2nd Dublin District.

The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Roman Catholic Archbishop,  
55, Eccles-street, Dublin.

We venture to say that the veriest tyro just entering upon a course of "Lindley Murray" would have blushed had such a letter been attributed to him. Leaving out the parenthesis, we are enabled to behold more clearly the beauties of this epistolary gem. It will run thus—"My Lord, In reply to your letter of the 14th instant, I have the honor to acquaint you, I have now to state in the most positive manner &c., &c."

What an extraordinary sample of military letter writing. The manner affords an example of a disregard for the ordinary rules of composition, as the matter does a neglect of those of propriety. Judging from this sample we would advise the Major to give a lecture on the personal pronouns for the benefit of the "Patriotic Fund." He would eclipse Blair, and might become the head of a new school of composition. It is fortunate for the benefit of "the Service" that competitive examinations were not known when Major Ormsby was gazetted, or we fear he should have been to use the technical term, "Spun," and thus the Military branch of "the Service" would have been deprived of a most intelligent officer, and the Patriotic Commissioners would have lost the assistance of this invaluable official.

Notwithstanding this "bit o' writin'," his Grace, not heeding this ungrammatical scribbler, but anxious that the public mind should be satisfied as to the bona fides of his Grace's statements, sent a reply asking for the production of the letters which passed between the Major and his masters in reference to the case of the widow Norris, and calling the Major's attention to some letters which his Grace thought might be within Ormsby's reach.

55, Eccles-street, December 24, 1857.

SIR—I have had the honor of receiving your communication of the

21st instant, in reply to my letter of the 14th. I am happy to perceive that you repudiate any participation in the unworthy proceedings by which Mrs. Norris, according to her own statement, was induced to sacrifice the faith of her child; but I regret that you have not produced the correspondence which passed between her and the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund. She received from their secretary or agent, a letter, dated November 5th, 1856, in reply to a memorial addressed by her some months previously to them. She received another letter, dated 25th of the same month and year, which was a reply to a second letter addressed by her to the Commissioners on the 13th of November. These documents are, I presume, within your reach; and if you produce them in an official form, they will undoubtedly tend to remove all controversy on the matter under examination. I am informed that Mrs. Norris's letters, or memorials, show a decided anxiety on her part to place her child in a Catholic school. This being the case, the question naturally arises, by what agency, and by what official, was the poor woman induced to act against her conscience, and to consent to have her daughter educated in a religion which herself did not believe. It appears to me that gentlemen connected with the management of the Patriotic Fund ought to be anxious to have the fullest light thrown upon the matter, in which they cannot but feel that they may be compromised before the public. If you do not think fit to produce the correspondence, perhaps it may be brought to light in some other way. I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed)

✠ PAUL CULLEN.

Major Owen Lloyd Ormsby, O.S. 2nd Dublin District,  
Royal Hospital.

The production of these documents was refused, without an order from the Commissioners, and the agent proceeds to charge "Dr. Cullen" with having published, "false and anonymous statements."

Dublin, 29th December, 1857.

MY LORD—In reply to your letter of the 24th instant, I have the honour to state that I have no authority to produce any official correspondence that may be in my office relative to Mrs. Norris, but shall be happy to do so if commanded by the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund. I beg to enclose a copy of a letter addressed by me to the Hon. Secretary, Royal Patriotic Fund, on my attention being called to your letter to Lord St. Leonards, together with a certificate from both my staff serjeants—men of high character and undoubted integrity—which, I have no doubt, will satisfy the public that the false and anonymous statements published by you can in no way allude to me.

O. L. ORMSBY.

The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, 55, Eccles-street, Dublin.

We have often read an angry correspondence, but it has never been our lot to peruse communications displaying so much ignorance and its usual concomitant impudence as those of Major Ormsby. The Archbishop calm and col-

lected wounds his adversary at every pass, whilst the Major wildly thrusting in his blind fury injures only himself and leaves his opponent unscathed. Not satisfied, however, with thus smashing (?) "Dr. Cullen," the Major felt it necessary to justify his conduct to his master, and accordingly, addressed a report to Captain Fishbourne on the subject of Mrs. Norris, in which with a rashness totally irreconcilable with that self-possession and imperturbable calmness which should characterise a commanding officer, he distinctly brands "Dr. Cullen" as a *liar*! What a pity this fiery Hotspur was not sent to cool his heels in the Crimea; a little Muscovite phlebotomy might tone down to a healthy flow the impetuous torrent of his ardent blood. What a pity that this o'ermastering energy should have been wasted in a controversy with a Popish priest, which would have been so useful at the Redan, and would doubtless have succeeded in gaining that prize of which the English were so wrongfully deprived. The poor Major—

"Dressed in a little brief authority,  
Most ignorant of what he's most assured—"

has the hardihood to cast upon a clergyman an insult which if offered to one of his most junior subordinates might have had a by no means pleasant result. But

"That in the *Major's* but a cholerick word,  
Which in the soldier is rank blasphemy."

It is strange to observe that the two Majors shine in the same style of epistolary elegance. Was there not something in our suspicion with regard to the "complete letter writer?" Major number one tells the priest he lies. Major number two tells the Archbishop the same thing. Still we must not criticize, but be content:

"Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them,  
But, in the less, foul profanation."

Let us come to this Report. Here it is.

The official report of Major Lloyd Ormsby, addressed to  
Captain Fishbourne:—

Royal Hospital, 2nd Dublin District.

SIR—My attention having been called to Dr. Cullen's letter to Lord St. Leonards, page 38, where he alludes to a Mrs. Norris, I have

the honor to acquaint you, for the information of the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund, that the remarks made by Dr. Cullen, relative to the treatment received by Mrs. Norris from an official, are utterly false, if intended for me. It is true Mrs. Norris applied to have her child sent to the Protestant school at Hampstead; and I remarked to Mrs. Norris, at that time, in the presence of my two staff serjeants, both Roman Catholics, that I considered it a most extraordinary proceeding on her part to send her child to a Protestant school, as she stated herself and husband were Roman Catholics, and I advised her not to do so without due consideration. I wish to add that my staff serjeants are ready to certify that this statement is correct, and that no influence whatever was used by me to make Mrs. Norris send her children to a Protestant school; and I beg to suggest that the Royal Commissioners will call upon Dr. Cullen to name the official he alludes to, that treated Mrs. Norris so uncivilly. I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

OWEN LLOYD ORMSBY,

Major and S.O. 2nd Dublin District.

Captain Fishbourne, 19, New-street,  
Spring Gardens, London.

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"Royal Hospital, Dublin, 11th December, 1857.

"We, the undersigned, do certify that we have attentively read the letter addressed by Major O.L. Ormsby to Captain Fishbourne, Hon. Secretary Royal Patriotic Fund, dated 2nd of December, 1857, and hereby testify to the *truths* therein stated,

(Signed)

"JAMES BISSETT, Staff serjeant,

"JAMES JONES, Quartermaster Serjeant."

The Major is caught, he fell into a trap. His triumph was a little premature. "I wish to add that my staff serjeants are ready to certify that my statement is correct." Indeed they are not. They are prepared to "testify to the *truths* therein stated," they will certify that whatever is *true* in your statement is true, but they cannot certify that your statement is correct. It is too bad to see a Major out-manœuvred in this way by staff Serjeants; it is subversive of all discipline, and they should be tried by Court Martial and degraded. But perhaps the Major is cleverer than we thought, and this is only a ruse; that he knew very well, what the serjeants signed and let them sign it, because they would not sign anything more explicit; probably the Major thought it might escape the general run of Newspaper readers, and as to Fishbourne "he is all right."

"Utrum horum mavis accipere."

Take the benefit of the doubt. We are done with you. We shall merely say "we know what we know."

TO MAJOR OWEN LLOYD ORMSBY, O.S., 2ND DUBLIN DISTRICT.

55, Eccles street, 1st January, 1858.

SIR—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th ultimo, which I perceive you, without giving time for a reply, have published in the *Evening Mail* of this date, and which I therefore answer through the press.

In that letter you have altogether lost sight of the questions really at issue, and you seem only intent on supporting your own veracity by the authority of your two sergeants.

The questions really at issue were:—

1st—Did Mrs. Norris make the statements attributed to her in my letter?

2ndly—If she made those statements, was she worthy of credit?

3rdly—If she were worthy of credit, by what agency, and by what official, was she induced to betray her conscience by allowing her child to be educated a Protestant?

As to the first question, though you assert, with official arrogance, that the statements made in my letter are "false and anonymous," you will be reluctantly obliged, when you read the names and declarations of my informants, who are as well known and as veracious, at least, as you are, to admit that your anxiety to shield your own character has placed you in a position which you cannot sustain. The public will see that my informants are gentlemen of unsullied honour and unimpeachable integrity, that they had not been engaged in schemes to convert public funds to purposes of vile proselytism, and all will admit that I was justified in receiving their statements without the slightest hesitation.

2ndly—As to Mrs. Norris herself, there is no apparent reason why credit should be denied to her. It is certain that she waited several times on Canon Grimley to consult with him on the best means of securing a Catholic education for her child. It is also certain that Canon Grimley read the letter which she had addressed to the Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund, to their committee, or to their agents, expressing a strong desire to have her child placed in a Catholic school, and that he saw her sign the letter in question in the presence of an alderman of this city, a precaution which she adopted in order to secure authority for her statements. From the letter here appended of Mr. Star it appears that she assured him and Mr. Lynch, the gentleman who accompanied him, that she had been most anxious to have her child placed in a convent school; and she added that it was in consequence of the opposition and annoyance which she met with from an official, that, in her weakness, she consented to abandon her project.

Such are the statements undoubtedly made by Mrs. Norris. Are they in conformity with the letters or petitions which she sent to the Commissioners, or to their committee, or agents? If her letters

are really in contradiction with her statements, then her credibility is affected. But if the statements referred to be confirmed by her letters or petitions, we have a strong ground for giving credence to her narrative of the unworthy proceedings of an official, by which she was induced to sacrifice the religion of her daughter. If you, Sir, wish the truth to be known, publish at once Mrs. Norris's letters, and do not shelter yourself behind official reserve. If that correspondence be not produced, must it not be said that there is something very mysterious in this case which it is not your interest to bring under the public eye?

As to the third question, viz., "by what agency was Mrs. Norris induced to betray her conscience?" it is evident that strong means must have been employed to make her change her mind; it is certain that she consulted Canon Grimley several times about the education of her child; it is certain that she wrote several times to the Commissioners, or those employed by them, on that important matter; it is certain that she went before an alderman to sign her letter, in order to give an authenticity to it; it is certain that she employed every possible means to secure the Catholic education of her daughter. Having acted in this way, it is evident that she was sincere and determined in the wishes which she expressed. Now, Sir, you tell us that a woman thus disposed presented herself to you, and pressed you to allow her to have her child educated a Protestant. Of course, as you are a gentleman, and as your authority is confirmed by that of two sergeants, it would be uncourteous to contradict you. Yet it remains to be explained how a poor woman, previously so determined in acting in accordance with the dictates of her own faith and her own conscience, suddenly changed her mind, and acted in opposition both to faith and conscience. Such changes, Sir, cannot be accounted for without supposing the existence of serious pressure from without. How many private interviews may have passed between this woman and those who were anxious to betray her into a crime against her faith? Perhaps artful insinuations induced her to believe that she would be stripped of the little pension she enjoyed if she did not show herself very pliant to the urgent wishes of officials. A thousand other terrors may have been brought to bear on a mind accustomed to suffer, or to see others suffer, from the despotism of certain authorities. If Mrs. Norris were prepared by some such agency to act the part she did in your presence, and in the presence of two sergeants, her change of mind is quite intelligible. But if no influence was used upon her, that change must be considered most mysterious, and scarcely compatible with human nature.

*Credat Judæus apella:*

Our correspondence is now at an end. Let an enlightened public judge how far your part in it has been honourable and candid—I have the honour to be your obedient servant.

✠ PAUL CULLEN.

These two letters, referred to in the letter of his Grace, are from gentlemen of high character and sterling honor. Of Canon Grimley we had occasion to speak in former por-



tions of our paper. With regard to Mr. Star, we can say with perfect truth that he is a most respectable gentleman, whose name stands well with the trading community of this country, and that he possesses what all men must value, integrity of principle, and probity of conduct. We cannot suspect such men of a wilful perversion of facts, even were the case (which it is not) one in which they were personally interested.

THIS IS THE LETTER FROM MR. STAR TO DR. CULLEN.

Ormond-quay, Nov. 15, 1857.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP—In accordance with your Grace's wishes, I give you my recollections of the case of Mrs. Norris. Early this year another gentleman and I called on her to inquire why her daughter had been sent to a Protestant school in England, when she could be placed in a Catholic school, at the expense of the Patriotic Fund? She replied that the difficulties placed in the way of her providing a Catholic education for her daughter had obliged her to give up her own wishes. She said that when she applied, according to instructions received, to an official of the Commissioners, to have her child sent to Harold's-cross, she was told to call again, and could not get a decisive answer. This happened a second time. When, on a subsequent visit, she requested to have her child placed under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, she was told it would be well for her to learn her own mind before she came there. Being thus thwarted she explained her disappointments to a Protestant female acquaintance, who counselled her to suit her own views to the inclinations of the official, and to leave the choice of the school to his selection. Having followed this advice, the official in his next interview became most kind, and the child was immediately sent to Hampstead School, near London. Such are the statements of Mrs. Norris. The gentleman who accompanied me is ready, as well as myself, to testify before any tribunal or commission that he heard them from her own lips. I may add my recollection that Mrs. Norris expressed a fear of losing her pension were she to remove her child from Hampstead.—I have the honour to be, with profoundest respect, your obedient servant,

GEORGE STAR.

To the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen.

WE NOW GIVE THE LETTER FROM CANON GRIMLEY.

St. Paul's Arran-quay, Dec. 12th, 1857.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP—I beg to inform your Grace that Mrs. Norris, widow of the late private Norris, of the 90th regiment, frequently called on me and expressed in my presence an anxiety to have her Mary Ann placed in a Catholic school. To my knowledge she applied to have her daughter sent to the convent school, Harold's-cross. After some time she applied again to have her daughter placed in Baggot-street Convent. I recollect on one occasion she told me she heard her veracity was doubted. I then accompanied her to Alderman L. Reynolds, who bore testimony to her written

declaration, that what she stated in her former letter was in strict accordance with truth. She received an answer to this letter from Mr. Mugford, clerk to the Royal Patriotic Commission, and dated 25th of November, 1856. I implore of your Grace to insist on the commissioners producing Mrs. Norris's letters, and in them your Grace will perceive her anxiety to have her little orphan daughter educated in the holy Catholic faith. I could not account for the sudden change in her sentiments in sending her child to a Protestant school, until, besides other means which I heard were resorted to by officials, I was informed by a party residing near her late residence, that when it was known she was about to send her child to a convent school, she could not get employment, and was reduced for some time to great want; but no sooner did she consent to have her child educated in a Protestant school than she got abundance of employment. Some short time after her daughter was sent to the Protestant school, I waited on her, and in presence of others she declared she would co-operate in getting her child removed from that school. In a few hours after this interview Mrs. Norris was summoned before her Great Judge. I remain, my dear Lord Archbishop, your Grace's devoted servant,

THOMAS GRIMLEY.

His Grace the Most Rev. Doctor Cullen,  
Archbishop of Dublin.

These letters speak for themselves. We shall offer no comment upon them, and thus we close our remarks on the case of Mrs Norris.

We have up to this point been endeavouring to shew that the public money entrusted to the Patriotic Commissioners was used, in many instances, for the purpose of proselytism, and that the authority delegated to the Commissioners was made subservient to the same end. We have adduced three cases to sustain our view, and from these it may be fairly inferred that in other similar instances the same means were had recourse to in order to accomplish the desired object. We have shown that every facility was afforded to Catholic mothers in the disposal of their children, if they evinced the smallest carelessness, as to the selection of the institutions to which the education of these little ones was to be entrusted, whilst every impediment was thrown in the way of those who conscientiously wished their children to be reared in the faith of their fathers. We have shown that the agents in this country were in many instances unscrupulous in the mode, by which they compassed the designs of the bigoted zealots who employed them, and that every artifice, even to misrepresentation, was freely adopted to de-

ceive individuals interested in the restoration of those children to the religion in which they had been instructed, and to mislead the public in regard to the manner in which their money was disbursed. We have pointed out to our readers how representations were disregarded, remonstrances unheeded, and statements founded on fact groundlessly denied. We have seen in the case of Mrs. Norris the contemptuous neglect with which her applications were treated, and we have seen too the shameless avidity with which her enforced concession was seized upon to tear her child from her, and place it at a school avowedly Protestant. We have seen how, under the racking tortures of an uneasy conscience, she sunk a victim to the terrors of remorse. We have adverted to the insolence which characterised the communications of the officials acting on behalf of the Patriotic Commissioners in this country, when corresponding with Roman Catholic Clergymen, and a Roman Catholic Archbishop. We have remarked upon the indecorous and indefensible manner in which these agents unwarrantably designated as false statements they knew to be true, and in the case of the Archbishop attributed to his Grace the circulation of "false and anonymous charges," when his assertions were made concerning a fact substantiated by the evidence of most respectable gentlemen. We have proved in Mrs. Nelson's case that a powerful inducement was held out to her to leave her children at the Protestant school, and a penalty very dreadful to one in her reduced circumstances was threatened should she take any steps to reclaim them. We have mentioned that a certain regulation was enforced rigidly when it was sought to place Catholic children in Catholic schools, but suspended when the parents allowed their Catholic children to attend at Protestant schools. We therefore boldly ask, ought the Catholics to have been satisfied with the manner in which the Patriotic Fund was disbursed, and if they ought not to have been satisfied with its disbursement what impartial man will assert that the allotment of the surplus fund afforded them any reason for self-gratulation? To this allocation we shall now direct our attention, and we shall be very brief indeed, as the subject has been already touched upon in a former part of this paper, when treating of Dr. Cullen's first letter with regard

to the allotment of the surplus Funds to Protestant institutions for Protestant purposes. The Archbishop thus writes :—

Having said so much on the danger of proselytism, you will now allow me to examine the allocation of the surplus fund made by the Commissioners. My statements on this point have not and cannot be contradicted, as they were founded on a report of the Commissioners themselves, inserted in the *Times* of the 9th June, 1856. According to that report, the following grants had been made :—

- |    |  |          |   |   |
|----|--|----------|---|---|
| 1. | For endowing a school for 300 girls, children of soldiers or sailors, £180,000; or according to a later statement,                                   | £180,000 | 0 | 0 |
| 2. | For endowing a school for 100 boys of the same class, £25,000, to be added to allowances already granted. Total amount not given. Probably it may be | 60,000   | 0 | 0 |
| 3. | To the Wellington College,   | 25,000   | 0 | 0 |
| 4. | To Cambridge Asylum for widows,  | 3,000    | 0 | 0 |
| 5. | To Naval School, Newcross,   | 8,000    | 0 | 0 |
| 6. | To Female School, Richmond,  | 5,000    | 0 | 0 |
| 7. | To Naval and Military School at Plymouth,  | 2,500    | 0 | 0 |
| 8. | To similar school, Portsmouth,   | 2,500    | 0 | 0 |

Besides the sums here specified, amounting to more than a quarter of million of money, perhaps other grants may have been made, for the report published in the *Times* sanctions "the purchase of presentations to already existing asylums and schools, for similar objects."

From a memorandum published some time ago in reply to my letter, and which, on the authority of some of the Commissioners, I attribute to that body, we learn the character of the institutions endowed from the Patriotic Fund. Speaking of the naval and military schools at Plymouth and Portsmouth, it says, "THOSE SCHOOLS, NO DOUBT, ARE FOR PROTESTANTS." In reference to some other endowments, the same document adds: "Further sums also were granted for the purpose of purchasing nominations in institutions established by laymen for the benefit of children of officers of the army and navy. *These, no doubt, are Protestant in their teaching*, but there are no others for this purpose where the religious teaching is different; and it was not competent for the Commissioners to endow, even partially, institutions that were not specially intended for the benefit of these classes." These words of the memorandum do not appear to be either conclusive or consistent. For if it were competent to the Commissioners to assign £180,000 for the erection and endowment of a new school for girls, to be conducted on a plan adopted by themselves, it is difficult to understand by what law or by what necessity they were prevented from establishing another school where the teaching would not be hostile or dangerous to the faith of Catholic children. The only necessity that can be discovered appears

to be, that there was a predetermination not to use the same measure towards one religion as towards the other.

The schools mentioned above, in No. 1 and 2, are what we call mixed schools here in Ireland, which, when under Protestant management, as they will be in England, are quite as dangerous as, or more so than, purely Protestant schools, inasmuch as with positive error, they introduce an indifference to every religion, than which nothing more fatal can be conceived. The memorandum tells us that the schools recently endowed are to be conducted on the principles of the Union Schools in England. What is the character of the teaching in those schools? A gentleman, well acquainted with England, describes them in a few words: "THE UNION SCHOOLS ARE OPENLY AND ALMOST AVOWEDLY PROSELYTIZING."

Whilst all the vast outlay we have mentioned was made in England for the endowment of Protestant establishments, was there a single grant made to any Catholic institution? We have, both in England and Ireland, many excellent orphan asylums, especially for girls, in full operation; they would have afforded a safe place of refuge to Catholic soldiers' children, had any provision been made for their support. But the Commissioners, overlooking those institutions altogether, reserved their grants for a more favoured class. They made grants to institutions which "no doubt are for Protestants," and which "are Protestant in their teaching," as they state in the memorandum, but they did not act in the same spirit towards schools of a Catholic character.

It could not be expected, my Lord, that the Catholics of the empire would be satisfied with such an arrangement, in which we seek in vain for any proof of liberality, generosity, or justice, or any protection for our faith. Were such a thing done in Naples or Spain, it would be attributed to a narrow-minded, illiberal, bigoted policy, unworthy of the age we live in.

It is said that the schools endowed out of the Patriotic Fund will be open to children of every creed, and that, therefore, no one will have just grounds for complaint. Now, what does this mean? Its simple meaning evidently is this, that Catholic children will be received into schools, such as the Union Schools of England, known to be "*openly and almost avowedly proselytizing*," where superiors, masters, books, teaching—everything is Protestant, where their own religion will be looked on as something degrading and dishonorable, and where their faith will be exposed to imminent danger. We cannot consider as a boon the admission of Catholic children into such establishments, in which, if the teaching of the Catholic Church is infallibly true, as it is, they risk for trifling temporal advantages an eternal inheritance, and an imperishable crown.

There are several schools of this mixed kind already existing to which Catholic soldiers' children are admitted, such as the Duke of York's School at Chelsea, and the Hibernian School near Dublin; and, from what we know of their management, we may form an estimate of what Catholics are to expect, and how they are to be treated in the institutions endowed by the Commissioners, with which you think we should be satisfied.

In the Duke of York's School I have learned that there are some fifteen or twenty Catholic boys thrown in amongst three or four hundred Protestant companions. The poor children have been left in ignorance of their catechism, and never prepared to approach the holy sacraments of the church. Perhaps the place is so closed against the Catholic priest, that he has scarcely ever been called to administer the last rites to a dying child. Protestantism is the ruling spirit of the place ; all those bearing authority profess it ; and Catholicity is looked on with contempt. It cannot be expected that poor children of a very tender age, who have never been instructed in the doctrines of their religion, who have had no opportunity of knowing the advantages and the beauties of Catholicity, would be able to resist the spirit of the place they live in, or struggle against the example of those, whom they are obliged to respect. This may be called a very good school for Protestants ; but is it a desirable place for the education of a Catholic child ?

And here we may observe, that besides the Duke of York's school, there is also an asylum at Chelsea for the daughters of the veterans who are received into the hospital at that place. All the children of the asylum, though several are of Catholic parents, receive a Protestant education, and are obliged, if I am correctly informed, to attend Protestant service on Sunday. I leave it to others to say whether this is a proper way to respect the feelings and religion of veterans, who have spent the flower of their lives and exhausted their energies in the service of their country. It would appear that in India the children of the native soldiers were not interfered with in this way, and that more regard was had to the absurd superstitions and prejudices of Hindoos and Mahometans, who are now corresponding to the protection afforded them by sedition and bloodshed, than to the pure Catholic principles of men, whose loyalty and bravery have so largely contributed to add lustre to the British flag.

The Hibernian School has been established principally for the children of Irish soldiers. As we are here in a Catholic country and in a Catholic city, and as a great mass of our Irish soldiers are Catholics, one would expect that in this school the greatest impartiality would be displayed, and Catholic interests and feelings duly respected. Let us see what is really the case. In the first place, the board of government, the commander, and all the officers, are Protestant, if you except, perhaps, one serjeant. Secondly, all the teachers or masters are Protestant. Thirdly, the so-called Chelsea monitors are Protestant. Fourthly, the other monitors are all, with very few, if any exceptions, Protestant. Fifthly, in the school rooms there are Protestant Bibles and prayer books on the desks, and they are also scattered through other parts of the house, so that to whatsoever side a Catholic boy turns himself, there he finds some temptation to Protestantism. Sixthly, the books used for literary instruction, such as the historical compendiums prepared by a Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Gleig, are very objectionable, and contain many things contrary to the teaching of our Church and offensive to our ears.

Now his Grace is writing from Dublin ; it cannot therefore be said that he is " writing from Rome." His Grace's statement of the allotment of the surplus funds, is founded

on the report of the Commissioners themselves inserted in the *Times*. Therefore it cannot be insinuated that he is "ill-informed." From the memorandum referred to by the Archbishop, we learn that the schools endowed out of that surplus "ARE FOR PROTESTANTS." Who was ill-informed? "Dr. Cullen writing from Rome" or my Lord St. Leonards writing from "Boyle Farm." Is it fair that so large a sum should have been given to schools intended for Protestants in England, and not a penny given to Catholic institutions for Catholic children, we mean until very lately when the mothers of these children began to require that they should be sent to Catholic schools, and even now it is the individual, not the school that is endowed. But it may be said the contribution of Catholics was very small, that does not touch the question and even did it, we believe that if the sums collected in the colonies, be included in the general Fund, the Catholics will be found to have given a very respectable proportion. Canada alone sent £27,000 subscribed almost entirely by Catholics. Other colonies have subscribed large sums also, made up to a great extent by the Catholics. But as we have said this element should not be introduced into the discussion of this question. The fund was a national one, collected for a national purpose, and should have been applied in a national spirit, to which the distinction of religious belief or political feeling is a stranger. The Fund might as well have been confined to the Whigs, they being then in power, to the exclusion of the Tories, as limited to Protestants, who are always predominant to the exclusion of Catholics who never enjoy ascendancy.

It is a rule acted upon by all upright individuals entrusted with the distribution of money, or money's worth, to different persons in different degrees of relationship, or friendship, to prefer the claims of the more distant rather than those nearer and dearer, supposing always they can do so legally, lest they might incur a suspicion of favouritism or partiality. It would have been well had the Patriotic Commissioners adopted this course, not to the detriment of their own party who were equally with the Catholics entitled to their share, but to such an extent that the feeling which influences private individuals under such circumstances would have operated upon their minds to produce an even-handedness in the distribution of the funds committed to their

custody. Irish institutions, Protestant as well as Catholic we believe, shared the same fate; they have been ignominiously ignored. Even the Hibernian School, a worthy object of the pious care of the Commissioners, has received nothing, or something so trifling as not to be worth mentioning. The argument with regard to the smallness of the Irish contribution is on the same ground as the argument founded on the respective claims of the different religions, and falls with it. Had it been announced that the allotments would be an *ad valorem* on the subscriptions, we might have been prepared for the event; but no such warning was given. But it may be said, why cannot Roman Catholics attend these schools? Presbyterians, Methodists, &c., do so. The answer is plain. For centuries the Roman Catholics were excluded from the exercise of their civil rights; Catholic Noblemen could not sit in the house of Lords; Catholic gentlemen could not appear in the house of Commons; Catholic officers could not attain the higher grades in either Service. Yet all these restrictions could be evaded by simply swearing a certain oath, a perfect formality with all, a nullity with many, and partaking of the Sacrament according to the rules of the Church by law established. But they would not. Dissenters also laboured under political disabilities; the same form had to be gone through by any of them appointed to offices under the Crown. Yet we learn from a life of Lord Aberdeen, with what truth we cannot say, that he on his appointment as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, took the sacrament, and on his appointment as Foreign Secretary took it again, a very short period intervening. Of the hardship of this he subsequently complained to the Peers, but at the time when called upon to acknowledge the practices and doctrines of the Episcopal Church, in which he professed not to believe, he did not hesitate to do so. Besides there is little difference in the teaching of these various denominations, and all unite in denouncing the errors of Romanism. But in the case of a Catholic the differences are material, and on vital points, and exhibit the greatest distinction that can exist between propositions, *viz.*, they are contradictory. Hence it follows that any Catholic child subjected to Protestant teaching, must of necessity have his former belief completely subverted before his mind is prepared to receive the subsequent instruc-



tion. And as the greatest difficulty is found, particularly in the case of children, in removing previous impressions, the chances are that in the confusion created by this clash of doctrine, the mind may become so hebetated that the individual at first grows sceptical, and finally infidelity is the result.

A distinguished writer, one who cannot be suspected of entertaining any great bias in favor of Catholics, Judge Haliburton, says, "Suppose they (the Catholics) do believe too much, it is safer than believing too little. You may make them give up their creed, but they are not always so willing to take yours. IT IS EASIER TO MAKE AN INFIDEL THAN A CONVERT."

But then the number of Catholics is so small that to establish schools for them would be a work of supererogation. We don't require it. Thank God, the charity of our immediate ancestors has given us institutions adequate to the duty of educating our children, and all we require is that a similar allocation of the public funds may be made in the case of individual Catholics, as is made in that of Protestants, and that those institutions already existing shall be so proportionally endowed as to enable them to carry out in relation to the members of their own persuasion the objects for which in the case of Protestants existing establishments have been so largely endowed and new ones are about being erected. If as Lord St. Leonards says, Catholic and Protestant blood has been, with heroic devotion, shed for the glory of England, why have the Catholics been excluded from all participation in the benevolence of the English people? Take out of your armies the Catholic element altogether, and then there may be afforded some colour for such conduct. But so long as you avail yourselves of the services of Catholics, you are bound in common honor and common honesty to be faithful to the brave men who have died for your preservation by scrupulously respecting their religious convictions in the persons of the defenceless widows and orphans they have left behind. Exception has been taken to the proportion, assumed by the Archbishop, of Catholics to Protestants in the "service," and it has been triumphantly stated that in the navy, Catholics do not number more than two per cent. This may or may not be the case, for, English toleration has with unaccountable perversity inhibited to Catholics serving in her marine the observance

of their religious practices. Besides there is a notion prevalent amongst that class from which this branch of the service is chiefly recruited, that they would stand less high in the estimation of their officers if they were known to belong to that proscribed religion. Any one at all acquainted with the minutæ of life on board a ship when at sea—the supreme authority of the commander, the total subservience of the crew, the many opportunities which the officers have of screening those to whom they are partial from blame, and exposing those against whom they have the slightest pique to frequent and severe punishments, the inefficacy of any appeal made by a sailor against his superior, and the little weight the declaration of the former has against the assertion of the latter—can fully appreciate the motives which would operate in the minds of these men to conceal anything which might disparage them in the eyes of such all-powerful officials. But as the navy was little employed during the Crimean War, few casualties occurred in its ranks, and very few widows or orphans of sailors or marines have become chargeable on the funds of the Patriotic Commission, the relative number of Catholics and Protestants affects this question little if at all. Let both services be clubbed, and the Catholic contingent be calculated, then let a fair proportion of the funds be allotted for the maintenance and education of the widows and orphans respectively, and we are satisfied. But it is quite idle to talk of Catholics frequenting Protestant schools without danger to their faith, and such a course is equivalent to a denial of aid from the Patriotic Fund for the education of Catholic orphans.

We shall not discuss the policy of the arrangement by which a very small number of places are reserved for Catholics in the military schools of this empire, nor comment upon the immorality which such a regulation causes by inducing parents to enter their children as Protestants, in default of a vacancy in the list of Catholic nominations, and the premium thus offered to misrepresentation and fraud. Neither shall we speak of the hardship thereby entailed upon those whose conscientious scruples forbid them to endanger for a temporal advantage the eternal welfare of their children. These matters not being pertinent to our subject, nor arising out of the *mis*-management of the fund with which we charge the commissioners, do not pro-

perly belong to this investigation, and might tend, by the introduction of foreign topics, rather to embarrass than to elucidate our argument. But they are useful as shewing that educational establishments erected under the auspices, and conducted under the supervision of the dominant class, are almost invariably made subservient to that design which has for its object the destruction of the faith of Her Majesty's Catholic subjects.

The Archbishop enters fully into the proselytizing tendencies evinced by the government in India, and refers to the character of the military schools there, the facilities afforded, nay the inducements held out, to the tepid and unscrupulous to sacrifice the faith of their children, and the obstacles opposed by the authorities in every possible shape to the practical observance of the duties of their religion in the case of those who resist their solicitations, and are faithful to the obligations which their church imposes. His Grace further points out the disabilities under which our Catholic soldiers labor, the insufficiency of the accommodation afforded for their religious exercises, the penalties inflicted for non-attendance at Protestant worship. &c., and quotes largely in support of these statements from evidence taken before committees of the House and published in the "Reports on Indian Territories." These we shall not advert to as they may be considered to belong to the same category as the military schools in this country, and not to affect the case of the Patriotic Commissioners. We shall therefore conclude by asking this simple question, were there any guarantees afforded in the case of "The Indian Relief Fund" such as to lead Catholics to believe that their feelings would be consulted, their rights preserved and their claims fairly admitted and impartially conceded by those to whom the administration of that fund was committed? It is all nonsense to say that no person considered when contributing to the fund whether his money would be applied to the relief of Protestant or Catholic, and that it is treason to humanity to suppose that the fund will not be honestly distributed. The same might have been said with regard to the Patriotic Fund, yet we have seen how the vast sums collected in that case have been disbursed. What security is there for Catholics that the same course may not be adopted in the present, as was pursued in the former, instance? The Patriotic Commission, embodied by a royal

warrant, was found not inaccessible to the influence of bigotry and fanaticism, how then can it be supposed that a body not having that high public sanction which the other possessed, a sanction which should have conferred immunity from any just impeachment of its integrity, will be more impeccable in its conduct, more faithful to its professions, and less liable to be swayed by partiality and prejudice? Every safeguard which, humanly speaking, could be afforded against any misappropriation of the fund occurring, or any undue preference for one party over another, for one sect over another being evinced by the Commissioners, was provided. A noble object was proposed, the relief of the loved companions, the dear pledges of those brave heroes who died for their country. Princely generosity responded to the appeal of patriotic benevolence; noblemen and gentlemen of the highest position were associated in this splendid work; and to crown all, the Queen, with that beautifully feminine feeling of compassion for human misery welling in her maternal bosom, gave to this body the sanction of her royal name as assurance that all her majesty's subjects victims to those unforeseen calamities should equally participate in the protection which the national sympathy had afforded. Yet notwithstanding these precautions the fell spirit of religious intolerance gained access to their councils, presided at their discussions, and influenced their decision, to such an extent that the exalted purpose for which they were associated has been lost sight of in the effort to achieve an unhallowed object, illustrious names have been tainted with the breath of suspicion, and the prestige hitherto attaching to the sacred name of royalty has been materially weakened if not wholly destroyed. But the worst result is that the abuse of this trust by the Royal Commissioners, has undermined the confidence of Catholics in every similar association. Nevertheless we are called upon, and accused of "treason to humanity" if we refuse, to contribute to a fund administered by an irresponsible body lacking even that security which in the case of the Patriotic Fund was found insufficient. Can any person in his senses maintain for one instant the proposition that greater security is to be found for a due consideration being shewn to the religious feelings of Catholics, in a body composed of persons belonging to

adverse denominations, deficient in those claims to our confidence and exempt from that responsibility which a royal commission involves, than resides in a body possessing those claims and endued with that responsibility. The latter disappointed our expectations, beguiled our hopes, violated our confidence, and betrayed our trust; will the former be less obnoxious to suspicion? Impossible. Should we then be parties to a scheme more dangerous than that against which we have been warned, and contribute to the perpetuation of an evil more pernicious than that against which we have protested. Assuredly not. Suppose an unreasoning animal allured by a bait into a snare by which he is destroyed. He plainly followed the bent of his nature leading him to gratify his appetite; such an action is natural. But suppose a man foreseeing the danger should rush into it for a present gratification, there would be a manifest disproportion between the nature of man and this action, that is it would be unnatural. How? Because by such a course he would act in opposition to that superior inward principle, conscience. Apply this to the case before us, and it will at once appear that any Catholic who believing that the charges brought against the patriotic fund are true, knowing that no further security has been afforded in the case of the Indian fund against the recurrence of those efforts at proselytism of which we have complained, influenced by a desire to gain the applause and esteem of men, or fearing their censure, subscribes to this fund, is guilty of treason to his faith and a violation of his conscience.

Briefly to sum up. We charge the commissioners and their agents with systematic attempts at proselytism by representing as false statements they knew at the time to be true, by acting upon the declaration of a lunatic, certified to be incompetent to form any judgment upon any matters which might be submitted to her opinion, for the purpose of placing the children at a Protestant school having the character of a proselytising establishment. To sustain this charge we have given the case of Mrs. Kirley, a certified lunatic, upon whose declaration, without any other authority in opposition to the assertions of Canon Grimley and affidavits of Sergeant Kirley's relations, and the positive knowledge of the gentlemen acting here for the Patriotic Fund, the children were sent to school at Kilmeague which long ago

had obtained an unenviable notoriety. We admit that Mrs. Kirley may have been a Protestant, but she conformed *before* her marriage, and went through all the exercises prescribed by the Catholic church as a preparation for the worthy reception of the holysacrament of matrimony; her children were baptised Catholics, brought up Catholics, and entered upon the books of the Grangegorman penitentiary as Catholics, being placed as such in charge of the Catholic chaplain.

Next we charge that by a contemptuous inattention to the applications of those who desired their children to be placed at Catholic schools, they wearied out the patience and "sickened the hearts" of the applicants in order to extract from their poverty a reluctant consent, which might afterwards be paraded as the voluntary expression of a wish, to have the children reared Protestants, unblushingly took credit for impartial advice, and brought forward their own employés to testify to the "truths" contained in their statements. And generally we charge, that by abusing the power with which the public invested them, the Commissioners devoted money intended for a specified end to other and unworthy objects never contemplated by the contributors; and by enforcing in particular cases a regulation they relaxed in others, they defeated the very aim and purpose for which they were organized. Witness the case of Mrs. Norris, who, having been harassed by frequent applications, continually disregarded, finding herself unable longer to withstand the pressure of want, sacrificed her child and shortly afterwards died. Mrs. Preston, who received the warning to take away her child being under the age of seven, in the hope that thereby she might not reclaim her other children, through fear of being compelled to keep the youngest at home.

Lastly, we accuse them of allocating large sums out of the surplus funds to Protestant institutions, for Protestant purposes, not one penny being allotted to Catholic charities for the education of Catholic orphans. In support of this we have given their own report, behind which they cannot go, and the veracity of which they must admit. Now, it is due to the commissioners, and due to the subscribers, that a searching inquiry should be instituted into all the details of the various cases; let *all* the correspondence be laid before the persons

appointed to hold it, (say a committee of the House of Commons, composed of Catholics and Protestants in the proportion of one to three, with power to administer an oath); let the witnesses be examined on oath, and a report drawn up and published, containing the decision of the committee, and the grounds upon which that decision was arrived at. Such an investigation would no doubt, tend to the elucidation of that mystery in which the proceedings of the commissioners have been hitherto enveloped. "NOTHING LESS WILL SATISFY THE PUBLIC."

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"The Report" has at length appeared. It purports to reply to, and refute the charges brought against the administration of the Patriotic Fund, by the Duke of Norfolk and Archbishop Cullen. We cannot congratulate the Commissioners or their Secretaries upon the ability with which they have executed their task, or the success with which this vindication of their proceedings is likely to be attended. With the charges brought by the Duke of Norfolk, we do not and did not profess to deal; we must therefore be excused from entering upon them. It is with the Archbishop's letter alone, the statements contained in it, and the manner in which those statements have been answered, that we still mean to concern ourselves. We most sincerely regret that this Report should afford such a painful confirmation of the startling accusations which his Grace considered it his duty to bring forward against this public body. However gratifying it may be, to know that his Grace is ever watchful of the spiritual interests of his flock, and ever zealous in guarding the faith of those committed to his charge from the insidious attacks of wily and powerful enemies, still it is to be deplored that such constant vigilance should be necessary to protect them from the pernicious influence of a body established ostensibly for their advantage. The Commissioners, in their Report, have not disproved a single one of the Archbishop's allegations; they assert that "these charges were immediately answered, and we think, refuted, in a memorandum drawn up and subsequently made public by our honorary secretary, Captain Fishbourne.

They were also emphatically denied by Lord St. Leonards, in a letter which appeared in the *Times*, of October 7th." With regard to the letter of Lord St. Leonards, we leave our readers to judge of the "refutation" given in it to the Archbishop's statements; the memorandum, which may now be considered part of the Report, contains that puerile argument that because a small sum only was contributed by Catholics, therefore they are not entitled to complain, if they be relieved not in proportion to the number of those of their religion whose services entitled their widows and orphans to receive relief, but in proportion to the amount of the subscriptions they have contributed to the fund. We repeat what we before stated, that if Ireland contributed nothing whatever to the fund, the people of this country would be entitled to demand whatever sums were required to maintain or educate the widows or orphans of the Irish soldiers who fell in the Crimea. "Dr. Cullen" did not "insinuate" anything; what he wrote he wrote openly, fairly, and above board. The "insinuations" came from the other side: Lord St. Leonards "insinuated," and Captain Fishbourne, the son of the Carlow ex-Magistrate, "insinuates," that "Dr. Cullen" stated, with regard to the final allocation, "that the money thus applied was that of Roman Catholics," meaning thereby, that the particular subscription of the Roman Catholic body was separated from the rest of the fund, and distinctly applied to Protestant institutions. This is mere folly, and could result only from the hereditary antipathy which the gallant secretary feels towards Roman Catholic priests in general, and towards "Dr. Cullen" in particular; for it exhibits "Dr. Cullen" in the light of a little child who will insist on having his own toy, and nobody else's will satisfy him. We don't object to the allotment of Catholic money to Protestant institutions, if, in return, Protestant money be given to Catholic institutions. But what "Dr. Cullen" complained of was, that while no money was allotted to our institutions, large sums were allotted for the erection and endowment of Protestant institutions, out of that fund to which Catholics had contributed. To this it is replied in the Report that these institutions are open to all denominations: on the same principle as the Union schools, (which are avowedly proselytizing), and that no institution existed in connexion



with the Military profession for the exclusive reception of Roman Catholic children. So are the Townsend-street School, the Coombe Ragged School, and many others of the same class, open to all denominations, but it does not therefore follow, that they are adapted to afford the means of religious instruction to the Roman Catholics. There are many schools established on the same principle as the Union schools in England, existing in Dublin and other towns of Ireland, the heads of which would seize with avidity upon any opportunity of gaining possession of a Catholic child, and so far from requiring an endowment, would willingly pay a capitation tax on every child thus given up to them ; but these schools could hardly be called open to Catholic children, for their aim and object is to eradicate, from the minds of their pupils, every trace of "Romanism." The result of these mixed schools will be, that the Catholics will, in the first place, be admitted only in a certain proportion, founded on Captain Fishbourne's estimate of the relative numbers of Catholics and Protestants in the Army and Navy ; next, that being established in conformity with the precedent afforded by the Union schools, erected under the 7 and 8 Vic. c. 101, the Catholic children will be exposed to every annoyance that can legally be given to them. They will not be "*obliged*" to attend Protestant worship or listen to Protestant teaching ; that would be contrary to "the scrupulous respect which the commissioners feel ought, on every account, to be paid to differences of religious belief ;" but the parson will consider that he was put there for all, and that as the children form one community, his right to speak to all without distinction must not be questioned ; and that any separation of the children would be very injurious, as tending to make the other children have doubts about religion, seeing the difference of teaching. There will be Protestant prayers every morning, but there will be no one to collect the poor Catholics together for the purpose of performing their morning devotions. If Mass be allowed to be celebrated at all, it will be permitted only at such an hour as to render it almost impossible for the poor little children ever to approach the Holy Communion, as only they can do it—fasting. The refectory must be attended without partaking of food ; games must be played without any mental distraction, and the every-day business gone

through by the Catholic pupils, whilst keeping their minds fixed upon the great duty they are about to discharge, and their attention wrapt in the contemplation of the power and goodness of that Divine Visitor they are about to receive.

The class books will be composed by some person whose object it is to misrepresent every thing Catholic, and who, if he had the will has not the intellectual capacity to rise above the influence of prejudice. History, that most powerful engine for good or evil, will be distorted ; wrong constructions will be put upon the acts of Catholic sovereigns, and every thing that human ingenuity can devise will be resorted to for the purpose of alienating the minds of these youths from the faith in which they had been born. There will be no Catholic teachers to instruct the Catholic children in the duties of their religion. A particular day and the most inconvenient hours in that day, will be appointed for the Catholic priest to visit and instruct the Catholic children. Most probably it will be a day on which, according to the regulations of the school, the children will be allowed some extra recreation and amusement, and thus the poor little papists, in addition to the taunts of their schoolfellows, will find their little amusement diminished, because they happen to have been born in the Romish persuasion. These restraints may appear trifling to grown men, (though they chafe at less), but to the child they are most dreadful. Now just imagine ; a fine March day, the sun shining brilliantly through the frosty air, it is a half holiday, a day for pleasure, the spirits of the pupils, bubbling up from their youthful hearts, are overflowing in the anticipation of the pleasure they will derive from the promised visit to some romantic ruin or historic monument to which they are to be brought on a walk. Meanwhile, until the time for departure comes, every sort of game is going forward, and the merry laugh of the school-boy echoes gaily through the play-ground. But who are these sitting in a comfortless room, the gloomy aspect of which presents a sad contrast with the merry sunshine without ? Downcast and listless they receive the admonition of their instructor ; ever and anon the joyous shout of their companions recalls the scene of pleasure from which they are excluded, or the silence which reigns around proclaims

the departure of their school-fellows on the excursion they are forbidden to join. What grave offence have they committed, which necessitates such a severe punishment, and who is this man who tries to fix the wandering attention of the poor fellows upon the subject on which he is speaking to them? They have committed no offence, except that they are *Catholics*; that man is a priest, permitted by the guardians to visit the members of his persuasion once a week, during recreation hours, and only once a week, and only during recreation hours. Is it in human nature to look forward to a recurrence of such visits, under such circumstances, with pleasure; or would not a young boy or girl prefer to abandon every prospect of happiness in a far distant, and to them, an incomprehensible future, than endure the wretchedness and misery of this most painful and degrading segregation?

What a frame of mind to receive religious instruction. Is not every recurrence of such a visit from the priest, anticipated with melancholy forbodings. How long do the commissioners suppose a child could withstand such cruelty. We believe in our conscience, that nothing short of the particular interposition of Providence, and the special operation of Grace, would preserve the religion of that child for one year. Is this a fancy sketch? It is not.\* Even in respectable Protestant schools, frequent quarrels,

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\* To show that we have not exaggerated in our supposition of what *will* be, we give an account of what *is*. In a letter on the Union Schools of England, we find the following statement with regard to the instruction of Catholic children. "The decision of the board upon this point, was given me by the superintendent. It was that I might see the children from half-past two to four o'clock on Saturdays, and only then. It was in vain that I represented that hour as most inconvenient. The Board have refused to alter it. It must be observed that Saturday is the half holiday, and the children, I was told, are accustomed often to walk out on that day. One lesson a week, and that rendered obnoxious, by being taken out of their play time, and fixed for an hour when the priest might often be prevented of coming, is what the board considers a sufficient allowance of Catholic instruction for Catholic children, and is all the opportunity we as yet have of counteracting the overwhelming influence of Protestantism, by which they are surrounded." This is the model upon which the rules of the school that is to be "a visible and permanent memorial of national generosity," is to be formed.

terminating in boxing matches, arise out of religious disputes; and as to the effect of the regulation with regard to religious teaching, as acted upon in the district schools, it is found most efficacious in up-rooting all inclination to continue the profession of a religion entailing such hardships.

We do not hesitate to assert, that, had the most inveterate opponent of the Commissioners, ransacked their whole conduct, criticised with hostile minuteness every detail of their management, he could not have produced a more damning proof of their proselytising tendencies, a more perfect justification of "Dr. Cullen's" charges, than the Commissioners themselves furnish in their admitted allocation of a large sum of money towards the erection of an institution, the rules of which should be based on the same principal, as that by which district schools are regulated.

As our space is limited, and our time short, we cannot analyze with all the accuracy we could desire, the various portions of the report. We shall therefore turn to the cases of Mrs. Kirley, and Mrs. Norris. And first of Mrs. Kirley. Appendix 25 of the Report, is a letter from Major Harris, to Captain Fishbourne at the head of which is the following. "Margaret Jane, 10 years old, and Alice 6 years old, children of Margaret Kirley. No. 426, at 8s. 6d., *who is insane, Protestant*, 17th March, 1857.

We must be particular about dates. On the 17th March, 1857, Major Harris writes of Mrs. Kirley as a "Protestant." On the 25th March, 1857, she is committed to Grange Gorman Penitentiary, and entered as a Roman Catholic. She remained there until September of the same year. The Major it would seem was not quite satisfied at having acted so summarily, and called at the Penitentiary sometime in March, we cannot fix the date more exactly, than by referring to the medical certificate of Dr. Banon, written at the desire of Major Harris, intimated to the Governor on the occasion of his interview with him, which is dated 2nd April, 1857, to *ascertain* the religion of the children of the woman Kirley," whom he had described on the 17th inst. as Protestant. The Governor shewed him the entries of her various committals; and there she and her children were set down "Roman Catholic." In the face of this fact the Major wrote to Canon Grimley, on the 20th April, "It does not appear that the children of Sergeant Kirley,

were ever at any time brought up by their parents in the Roman Catholic faith." Perhaps there is some quibble about "by their parents." If so, we can only say, that should the commissioners think to ride off on special pleading technicalities, they will find themselves sadly mistaken, and will contribute more than any accusations, however derogatory; "to undermine confidence in the integrity of public bodies." So much for that. Now observe Alice is not seven years old. According to the Report many Protestant children have been refused presentation to Protestant schools, in consequence of not having attained their seventh year. We know that many Catholics have been refused, when desirous of placing their children at schools of their own persuasion on the same ground. But happy Alice must not be lost. Arthur Preston is waiting for her, and she with the others is packed off to Sallins, on (mark another date,) the 31st *March*, 1857.

Strange coincidence;—The Major goes to the Penitentiary, say on the 28th; it is not material so long as it is clear he went *before* the 31st; we cannot suspect him of going on the 1st April—"Fool's day"—and the certificate is dated 2nd April, so we may fairly assume he went before the 31st, learned the religion of the mother and children, and then sends the children off to Kilmeague Colony. This is acting in accordance with the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench.

This explains the delay in answering Canon Grimley's first letter, which at the time appeared so extraordinary. On the 28th March Captain Fishbourne wrote in reference to Canon Grimley's letter. Major Harris sent no reply until the 20th April. Why did not Major Harris forward to Canon Grimley the letter, or an extract from the letter, of Captain Fishbourne which appears a very fair one, and not take upon himself to act with so much discourtesy towards the priest, as flatly to contradict him, and that too, when Major Harris was in possession of the knowledge that Mrs. Kirley and her children had been always described in the books of the Penitentiary as "Roman Catholic," and even on the last occasion when confined on the 25th March, she was described as "Roman Catholic." The indefiniteness of Mr. Synnot's "early in the Summer of this year," left us in doubt as to whether Major Harris was

acquainted with the religion of the Kirleys previous to his writing that letter to Canon Grimley; and actuated by the desire of not imputing any impropriety to those in public positions unless we have good grounds for suspicion, we have treated the subject in the body of the paper as though the Major had been ignorant of it. Now, however, we leave it to our readers to characterise the statement in the letter of 20th April, 1857. On the 17th March Major Harris describes Mrs. Kirley as "*insane*," and "*Protestant*," in italics. On the 25th she is registered Roman Catholic in the Penitentiary, March 23rd. Mr. Preston agrees to take the children. March 25th, Canon Grimley writes protesting against their being proselytized. Between that date and the 2nd April Major Harris visits the Penitentiary, traces the committals, finds Mrs. Kirly and her children entered as Roman Catholics, sends them on the 31st March to a Protestant school, and on the 20th April writes that letter to Canon Grimley, which appears quite at variance with fact. So far as to dates, we think we have shewn that due regard has not been had towards the religion of these children.

The Commissioners make a great fuss about Mrs. Kirley's having been once a Protestant. Mr. Kingston, Vicar of St. James, writes to Lord St. Leonards, that the widow Kirley said "she is, and always has been a Protestant, and never professed herself a Roman Catholic." This is in direct contradiction to Mrs. Colvins's statement as reported by Major Harris, viz.:—"That Margeret Kirley was brought up a Protestant, but as it is contrary to custom to marry two persons of different religion she changed for the purpose of the ceremony." Mary Anne Mills certifies to the effect, that between 1837 and 1840 Mrs. Kirley, then Margaret M'Cormick, was a Protestant. The Rev. Hugh Crawford is also brought forward, and with wonderful egotism certifies to the correctness of an extract made by himself, out of a book which he admits is in his own possession. What weight such testimony may have with those whose judgments are unclouded by prejudice, can easily be estimated. The fact, notwithstanding, is doubtful; however, admitting that she had been a Protestant, her mother declares she changed her religion. The sincerity of that conversion it is not for us to question,

that is between herself and God, who alone "sees the hearts of men:" we can judge only by appearances, and certainly judging by appearances—attendance at Mass, frequentation of the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist, &c.—she was a Catholic. Mr. Kingston further states on the authority, he says of Mrs. Kirley, that, being taken up by a constable on the charge of being under the influence of liquor, "she and her children were committed to Grange-gorman Penitentiary, &c." The shortest term of imprisonment given on the return is seven days, an unusually long confinement for a woman who was only drunk. Again, "be it observed, it was not pecuniary distress which caused her to be committed to prison, &c." Yet the same return shews that between the 1st January and 31st December, 1856, she was committed twelve times for begging. "When taken to Mass she knelt down with her back to the altar." We were not before aware that when Protestants knelt it was their custom to turn their backs on the "Communion table." However, the statement is false. We refer to these statements merely for the purpose of drawing attention to them as clearly manifesting a mind diseased.

Now for Mrs. Norris. Parson Hare (having some connexion with the "Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics,") writes under date 12th July, 1856-7. (What may be the meaning of 56-7 we don't know.)—"I, some time ago, placed two orphan children of Crimean Soldiers, Mary Norris, and Agnes Arnott, under the care of the guardians of the Orphan Home, Richmond-street, Portobello, &c." By whose authority? Captain Fishbourne stated in his memorandum, that no parson was employed by the Commissioners to distribute relief to individuals who had claims on the Patriotic Fund; yet here we have a parson, aye, worse than a parson, a professed "Souper," one of the heads of the "Irish Church Missions Society" (to which Captain Fishbourne is a subscriber) employed by the Commissioners to place children of Crimean soldiers, of whom one at all events was a Catholic, in a Protestant school at the expense of the fund. This Society of "Irish Church Missions" is founded for the purpose of insulting and annoying the Catholics of Ireland. As a proof of this we subjoin one of ten reasons why Christians should support this Society: "Because the doctrines of the Church of Rome being anti-scriptural and idolatrous, Roman Catholics

are perishing for lack of knowledge." Now this "Souper" may be, in Fishbourne's estimation, a very proper person to consult the religious feelings and provide for the religious wants of the "idolatrous" papists, but we do hope that there will be found very few outside this family party of the same opinion.

It is calculated to excite considerable suspicion, when we see such a lot of those Souper parsons hanging about the fund. It argues badly for the impartial administration of the fund.

The children were placed in this school which is Protestant. On the 1st August Mrs. Norris forwarded a memorial attested by Canon Grimley, requesting her children to be sent to St. Clare's, Harold's Cross. Dates again. On the 4th November Mr. Ball drew attention to the fact that no answer had been sent to her application. On the 5th November, (Guy Fawkes day,) Captain Fishbourne sent an answer to Mr. Ball stating, "Your note did not pass unnoticed. The memorial was sent to Mrs. Norris." For what purpose? A memorial is forwarded to a public body, and the secretary sends it back to the memorialist without note or comment. But it was not sent to Mrs. Norris, it was sent to Mr. Hare, who had it up to the 25th of September, when he returned it to Mr Fishbourne. Why is not the letter of Captain Fishbourne to Mr. Hare which accompanied the memorial published? Perhaps it might disclose some unpleasant secrets. The material part of it is seen from Hare's.—"In compliance with your wishes I have seen Mrs. Norris on the subject of your last communication." Now what right had Fishbourne to communicate with this Hare at all, on the subject of Mrs. Norris' petition? and what right had he to ask Hare to get from the poor woman an explanation of why she forwarded a petition, and to endeavour to induce her to deny all knowledge of the substance of it? We must confess we do not like to see so many of these Missionaries mixed up with the matter.—Fishbourne, Hare, M'Carthy, &c., &c.—men sworn to overturn the Catholic religion in this country, acting on the part of the public in a matter touching the interests of Catholics, bears on the face of it a very suspicious appearance. The public has a right to the production of every letter that passed between the parties



concerned in these proceedings ; in the absence of any material one we have a right to stigmatise the report as a garbled report, and we do so stigmatise it. It is most unfair in a document purporting to be a vindication, to keep back any evidence which may tend to the condemnation of the parties concerned. It is not astonishing that Mr. Ball refused to sign it. He would not lend himself to such a nasty tricky proceeding. On the 5th November a reply is sent to Mrs. Norris. From August to November—three months—the child being all this time in Miss Shepherd's care. 13th November Mrs. Norris again applies having her signature certified by an Alderman of the city. On the 25th November she gets an answer referring her to Major Ormsby. Why could not Hare still have the management of this neat little case ?

December 16th she applied personally to Ormsby, to have her child sent to Baggot-street. December 19th Captain Fishbourne writes, "Two petitions have been received at this office on behalf of Mrs. Norris to place her daughter with the nuns of St. Clare's Orphanage, Harold's Cross ; and a third to have her placed with Miss Shepherd, &c." Where is that third petition ?—Why is it not produced ? Really we fear that the Commissioners have very little regard for their reputation when they append their names to such an incomplete and unsatisfactory report. We do not wish to indulge in any strong language ; but it appears to us that such a vindication (?) tends rather to excite, than allay suspicion. But to return. December 19th Captain Fishbourne wrote ; and on the 22nd December Mrs. Norris was put on HALF ALLOWANCE !!! There is a letter without a date from Captain Mansfield, which is as follows :—

" My dear Sir,

A woman, a widow of a man of the name of Norris, of the 90th Regiment, has contracted a marriage with a man in my company, by name Hoolihan, which marriage is null, owing to the man having being previously married, (was he prosecuted for bigamy ?) At her second marriage she lost her pension from the Patriotic Fund. Now that

she finds her marriage to be invalid, she is anxious to recover her position on the pension list of the Patriotic Fund.

Faithfully yours,

C. E. MANSFIELD,

Captain 33rd Regiment,  
Dublin."

No address. No date. We should like to see the date. We may presume, however, that it was before she was put on half allowance, as the Captain says "she *lost* her pension." Could it be possible that this half allowance had anything to do with the petition of the 10th January, 1857, requesting admission for her child to the "London Infant Home?" January 30th, another petition to the same effect, was forwarded by Major Ormsby to Captain Fishbourne, and on the 2nd February, a letter came from Captain Fishbourne, couched in the following terms:—

London, &c.

2nd February, 1857.

"SIR,

In compliance with Mrs. Norris's request, her daughter will be placed in the Soldiers' Infant Home at Hampstead. Will you have the goodness to pay the mother and child's expenses to this office, and also the expense of Mrs Norris in returning to Dublin.

I have the honour, &c. &c.,

E. GARDINER FISHBOURNE.

Major Ormsby,

District Staff Office, Dublin."

No necessity for "presentation forms." Everything is now smooth.

"Facilis, decensus Averni."

Landed at last. A hard struggle, well and skilfully played, Captain. Oh, what rapture fills your breast. We wish you joy, but for all that, we would not like to be in your place. Mrs. Norris died, and so the matter ends. The letters of Major Ormsby to the Archbishop, are em-

bodied in the Report, but the letter of the Archbishop to Major Ormsby, dated 1st January, 1858, is *omitted*. With reference to the observation made by the Commissioners, that "Dr. Cullen," produced only two cases to sustain his charges, we must say that it was not from a want of instances of proselytism, which are alas too numerous, but through a wish not to cumber his pages with the "old old story." Should the Commissioners desire it, we have no doubt His Grace will give them more examples than they would wish to have known. We have only now to say, that the Report is most satisfactory, affording as it does "confirmation strong" of the charges brought by the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen against the Patriotic Commission, and proving beyond question the necessity there existed for obtaining in regard to the "Indian Relief Fund," some further assurance of impartial distribution, than that which had been already found insufficient. We regret we were not able to enter more minutely into the Report: but as far as we went, we have proved that even taking their own one-sided and partial statement, the accusations of the Archbishop have been fully corroborated. It is to be hoped that on an early day, the reasons which induced Mr. Ball to refrain from signing the Report, will be made public. It is somewhat striking, that of the two Catholics on the Commission one withheld his name, and that of two Irishmen one refused to sign.

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In the first page of our paper we have attributed to the "Sepoys," outrages which we then believed to have taken place. Information which we have since received, unfortunately too late for insertion in its proper place, has induced us to modify our opinion considerably, and to regard the reports of these atrocities as somewhat exaggerated.

## ART. V.—THE SCOTCH HISTORIAN.

*History of Europe, from the fall of Napoleon in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852, by Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. D.C.L. vol. VII.* William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1858.

A very strange opinion respecting the merits of historiographers generally has been attributed to Dr. Johnson, by his friend and biographer, Boszzy. The doctor is said to have held, that writers of history are nothing better than mere retailers of facts and events occurring on the surface of the earth during a certain number of years, and that their only merit consisted in making a good compilation. Another opinion of the great lexicographer was of a somewhat similar character; that if the names of all persons of the two sexes in the kingdom were thrown into two separate hats, and drawn out in couples to be mated, the matches so made would prove as happy as any that are made in the usual way, with all the care of parents, or dictated by the impulses of affection. In fact Dr. Johnson did not believe either in those marriages, which are said to be made in heaven, nor in that strange animal a philosophical historian. If he had lived to the present day it is very hard to conceive, what value he would have set upon the labours of Lord Macaulay or Sir Archibald Alison, the characteristics of whose works are so diametrically opposed in point of matter and composition, the one crammed with facts, the other with logic.

It must be admitted, however, that the great lexicographer's opinion in this matter is somewhat extravagant, and at variance with his usual sagacious views. A writer of history should not only properly arrange his events, not merely in chronological order, but also according to their natural connection, otherwise his work will be garbled, split up into fragments of a heterogeneous nature, without consecutiveness upon the face of it. He must shew by a concise and clear chain of reasoning, how certain events followed from particular causes, or produced certain effects, so that the future generations of the human race may profit by the often too dear bought experience of those who went before them. Herein resides the

greatest sagacity of the good historian, herein he shews his knowledge of human policy, and applies the principles of philosophy to the actions of nations, in order to instruct his fellow-men. But all men are not of the same studious habit, nor equally inclined to investigate the dry course of events during a series of years, and in order to draw them on to a perusal of pages, which may lead to their enlightenment, it is necessary that a certain amount of interesting incident should be clothed in harmony of language. To do all these things well without too great a crowding of facts, too tedious an array of argument, or too florid a description of trifling events foreign to the subject, must require a mind well educated in the science of reason, a judgment capable of discriminating the great and the useful in the events of successive years, and a power of expression in writing equal to the deeds he has to pourtray. Let us see how Alison has fulfilled these conditions.

The volume before us is replete with some of the most important events which have occurred in these countries, and in France since the battle of Waterloo. It relates the Temperance movement and Repeal agitation in Ireland—the passing of the Bank Charter Act by Sir Robert Peel in 1844—the Railway Mania—the Anti-Corn Law agitation, and the establishment of free-trade—the Irish famine of 1846-7—the Chartist movement, and the attempt at Rebellion in Ireland during 1848. The occurrences in France and on the continent during the same period are no less interesting, comprising the growth of revolutionary opinions in that country for many years, and the attempts of the Government for their suppression—the revolt of Abdel Kader in Algeria—the celebrated question of the Spanish marriages—the Accession of Pius IX., and the revolution in Rome—and the final catastrophe ending in the expulsion of Louis Philippe from the soil of France. Such are the multifarious subjects which swell the pages of this thick octavo; it is impossible that we can deal with each and all of them, we shall content ourselves, therefore with the consideration of those which have a more especial interest or relation to our own country and people.

Sir Archibald Alison has never been very happy in his allusions to Irish affairs, whether it is that he does not understand the temper of the people of this country, or that the fogs of his own northern land have obfuscated his vision of

affairs at this side of the channel ; at all events he hazards the most unfounded hypothesis respecting their causes and effects. He dedicates to the Temperance movement, and Repeal agitation, which fermented in this island during six years, and well nigh threatened to provoke rebellion, just twelve pages of his verbose letter-press, without giving any intelligible account of its progress or development. According to his first surmise the Temperance movement was " veiled under the guise of philanthropy," in order " to divert the funds hitherto wasted in the public-house, into the coffers of the Repeal Association." Has the most fertile brain of the greatest enemy of O'Connell, even the *Times*' Commissioner himself, ever invented such an absurd origin for the apostolic labours of Father Mathew ? It is very true that the liberator made use of the spread of Teetotalism, to induce the lower orders to contribute their mite to the support of the Repeal question, and even on one occasion stated that " Teetotalism was the sublimest effluence of human reason," and that if he were going into battle, he should wish to be surrounded by the followers of the Apostle of Temperance, but a more absurd invention could not be foisted on posterity as fact, if Sir Archibald wishes to go down to future ages as a truthtelling historian, than that Daniel O'Connell had anything to do with the origin of the Temperance movement. It was all due to the untiring labours, the patient self-sacrifice of that man, whom Alison calls " a monk of ardent disposition, nervous eloquence, and enthusiastic philanthropy." Here also is the narrator at fault ; the spirit of the priest was meek, his language calm and persuasive, and Irishmen should never forget that he immolated himself for his fellow-countrymen, the pension which he received from Government being scarcely sufficient to keep alive the policies on his life to secure debts incurred in carrying out his mission of benevolence.

Another strange passage in this account now meets the eye. It runs thus : " it has been often remarked, that whenever the people give over *fighting at fairs* in Ireland, you may be sure that some serious-outbreak is in contemplation, and government will do well to stand on their guard." In other words, that when the people are most orderly and well-behaved, Her Majesty must at once dread a rebellion, and send over an overwhelming force of military. Oh ! wisest of writers on human

affairs, how marvellous are the intricacies of thy reasoning, and how inscrutable the deductions of thy fertile imagination! Is it not evident to any person of common sense, that faction, or as it would be called in Scotland, *Clanship*, was the sole cause of these partial disturbances, which had no connection whatever with political affairs. At this present moment when all this antagonism has died out, and no such faction quarrels are recorded, we enjoy the most benign tranquillity, and absence of all plottings of treason or insurrection.

Before the Repeal agitation commenced in earnest in 1841, serious crime had rapidly diminished to a great extent owing to the spread of temperance, and to the prosperous state of the country. O'Connell laid his plans wisely for a great national effort, which would combine together and interest nearly all classes in the community, and produce a pressure on the government, which could scarcely be resisted. Many doubt at the present day, whether he ever hoped himself to see the fulfilment of his demands, but whether he did or not, his Catholic fellow-subjects laboured under so many disabilities, and were still so little raised from the state of oppression, in which they had been so long retained, that many advantages might be gained by their standing together manfully, even for such a hopeless object as the abrogation of the Act of Union. He rightly saw also, that the Whigs, not the Tories, were the party to keep in power, as the most likely to favour his design; they were not strong in their influence among the landed interest of England, their principles pointed too much towards Reform, towards giving power to the middling classes; they needed to conciliate the body of the people, the Catholics of Ireland, for support. So when in May, 1841, their hold on the reins of power was slackened, and it became evident that Sir Robert Peel should come in at the head of the conservatives, meetings were held in every parish in Ireland, to petition the Queen, "not to receive into her confidence the bitter and malignant enemies of her faithful Irish people." What a contrast to the conduct of the priests and independent oppositionists of the present day, who join the Tory candidates to the exclusion of every person of liberal views in politics.

Then came the monster meetings, to which the farmers and peasants headed by their pastors, with colours flying, often preceded by small bands of music, might be seen wending

their way in tens, twentys, and fifties of thousands across the country in obedience to the call of the master spirit. The hill of Kilnoe in Clare, and Ardsullas, saw the first of these assemblages, which speedily grew to such dimensions as to threaten the continuance of British rule within the Island. The priests gave in their adhesion, 104 in one diocese, one only excepted, having joined the movement. But the government were not yet intimidated, their organ, the *Standard*, announced, "that it was not intended to take any notice of the nonsense going on in Ireland, but that any attempt at a breach of the law would be put down with a high hand." O'Connell accepted now the Lord Mayoralty of Dublin, and made use of that office to further his views. He found that the Tory interest had an exclusive hold upon the representation of Dublin city, on account of the corruption and venality of the greater number of the freemen, a large portion of whom were, and still are, base, worthless, impoverished wretches, trafficking their votes to the highest bidder. He endeavoured to extend the freedom of the city to many of his fellow Catholics, who had been excluded from their rights by the bigotry of former chief magistrates, but his efforts were futile, and the representation of the chief city is still disgraced by the abject state of a portion of the constituency.

During the year 1842, the ardour of the Repealers was somewhat abated; the previous harvest had been scanty, labour was scarce, agrarian outrages and riots occurred in various parts of the country, owing to the dearth among the peasantry; but at the commencement of 1843, O'Connell revived the spirit of agitation, by declaring, that the coming season should be the Repeal year. March saw the enormous meeting at Trim, May that of Mullingar, at each of which not less than 100,000 persons were present. The Catholic bishops formally declared themselves Repealers, and defied the ministers of England to put down the movement. So far all had gone on according to law; the organization of the Repeal Association was so well managed, and so widely spread throughout the country, that it seemed more than probable that the executive should yield to the public clamour. The government began to get alarmed; Sir Edward Sugden, the chancellor of Ireland, in the blindness of his haste, superseded Lord French and several other magistrates, who had taken part in Repeal meetings.



We have had a parallel case in this last year in the plain dealing of Chancellor Brady with the Orange magistrates of the north, after the riots of Belfast.

This measure only produced increased irritation among the people. On the 15th August, the hill of Tara, sacred in Irish history, was covered by a vast encampment, which sent forth multitudes by some estimated at nearly half-a-million of persons. In the exultation of his heart, at the sight of his myriad supporters, O'Connell promised his hearers, that they should see a Parliament in College Green within the next twelve months. It cannot be conceived why a man of such sagacity and stretch of foresight could have made such a rash pledge to the Irish people, unless he had in contemplation some more sudden step for obtaining his avowed object, unless in fact he meditated an insurrection. His open language and demeanour on this occasion misled many of his adherents; he himself was carried away by his enthusiasm; his acts and language, which had been hitherto kept within the bounds of strict prudence, betrayed him into extravagancies, which he could never retract, and he fell into the snare, which put him within the power of the English government. His partizans spoke openly of their "Repeal cavalry," marching and "countermarching," and made use of other terms, which were eagerly caught at by their enemies. The climax of the agitation was reached, and the executive made preparations to put a stop to any further intimidation. An act was passed through Parliament on the 22nd of the same month, requiring the registration of arms, and the Duke of Wellington, as Commander-in-Chief, concentrated his troops, and prepared the barracks throughout the country in the event of an outbreak.

The crisis had at length arrived; O'Connell announced in the Repeal Association that he would hold a meeting at Clontarf to petition the Queen for a re-establishment of the Irish Parliament, and invited the citizens of Dublin to attend. The 8th of October was the day appointed for the demonstration; the loyal Protestants of Dublin took fright at the proximity of such an assemblage, and began secretly to collect means of defence in case of an attack. The metropolis was raised to a state of commotion, agitation was painted in every face, some rejoicing in the prospect of a serious conflict, others dreading the effects of popular fury. Suddenly on the day before the appointed gathering, a proclamation is issued by the Lord Lieu-

tenant, prohibiting the collection of any large body of persons at the place designed, warning all well-disposed persons to remain away, and directing a body of troops to enforce the order. O'Connell yielded, the Repeal Association sent out its emissaries to countermand the arrangements for the meeting, and when the hour arrived, the ground was kept by 6,000 men under arms, and a few dispersed groups of idlers, among whom Tom Steele, the "Head Pacificator," moved about, waving a green bough, as an olive branch, and motioning the people to proceed quietly to their homes.

A great deal of obloquy has been cast upon the Liberator for not persevering in his attempt to hold the monster meeting at Clontarf. It has been said, even by many of his own party, particularly those who afterwards formed the section called the "Young Irelanders," that he had worked up the people to a pitch of excitement, in which they were ready to dare anything which he might have the resolution to propose, and that it was fully expected that he should have led them to decided revolt, if the government persisted in ignoring their claims. They accuse him of want of firmness and constancy in the hour of trial, when the whole population were at hand to back him in any decided course. A moment's consideration will enable us to perceive, that the expectation of any such co-operation was altogether illusory, and that any attempt at insurrection would have been immediately crushed with an overwhelming force. The peasantry through the country were not organized, or did not hold arms in their hands, with which they could hope to struggle successfully against the soldiery; the mob, which should have assembled at Clontarf, would have been completely defenceless, and in any attempt at rising must have been slaughtered mercilessly. The Priests throughout the country, though ready to head their flocks on their way to monster assemblages, would have shrunk back from the responsibility in the hour of peril, and withheld the aid which they had given reason to expect. O'Connell's plans were deeper laid; he foresaw that the executive having gone so far as the issuing of the proclamation, should go farther and prosecute himself and some of his associates; he calculated too much on the unanimous feeling of the people, that such a measure would rouse them into a state of armed resistance, without any preconcert, which nothing could quell. For this he had been preparing their

minds carefully during three years, bringing them on through easy gradations from the idea of petitioning the Queen, to a familiarity with the determination to use coercive measures, and a consciousness of their own strength. If the people had rightly understood the lesson inculcated, and acted upon it, no power which the British crown might have brought to bear, could have resisted the enormous pressure of the popular will. The preparation was altogether imperfect, his followers urged on, in their over-zeal, the crisis of affairs a little too fast, and the whole scheme fell to the ground, the labours of many years were rendered useless and unavailing.

It would be tiresome to relate in detail the circumstances attending the arrest and twenty-two days trial of O'Connell and his co-conspirators. The jury-system was on that occasion perverted to the worst purposes of partizanship, by the meanest of the lowest of hirelings. Sixty-three names of jurors who might have been favourably prejudiced towards the traversers, were, by a sleight of hand trick, lost or obliterated from the panel, and an unconscientious Attorney General crammed the jury-box with twelve men, whom he knew in his heart could not give a fair hearing to the accused. Unfortunately, the ends of justice are too often defeated, in this land, by the prejudices of party on either side, either for or against the crown; this is a stain which can never be wiped out, as long as the body of the people and the government are in antagonism. Furthermore, the dignity of the court of justice was degraded by the pettishness and arrogance of the highest law-officer, who, before the very face of the representative of the Queen, in the Queen's Bench, presumed to send a challenge across the green cloth to one of the counsel for the traversers. These things were matters of notoriety at the day, serving only to turn into ridicule the whole proceedings.

The charge was one of constructive conspiracy, that is to say, a conspiring to be eked out from the words and acts of the parties concerned, without any proof of plot, or contrivance or agreement on a definite plan of action. No such plan or plot could have been proved, the doings and sayings, so called conspirators were open to all, no one was ignorant of the purposes and methods of action, but words had been dropped in public speeches, the people had been roused into a threatening attitude, external pressure had been brought to bear on the go-

verment and to ward it off a conviction was absolutely necessary. O'Connell alone had woven in his brain the thread of events, which brought about the state of excitement in the public mind, no preconcert existed among the accused, but it was essential for party purposes to convict. The crime imputed was one scarcely known to the law, looked upon with a jealous eye by all its commentators; the nature of the accusation had been hitherto regarded as such a vital blow at the liberty of the subject, that no person had ever been found guilty of it in England; but the circumstances demanded an example, the agitation should be suppressed at all hazards, and a packed jury were the willing instruments of conviction.

The traversers were found guilty; at the moment of the delivery of the verdict Mr. Smith O'Brien, with true nobility of spirit, joined heart in hand with his former opponent in the hour of danger. Four months, however, elapsed before the sentence was pronounced, and O'Connell was allowed to choose his own prison, the Richmond Penitentiary. Then followed the appeal to the lords, where party spirit again shewed itself, the Whigs endeavouring to conciliate, the Tories to crush every independent opinion in the sister country. Alison endeavours to extol the tribunal before which the legal questions were argued, saying, "that never was a more magnificent exhibition of British justice than on this occasion." It is singular, however, that he passes over in silence altogether the true grounds on which the decision was come to, which reversed the sentence on the accused. Six of the eleven counts in the indictment had been declared radically bad in law, yet there was enough remaining to sustain the verdict, although it was acknowledged that the nature of the charge, a constructive conspiracy to coerce government, was scarcely supported by a *scintilla juris*. The real point, however, lay behind, and struck at the very inception of the trial, the unfair practices which had been used to obtain a jury predetermined to convict. This ground it was which drew forth the able rebuke of the venerable Denman, when he declared the whole proceedings to have been, "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." Yet would the judgment have stood, the lay-lords were eager to support it, but that a sense of decency compelled them to retire behind the Chancellor's chair, while three Whig law Lords, Denman, Cottenham and Campbell, reversed the former decision of the twelve judges, leaving the Tory lords, Lyndhurst and Brougham, in a minority.

Thus ended this drama of the repeal agitation. O'Connell liberated endeavoured to revive the spirits of his followers, and to set on foot a more perfect organization. He felt soon that he no longer held the reins of power in his hands. During his incarceration the members of Conciliation Hall had learned to act independently, and to question the deeds of their leader. Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, and other ardent thinkers, conceived that the time for deliberation was passed, that the moment for determined purpose had arrived. They heeded not the master mind, which had so far conducted the cause safely through the perils of faction warfare, they repudiated the guidance of their political pilot, and even objected to his interference with the funds of the Repeal Association. This disgusted the man, who had sacrificed so much to his country; he found too late that he could not depend on a consistent support from his followers; the enthusiasm which had formerly rung in peals through the land, was stilled, and gave no response to his efforts to reawaken it. His health also began to fail, perhaps owing principally to his short confinement, which must have had a powerful effect on a man of such active habits. A preventative to disease, which had been prescribed by his medical advisers, suddenly ceased to produce its effect; his brain became overloaded with care, anxiety, and sickness; he saw his end approaching, and he turned with an aching heart from the land and people, to whose uprising from the abyss of baseness, into which they had been sunk, he had dedicated the days of his life, and abandoned all prospects of fame and fortune at his profession.

The Scotch Historian asserts that after his death, O'Connell's reputation "sank rapidly, and among none so completely as those who had so long worshipped his footsteps." We are sorry to be obliged to say that this is wholly untrue, and that this sentence alone marks in the most significant manner the degree of prejudice and ignorance, with which the few pages in this volume respecting the career of the great Irish champion have been written. Dear is the memory of O'Connell in the heart of every peasant in this country, who remembers his struggles for freedom; cherished is his image among those in this island, who at any time enjoyed his friendship. Political agitation has died away, the farmer and tiller of the soil may conceive that it is better to attend to their field labour than to

run after what would now be regarded as a chimera, but yet they revere the remembrance of him, who gave them an interest in that soil, and a title to Independence. The Roman Catholics recall to mind, how he was mainly instrumental in freeing their Holy Faith from the oppression of a bigoted minority, and earned for them a right to represent their fellow-countrymen in Parliament. Many, yea even some of the priests of that communion, regard him as already placed among the Just in Heaven, and according to their peculiar tenets would, but for the danger of public scandal, beseech his intercession for the welfare of the people, whom he had so long defended in this world. Such things are not consistent with the neglect of his reputation in Ireland, where it will reign supreme over that of any other man, ancient or modern, as long as the religion of the greater number exists therein.

Some of the foulest calumnies, which the baseness of the heart of man could invent, have been propagated and reiterated by the political opponents of this great leader, in the hopes of lowering him in the estimation of his followers. The *Times*, that mighty engine which leads by the nose, whether for good or evil, more than half the unreasoning English, at one time sent an emissary, ycleped Commissioner, into the wilds of this country to ferret out by underhand practices, and among his deadliest enemies, anything which could be laid hold of to damage the fair fame of the champion of Irish Catholics. This hireling conceived that he had discovered a vulnerable point, and announced that O'Connell was a middleman, who exacted triple rents from his tenants, and this charge Alison supports, merely because it has been put forward by the sworn foes of the man, whose acts he is recounting. Can this be called evenhanded justice, or can the relater dare to assert, that he has searched the records of truth, from which he might arrive at a just conclusion? The contrary of this grievous allegation is well-known to be the fact; in the wild mountainous district of the County Kerry, where the small property of Derrynane is situated, the lowly cottiers held at a mere nominal rent, many of them paid nothing at all; and those tenants, whose land was capable of yielding any remuneration for outlay, were often two or three years in arrears. O'Connell has been also attacked on the subject of the contributions, raised yearly, to enable him to carry on the cause he so ably advocated;

he was called a "big beggarman," a pensioner of the poor, and accused of laying up large sums for his family, and growing fat upon the miseries of the peasant. What is the fact? Every shilling so subscribed as rent was scattered through the country, and returned to the people, in the enormous outlay which his active advocacy demanded. Nearly one quarter of a million sterling is said to have passed in that way through his hands, and at the day of his death not one pound of that vast sum was forthcoming to pay his debts. Even a small amount, for which he had insured his life for the benefit of his family, was considerably reduced by demands made upon it by his creditors. Such was the man, whom this ignorant, unenquiring Scotchman has designated with the name of a "grinding middleman."

Viewing his career as a public man for a period of nearly 40 years, during which he advocated the claims of his fellow-countrymen of the Roman Catholic persuasion, he must be admitted to have exhibited greater power of eloquence, whether at the bar or in the senate, greater tact and address in conducting a perilous agitation, more firmness and courage in the hour of trial, than any man whom Europe produced during that lapse of time. At his profession he shewed a more profound learning in the law, a readier wit in speeches to juries than most of his cotemporaries. He once got his client, a guilty man, acquitted by throwing his brief on the table, and leaving the onus of the trial on the presiding judge, then Serjeant Lefroy, now the chief Justice of Queen's Bench. In the celebrated prosecution of Magee he crushed an unfortunate attorney-general, Saurin, by his withering sarcasm, and bearded the judges on the bench, when other Roman Catholics were almost afraid to act as advocates before these tribunals, then exclusively Protestant. His income as barrister, at one time, reached very nearly £8,000 yearly, business flowed in upon him to such an extent, that he is reported to have had usually three bags, fully laden with briefs, carried after him from court to court in important causes. His advocacy was secured in a suit, in which a large property in the north of Ireland was at stake, by a fee of 1000 guineas, the heaviest which had been ever known at the Irish bar, and his successful client declared, that had he been aware previously of the talents displayed by his counsel, he should not have hesitated to double the retainer.

When he first joined the Catholic committee, at the head of which Lords French and Fingal, in 1807, were in vain struggling to rouse their co-religionists to action, and to coerce government to relieve their disabilities, he found everywhere disunion and apathy, the Tories strong in power, the Orangemen triumphant, no hope of any attention being given by the Imperial Parliament to Catholic claims. During twenty years he laboured perseveringly to arouse a spirit of independence in the country, to create a bond of union among his fellowmen, steering their leaders through the dangerous shoals of agitation, skilfully avoiding the grasp of the law, and yet arraying by degrees against the executive a formidable combination of party and discontent. When his plans were matured and the favourable moment arrived, he threw himself boldly in the gap at the Clare Election, and demanded from the legislature the just right of every British subject to represent his constituency in Parliament. His speech at the bar of the House of Commons on the occasion of supporting his claim to a seat in the house, must be regarded as equalling in nervous eloquence and argument, anything which ever fell from the lips of ancient or modern orator. The statute book was too strong for him; but at his back was seen such a well drilled force of Catholic patriots, that the man of the hour, Sir Robert Peel, thought it very expedient, and the Duke of Wellington deemed it imperative, in order to preserve the integrity of the commonwealth, that Parliament should yield their just rights to an oppressed race.

Emancipation being granted he first mooted the question of the Repeal of the Act of Union. For a long time his most ardent admirers and followers would not rightly comprehend what was his intention in putting forward this question before the public. Many thought that his purpose did not go the full length of his declarations, that he merely brought this debatable point into issue, in order to keep alive the attention of the Roman Catholics and the Irish people in general, and that the agitation so produced might be useful in obtaining other concessions. Be that as it may, he used the opportunity to demand the total abolition of Tithes, roused the peasantry into active resistance to the collection of that impost, and finally had it cast upon the wealthy proprietors of the soil, the greater number of whom were Protestants. Many other small



measures of relief for his fellow-countrymen, he obtained by a harassing system of warfare with the executive, keeping beyond the reach of the law, in some cases evading it, in others openly defying its myrmidons, until at length he perceived that a complete removal of disabilities could never be obtained from a parliament sitting at Westminster. Then he determined on a bold stroke, to endeavour to bring back the representatives of the country to their ancient place of sitting in the Irish metropolis. He failed in this notwithstanding his well organized plan of agitation, for two reasons; the first, because the British Government were determined to lavish countless treasures and the best blood of Englishmen on the soil of Ireland, before they would yield to such a demand; the second, because he had always held as a maxim from his first entrance into political life, that the greatest progress of the human intellect was not worth one drop of human blood spilt in insurrection. Here was the only fault in his character, though it must be admitted to have been a humane one; in 1846, when the young Irishmen called on him to rouse the people to an armed resistance, he shrank from the phantom he himself had evoked. Here at least was inconsistency; the man who had shot D'Esterre should not have recoiled from the sight of the blood of martyrs in the cause of independence. He was fully justified by the dictates of prudence, he foresaw that the struggle would be worse than vain, he saw that his task in this world for his beloved country was at an end; he left her in order that he might not be a witness of the miserable squabbles, which for a time disgraced, and finally caused the dissolution of the Repeal Association.

Let him rest in peace! His memory is dear to all Irishmen, whose social position has been immeasurably raised by his efforts in the cause of freedom during nearly half a century. Those only throw filth upon his tomb, who writhed under the lash of his eloquence while he was alive, and still wince at the recollection of the infliction. It is unworthy of any man, calling himself an impartial historian, as Sir Archibald Alison no doubt does, to blacken the fair fame of the dead, because in his lifetime he happened to be a political foe. Let his deeds be judged by themselves, not by the misrepresentations of party rancour, and O'Connell will be esteemed by posterity as the master mind of his age.

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The Bank Charter Act passed in 1844, which has been the subject of so much discussion, during the commercial crisis of the last autumn, and which was suspended in consequence by an order of council, was introduced by Sir Robert Peel to endeavour to provide against the evils of unwholesome speculation, and the pressure on the money-market consequent thereupon. The former act granting exclusive privileges to the Bank of England, had been in force since 1833, and was to last for a period of 21 years, with a power to the executive after 10 years to alter its provisions, if deemed expedient. Sir Robert, alarmed by the crises of 1836, 1839, and subsequent eras of overtrading, took advantage of the latter proviso, to revise the measure, and endeavour to protect the interests of legitimate commerce. The over-issue of notes by the Bank of England and country banks was considered to be one of the main causes of the over speculation; some conceived that this issue should be limited to the Bank of England alone; others argued that a power of issuing notes should be extended to every bank, as the retention of gold alone would be a sufficient check upon the amount of accommodation afforded.

These opinions were disregarded by Sir Robert Peel; he assumed that the total circulation of the country was about 22 millions, 14 of which was required in home trade, and 8 in foreign commerce. Basing his calculations upon these data he introduced his bill, the principal provisions of which were that there should be two separate departments in the bank, one of issue, the other of banking, to the former of which all the bullion should be transferred—that the 14 millions of notes issued for home trade should have a foundation of securities public and private, and the 8 millions additional should be issued exclusively on the foundation of bullion—that no notes should issue on deposits or discounts—that the accounts of the Bank of England should be published periodically—that it should be bound to buy up all the gold brought in below the mint price—that the establishment of new banks should be prohibited, but then the issues of the old ones allowed. The Bank of England was to pay for its privileges a sum of £180,000 to government, and any net profit for any further issues allowed in time of pressure.

Such were the principal provisions of the bill, which passed both houses on the 12th of July; it was followed in the next

year by similar measures for Scotland and Ireland. Any one who looks at this question for a moment will at once perceive on what an erroneous foundation the whole scheme was founded. The extent of the circulation of the United Kingdom was taken to be necessarily permanent, than which nothing could be more fallacious, or more calculated to straiten trade, which requires a large amount of elasticity in the currency. Since this act was passed the transactions of the country have increased both in home and foreign commerce at least one third, requiring a much larger accommodation. The circulation itself is becoming every day more extensive, the proportion of gold to notes greater, and therefore the benefits of paper currency proportionally decreased. The ultimate effect is that no commercial pressure can now occur without causing a very serious crisis, during which it becomes absolutely necessary to do away with the act for a time, at the very point where such an act should protect the public and trading community from loss. Again the currency of the country depends very nearly altogether on the amount of gold held by the Bank of England, and if a time should arrive when this would be entirely run out, the remaining 14 millions would be inconvertible; in the case of disorder in the government, notes would fall enormously in value, like the French assignats, and bring ruin upon a large portion of the community.

Alison, however, is wrong in one proposition, that the effect of free trade, and the Bank Charter Act combined, is to cause a large surplus of imports over exports, and consequently that the gold required in commerce with foreign nations merely passes through this country as a medium. This statement is not correct either in theory or practice. England's riches do not consist in her currency, but in the capital employed in her manufactures, the immense debt secured to private individuals by government, and her monopoly to a great extent of the carrying trade of nations. All these are independent of the laws of export and import, except the first, in which she has an immense superiority over all other countries, so that she can well afford to send abroad some of her surplus revenue, to purchase foreign luxuries.

The first occasion on which this act was put to the test, occurred in 1847, when a succession of commercial embarrassments supervened, in consequence of the Railway mania with-

drawing a large amount from trade, and the famine in Ireland and Scotland, which raised the prices of the necessities of life, and caused a disastrous speculation in corn and other articles of food. The reserve in the Banking department was reduced to £1,600,000, the 8 millions being locked up, and the Board declined to make any advances on stock or Exchequer Bills. Though the crisis was not near as great as that which occurred in this past autumn, the rate of interest having risen only to 8 per cent., while in November, 1857, it reached 11 per cent. yet a total suspension of all business and payments was apprehended. The Royal Bank of Liverpool with a paid up capital of £800,000 stopped, and many large trading companies suspended payments. The manufacturing districts of the north of England, and many of the merchants of London, petitioned the government to relax the charter, but the executive was resolute. It was only when the private Bankers of London sent in a memorial, in which they declared that they would withdraw their balances from the Bank of England, amounting to nearly £1,800,000, against which there was only a reserve of £1,600,000, that Lord John Russell and the Chancellor of the Exchequer authorised a departure from the act, and an enlargement of discounts and advances on approved security. In fact but for this timely step the Bank of England would in mercantile phrase have been "chequed out" by the London Bankers. The circulation of notes in the United Kingdom had been reduced 8 millions below what it had been in 1844. The effect of this authorization was the liberation of an immense amount of hoarded notes and coin, and trade recovered its equilibrium. Such was also the effect of a similar measure last year, clearly shewing that Sir R. Peel's restrictions are not such as suit the commerce of this country. They were calculated for a certain definite amount of transactions, which have been increasing ever since, and causing the operation of the act to become every day more dangerous, limiting the currency when it ought to be increased. The critical state of the Bank of England in November, 1857, was very alarming in consequence of this system. The *Times* of November 12th states the interest of money in London to have been 10 per cent. the Bullion in the Bank a little over 7 millions, the reserve notes only £975,000, and the liabilities nearly 41 millions. Such a state of things is very near, if not completely, a state of bankruptcy.

The provision with respect to the compulsory purchase of gold produced in some cases a very strange result. It was intended to have a tranquillising effect, and to retain the price of that metal at a certain equable standard. The contrary was in a great measure the effect. When the market price was low, immense masses of bullion flowed into this country, at a time when it was not wanting. In 1846 the Bank held  $16\frac{1}{2}$  millions of the precious metal, and in 1852 22 millions, whereas in 1847, when the demand was most pressing, there existed only £8,312,000, and in 1857 only £7,170,000, of bullion in its coffers. In the former cases the Bank suffered by its purchases, and in the latter the public were the victims by contraction. Over trading was produced in the one case, and numerous suspensions in the other. So much for the foresight of statesmen in dealing with the monetary affairs of the country.

The next great event of this period was the Anticorn-law League agitation and the establishment of Free trade. This had been prepared by the efforts of the Manchester party in 1844 and '45, by several motions in the House of Commons, in which Mr. Villiers and Lord John Russell took very prominent parts, when Sir James Graham stated that many years would not pass away before the people would be in want of food, if a refusal to admit foreign corn was persisted in; and Mr. Disraeli declared that "Protection appeared to be in the same condition that Protestantism was in 1828," and that it was his belief that "a conservative government is an organised conspiracy." Strange sentiment coming from a man, who at this moment is leagued with Lord Derby in bolstering up a purely conservative administration! Where does the hypocrisy reside, whether in the Disraeli of to-day, who forms a part of the condemned organization, or in the Peelites, who were compelled by the voice of the country to abandon the absurd principles of protection? Sir Robert Peel in his memoirs has so woven up the history of the establishment of Free trade with the causes of the famine, which subsequently desolated Ireland, that we shall treat the two subjects together.

On referring to these memoirs we find that protection, as founded on the corn law of 1815, was based on the assumption, that wheat could not be profitably grown in England, or this country, at a price lower than 80s. a quarter. Nothing could have shown more clearly from the commencement, that the law in its inception was most iniquitous, cutting off the supply of food from the bulk of the com-

munity, in order to benefit the tillers and owners of the soil, who could not compete with foreign climates. These Islands were never intended by Providence for an extensive growth of corn; the general humidity of the air and want of power in the sun's rays acting on the surface, with other atmospherical disadvantages, all combine to retard the ripening of cereal crops to a late season, sometimes to the commencement of September, when the recurrence of rains is apt to destroy the harvest completely. Compare this with the early cutting before the end of July on the scorching plains of Languedoc, the flats of Saxony, Prussia and Poland, and the shores of the Black Sea, without counting the enormous yield from the virgin soil of America, and no one can doubt, but that it was only the most blinded selfishness of the landed interest in England, which swayed the legislature in maintaining such a measure. It was under the conviction of its instability, that its provisions were relaxed in 1828 and 1842, and that Sir Robert Peel would not in 1845 give his friends in the cabinet, Lord Stanley and others, any guarantee, that he should maintain even the protection of the latter year.

In his letter to the electors of Tamworth Sir Robert declared his reasons for believing that protection would soon fall to the ground and did not suit this country. They were three; first, that labor does not vary with the price of corn, on the contrary in some of the dearest seasons the greatest number of the operatives were deprived of the means of supporting their families; secondly, he contrasted two successive periods during which such a state of things existed; and thirdly, he shewed that cheapness and plenty are more insured by free intercourse with other nations. He had really made up his mind that a repeal of the duties on grain was absolutely necessary, but in pursuance of the temporizing policy of expediency, for which he rendered himself famous, he did not wish to bring forward any measure on the subject, lest his party might desert him altogether, unless circumstances arose to demand his interference.

As early as the middle of August, 1845, accounts were received from the Isle of Wight, and in the commencement of October from Ireland and Scotland, that the potato crop, on which the bulk of the people depended for food, was likely to be for the most part destroyed. Two eminent men of science,

Professor Lindley, and Dr. Lyon Playfair, were sent across the channel to investigate the causes, extent and method of prevention of the disease. There were plenty of learned men in chemistry, or any other branch of natural philosophy, in Dublin at the period, who might have been employed on this business. This, however, was not the policy of the government, who chose to have their own particular *protégés* brought forward, although these gentlemen had no experience of the climate, method of cultivation of the potato, or customs and habits of the people, in Ireland; and consequently they ended their labors by a wise recommendation to send out agents to enquire, how potatoes might be got or supplied from Spain, Holland or North Germany. In the meanwhile famine was approaching by slow degrees, the daily bread of the poor disappearing off the face of the earth, and nothing to replace it.

Lord Stuart de Decies, Lord Heytesbury, the then Lord Lieutenant, and Mr. Bullen, the secretary to the Agricultural Society, wrote several pressing letters to the Cabinet, representing the impending distress and the necessity for some precautionary measures. It was suggested that distillation from grain should be prohibited, in order that the corn intended to be a sustenance for man should not be turned into a poison. Cabinet meetings were held, the memoranda of which as left in Sir Robert Peel's memoirs seem to treat the question more as a matter of charity, begged for the Irish people, than as an absolute demand for necessary support. He says under the date of November 1, "monster meetings, the ungrateful return for past services, the subscriptions in Ireland to Repeal rent and O'Connell tribute; will have disinclined the charitable here to make any great exertions for Irish relief." In other words, that because the Irish people had taken up the Repeal question, and endeavoured to obtain what they considered their rights, they were to be allowed to starve; or that the charity of England was so little disinterested in Sir Robert's opinion, that the political opponents of the Repealers would prefer to see them die of want, than hold out to them a helping hand. He proposed, however, that the corn laws should be suspended, and £100,000 given to the Lord Lieutenant for distribution. This was not acceded to by the other ministers, and the matter lay still in abeyance.

Meanwhile the Anti-Corn-Law League seeing the advantage,

which they were likely to gain by a demand for imports of grain, determined to make a great effort to bring the question of the duties to a crisis. Immense numbers of publications were scattered through the country, advocating the abolition of the taxes on grain; Covent Garden Theatre was taken for a bazaar, which was visited by some 135,000 persons at various times, and £25,000 realized. A levy of a quarter of a million sterling was agreed to at Manchester, and £62,000 subscribed on the spot, £1500 by one gentleman, and £100 each by twenty others. More than £122,000 had been previously raised. The price of corn had risen from 46s. in June to 60s a quarter in November, distress was imminent, the increased bad reports of the crops created very general alarm. Lords Ashley and Morpeth declared in favour of the league.

A meeting had been held at the Rotunda in Dublin, at the end of October, at which the Duke of Leinster presided, where a resolution was passed, directing that an address be sent to the Lord Lieutenant, to request that the Irish ports should be opened to Indian corn, rice and other grains. This, however, produced no effect; another cabinet was held on Nov. 6th, at which it was proposed to remit the duty on corn in bond to one shilling and to open the ports. This was rejected by a majority, at the head of which stood Lord Stanley, the only supporters of Peel being Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Sidney Herbert. But Peel began now to meditate a throwing overboard of his own party; he saw that there was no other leader in the House of Commons able to form a ministry, and the only way in which he could carry out the measure he intended, was by resigning and getting rid of a portion of his own cabinet. This becomes abundantly evident from several memoranda in the memoirs, the most striking of which runs as follows:—"The betrayal of party attachments—the maintenance of the honour of public men—the real interests of the cause of constitutional government, must all be determined by the answer which the heart and conscience of a responsible minister must give to the question—What is that course which the public interests really demand?" How a public man could at the same time betray his party, and maintain his political honour, is a problem requiring the widest stretch of expedient statesmanship to be able to solve.

Something must, however, be done for Ireland, from which accounts had been received in the middle of November, stating that



"one half the actual potato crop was destroyed." This portended some dreadful disaster, and demanded some immediate preventive step. Sir Robert decided on the very unusual step of authorising the purchase of Indian corn in the United States on account of government. This could only afford a very partial measure of relief, and instructions were sent to the Lord Lieutenant to inquire into the best method of encouraging the importation of grain.

At this moment Lord John Russell, who is ever ready to make political capital from the necessities and temper of the times, and to forestall the intentions of other statesmen, came out with his celebrated letter to his London constituents, in which he shewed that the failure of the potato crop could have no effect in increasing the importation of corn, and that under the existing law, the worst species of grain were taxed with the highest duties. This produced great excitement throughout the country, and warned the cabinet to make some move to meet the emergency. A circular was despatched by the Prime Minister to each of his colleagues, requesting to be informed how far they would support him in a proposition for a remission of the duties. The greater number held fast to their original opinions, some wavered; but the most remarkable answer given by any was that of the Duke of Wellington, evincing a desire to support Peel in any measure, even against his own convictions. It ran thus; "if it is necessary to suspend the corn laws to avoid real evils, resulting from the scarcity of food, we ought not to hesitate;" and thus, "a good government for this country is more important than corn laws or any consideration." In other words he was ready to do anything which would keep his own party in office; a soldier-like obedience to his chief. Peel, however, seeing that he would not be sustained, proposed that a sliding scale be introduced, diminishing for a series of years, and finally extinguishing the duties. This was not acceded to by Lord Stanley or the Duke of Buccleuch, and he resigned his office on the 5th of December.

Then succeeded a strange species of scene-shifting, on which Peel had calculated long before. Lord John Russell is sent for by the Queen, to undertake the formation of a ministry. This noble lord, always eager to grasp the reins of power, made some ineffectual attempts to collect together not followers, but members of different parties. One objected to another holding

a place in the cabinet, and was objected to in return; Earl Grey refused to join if Lord Palmerston was admitted, deeming this latter a dangerous man in foreign politics. After a week's deliberations no combination of the repugnant elements could be formed, and Sir Robert Peel was called on to resume the administration of affairs. The same men, with the exceptions of Lord Stanley who retired, and Lord Wharncliffe, who died in the interval, filled their respective posts. The freetrade policy was determined on, the Times announced it, the league became uproariously rejoiced at their success, but the measure was not passed for six months. It is needless to go through the reasons assigned in the House of Commons by Sir Robert Peel for this change of law, which reduced the duty on corn at once from 16*s.* to 4*s.* to be entirely extinguished in three years, except in so far that one main argument was founded on the threatened famine in Ireland. The opposition treated this as a mere pretence got up for party purposes, stating that the oat crop was amply sufficient to support the whole population, while at the same time every day advices were being sent across the channel foreboding the direst calamities.

The Bill did not pass through the Lords until the 22nd of June, 1846, and produced on that occasion a very characteristic speech from the Duke of Wellington, showing that his only principle of action was obedience to his sovereign, even contrary to his own convictions. But the government found it also necessary, in consequence of reports they had received from Ireland, concerning the prevalence of Ribbonism and assassinations, especially a letter from Sir Charles O'Donnell, the commander of a district, to bring in an Arms Act. This was put forward in the Commons, contemporaneously with the Free Trade Bill in the Lords, and it became soon apparent that both could not pass. Here Peel, in his memoirs, shews where the true difficulty of his administration lay. 'He had betrayed his own party, thrown overboard the principle of protection, after plotting against it secretly for a number of years; he found himself strong enough to brave the influence of the landed interest in England, but too weak to overcome the steady opposition of a handful of Irish members. His acrimony exhales itself in the bitterest terms, he calls them "an Irish party for which British indignation has no terms—a set of troublesome and factious members," and declares that without

the Bill, the government of Ireland would be absolutely impossible. A curious coincidence then occurred, the Free Trade Act passed the Lords, the news of the ratification of the Oregon Treaty with America arrived, and the ministry were defeated on the Arms Bill on the same day. This constitutes one instance the more of Irish members acting together, and watching their opportunity, being able to overturn any English Cabinet on a fitting occasion.

Alison enters into a somewhat lengthy disquisition, not history, but argumentative essayism, to shew that the danger of scarcity, on which the measure was principally founded, had passed away before the law was complete; that real Free Trade was not introduced, but protection retained for the manufacturer, and withdrawn from the farmer; that the Irish members, O'Connell, his sons and followers, had acted inconsistently, suicidally towards the interests of their country, in advocating the measure. The first assertion is not true, the second is equally false, and the third is completely erroneous. Irish farmers before the introduction of Free Trade, were very apt to speculate in the growth of corn, the value of which crop depended very much upon the demand for shipments to England. This was a fluctuating market, and its changes helped to ruin many, while it left the greater number in a state of struggling poverty. In fact this country was never fit for the cultivation of grain by which money could be made, unless in very exceptional seasons. But since the abolition of the duties the peasantry have turned their attention more exclusively to green crops and cattle, for which this climate is peculiarly adapted, and hence has arisen the prosperity known to exist in many districts at the present time. It has been currently reported within a short period, that many of the tenantry in certain parts of the Island, who do not presume to be considered as gentlemen, on account of their humble origin and want of education, have begun to taste the fruits of civilization, to use wine and other luxuries at their tables, which were unknown even by name to the generations preceding them in the occupation of their holdings. They deal extensively in beasts, frequent cattle sales and markets, and make regular consignments of native produce to the ports at the other side of the channel. In fine, the agricultural resources of Ireland have been more developed in the last twelve years, than in the whole period which elapsed from the fall of Napoleon to 1846.

Sir Archibald is not easily drawn away from his hobby of protection; it is not for nothing that he has been created a Baronet on the recommendation of the Derby-Disraeli ministry—he must support the cause to the death. As a necessary consequence he thinks fit to inflict on his readers 30 pages of statistics, politico-economics, and dissertation, on the effects of the combination of Free trade with the bank charter act of 1844. It would be tedious in the extreme to follow him through the various phases of the same argument, repeated more than once, on a subject already so well threshed; it amounts however, to this, that the currency being dependant on a certain amount of gold, held by the Bank of England, any circumstance which causes an outward drain of the precious metals, is likely to produce a crisis in the money market. Also that Free trade has a tendency to bring about such an efflux, causing the imports to be much larger than the exports, necessitating the shipment of specie to a large amount. The first part of this position is erroneous, because it proceeds on the assumption that the circulation is entirely dependent on the stock of bullion, and he even goes so far as to say, that “if the nation possessed a currency adequate to its necessities, and yet duly limited, *independent of gold*, that metal might all go away without inducing a greater evil than the efflux of lead or iron.” Nothing could be more absurd than this, which would reduce us to mere paper, like the French assignats, without any metallic basis. The error lies in not leaving sufficient margin for the increase of circulation, giving too exclusive privileges to the Bank of England, and not sufficiently encouraging private Banks, at the same time making the laws more stringent as to their management. The laxity of the law permits and fosters a very large amount of unwholesome speculation both in Banking and in other trades, which periodically comes to a head, and bursts with destructive effects.

On the question of imports and exports, Alison does not take into account, that bullion, like every other commodity, is just as much an object of trade as corn, or cotton. This occurs particularly at the present time, when so much of the precious metals are sent into the vaults of the Bank of England from Australia and California. In reality the great source of wealth in Britain, is the carrying trade which it performs for other nations of Europe, the extent of her manufactures, and the

supplying foreign states with capital to perform many of their public works, railways and other undertakings. The imports of groceries and raw materials for manufactures are certainly very large, but there is a continual current of produce and bullion passing through the ports of the British Islands, on which the merchant levies his toll as it passes, and adds to his accumulations.

The historian rightly says in another place, that without protection our old country cannot compete in agricultural produce, with a young and growing state. The reason of this is, that the price of labour is greater in the one than in the other, on account of the increase of wealth, but there is no necessity for the old state competing in these matters at all. The surplus of the interest of her capital may very well go to foreign lands, to purchase their peculiar produce. Rome was fed from the valley of the Nile, and the granaries of Egypt, not from the plains of Italy, where the luxurious vine encumbered the soil. The only thing which the impossibility of growing corn in this country profitably without protection demonstrates, is this, that England has reached the plethoric state in the career of a nation, as Rome did in the time of the early Emperors, and the sole question is how long that condition of repletion can last. The amount of capital wasted every year in profitless undertakings at home and abroad is enormous, shewing that good investments are difficult to be found, or that speculation is preferred to safe transactions. There is yet no symptom of decay in the body politic, the current of life seems to run freely through its veins, now and then receiving a severe check from over excitement. If the bubble of the state purse does not some day burst and carry all right of property away with it, the machine may yet hold together for centuries, and defy the storms which have destroyed so many continental states.

While the statesmen of Great Britain were battling for office under the pressure of the Anti-corn law League and public opinion, Ireland was advancing steadily towards a state of desolation from which nothing but the most energetic measures could even partially save her. We have seen that as early as the month of October, 1845, Lord Heytesbury and many other influential men, as well as the government Inspectors, Professor Lindley and Dr. Lyon Playfair, had reported to

the cabinet, that the potato crop was more than half destroyed, and dire distress imminent in the country parts. Sir Robert Peel was too much taken up by his struggle with his own party, to pay any attention to the pressing wants of 8 millions of people. The only measure he attempted was that of ordering a quantity of Indian corn on account of the government to be bought in the United States, but this was too insignificant a means to adopt for the purpose of diverting a wide spread calamity. Instead of alleviating the distress, he endeavoured to pass an arms act, which caused his ejection from office, and the cabinet who succeeded him vainly tried to introduce a similar bill, but were obliged to withdraw it. Thus the old system of coercion was revived against the peasantry, when they were becoming half maddened by the evils which impended over them. The Free trade act, on which Peel relied for averting famine by causing a large importation of food, was not passed until the middle of 1846, too late to produce any decided effect for the coming season of dearth.

Every one in the island saw that famine was sure to set in during the winter of 1846-7. The small farmers were nearly all ruined, labour was not to be had, as there was no capital to employ workmen. Nearly a third of all the tillage-land lay idle, unwrought, in the spring of 1846, during which and for some months of the succeeding summer, the calamity was averted, only by the retailing of Indian meal by the government and some employment under the "Public Works Act." The greater part of the money laid out in this last manner became perfectly useless and even burdensome to the country, many districts of which had to repay large loans, from which they derived no advantage whatever. The retailing by government officials only served to check the legitimate course of trade, which might to a certain extent have balanced the evil. The proper course would have been either to have opened the ports altogether and encourage importation, at the same time advancing such sums to holders of land, as would enable them to pay for tilling the soil, or to have caused such large purchases to have been made on account of Government, as would both bring down the market, and furnish food for the multitude. No measures of the kind were attempted until late in the autumn of 1846, when it was found that the country was in the midst of a fearful calamity.

We do not mean to go into the particulars of this horrible tragedy, by which half-a-million of human beings were done to death under the slow tortures of starvation. There are very few grown people amongst us, who do not remember the misery, the feeling of terror which pervaded the community, as each account from the distant parts of the country reached the metropolis, detailing the wretched sufferings of the poor people, the heart-breaking scenes discovered in the homesteads of the peasantry, and the vain attempts made at untimely aid. Too late was the public money wasted with a lavish hand, the roads of the country rendered impassable by heaps of useless rubbish; the number of labourers on the works increased from 40,000 in September, 1846, to 700,000 in March, 1847, and the expenses per month as advanced to the different baronies, from £75,000 to £1,000,000 in the same period. Nine-tenths of this money was uselessly expended, completely thrown away; as the farm labour for the coming year was completely nullified, the lands were left deserted and untilled; the treasury had taken the place of the ordinary reciprocal action of society in providing for its members. This system threatened to make the famine permanent, and to effectually prevent the people from recovering from their abject state of misery. In fact the executive became so bewildered, that they scarcely knew what to do; on account of their former remissness they were obliged to take sudden measures; in the words of Lord Brougham, "It is impossible, when the cry of hunger prevails over the land—when there is the melancholy substance as well as the cry—when the country is distracted from day to day by accounts of the most heart-rending spectacles I have ever heard or read of . . . . that at such a moment, with such feelings pervading millions in both islands, we should be able, calmly and deliberately, to take up a question of permanent policy, I hold to be utterly and necessarily impossible."

It was not until January, 1847, that is to say, more than a year after the first serious accounts had reached Sir Robert Peel, that the British Government brought into operation some effectual general measures to meet the crisis. The shilling duty on wheat was taken off, the navigation laws entirely suspended, and every facility given for trade to relieve the wants of the people. The Poor Law was remodelled and rendered more efficient in Ireland, relief committees were appointed,

and the transit of food through the country facilitated in every possible way. These measures, however, did not produce their full effect for nearly six months, and the pressure on the outdoor relief of the unions became so large during the next twelve months, that 700,000 persons received rations outside the walls of the workhouses. This state of things could not last long without reducing the whole population, proprietors and peasantry, to a common state of want, the immediate consequence being that the rent of land fell from 80 to 50 per cent, and the value of house property in towns from 50 to 80 per cent. The effects of the famine did not really end until the year 1850, when it was calculated that more than half-a-million of inhabitants had disappeared off the face of the earth under its influence.

The Irish people can never be too grateful for the generous behaviour of the British people, who subscribed voluntarily £470,000, and to the Society of Friends, who contributed £168,000, towards relieving the general distress. Unfortunately our country is poor in money, and can never be expected to be able to repay in specie the debt thus incurred, but England should never forget what a large proportion of the defenders of her wealth, military and naval, have been reared in the Sister Island, and how they have upheld the dignity of the crown and the national honour on the bleak heights over Sebastopol, and in India. There is one assertion of Alison, however, respecting the money advanced from the treasury, which requires to be very largely qualified. He says that "between public grants and private subscriptions, nearly eight millions sterling were, in two years, bestowed by Great Britain upon Ireland—an example of magnificent liberality unparalleled in any former age or country, and forming not the least honourable feature in its long and glorious annals." From such statement it would appear to any foreign reader, that the two countries were essentially distinct, having separate exchequers, that Ireland contributed nothing whatever to the Imperial Treasury, had no voice or right in the disposal of its funds; or it might even seem that the hard cash came out of the very pockets of John Bull himself. Is anything said of the large additions made to the public debt of Ireland since the Union, three times greater than was stipulated in the conditions of the Act of 1800, on account of the wars and exigencies of Britain, or of the burthens heaped on the Irish



people in consequence. But the position is very much lessened in importance by the fact that more than  $8\frac{1}{2}$  millions, having been levied on the baronies by presentment sessions, was liable to be repaid in ten years, and that the remainder only was a free gift from the Imperial Parliament.

Do we not remember what disastrous effects the heavy poor-rates, levied for a series of years in order to repay this government loan, produced all through the land and in all classes of society? The enormous depreciation of property, and the long continued drain of the bone and sinew of the population by emigration, reduced this country to the lowest ebb, until a turn in the tide of prosperity has come about, by the liberation of capital through the Encumbered Estates Court, and the extensive change of the proprietors of the soil. To what was all this owing? To the dilatory conduct of the executive under Sir Robert Peel, who was more intent upon plotting against his own party to retain himself in power, and at the same time carry the Free Trade Bill through the house, than to provide against a famine, which he must have seen to be inevitable. We have shewn that he was forewarned at least a year before the distress actually commenced; he did not forearm himself, and the consequence was a loss to Great Britain of more than four millions of money, and to Ireland a fall in property to five times that amount, coupled with a deficit of one-fourth the population. If a proper re-construction of the Poor Laws had been carried out in the commencement of 1846, as was afterwards done late in '47, a liberal distribution of money by means of the presentment sessions and Labour Act passed through the country, and the ports opened to the importation of corn, Ireland would not have had to deplore the waste of human life and the exodus of her people, or England the worse than useless squandering of her treasure. No human foresight would have completely prevented the calamities of that season, but in all probability timely aid would have checked them and alleviated the enormous distress.

In the diminution of the population of Ireland by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  millions of souls in the space of ten years after the introduction of free-trade, Allison endeavours to found some argument in favour of protection. The consecutiveness of it we do not see; it looks like the well-known logical error, *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*. It would appear to us rather, that if grain had been let in duty free, at the time (October, 1845) when Sir Robert

Peel in his memoirs declares, he had formed the opinion that the corn laws could not stand, much of the subsequent misery would have been prevented. A very absurd notion was at one time got up by the protectionists, asserted by Lord Stanley, and founded on an allegation of Bishop Hughes, who had gone through some of the districts of Wexford and Cork, that the crop of oats in '45 and '46 was immense, and completely sufficient for the support of the entire population. This had been asseverated for a long time with such pertinacity that it formed the chief answer to the argument for the relief of Irish distress, and postponed the adoption of adequate measures. The fact was that the oat crop never formed a fifth part of that of the potato, the main food of the people, and could not have carried them through more than three or four months in the year.

The immense emigration which succeeded the famine in Ireland, to such an extent that nearly two millions of the population left her shores in ten years, is also ascribed by Sir Archibald to the effects of freetrade, in destroying the market for Irish corn. This statement is also completely erroneous, the removal of the people to other countries being mainly owing to the pressure of the burthens on land, poor rates and landtax, which in some localities reached such a figure, as not only to sweep away nearly the entire of the landlord's income, but to render it morally impossible that the small tenants could make a livelihood out of their holdings. Several clergymen of the Established Church, in some districts, lost almost their whole rent charge, by the deductions made from it for poor rates, on account of the provision in the act that the poundage should be subtracted in the entirety. As we have before shewn, the general effects of the famine and free trade on Ireland, have been to a certain extent beneficial; they have changed the habits, food, and method of cultivation of the peasantry; they have altered their system of agriculture to one more suited to the climate of the island, and although her people have passed through an ordeal scarcely equalled in history, yet she has been chastened and purified, and the most useful results are expected to follow.

We shall pass over the account given of the Railway mania, and the construction of the iron roads in Great Britain, in a few words. The great extension of these highways in England

have had certainly a great effect in facilitating commerce and manufactures, but the enormous cost at which they were originally constructed, and the extensions on which some of the main lines have foolishly entered, will prevent them from ever producing a remunerative return for the capital spent. It would have been much better if they had been gradually developed, and no branches made which were not absolutely required. In this respect France, and indeed Ireland, have adopted a more judicious system, and unless the rivalry of companies or absurd extensions swallow up all the profits, we bid fair in this country to have some of the best paying railways on the face of the globe. It is impossible to do away altogether with the traffic on cars or coaches; the steam engine will never be ramified over the country, as Bianconi's routes have been; the trains require to be fed at the various stations by horse labour. There is another matter also in connection with the English railways, which at once strikes any one who has travelled on the continent of Europe, and is particularly revolting to the eyes of any foreigner on his first arrival in these countries. This is the disgraceful species of accommodation afforded to second class passengers throughout the kingdom. It is strange that the English public, so jealous of their rights and comforts, have never tried to compel the different companies to improve their carriages, and give some reasonable amount of ease to travellers, instead of obliging them to sit on bare benches, and have their backs stripped by wooden boards. A monopoly of the highways has been handed over to private enterprize, but there ought to be reserved to the Crown or Parliament some means of checking the abuse of that monopoly. The reason for treating the second classes in this niggardly and parsimonious manner is obvious, to endeavour to drive them into the first class contrary to their inclinations and purses; but these companies, who are to a certain extent servants of the community, have no right to treat the public with such indignity. Such a system would not be tolerated for a moment either in Germany or France, notwithstanding all our boastings of freedom and independence. It is a course very prejudicial to the interests of the railways themselves; their chief support for passenger traffic lies in the middle classes, who go about the country on mercantile or professional business, and they ought to afford every reasonable

accommodation to their best customers. The first class carriages in this country are not in any way superior to the second class in many parts of Germany and France, for instance the lines from Paris to Lyons, and from Hamburg to Berlin. The second class carriages here are as miserable or more so than the third class there, and the fares of the second class here are equal to those of the first, and greater by a third than those of the second, on the continent. It is said, however, that the cost of construction of our lines has been much greater. That is very true, but the fares are greater in proportion, and the accommodation ought to be at least as good. The only railway we know of, which has shewn any proper attention to public requirements in this respect, is that from Dublin to Kingstown; the second class carriages are neatly cushioned, and lined inside with mahogany veneer, and a proportional advantage is derived to the shareholders, who have been able to divide 8 and 9 per cent, although several miles of the embankment cost from £30,000 to £40,000 per mile. No better argument could be used in favour of improvements in carriages; it is indeed marvellous that this subject has not been properly agitated, as that of the hotels was about two years ago.

In 1845 two measures were passed by Sir Robert Peel, which evinced a considerable amount of liberality on the part of the government towards the Roman Catholics of Ireland. The first of these was brought forward by Sir James Graham, on the 9th of May, for the erection of the three colleges, now called the Queen's Universities of Belfast, Cork and Galway. They were immediately nicknamed, "Godless Colleges," on account of the absence of any species of religious teachings within their walls. The Roman Catholic Clergy have discountenanced them ever since, because they are not submitted entirely to their control, and are liable to be made use of for the extension of Church of England doctrines. This appears to us to be a suicidal course to take; if the priests had supported at first these colleges, which were regarded with a great degree of odium by the Protestants, they would ultimately have gained entire dominion in them, and used them for the purposes of their religion, almost as exclusively as Trinity College, Dublin, has been dedicated to those of the Established Church.

The second measure was that of increasing the grant to

Maynooth College from £9,000, to £26,380, a year. This is one of those subjects which Alison cannot approach, without shewing an amount of bigotry, intolerance, and ignorance, which should disgrace the columns of the highest Church-Tory print in the Empire. He says that this Act was "framed with the view of elevating the character of, and lessening the political danger from, the Catholic Clergy; . . . it was intended to elevate the condition and acquirements of the Catholic Clergy, and bring them more into harmony with the government of the state, and it has had just the opposite effect; it has lowered the standard both of their education and ideas, and rendered them, more than ever, the irreconcilable enemies of the Protestant Establishment." And the reason which he assigns for this is as follows: "that the young priests are now educated at home, instead of abroad, and thereby become more impregnated than ever, with the bigotry and violent feelings, which centuries of dissension have engendered between the rival Churches in Ireland," and that they are brought "under the direct control of a body much inferior in acquirement, and much more inflamed in passion, than any foreign hierarchy—the Romish Clergy of Ireland." Certainly, if all the Protestants in this country were of the same opinion as this Scotch Historian, the unfortunate people here might expect to be thrown back into the state of abject degradation, in which they were at one time held by religious intolerance. The effect of this small grant made by the Imperial Parliament, has been directly the reverse of what is attributed to it by Sir Archibald; it has reconciled a great many of the Irish Ecclesiastics to British rule, to which they were formerly traitors, it has given them a small yet binding interest in the state, and has served to elevate them considerably in the scale of society. If the education given at Maynooth does not produce as polished gentlemen or learned scholars as those who formerly returned here from foreign universities, the fault lies only in the insufficiency of the grant, which does not give scope enough for the cultivation of the higher branches of learning. Let the government endow a Catholic University in Dublin, consistently with the wants of the people, as Queen Elizabeth did that of Trinity College for her favourite Protestantism, and in a short time, under the guidance of a Newman, the teaching of such an Institution will equal that of any foreign body, at Louvain, Salamanca, or St. Omer.

The charge made against the Irish priesthood, that the Maynooth grant "has lowered the standard of their education and ideas, and rendered them more than ever the irreconcilable enemies of the Protestant Establishment," is one of these assertions, worthy of a Spooner, which wantonly and recklessly made in the blind heat of party spirit, have a most pernicious effect in maintaining religious antagonism in Ireland. Never were the Roman Catholic clergy more inclined to shew a friendly feeling towards their Protestant fellow-countrymen than at present; at the last election they supported many candidates of the Established Church and high Tory principles, in preference to men of their own persuasion of more liberal shades of opinion. Several of them avowed their reason for so doing was to endeavour to effect some conciliation between parties of different creeds, and to do away with religious dissension, so injurious to the country. Alison, however, has picked up these notions from the columns of some English prints, and composes them into veritable history, without making any enquiry as to their foundation in fact.

It has been for a long time a question debated in Ireland, among persons of liberal opinions, whether the Roman Catholic clergy ought not to receive a direct stipend from the state, somewhat similar to that which is afforded in France. This matter had been formerly mooted in O'Connell's time, and was said at one period to have received much attention from him; but the priesthood then were placed in a much more antagonistic position towards government than they are at present, and it is said they could not be induced to accede to any proposal of the kind. Circumstances are now very much changed; the parochial income of many has been very much reduced by the distress and emigration of their flocks. The greater number of these would be glad to exchange their precarious livings for certain salaries; others are known to be anxious for the introduction of such a system. Any English ministry, which would be desirous of doing away with the influence of the Priests at elections, could not adopt a surer method than that of making them stipendiaries of the crown, as the lower orders of the Irish people have a great distrust of any one who receives a pension from government. The introduction of such a measure would strike a fatal blow at the independent action of the Roman Catholic clergy, who ought to consider well the interest of their flocks, before they accept a boon, the practical

effect of which must be to nullify their political influence. They stand alone between the poor tenant and the undue pressure of landlordism ; they may be said in certain cases to have abused their position, or interfered with too much personality in party contests, but they alone have been able to arouse the land holders to freedom in voting, by uniting them together in defiance of the threats of proprietors or their agents.

There is a short notice of three pages given of the rising in 1848, and the trials of the principal conspirators. It may be said to be in the principal points historically correct, but the writer makes a very strange mistake in stating that Meagher " was tried in Dublin by Chief Justice *Blackmore*," the fact being that he was tried at Clonmel, and received sentence in Dublin from Blackburne, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. Some justice is done to the manly spirit and bold demeanour of the accused after their trial, although he casts a stigma upon those who escaped from Australia, by saying they " had broken their parole." This is contrary to the general opinion of many persons of known worth consulted at the time, but it has been made use of by the press in England and the antipopular party in Ireland, to continue their exclusion from their native land. The attempt at insurrection was unfortunate, lame and unsupported by popular feeling throughout the country. Without such a support no rebellion, however just, could be successful. One feature, however, marked this one ; a good number of the priests, who had joined the movement at the commencement, favoured the formation of the clubs, and gave very strong assurance of energetic assistance, suddenly drew back when the danger came, refused to lend their aid to the enterprize, and left the leaders alone and unsupported to do battle against the troops. One parish priest in the South of Tipperary was awakened in the middle of the night, by a body of 150 horsemen, his own parishioners, who called on him to lead them to the " war," to fight the red-coats. He very wisely for himself declined, harangued the troop upon the high-road by moonlight, and caused them to disperse quietly to their homes.

The other subjects in this seventh volume are so multifarious, principally concerning passages of continental history, and the revolution of 1848 in France, that it would require much more than our allotted space to give any just idea of their treatment. We shall therefore content ourselves here in concluding this article, with passing a definite judgment on the merits of Sir

Archibald Alison as a writer and historian. His claim to elegance, correctness, or vigour of composition, must be altogether ignored; his numerous mistakes, bombastic flights, and ungrammatical expressions, long since pointed out by very able writers in former volumes, have reduced his character as a writer of the English language to a very low standard. Many examples of his gross faults of style might be brought forward from the pages we are reviewing; a few passages will suffice to shew the futility of any pretension on his part to rank with Hume, or even with Macaulay.

Speaking of the efforts made by Sir Robert Peel to induce his colleagues in the cabinet to support him in passing the repeal of the corn laws, he proceeds thus: "While these ministerial difficulties and arrangements, *big with the future fate* of the British Empire, and of commerce throughout the world, *were in progress* in the elevated political regions, the public mind was suddenly shaken by an announcement, &c." How in the name of wonder can "difficulties and arrangements" become *big with fate*, and at the same time be in *progress in the elevated political regions*? The wildest fancy of the merest poetaster, could never produce such a mixture of absurd images, as are here presented to the reader. Again, at the very end of this volume, describing the policy of Louis Philippe's reign in general terms, and the causes of his downfall, he reaches a certain climax, and harping on the same idea for half a page, he finally brings it to this termination: "Cradled in treachery and treason, his throne was overturned by treachery and treason. He had driven his lawful sovereign, his generous benefactor, into exile, and sent him a discrowned wanderer into foreign lands; and he himself was by the consequence of his own acts, driven into exile, and sent, a discrowned and discredited fugitive, across the melancholy main, to the shores of the stranger." Here is a weak antithesis, eked out by a repetition of certain words, one of which, "discrowned," seems to be coined for the occasion, and ending in a "melancholy" whine, suited to the lugubrious verses of Dante, or the dismal pages of the Sorrows of Werter.

As a historian Alison certainly comes up pretty well to the idea ascribed to Dr. Johnson. He masses together a very large amount of facts and statistics, ranges them according to their chronological order, and gives them some degree of coherence by philosophical remarks and inferences. But he also



launches frequently out into long disquisitions, historical essays, totally at variance with the purposes of narrative, and fit only to shew the individual opinions of the writer on certain subjects. His doctrines of political economy and politics are so impregnated with conservatism and protection, that the continual recurrence of the same views and arguments create a weariness in conning over the lengthy pages. His extreme high church notions, and evident antipathy to anything liberal either in religion or government, marks him at once as a mere exponent of party principles, with which he is so strongly imbued, that they impart a deep dye to his consideration of all national questions. It is the vice of our age of literature, that all the writers of the day serve their apprenticeship to letters, either to the press, the magazines or the reviews, and thereby obtain a discursive style of composition, most unsuited to the treatment of historical subjects. Macaulay in the introduction to his great work, admits that he lays himself open to the reproach of descending below the dignity of history, but professes his desire to draw a pleasing picture for the English public. Alison evidently aims at attaining the highest point of eminence, to which neither his style nor his views are likely to entitle him. There is one merit, however, which we cannot deny him, and which may go a great way in reconciling his readers to the great defects of his composition ; his work must be regarded as a lucid record of the principal occurrences throughout Europe, for the last half century, and as such will be referred to as authoritative in future times. The perseverance, industry and judgment with which he has now nearly brought to a close the lengthened labour of perhaps twenty years, must be considered as indicating the resources of a strong mind and a vigorous purpose to accomplish an allotted task.

## ART. VI.—PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

1. *Speech of Her Most Gracious Majesty, delivered from the throne, House of Lords, at the opening of the 2nd Session of the present Parliament, Thursday the third of December, 1858.*
2. *Parliamentary Government considered with reference to a Reform of Parliament—an Essay by Earl Grey.* London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street, 1858.
3. *Parliamentary Reform. How the Representation may be amended, safely, gradually and effectively.* Reprinted, with additions, from the "*Globe*." London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longman, and Roberts, 1858.
4. *Reform Pamphlets and Parliament Speeches, passim.*

Some eight and twenty years ago "*Reform*" was a word to conjure with! The British isles were roused with a vengeance from their propriety, and throughout their length and breadth prophets of good and prophets of evil omen alike were most busily at work, enlightening or *frightening* the lieges with their vaticinations of the wonders of good or of evil that were to burst upon us the moment his then Majesty William the IVth., or a royal Commission for him, should in the old Norman-French of the long-established formula, announce his assent to the passing of the Reform-Bill into law.

To those who had not personal experience of the times we speak of, or who do not care to refresh their weakened recollections of them, by turning over musty old files of the Newspapers of the day, we do not know if there can be a better way of giving a sufficient idea of the extravagance of anticipations and predictions in those days prevailing, than by referring them to the recently published "*Portion of a Diary of Thomas Raikes, Esqr.*"—a book which despite the valuelessness of its opinions and the sedate and solemn trifling away of life which it records, is yet readable enough, on account of the periods which it embraces, and the scenes and personages among whom the author moved. It is true that he appears only as the *weeping* philosopher of the time, and good and sound *personal* reason he had for it, as is abundantly shewn in the ever-

recurring records of his baffled aspirings after *place*. But in the lengths to which he goes in speculation on the consequences of the Reform measure, the strength of his expressions and the evident intensity of his feelings on the subject, he is no inapt type of the excited *prophets* upon the other, as well as upon his own side of the question.

If, in this our sublunar state of change and hurry and perpetual whirl and interweaving of human affairs, we could even for a brief space, *really* abstract ourselves from personal share in that which is passing immediately around and before our eyes, and of which indeed we find ourselves in our own despite, incessantly a part, what sage and sound and profoundly calm reflections and comments should we not then doubtless make upon the versatility, the extravagance, the unreasonableness of opinion, expression, and action among our fellow-beings engaged in the business of everyday life. Impossible, however, as is this abstraction, and unfit as we personally may be for playing the censors of our generation, still we shall not refrain from an endeavor to review, with at least the assumption of judicial calmness and impartiality, what we have ourselves seen and known to take place in the public mind during no inconsiderable number of years, in reference to the much agitated question of Reform.

First came the violent stage already noticed, when all manner of predictions, the most opposed in nature and tendency, but most alike in vehemence and extravagance, were freely hazarded, as to the results of Reform. Then, when the sorely contested measure at length had passed and was actually in operation, without bringing about a verification of their predictions to either division of the self-constituted Prophets, came the season of mutual objurgation and recrimination—the one party imputing the shortcomings of the measure to the other's selfish and narrow-minded opposition, and the accusation being retaliated with the charge of a reckless disturbance of a long settled state of things, and an unjustifiable risking of wild revolution for ends so utterly insignificant. But to these mutual attacks came soon to be added the common assault upon both of a party then for the first time beginning to be of note,—the ultras of Reform, or “Chartists,” as they choose to designate themselves. Of these “impracticables”—to use the designation speedily and deservedly given to them by others,—a portion,

no doubt, were honest, mistaken enthusiasts, dreaming of a state of perfection for our institutions, which is in truth denied to man here below and to his works. The less honest portion, shrewdly suspected to be far the larger,—laboured in the *Anti-Reform* interest, by disturbing, distracting, and with reckless and intolerant clamor, and even the use of physical force, arresting and defeating the exertions of moderate men to effect rational and moderate amendment.

This could not last. The *Anti-Reform* party, i. e. the one openly, avowedly, and from the first known by this designation, ceased through very shame, to objugate in its old strain, seeing that king (or *queen*) lords and commons remained pretty much in statu quo, notwithstanding that Reform had “become a great fact,” and shewed no symptoms of tumbling down into common ruin, under its anarchic influence. The moderate reformers, disgusted at the abuse, turmoil and contestation they had been subjected to, and indeed divided amongst themselves, ceased anything like connected effort at further reforms. And the turbulent ultras had so thoroughly done their work, that neither were they able to cut out new mischief for themselves, nor was it worth any one’s while to employ them further. And thus came third in order the season of inertness, inaction, and of seeming, if not real indifference to further political change.

This season has endured the longest of the three, and indeed appears not to be quite at an end even now; when certain organs of parties are so busily at work endeavoring to persuade the country that we are on the eve of another great constitutional change. It may be so, or it may be only a false alarm. Certain it is that no such over-cloudings of the political horizon,—no such ominous mutterings of the growling thunder of popular fury—no such social agitations and excitations as heralded the advent of the last measure of Reform, are as yet noticeable, although possibly they may be imminent. Whether or no, however, there is no denying the intrinsic interest of the subject, and taking it either as merely a matter of remote speculation, or as likely to have a speedy and most practical application, we have esteemed it worthy of the consideration of our readers, and have accordingly entered upon the discussion.

One rather significant point of difference between the state of things in 1831 in reference to Reform, and that observable

at present, would appear to be this ; that, whereas at the former period the *people* generally, in *addition* to the middle classes, and with the further concurrence and co-operation of a few sincerely convinced and a larger number of *dilettanti* liberals among the aristocracy, took an immediate and lively interest in the cause,—whatever movement can now be noted, in the direction of Reform, is traceable almost solely to the middle classes, and seems little else but the ebullition of their ambitious aspirings. Of the aristocratic sympathizers and agitators of the former period the greater part accomplished their particular object when the fortresses of conservative influence, the “close-boroughs” and in Scotland the *close-counties*, were successfully breached and entered. This done with tolerable effectiveness as regards the old monopolizers of power, but not so far pushed as to destroy all *Whig* influence in pet places of representation, there did not remain any very prominent party advantage to be gained, at least of sufficient degree to out-balance the possible inconvenience of an increase of power to the class immediately below that of the restless and aspiring *Bourgeoisie* of England. The continental lessons too of 1848 are not lost or forgotten ; and on the whole there would appear good reason for assuming that on the part generally of the aristocracy of these countries, there is now more of a dread than a desire of further change, and that the exceptions to this general rule are very much fewer indeed than in 1831.

Meantime the people who worked, and agitated and came together in imposing multitudes threatening and overawing monarch, ministers, and peers, on the former occasion, and who acted then mainly under the stimulus of some such impression as that conveyed in the celebrated answer of one of themselves to an enquirer after *their* interpretation of “Reform”—to wit, that “it was all a question of victuals”—have not found their homely and practical interpretation very *practically*, or evidently, borne out by the fact, and accordingly manifest at present rather a tendency to distrust and suspicion, than to any enthusiasm, or even to a moderate heartiness in the new agitation.

We have not in our remarks hitherto, as may be noted, attempted or intended to express any views of our own upon the advisability or otherwise of further Reform, although neither have we any wish or intention of dissembling our opinion that there is good reason and occasion for movement in that direc-

tion. But our immediate design has been to give a kind of summary view of the state of public opinion on the subject, and to trace the present movement to its true source; which we believe has been done by attributing it almost solely to the middle classes. That the latter will compel the classes above them, and induce those below, to assist in the enterprise is likely enough; but the initiation and first progress of it is undoubtedly their own work alone. Meantime the Pamphlets we have mentioned at the head of this paper are sufficient proofs that the compulsion, however gentle, is taking effect *above*; and we proceed to examine in what spirit and with what arguments the *anonymous* aristocratic writer of the letters "Reprinted from the Globe," and the "Peer confessed" who has put forth the elaborate Essay on "Reform," have severely approached and treated their subject.

The first of these writers commences his labours by intrepidly assuming and declaring, first, that the "country is not prepared for any great change in its representation," and, secondly, that it "does not possess the requisite knowledge on the subject to make such a change safe."

It is only fair to him to give his own reasonings in support of these very decided propositions. He thus proceeds:—

"And this I may aver without stigmatizing my countrymen with discreditable ignorance; since the arrangements for securing the election of the wisest and best men as legislators, involve a problem which has hitherto been unsolved, or which at any rate has not found its solution in those countries with which we are best acquainted—our own, the United States and France. J116

No democracies can be more complete than British commercial, literary and benevolent companies and societies. They choose their own constitutions without dictation from any one;—may have what suffrage they like, equal and universal, gradational and limited, male or female, with ballot or without ballot; and the elections may, as the members may desire, be annual, triennial, or septennial. Nevertheless, the practical results are far from being always satisfactory; many of the rulers so chosen having shown themselves either knaves or fools; to the great injury of their constituencies—an injury extending, in some instances, to absolute ruin.

No doubt many of our companies and societies are ably and honourably conducted; but this is evidently owing, not to any peculiarity in choosing their directors, but to the fortunate circumstance of the original promoters, and those first on the board of management, being men deserving of full confidence, or, perhaps, to a subsequent convulsive effort, by the body corporate, to displace a bad board and put worthy men in their stead.

It is not, then, at home that we can look for examples of perfect systems of election to serve as a guide in improving our parliamentary representation ; nor shall we fare better by turning to France or the United States ; for what following the golden rule of judging by the fruits, must we think of a system of representation (including the ballot and, to a large extent, universal suffrage) which in the one country is found consistent with a fettered press and trammels on speech and motion, and in the other even with *slavery* ?

As respects the ballot, we are referred, for an edifying example, to Australia ; but the colonists themselves, who have witnessed the quick succession of unstable Ministries—some of them containing men very unfit for the office—which has hitherto resulted from their system must be astonished, if not amused, at finding that system held up for imitation in the mother country.

There can be no doubt that to adopt the advice tendered to us would be to make a great approximation of our political institutions to those of America ; a result which I should deplore ; for much as there may be to admire in our kindred on the other side of the Atlantic, no one, I think, who looks dispassionately at the actual state of the two countries—at the extent to which in one the foul blot of slavery exists, carrying with it, by the penal statutes and the personal violence directed against those who attempt to remove it, coercion and loss of freedom to whites as well as blacks—can hesitate in declaring that in England there is in reality a much greater amount of liberty than in America.

Let it be remembered that, in America, slavery is upheld by the very party who call out most lustily for popular rights, and style themselves, *par excellence*, *democrats* ; and that were it not for the support of this large party in the nominally Free States (for with a Fugitive Slave Law no State can be regarded as really free), slavery would fall to the ground.

Standing, then, so high in the scale of freedom, it behoves us, for the good of the whole nation—the poorest as well as the middle and upper classes—to be very cautious in changing our institutions, however susceptible they may be of amendment.

It is well known that the chief political power here is in the middle class, while in the United States it is wielded by the masses. If these be two errors, ours is surely the less hurtful, and can be proved so by glancing at the chief measures of improvement during the last 30 years. Certainly in carrying reform, the working classes (though with some decided exceptions), did undoubtedly take efficient part ; but as respects all the other measures there was either apathy among them, or nearly as much opposition as support ; —so that had the matter rested with *them*, few or none of those grand legislative improvements would, even now, be the law of the land."

A first impression upon reading the foregoing opinions would be, that *if* they prove well founded there is nothing more to be said, or *hoped*, upon the subject. Further Reform—taking the word in its usual sense and meaning, that of

large constitutional amelioration,—must be sought for in Utopia or in the Atlantis of Plato ;—for where on this known earth of ours is the type or scheme of it to be found, when, according to this pamphleteer's assurances, it is to be looked for in vain in any of the countries that have experimented, no matter how widely or largely, in forms of government, and gained no matter what amount of experience in state-policy, and the constitutional adjustment and mutual balance of class-interests powers and rights.

But we can hardly consent so readily to give up hope, and especially as our Nestor does not himself appear resigned to do so altogether ; for he goes on to make suggestions which shall be presently considered. Meanwhile it is surely reasonable to protest against the comparisons on which he hitherto founds his argument. "Commercial and other companies and societies" originate with one or a very few projectors, who as it were dictate the constitution from the first, taking care to secure amply their own sway and influence ; and who rule thereafter by the power of the machinery they have created, and by the terror of an injury to the common property or interest, from dissensions and divisions. Thus in fact these "Companies" and "Societies" are little despotisms, or oligarchies, instead of being the "complete democracies" they are called in the pamphlet ; and in the vast majority of cases can be changed but by a "convulsion," and a "convulsion" alone, with results of the doubtful character ever attendant upon violent change.

Besides this discrepancy forbidding comparison, the most ordinary logician can fairly object to an argument from a particular to a general, which is in fact involved in the case before us. And the same applies with great force to the *experiment-alising* in constitutions going forward in the yet scarcely organised colonies of Australia.

The comparisons with what occurs in France, the United States, and the Australian colonies, are open to another objection, familiar also to the merest tyro in logical argumentation. The *use* of a thing is not to be argued against from its abuse.

The facts connected with the case of France are too well known to our readers—have been too much commented upon by our newspapers and public writers and speakers—to need exposition here ; especially at a time when the relations between



her and Great Britain are in a state which in the interests of both countries and of civilization so urgently presses upon all the wisdom of mutual forbearance and absence of international carplings and criticism. With America, however, the case is different. There is no such present delicacy; and the governments and people of both countries are accustomed to the fullest and most unsparing discussion.

In reference to the latter country, the writer seems to have considered the existence there of Negro Slavery as a main point of his argument: insisting upon it three times in only as many paragraphs. But, without at all denying its general depraving effect upon public morals and opinion, we cannot allow it a more than secondary place among the causes of the misuse in America of popular powers and franchises. We know not at the moment a readier way of indicating briefly what to us appears to be the chief cause, than by quoting a few terse sentences spoken on a public occasion last year in England by a competent authority on the subject—the well known Judge Haliburton of Nova Scotia. His immediate theme was the state of literature in Great Britain and America respectively, but it will be seen that he enlarged the scope of his remarks to the general state of things in the two countries.

“The United States had difficulties to overcome: they had not the institutions of England, and, although it might appear paradoxical, they were, in fact, too free, and above all, too equal to have a sterling literature (hear hear). He did not mean to say that the country which was free could not have a literature; but everybody in this country was not equal. As nature never made man equal, neither could legislation; and the legislation that would attempt it was foolish. When liberty and equality were co-existent, they would materially neutralize each other, and in their operations strangle freedom of thought and freedom of action. Strange as it might appear to them, the country that seemed too free was often enslaved. It was enslaved not by public opinion, but by the opinion of the public (hear hear). A friend had told him that night that he was an old Tory, and so he was. The Canadians were more loyal even than the people of this country. The English people were the freest people on the face of the earth, and when he said that he meant that they were free because they were not all equal (hear).”

A clear-headed and most philosophical French writer, whom it is no matter of wonder to find not adequately appreciated in England, when he is by no means so by his own nation—for the simple reason that he has carefully kept himself from

party heats and extravagance—Monseieur Alexis de Tocqueville, published, some twenty-three years ago, a work on “Democracy in America,” full of interesting information and sound reasoning on that subject, and becoming, as time goes on, more and more deserving of attention, for its speculations as to the progress and prospects of democracy, not alone in the United States, but in Europe. From him we take the following remarks, corroborative of those of Judge Haliburton, and of the same general tendency :—

“Ce que je reproche le plus au gouvernement démocratique, tel qu'on l'a organisé aux Etats-Unis, ce n'est pas, comme beaucoup de gens le prétendent en Europe, sa faiblesse mais, au contraire, sa force irrésistible. Et ce qui me répugnait le plus en Amérique, ce n'est pas l'extrême liberté qui y règne, c'est le peu de garantie qu'on y trouve contre la tyrannie.”

“Lorsqu'un homme, ou un parti souffre d'une injustice aux Etats-Unis, à qui voulez vous qu'il s'adresse ? A l'opinion publique ? c'est elle qui forme la majorité. Au corps législatif ? Il représente la majorité et lui obéit aveuglement. Au Pouvoir Exécutif ? Il est nommé par la majorité et lui sert d'instrument passif. A la force publique ? La Force publique n'est autre chose que la majorité sous les armes. Au jury ? Le jury, c'est la majorité revêtue du droit de prononcer des arrêts—les juges eux-mêmes, dans certains Etats, sont élus par la majorité. Quelque inique ou déraisonnable que soit la mesure qui vous frappe, il faut donc vous y soumettre !”

Je disais (he adds in a note to the foregoing) un jour à un habitant de la Pennsylvanie ‘comment dans un Etat fondé par des quakers et renommé pour sa tolérance, les nègres affranchis qui payent l'impôt, ne sont ils pas admis à exercer les droits de citoyens ?’ ‘Nos Législateurs, me-repondit il, n'aient point commis un acte aussi grossier d'injustice et d'intolérance—les nègres ont le droit de se présenter aux élections—mais ils craignent qu'on ne les y maltraite ! Chez nous il arrive quelquefois que la loi manque de force quand la majorité ne l'appuie point. Or, la majorité est imbue des plus grands préjugés contre les nègres, et magistrats ne se sentent pas la force de garantir à ceux-ci les droits que la législature leur a conférés.’ ‘Eh quoi ?’ lui dis-je : ‘la majorité qui a le privilège de faire la loi, veut encore avoir celle de désobéir à la loi.’ !!!—De la Démocratie en Amérique, par M. de Tocqueville, Tome 2nd. pp. 167, 168, Bruxelles, 1835.

Since M. de Tocqueville wrote, and indeed quite recently especially in the second case, there have been two pre-eminent instances of this liberty killing “tyranny of the majority.” The first is a literal realisation of his words respecting the hopelessness of an appeal to the Judicial Bench. The Supreme Court of the United States having been called on about two years

since to compose by their ultimate decision the dangerous agitations resulting from the outrageous enforcement of the "Fugitive-Slave-Law, in the free soil Northern States, decided under pressure of the overbearing slave-holding majority in congress, that Negro slavery was one of the fundamental laws of the union. The second instance was in the case of the new "territory" of Kansas; where a tyrant majority of slave-holders and their adherents from Missouri have forcibly established a constitution for that territory involving the recognition of slavery, and have had their usurpation confirmed and sanctioned by the highest executive authority. Any appeal provided by the constitution being evidently hopeless after the decision before referred to, of the Supreme Court, the aggrieved "Free Soilers" of Kansas have, it is to be feared, been driven to the last and deplorable arbitrement of arms!

Other cases of the tyranny in question, might abundantly be cited, but these two, the most patent, recent and generally known are sufficient for our purpose.

M. de Tocqueville is very far from confounding democracy necessarily with the "tyranny of the majority." He concludes the chapter from which we have been quoting with the following words, which we recommend to the consideration of the author of the "Reprinted Letters."

"Supposez au contraire, un corps législatif composé de telle manière qu'il représente la majorité, sans être nécessairement l'esclave de ses passions; un pouvoir exécutif qui ait une force qui lui soit propre, et une puissance judiciaire indépendante des deux autres pouvoirs; vous aurez encore un gouvernement démocratique, mais il n'y aura presque plus de chances pour la tyrannie."—p. 169, tome 2nd.

Is there any reason why we should not make an effort to establish in these countries so desirable a state of things? That it does not exist with us at present is plainly confessed by the letter writer in the "Globe," when he tells us that "the problem of securing the election of the wisest and best as legislators is yet unsolved." M. de Tocqueville conceives the attempt can be made in the United States, notwithstanding that too great equalisation of classes and ranks to which he and Judge Haliburton attribute so many evils. Confessedly *that* difficulty does not stand in the way in these countries. Assuredly then there must be some middle term between the association of tyranny with Democratic Institutions, and a

dead, dull, unreasoning, and ultimately not maintainable, refusal of all further progress towards reform? The pamphleteer himself supplies the answer, and proves he thinks not only that there may be, but ought to be, a progress; for he himself suggests how to attempt it.

"In thus speaking of the want of sound political knowledge in our labouring class as a body—attributable very much to their defective education—I am fully aware that there are large exceptions to the rule; that very many working men have not only as good hearts, but as clear intellects and as well cultivated minds as those of a higher rank; and that it is very desirable that such of these as do not already possess the elective franchise should have it. Indeed, the franchise may, I think, be gradually extended very widely; though not, as I hold, on terms of equality, but with some reference to the amount which each person contributes, in taxes, to the cost of government.

In considering the surest and best way of amending our representative system, it is well to call to mind how improvements are generally made in the concerns of private life, where the strongest interest is felt to obtain a successful result. There the ordinary course as we well know is not to make great and sudden changes, but to proceed gradually and cautiously, introducing but one novelty at a time, and even then advancing step by step."

"And why not proceed in a tentative manner with regard to other principles of election, and patiently watch the results? For example, try, on a small scale, but under different circumstances, and in several parts of the country, extended suffrage; in some cases giving an equal vote to each elector, and in others votes of varying power, as in the election of guardians of the poor, and in that of the directors of joint stock companies. In the same way might we not in some places try the ballot, and in others voting by papers at home, as again, in the appointment of guardians? Triennial elections, too, might readily be tried in one district, without at once wholly changing to triennial Parliaments; and in the same cautious way might the discontinuance of a property qualification be brought to the test of experience.

These and other important experiments—such as those of intermediate election, and the voting in large electoral districts, with power to the electors to arrange themselves in voting bodies according to their different opinions—might all be made; and the results as shown by the character, qualifications, and acts of the persons chosen as representatives, would, in time, afford safe data on which to proceed. But the measures which the country has been advised to demand, seem to me akin to those great and sudden changes which, from time to time, have been made in France and elsewhere, with little or no permanent gain to the cause of freedom; and which, indeed, have often been followed by violent reaction, and by a political condition far worse than that from which it was attempted to emerge."—pp. 7, 8, and 9, Letters Reprinted from the *Globe*.

"Very widely extended suffrage." "The Ballot." "Triennial elections." "Discontinuance of property qualification—" pretty decided measures these, of reform, suggested by the cautious "Englishman" as he signs himself; who in the beginning of his letters expresses such fear of further change, and at the end of them, doubtless, to save his consistency, makes a flourish about the dangers of revolution.

It is true that he recommends a "tentative" progression, the trying of "*extended* suffrage on a *small* scale!" experimentalising with the Ballot in this and that community, while their intermediate and adjacent neighbours should be left to battle on as they best might, in the old condemned way, giving the pleasures of an election contest every three years to *this* district and every *seven* years to *that*, and so on. But the defect of judgment manifested in his suggesting a partial trial of a great general principle, and also in his for a moment supposing it possible that, whether immediately productive of good or of evil, that partial trial could eventuate ultimately in anything short of general adoption, in no manner weakens the force of his admission that changes of such large dimensions are amongst the requirements of the time.

Earl Grey's essay takes a far wider scope than the "reprint" we have been considering, and in fact, without losing sight of the practical and immediate subject of "reform" enters into what may be called a fundamental disquisition upon parliamentary government. A first idea of the nature and scope of his work, for a work of regular formation, plan and digestion it is, and not a mere ephemeral pamphlet, can be given to the reader at once by a simple enumeration of the general headings to each of the eight chapters into which it is divided. They are as follows:—

	Pages.
"Chapter 1—Origin and Results of Parliamentary Government	1 to 16
2—Advantages of Parliamentary Government	16 to 36
3—Evils and Dangers of Parliamentary Government	36 to 58
4—Reasons of the Success of Parliamentary Government	58 to 84
5—Effects of Parliamentary Reform	84 to 115
6—Considerations as to a New Reform Bill	115 to 157
7—On the Exercise of Patronage under Parliamentary Government	157 to 198
8—Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies	198 to 219

To each of these general headings, there is appended a "table of contents" of each chapter respectively, from 20 to 80 lines long, and embracing a wide variety of points and considerations.

The good old *Epic* rule of plunging "*in medias res*" at once, may be the best to adopt in this case; and accordingly we turn first to chapter six, page 115, the heading of which, as seen in the foregoing list, is, "Considerations as to a new Reform Bill."

Recognising in common with everybody else who has an opinion on the subject, the "difficulty of drawing up a plan for reforming the representation of the people in Parliament, in a manner to be at once safe and effectual," he professes that his own "humbler aim" is "to call the serious attention of those whose duty it may be to frame a new Reform Bill, and of those to whose judgment such a bill may be submitted, to a few considerations which it seems to him very important not to overlook."

His first suggestion with this view is, (p. 116.)

"It should be borne in mind that the power of parliament is limited . . . unless legislation be in accordance with the feelings of the people it will be unsuccessful. This obvious truth appears often overlooked in practice and recently so by parliament, in its penal law of a year or two ago against bribery. The penalties are very severe and the law gives powers of a highly inquisitorial character; but it does nothing either to diminish the desire for seats in parliament in men willing to spend largely, nor yet to take away the natural inclination of those who can dispose of such seats, to use their privilege for their private interest. A sense of duty is but a feeble security against the strong temptations to which voters are subject, and legislation is powerless to prevent an understanding between parties, for giving and receiving money's worth. The terms on which a house or land is let, is probably the most common mode of bringing the pecuniary interest of the elector to bear upon his use of the franchise, and while this is notoriously practised with impunity in counties and boroughs, it is impossible that where property is thus used by one party, those on the other side will think themselves morally more guilty of bribery than their opponents, if the endeavour to compensate the disadvantage to which they would thus be exposed, by giving the voters who support them an equivalent in money, for what is given by their antagonists in value. The only hope of putting down these and similar practises, is, to make arrangements which will have the effect of taking away on one side the disposition to give, and on the other the willingness to receive bribes in return for votes."—p. p. 116 to 119.

On this proposition of his lordship, there is not likely to be any contestation. It is one of those safe, axiomatic truths

which the most cautious may advance, without fear of being committed to a controversy. But unquestionable as it is in itself, a question immediately arises upon it, and that is, what are, or should be, the arrangements that will have this most desirable double effect? Sorry we are to say, that after bringing us to this point, and by the tenor and tone of his observations exciting to a high pitch our expectations of a full exposition of the much needed arrangements he speaks of, his lordship coolly makes his bow to the reader and turns off to other matters, with nothing more satisfactory than the following:

"I will not, however, pursue this subject further; what I have said respecting the Bribery-Act is *merely* intended to give a single example of the error of supposing that the objects aimed at by laws will really be accomplished by them, *when they are passed without due consideration of the motives which govern men's conduct.* In laws that deal with the distribution of political power this error is peculiarly dangerous, and ought therefore to be carefully guarded against in framing a new Reform-Bill."—p. 119.

It is not easy to perceive the utility of pointing out a fault, without either indicating a means of remedying it, or at any rate showing that it was avoidable. Have we not a right to ask of Lord Grey, what *efficient* provision against bribery *he* would have deduced from his "due consideration of the motives which govern men's conduct?" He did not suggest any when the Bribery Act he speaks of, was passing through the Upper House of which he is a member. In the two or three years that have since elapsed he has had time to consider and reconsider again. If he have come to the desired conclusion, why withhold it from us, and leave our legislation imperfect in so important a matter? On the other hand, if he have *not* been able to arrive at the deduction and conclusion in question, why assume that others who have equally failed in the result, may not have given a fully equal amount of the same "due consideration," which doubtless he expects that we should attribute to himself?

Compelled to leave this part of his "essay" without satisfaction or profit therefrom, we find ourselves obliged to contest his next position, namely that:—

"It would not be safe to adopt measures to remedy undeniable objections to some parts of our constitutional system, without at the same time providing against evils of a different kind which may be less apparent, but not less real. Those forms of government which

have been most successful in practice, have been so mainly because their opposite defects have counterbalanced each other. This balance might be destroyed by correcting faults of one kind without applying remedy to those in an opposite direction. For instance, more real guilt is incurred because greater injury is done to the nation, by having recourse to the arts of the demagogue, than by the illicit use of money for the purpose of carrying an election."—p. 120.

It is true that "the reverse of wrong" is not to be mistaken for what is "right," but at the same time it is hard to conceive two faults directly and diametrically opposite to each other, both gravely injurious to the system they are found in, and yet both to be left unremedied and untouched because forsooth they cannot both be abated simultaneously! Common sense would say, correct *what* you can, *when* you can, *as far* as you can; you are not thereby precluded from continuing your opposition to the evils beyond your strength as yet to remove, nor from pushing the attack upon them when a favourable moment comes. To hold that it is necessary to combat evil with evil, betrays a strange distrust of the power and efficacy of good. And a still stranger distrust of the value and power of public discussion, and of truth itself, as well as a most singular view of public morality, is evidenced by the proposition that open outspoken demagoguism, fighting with the weapons of popular controversy available to all, is a greater evil and crime than foul, filthy, secret bribery, and corruption!

But to leave generalities and come to the practical parts of the "essay," we now propose to examine his lordship's exposé of the Representation Reform of 1831, the distinctions he draws between the conditions under which it was proposed, and under which the contemplated further reform of Parliament is to be shaped out, and finally his own particular pet plan for the latter purpose, (pp. 84 and seq.)

"The three acts for the amendment of the representation of the people in parliament, in England, Scotland and Ireland, must be regarded as forming together a single measure, having for its object the transfer of a large amount of political power to the people from the hands of a comparatively small number of persons, who were previously enabled to command a majority of the seats in the House of Commons. So great a change in the distribution of political power has probably seldom or never been accomplished in any country without violence or convulsion; it amounted in fact to a revolution, though a peaceful and I believe a most beneficial revolution. Still large as it was, the measure did not profess to sweep away all the anomalies and irregularities of our system of representation, in order to create



new ones in accordance with what is considered by some persons to be the true theory of representation. On the contrary, the design was to correct evils which had been practically felt, but to introduce no further changes than were indispensable for this purpose, in a constitution of which, in spite of some imperfections, the general excellence was recognised. Experience had proved that in the House of Commons as then constituted, public opinion was so weak, and influence of another kind so powerful, that the conduct, both of parliament and of the executive government, was habitually biased in a measure detrimental to the general welfare of the Nation. Clear evidence of this was to be found in the manner in which the country had for many years been governed, and especially in the heavy burden of taxation imposed upon the people. There could be little doubt that the public expenditure had been habitually maintained upon a scale beyond what was required by the real interest of the Nation, with the view of securing the support of those who had a commanding influence in the election of the House of Commons. But while this was an evil urgently requiring to be remedied, it was believed that it was neither necessary for that purpose, nor safe, to make the total change in the character of the House of Commons, which would ensue were all its members to be returned by large popular constituencies.

By the preservation of many of the smaller Boroughs, and by regulating the county representation in a manner which left much influence to the great land proprietors, the former mixture of classes and interests in the House of Commons was preserved; and, though the strength of the democratic element in its composition was greatly augmented, it was neither the intention nor the effect of the measure to render that element all-powerful. What was aimed at, and accomplished more successfully than could well have been anticipated, was to redress the balance of the constitution.

The wisdom with which this great change in the Constitution was designed, is shown by its results. It has now been twenty-five years in operation, and it is impossible to compare the spirit of our legislation and government during that period with that of former times, without perceiving how much it has been altered for the better.

But though the measure of Parliamentary Reform which was passed in 1832 has been thus successful, and is, I think, conclusively proved by its results to have been, upon the whole, a wise and good one, it was by no means perfect.

The following appear to be the chief defects of the measure. First: that it failed to provide adequately against the danger that the removal of abuses might incidentally diminish too much the power of the government in parliament. It has often been said, with truth, that, under our present constitution, the worst administration is a weak one. A weak ministry has not the power of acting rightly; it must bring forward in parliament, not the measures it knows to be best, but those it can hope to carry; it cannot venture to conduct the executive government according to the dictates of its own judgment; and in the exercise of the authority and patronage of the crown, it is compelled to yield to every popular cry and to the un-

reasonable claims of its adherents ; it is under a constant temptation unduly to court popularity, and to exaggerate the faults of party government, by striving, in all its measures, to promote the interests of its party rather than those of the Nation.

Nor is this all ; our whole system of parliamentary government must fail if it should become impossible, for any considerable time, that an administration of proper strength should be formed. This might happen if the House of Commons, from the absence of any strong party feeling or bond of union in the supporters of the government, should show a disposition on light occasions to reject the advice of the servants of the crown, although the persons holding office had, upon the whole, more of its confidence than any other ministers would be able to command.

Hitherto it has been considered to be the duty of the ministers of the crown to resign, if they find themselves without adequate support in the House of Commons. Their doing so would be useless in the case supposed : and there would be no resource but to tolerate the existence of an administration unable to guide the proceedings of parliament.

But this would involve a complete abandonment of the essential principle of a parliamentary government.

The political events of the last few years afford much ground for apprehending that the country may be exposed to these very serious evils, from its becoming impossible that any administration should be formed having sufficient strength in the House of Commons. Before the passing of the Reform acts, there was little danger that such a state of things could arise. The former state of the representation, together with the large means of influence which then existed, gave so much power to the crown, that ministers unacceptable to the sovereign could seldom long maintain their position.

A comparison of the working of the constitution, before and after the passing of the Reform Bill, must, I think, convince us that the question asked by the Duke of Wellington while it was in progress, 'How is the king's government in future to be carried on?' deserved more consideration and a more practical answer than it received. From the combined effect of the acts of parliamentary reform and of many other reforms, especially those of an economical character, which have been carried in the last forty years, the power of the crown has been so much diminished, that there seem to be good grounds for believing that the state of things, in 1780, amply justifying Dunning's celebrated resolution against the increase of that power, has been reversed, and that the balance of the constitution may now be in no slight danger of being deranged by the too great diminution of the influence in parliament which the servants of the crown formerly enjoyed." pp. 85, 99.

"Secondly" ; "another fault is, the want of proper facilities for bringing into the House of Commons some of those classes of members formerly returned by close Boroughs. We miss the class of members who virtually represented certain special interests, and who,

occupying an independent position, and not looking for the retention of their seats to the favor of a constituency, were able to oppose boldly any popular delusion of the day. I apply this remark, however, chiefly to ministers and their subordinates. In the time of close boroughs the fittest man could be named to a situation. But a minister's choice is now limited to those who are already in parliament or can gain admission to it, (through the favor of a large constituency.) This is often an obstacle to placing important offices in efficient hands . . . and has often caused important arrangements for the public service to be disturbed by the mere caprice of some local constituency." (pp. 105—107).

"What I regard as the first view of the Reform Bill and of the opposition to it, is so well stated in an article in the North British Review, that I will quote the passage. 'The Reform Bill it is impossible to deny was a transfer of power from the aristocracy to the middle classes. Who will not now acknowledge that this was a revolution, at the magnitude of which genuine patriots might well stand aghast, which cautious men might well deem wild and perilous, and even men who loved progress might well, if they loved safety likewise, deprecate and dread. Those who loved the people might not unreasonably doubt the wisdom of entrusting this new weapon to their hands. No one will deny that it was a great experiment—nor that, in some respects, its opponents judged it more truly and saw further into its consequences, than its promoters. For ourselves we confess that, approving of it as we did and do,—believing it a just, wise, and necessary measure—tracing in the main to its secondary influences the rapid progress of Reforms in other lines—we yet see in it several dangers, drawbacks and extensive seeds of future and questionable change, which we did not see when it passed—we acknowledge much weight and wisdom in hostile arguments which at the time we scouted as mere dictates of selfishness and folly; and we look back with some remorse and shame at the violence of our language, the acrimony of our feelings, the imperfection of our philosophy and the shortness of our vision. If the thing had to be done again, we should act with greater modesty and temperance, far less confidence and far more misgiving.' " (*N.B. Review*, Aug. 1854. p. 573, *Essay*, pp. 145-6.)

It is hard altogether to reconcile Lord Grey's adoption of the sentiments in the foregoing extract cited by him from the North British Review, with those we have a page or two back quoted from himself, viz. that "the *wisdom* of the great change of 1831 is shewn by its results during the twenty-five years it has been in operation:" and that "it is impossible to compare the *spirit of our legislation and government* during that period without perceiving *how much it has been altered for the better.*" (p. 87.)

"A new Reform Bill, (he goes on to tell us at page 126), should not, like the former, aim at the transfer of a large amount of political

power from one class of society to another, since this is no longer necessary to protect the general interests from being sacrificed to those of a minority. The objects that ought to be aimed at are, to interest a larger portion of the people in the constitution by investing them with political rights without disturbing the existing balance of power : to discourage bribery without giving more influence to the arts of demagogues ;—to strengthen the legitimate authority of the executive government, and at the same time to guard against its being abused ; and to render the distribution of the parliamentary franchise less unequal and less anomalous, but yet carefully to preserve that character which has hitherto belonged to the House of Commons, from its including men representing all the different classes of society, and all the different interests and opinions to be found in the nation.” (pp. 126—129.)

How is this rather generally stated and somewhat *see-saw* kind of reform to be brought about? Here is the notable plan of his Lordship,—of his own special and sole devising :—

“If I might hazard a suggestion, I would recommend that the queen should nominate a committee of her privy council, composed of members taken from different political parties, to consider and report what measures of reform ought to be adopted. This suggestion is partly founded upon one I remember to have seen in some periodical publication, that the course taken for the amendment of the Poor Law should be followed as a precedent, and that a royal commission should be appointed to enquire into the present state of the representation and the best mode of improving it. The present, however is not quite a parallel case. Though a searching enquiry calmly conducted by able men, would be useful for discovering how our institutions may be most safely and effectually improved, something more is wanted. It is necessary to find out, not only what would be the best, but also what are the measures that could be carried with the assent of the chief political parties in the country. A well-selected committee of the privy council might enquire as well as a “commission” into the best mode of reforming our representation, while it would better afford the means of discovering what measures could be carried, as it would have among its members some of the leaders of all the great parties in the state, *not excluding* the radical party. Even if it should prove impossible to induce the members of this party to accept as sufficient such reforms as others would regard as safe, there ought to be a full opportunity of considering their views, and the party numbers among its members men who with great propriety *might be made privy councillors* for the purpose of enabling them to serve on such a committee.

Should it be *practicable* to prevail on this committee, or a considerable majority of it, to concur in a plan of parliamentary reform suited to the *present state of the country*, their report, after having been approved by Her Majesty, on the advice of her responsible servants, might be made the foundation of a bill ;—which, there can be no doubt would, if thus brought forward, be passed without difficulty.” (pp. 152—4.)

Having now given the pith of the noble Lord's arguments and propositions, we shall for the sake of convenience and distinctness, put them in the form of a brief but sufficient summary, viz.

Reform in 1831 re-distributed political power, checked the lavish waste of public money, and the nearly exclusive tendency of legislation previously, to subserve aristocratic interests alone.

The defects of that Reform were two-fold. 1st. It did not adequately provide against the weakening of the Executive power in Parliament, which has since then been too much at the mercy of majorities, and therefore too impressionable, or *squeezable*. 2ndly. It too entirely did away with the convenience and advantage afforded by the close borough system, of bringing into Parliament valuable men, who could not find a constituency open.

The now contemplated Reform has no such objects to achieve as gave reason for the Reform of 1831. The objects now are, 1st. To interest more of the people in the Constitution without disturbing the "existing balance of power between classes." 2ndly. To discourage bribery without encouraging demagoguism. 3rdly. To strengthen the executive without enabling it to abuse its power. 4thly. And finally, to distribute the franchise more equally; but at the same time carefully to preserve the present representation of all classes in the House.

To this summary we should perhaps add that he adopts (as shewn already) the opinions from the North British Review that the Reform measure of 1831 was "judged in many respects more truly by its opponents than by its promoters"—that "it had many dangers, drawbacks, and *extensive seeds (!)* of future and questionable change"—that its promoters should look back with some *remorse and shame* to their "own work"—and that, in short:—

"If t'were to be done again—but 'tis no matter"!

And after thus puzzling us and frightening us through more than 200 pages, he abruptly dismisses the subject and his readers together, without the least indication of a specific plan for remedying the evils of the past and providing against those of the future. All we are told is, "consult a Committee of the Privy Council"!

A very old legal joke records the wise shrewdness of the barrister who met an attempt to get a professional opinion out

of him without a fee, by suggesting to the applicant that his best course was to "take advice of counsel"! *Mutato nomine* this is what Lord Grey is doing in the present instance, with the very important exception, however, that he has himself stated for us the case on which he recommends we should "take advice" of a Committee of the Privy Council.

In the simplest and most earnest seriousness we must add that both the subject and the public he addresses have a claim to worthier treatment than this. So elaborate an exposition of defects, evils and dangers ought surely to have been supplemented with at least an outline sketch of what is to be done in the way of remedy and rescue. If the Executive were too much weakened in Parliament by the Reform of 1831-2, how is the Reform of 1858 to strengthen them again, without impairing popular liberty, or retrograding in any way towards the condemned *Ante-Reform* state of things? In fact retrogression is plainly impossible, if we are, as he says, to "interest more of *the people* in the Constitution." And this last object in its turn becomes a difficulty of magnitude when it is to be sought after "*without disturbing the existing balance of power between classes*"! Perplexed and confounded we ask, and surely have a right to ask, *how* are these conditions to be saved, and nevertheless the work before us to be done? "*Consult a Committee of the Privy Council,*" is his only reply!

The country will scarcely be disposed to treat this recommendation even with a moment's tolerance, and we shall therefore not abuse the patience of the reader by dwelling upon it.

It is certainly a duty, (and one of graver and more pressing importance than apparent to the superficial thinker) for those who have the means and power of engaging the attention of the public, and influencing in any degree the course and conduct of public affairs, to give what aid they can towards solving the great problem of the day—inevitably before us and pressing for solution—the safe "*letting down,*" as it were, of Aristocracy into Democracy. Lord Grey more than tacitly admits the irresistible advance of the latter; and we have a plain confession to the same effect from the ultra-Conservatives, as shewn by Lord Derby's recent manifesto, in which further Reform is prominently introduced among the measures he contemplates during his career of office.

The tendency of the age is unquestionably towards the

equalization of classes, and this tendency is not of the present age alone but of long previous date. And the real question before us is not how to resist or stop it—for *that* is beyond our power—but how to regulate and moderate its progress, so as that the ultimate equalization may not be that of ruin and common destruction. De Tocqueville, whom we have quoted before, though not in the same passages in which we find him occasionally quoted by Earl Grey, has in the introduction to the edition of his work on American democracy which appeared in 1835, the following reflections eminently worthy of attentive consideration, although they seem to have escaped the attention of the noble lord.

“ Si, à partir du onzième siècle, vous examinez ce qui se passe en France de cinquante en cinquante années, au bout de chacune de ses périodes, vous ne manquerez point d'apercevoir qu'une double révolution s'est opérée dans l'état de la société. Le Noble aura baissé dans l'échelle sociale, le roturier s'y sera élevé; l'un descend, l'autre monte. Chaque demi-siècle les rapproche, et bientôt ils vont se toucher. Et ceci n'est pas seulement particulier à la France. De quelque côté que nous jetions nos regards, nous apercevons la même révolution qui se continue dans tout l'univers chrétien.

Partout on a vu les divers incidens de la vie des peuples tourner au profit de la démocratie; tous les hommes l'ont aidée de leurs efforts: ceux qui avaient en vue de concourir à ses succès et ceux que ne songeaient point à la servir;—ceux qui ont combattu pour elle et ceux mêmes qui se sont déclarés ses ennemis; tous ont été poussés pêle-mêle dans la même voie, et tous ont travaillé en commun, les uns malgré eux, les autres à leur insu, aveugles instrumens dans les mains de Dieu.

Serait-il sage de croire qu'un mouvement social qui vient de si loin, pourra être suspendu par les efforts d'une génération? Pense-t-on qu'après avoir détruit la féodalité et vaincu les rois, la démocratie reculera devant les bourgeois et les riches? S'arrêtera-t-elle maintenant qu'elle est devenue si forte et ses adversaires si faibles?

Le peuples chrétiens me paraissent offrir de nos jours un effrayant spectacle. Le mouvement qui les emporte est déjà assez fort, pour qu'on ne puisse le suspendre, et il n'est pas encore assez rapide pour qu'on désespère de le diriger: leur sort est entre leurs mains; mais bientôt il leur échappe. Instruire la démocratie, ranimer s'il se peut ses croyances, purifier ses mœurs, régler ses mouvemens, substituer peu à peu la science des affaires à son inexpérience, la connaissance de ses vrais intérêts à ses aveugles instincts; adapter son gouvernement aux temps et aux lieux, le modifier suivant les circonstances et les hommes; tel est le premier des devoirs imposé de nos jours à ceux qui dirigent la société. Mais c'est à quoi nous ne songons guère, placés au milieu d'une fleuve rapide, nous fixons obstiné-

ment les yeux vers quelques débris qu'on aperçoit encore seule rivage, tandis que le courant nous entraîne.

Jamais les chefs de L'Etat n'ont pensé à rien préparer d'avance—La Révolution s'est fait malgré eux ou à leur insu. Les classes les plus puissantes, intelligentes et morales n'ont point cherché à s'emparer d'elle afin de la diriger. La démocratie a donc été abandonnée à ses instincts sauvages ; elle a grandi comme ces enfans privés des soins paternels, qui s'élèvent dans les rues et ne connaissent de la société que ses vices et ses misères. On semble encore ignorer son existence, quand elle s'est emparée à l'improviste du pouvoir, chacun alors s'est soumis avec servilité à ses moindres désirs ; on l'a adorée comme l'image de la Force. Quand ensuite affaiblie par ses propres excès, on conçut le projet imprudent de la détruire au lieu de l'instruire et la corriger." (De la Démocratie en Amérique—par A. de Tocqueville. Introduction, p. X & seq. edit: 1835.)

Not much less than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the foregoing words were written, and while during that interval the social, or (as some in their panic are inclined to consider it) the *anti-social* movement, spoken of by the philosophic Frenchman, has continued its ominous progress, what progress has been made towards assuming and controlling its direction ? We are constrained to answer,—there has unfortunately been none !

Even while he wrote, the effects of the rude shock given to monarchic and obligarchic notions of Government by the events of 1830—(the first volcanic outburst of that Republican element between which and Despotism the elder Napoleon prophesied a combat *à l'entrance* within fifty years of the time he spoke), were fast passing away, or being actively obliterated under the strong re-actionary measures of the Sovereigns of continental Europe. A far wider, fiercer, and more devastating outburst—that of 1848—has since given a still more ominous warning of the final conflict, and it too has had its surface traces in great part removed without a hint being taken from them of the direction in which to open a new and broader trackway for the machine of Government more securely and smoothly to roll along. The spirit of re-action is if possible still stronger, among continental rulers, in the present day than in 1835, and if the increased *savagery* of red-republicanism would seem, as it certainly does in many instances, to justify it, the best that can be said is, that things abroad are in a vicious circle—anarchy and despotism acting and re-acting upon, and re-producing each other—and the moral for us to



draw therefrom is, to be wise in time—to concede in time—to accept cheerfully what it is vain to contend against, and by removing of our own will and act, what may fairly be considered abuses and injustices,—the weak points of the fortress of social order, so to strengthen the latter, as to render it thenceforth impregnable to the enemies of all order, all property, all law, all organised society whatever, who are unhappily to be counted by millions throughout continental Europe, but are as yet, thank Heaven, computable only by thousands at home.

The confusion into which all Europe would be thrown by such lamentable, but very possible contingencies as the premature death of Napoleon III., or another social and political earthquake such as in 1848, would, in the present temper of the middle and the lower classes of England, compel the precipitate adoption while yet rude and undigested, of constitution changes, the safe and healthy working of which can be provided for only by giving them that mature examination and consideration, for which we have time and opportunity now, neither of which can we be sure of having at a future period, should we procrastinate.

There need be little hesitation in agreeing with Earl Grey in his opinion that corruption and intimidation are two of the greatest defects and evils of our present constitutional system. Neither have we to enter into a controversy with him, at least so far as they are concerned, upon his novel doctrine of not applying a remedy to one acknowledged evil, unless some other which may be held or supposed in some way to counterbalance it, can simultaneously and equally be remedied. In this case his strange postulate can be fully satisfied. The *ballot* would remedy both the evils in question; menaces and bribes being thereby rendered equally abortive.

There are a few stereotyped arguments, (if arguments they can be called) against the "*Ballot*" which need not by any means delay us long. The first and *noisiest* (and therefore quite naturally the emptiest) is, that the ballot is "*un-English!*" Without discussing the abstract proposition, so agreeable and flattering to Englishmen, that whatever is "*un-English*" must therefore be wrong, it is certainly fair for us to ask whether they consider corruption and intimidation at elections to be peculiarly *English* practices—carefully to be preserved and ob-

served? That such practices exist, no one can dream of denying. That all efforts hitherto devised to obviate them have failed is equally incontestable. We have seen how disparagingly and disconsolately Earl Grey speaks of the latest attempt in this direction—an attempt to the making of which was brought all that practised political skill and wisdom, gathered from old and long experience, could furnish, and was brought in vain! If then, as we thus see confessed, every effort of statesmen, whether of the present day, or of days gone by, has failed even to mitigate in any degree of consequence, those evils under the system of open voting, what reason, or shadow of reason, can there be for not giving a trial at least to secret voting, before we give up the contest in despair?

Oh! but it is said, that the ballot will not be secret—that it has not proved where tried in other countries, to be inviolate, and that it cannot be made so. That it has not been inviolate in other countries we at once admit. That it could not and would not be so here, we totally deny.

In America, in many cases, its secrecy has been wilfully neglected, or outrageously violated. The outrageous violations, though by no means few in themselves, have not approached in number to the cases of negligence and carelessness in voting. But these two categories taken together do not, according to the most faithful and impartial accounts, constitute anything approaching to a majority of the cases of voting. Whenever not purposely neglected, nor purposely violated, secret voting has been successfully practised in every district in the United States.

The third and last of these empty pretexts is, that the ballot will not prevent bribery and corruption—that money will still be given—*conditional upon a return being effected*, and that voters will be less scrupulous than ever about taking it, when their neighbours not knowing how they voted, will have no grounds for suspecting them.

To this the plain answer is, that supposing it all to turn out well-founded, it yet would not and could not eventuate in worse evils nor in evils one quarter so extensive as those inherent in the present system. Under open voting the briber can make no mistake—he is *certain* that his money is not thrown away, or if it be, he at any rate knows and can avoid for the future, or punish if he have the power, the men who

have played him false. But under secret voting, he is not certain of being able to distinguish them, at least individually, even in the smallest constituencies; while in the large constituencies not only would detection of his deceivers be utterly hopeless, but the attempt at *conditional* bribing, if we may so call it, would be replete with enormous difficulties, expense and personal risk to himself.

Mr. Grote, whose name is familiar to the reader in his three capacities of head of the well-known banking firm in London; author of a "History of Greece," and for some ten or twelve years after the Reform-Bill, one of the representatives of the city of London in Parliament, where he had strenuously supported what are known as "Radical" principles, invented and caused to be constructed a model "*ballot-box*," which in its principle and arrangements seemed very likely to ensure secrecy. We think it possible by a not very long or complicated description to give a fair idea of it and its mode of use.

Two apartments, an outer and an inner one, (the latter opening only *from* and *into* the first) are required, the outer one being large enough to accommodate the Inspectors of the ballot, the candidates' agents, and a portion of the general public. In the partition wall between the rooms there should be two doors within, the centre between them, a space like a window, but filled with the ballot-box and frame, fitting exactly into the opening and presenting their front to the outer room, and their back to the inner room.

The voter, having gone through the usual ordeal of questioning, identification, and (if required) of taking the Bribery Oath, in the outer room, enters the other, through the right hand door, which by a spring, opens only *inwards*, and shuts fast behind him when in. He then finds himself alone and quite secluded from all observation. Approaching the inner side of the ballot box he sees, in a species of groove at its top, a card with the names of the respective candidates printed upon it. A piece of pointed steel hangs close by, and he has been instructed (on a model outside,) to indicate his choice of, and vote for a candidate, by punching with the steel the card before him, in a line with his favorite's name, the card being ruled off in separate compartments for the purpose of preventing mistakes. When he has done this and dropped the steel he can, if he choose, himself make the card drop into the depths of the ballot box below, by pressing a brass knob, which disengages

it for the purpose. He then leaves the inner room by the *left* hand door, the spring of which allows it to open only outwards, and *his* part is then done.

Meanwhile no one outside has had any means of knowing what he has been doing. All that either the inspectors or any one else can see is, a portion of the white and unmarked back of the card. The groove in which it was placed, is glazed on their side, but only wide enough to shew a part of the back of the card, as just mentioned, *not* including the part through which the holes have been punched. If the voter have made the card drop into the box, the groove will be seen through the glass to be vacant, and a new card is then inserted, with its back like the previous one, to the outer room and its printed front visible only inside. If on the contrary he have neglected to make the card he has marked, drop down, a brass knob on the outside, corresponding to the one within, enables the Inspectors themselves to make it drop, still, however, without having been able to see anything of its front. A new card is then put in as before, for the next voter in turn to mark.

At the end of the day the padlocks on the lower part of the box in the outer room are removed in presence of the Inspectors and candidate's agents, and the cards are taken out and the number of punctures for each candidate are recorded.

This detail may be a little in digression, but the weakest fallacies urged against the ballot have had in some quarters so extraordinary a success, that it is well to explode them, although at some expense of time and space. The description we have given must we think demonstrate, that the allegation cannot be supported, that it is impossible to provide for real secrecy in taking votes by ballot.

Secrecy being ensured, as it evidently can be, the influence and power of intimidation are neutralized at once. The individual who in open voting would belie himself in action, by voting against his principles under the influence of a threat, would not hesitate if questioned as to his suffrage in the Secret Ballot, to belie himself in words, and declare he had been similarly obsequious. If the landlord punished his tenant, or the employer his labourer or workman, on the assumption of disobedience to his mandate at an Election, he could have no certainty that he was not punishing a faithful adherent, and teaching him and others like him to be reckless in future. And the popular demagogue and the noisiest and fiercest of

his followers would find their thunder checked in mid volley, by a similar uncertainty, and a similar peril of converting an outraged friend into a desperate opponent.

We have, at least for the time, dealt sufficiently with that not very considerable portion of Earl Grey's "Essay," which can be at all called practical, and may turn awhile to others. The views and opinions of the various influential statesmen of the day are a necessary part of our subject. A faintly traced outline of those of at least one section of the mere Whig party has been already supplied by the pamphlet noticed in the early part of this article, the "reprint" of letters in the "Globe" newspaper. The following manifesto of *Whig Radicalism*, we take from the "Economist" newspaper, (one said to derive its inspirations mainly from Mr. Wilson, late one of the Joint Secretaries to the Treasury, Mr. Villiers, late Judge Advocate General, &c. &c.,) and from a number of this journal published just before the first meeting of Parliament in the present year, and therefore before any of the excitements resulting from the late sudden change of ministry :—

#### PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

The only purpose of reforming the constituencies, when there is no urgent demand for such a measure, is that we may act more freely and deliberate more carefully than we could do under the pressure of an over-mastering current of conviction—that we may teach the country what is *desirable*, instead of merely conceding, to a matured and determined popular opinion, the least that it will accept. We have, therefore, at present no excuse for drifting before an undefined current of liberal feeling. It is a time when we need not merely ask what English opinion will *bear*; there is room for much more—nay, much more than this is expected of legislators and of public men. English opinion is at present modified, and anxious to listen and judge. It has no clear, sharp course, as yet. The reform needed and looked for is of course a *liberal* measure; that is, a measure giving freer and fuller expression to the political wants of the community at large. But what, strictly speaking, a liberal measure ought to be, Englishmen have scarcely made up their minds. Let us attempt to lay down the leading principles to be kept in view. (1.) The aim of any truly liberal measure of reform cannot tend to any sort of class tyranny. Reform must aim at developing in the state the various social interests of the country in a fair and harmonious proportion—not measuring their representative importance by mere numbers, any more than we should measure the importance of "members" of the human body by numbers. Perfect political freedom would be the harmonious working of the various classes in one system—the numbers of each class being quite secondary to the moral and intellectual importance of the social

functions it is called upon to perform. Therefore (2) no worse end could be imagined for a reform movement than one which strove to make any *uniform* division of the electoral classes, and to lose the *variety* of interests which our different constituencies represent—nor, for a similar reason, could any worse end be imagined than one which should impede the harmonious working of these various interests, by bringing them out into too distinct and defined a contrast and antagonism, by elaborating the appearance of class-distinctions and putting out of sight the common and mutual ground on which all classes meet. Neither the counties, nor the large manufacturing towns, need or ought to have a representation at all in proportion to the numbers of the electoral classes they contain; because, both the counties and the large manufacturing towns are examples of what we have called the fixed and rigid kind of constituencies, sure to return members of a definite form and cast of political faith—little capable of including any great variety of social interest. The county members, to a certain extent, act in phalanx; and the manufacturing town members act in phalanx. When, therefore, we find that the counties of England and Wales, with an electoral constituency of 509,100, have only 159 members, while the boroughs, with an electoral constituency of 411,000, have 335 members, we do not recognise an “anomaly” in this proportion, but the operation of a wise principle. The county members have far more cohesion as a class, represent, in fact, a single interest far more completely, than the borough members; and therefore need less numerical strength, as holding more closely together. County members give little expression to the wants of the *minor classes* of the country, which, though representing fewer numbers, have just as much claim to be heard and more need of a hearing. Lord John Russell’s last bill (brought forward in 1854) had this capital defect, that it increased the number of members representing these rigid county constituencies at the expense of those representing far more various interest of the different boroughs. The same remark is applicable to the great manufacturing towns, as compared with the smaller boroughs. One great interest—capital—overwhelms there all other interests. Men of one class are returned who represent mainly one political cast of thought. The great inference we draw from what we have said is then this: that whether in opening new constituencies to embody a new class of electors, or in reconstructing the old ones, we ought ever to keep in view that *uniformity and close cohesion of interests* in any set of constituencies is a strong reason against giving them representatives in numbers at all proportionate to their electoral strength; while great variety of social interest and social opinions in any set of constituencies is a stronger reason in favour of giving them representatives in numbers much more proportionate to their electoral strength, inasmuch as the smaller and less uniform interests of the country thus receive a protection which they could not in any more formal manner hope to obtain.—*Economist* January, 1858.

Reducing this abundance of words to propositions as simply framed as possible, we make out the following.

1st. That there should be no class tyranny of any kind. The "various social interests" should be represented in "a fair and harmonious proportion," not measured by mere numbers, but by "the moral and intellectual importance of the social functions they are called upon to perform."

2nd. There should therefore be no mere "uniform division of the electoral classes," doing away with the "variety of interests" represented by our constituencies. Neither should these "various interests" be brought into too distinct and defined a contrast and antagonism, by elaborating the appearance of class distinctions, and putting out of sight the common and mutual ground on which all classes meet.

3rd. And (as a conclusion from the two foregoing propositions,) in the contemplated re-distribution of representatives under a new measure of Reform, the element of numbers is to be considered only in places where there is "a great variety of social interests and social opinions;" and not where there is a "uniformity and close cohesion of interests," no matter how large the community may be, and whether it be a county, or a town.

And this rule is proposed with the object of providing that "the smaller and less uniform interests of the country may thus receive a protection which they could not in any more formal manner hope to attain."

The counties and the large manufacturing towns are set down by the writer, in the category of the communities in which there is that "uniformity and close cohesion of interests" which according to him, should have no claim for an increase of representatives, based on the mere fact of their large *numerical* amount of population. Like the clan of Lochiel,

"Their arms are a thousand, their bosoms but one!"

Be their population a quarter of a million, half a million, a million itself, or even upwards, still, according to the "Economist," their interests being closely and compactly bound up together, their representation cannot require to be otherwise than compact also. "Agriculture" in the one case, and "money capital" in the other, are precise, definite, "rigid" formula, which do not require any very extended expression. But there are a variety of minor interests, which are over-crowded and over-borne in counties and large towns by the two potent influences just named. The "minor interests" most do congregate in the smaller boroughs; and the latter should for *their* sake, and on their account, get an increased number of representatives. In short, the "*Economist*," and the section of Whig

Radicals which it represents, are for lessening the power of the lords of land and gold, and increasing that of the sturdy democrats of the middle classes.

In direct opposition to these views are the sentiments of the only member of the present administration (that of Lord Derby,) who has as yet spoken *out* at all, and disdained to avail himself of the mere abstract generalities under which several of his congeners have taken refuge. Sir Fitzroy Kelly, the Attorney General of the new government, at Ipswich, Thursday the fourth March, upon his re-election for the eastern division of Suffolk county, occasioned by his acceptance of office, thus delivered himself on the subject of Reform.

“There is another subject upon which I do not feel called upon to address you with any reserve, and upon which, as upon all others which are uninfluenced by temporary or peculiar considerations, you have a right to except freedom and openness of discussion on the part of your representative,—I mean the all-important question of reform in the representation of the people. (Cheers.) I must say that upon this subject justice has hardly been done to that great Conservative party in the State to which I am proud to belong, and if I could presume to offer a complaint of anything personal to myself, I should say that I had hardly had justice done to me upon this important question. It has been imputed to the Conservative party, and it has been imputed personally to myself, that we are insincere in our endeavours and in the expectations which we may hold out for reform in the representation of the people, and that we desire to prevent all reform, all change, all improvement in that, as in other departments of the State. Now I have long felt, in common I believe with those who have bestowed impartial reflection and attention upon the subject, that the elective franchise is confined to certain classes of the people who ought not exclusively to possess it. It has been supposed—nay, it has been publicly stated within these eight-and-forty hours, with reference to plans to which I have from time to time here and elsewhere alluded—that I desire to deprive of the elective franchise the freeholders, tenant farmers, and others in the county of Suffolk and throughout Great Britain. So far is that from being correct, that on the contrary I declare that I will never be a party to any scheme of reform by which one single British man who now enjoys the franchise shall be dispossessed of that franchise. My policy is all for extension; and when we reflect that there are now men in this kingdom—not numbered by hundreds or by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands—who are well qualified by education, by property, by character, by position, by all that can entitle a free man in a free country to the possession of the elective franchise—who have it not, and who are among the unrepresented in this country, I feel that we ought not, whenever the time shall come to legislate upon this subject, to leave one man in Britain, who is by the qualifications to which I have adverted entitled to the elective franchise, without it. (Hear, hear.) I therefore desire—and I hope that there is nothing that the



humbler classes of society will complain of when I say so—to begin at the upper end, and to descend in conferring the franchise as the state of education and intelligence among the people will permit. Whether in counties or in towns I would certainly confer the franchise upon every individual who possesses a sufficient income to afford a prospect of his exercising that franchise independently. I would likewise confer it upon every man in Britain who can show that he possesses a liberal education. I do not mean a first-rate classical education, but that he has a sufficient knowledge to justify the expectation of an intelligent, right thinking, and reflective exercise of that franchise, even although he might not be a freeholder in a county, or a 10*l.* householder within a borough. (Hear, hear.) It is necessary also—but here we come upon a task full of delicacy and difficulty—that a great number of towns throughout Great Britain, the population of which has increased of late years until they have become places of great importance and consideration, should no longer be deprived of the elective franchise. When you find, for example, towns like the neighbouring borough of Harwich with a small population returning two members, and others with a still smaller, or perhaps even with a larger population—for you all know that the number of inhabitants in a town varies from time to time from circumstances over which the Legislature has no control—returning one member to Parliament, while we have great and extensive towns in the North of England and elsewhere, with 30,000 or 40,000 inhabitants, returning no member at all, you must feel that that is an evil which ought to be remedied. I know no reason, for example, why my old friends and constituents in Ipswich who live in 10*l.* houses in the borough should continue to enjoy the franchise, when it is refused to the inhabitants of the neighbouring town of Hadleigh, who are equal in character, in property, and in intelligence to the inhabitants of this town. (Hear, hear.) These are some of the evils which I would seek to remedy; and moreover I cannot but feel that a great and undue disproportion exists under the present law between the population and the number of members returned. I would, therefore, as far as may be, endeavour to restore the balance and to do equal justice to all the inhabitants of this country. I do not say—for it would be absurd to dream of such a measure—that I would endeavour to parcel out the nation into districts, with an exact proportion of population to members returned; but I cannot see why some 52 counties in England and Wales, with half a million of electors, and I am afraid to say how many inhabitants, should return but 150 members, while the boroughs within those counties return members in the proportion of at least three to one. While attempting to do justice, then, to the population at large, and to extend the franchise so far as the education, the intelligence, the property, and the general improvement in all classes of the people will permit us to do so with safety, let us at the same time do justice to the counties, and take care that the number of members returned by the counties of England and Wales shall bear something like a fair proportion to the immensity of their electors and of their population. (Cheers.) In the remarks which I make upon this important question, however,

permit me to remind you that I speak only for myself. The noble earl who has done me the honour to associate me with him in the Government of which he is the head, has lately announced in Parliament that it is his intention to take into consideration the state of the representation, and to bring forward some measures on the subject; but he has at the same time announced that he feels it impossible, consistently with his other public duties, and with a due regard to those other measures which are forced upon the immediate attention of the Legislature, to undertake that task during the present session of Parliament. I must freely tell you that this is all that I can say to you on the subject; for it is all that I know myself. I am not in the secret of the heads of the Government, if they have a secret; I know not their individual or general views upon this question; but speaking for myself, and for myself alone, I say that I shall be ready, whenever a fit and convenient time shall arrive—and I don't hesitate say that the consideration of this question ought no longer to be postponed than the ensuing session—in my place in Parliament and whether in or out of office, to advocate and maintain these principles, even down to the details to which I have now alluded. (Cheers.)

("Times," March, 9th, 1858.

Like all others of whatever party who have of late given us the benefit of their opinions on Reform, Sir Fitzroy Kelly is prodigal of assurances that "intellect," "education," and "independence," are the tests by which he would judge of the fitness of individuals and communities for increased political franchises. But he seems to expect that we shall take these as words of course and mere phrases, without any practical meaning or intention; for very soon afterwards we have the open declaration that his real object is "to do justice to the counties, by taking care that the number of members returned by them shall bear a fair proportion to the *immensity of their electors and of their population*." In short, and in fact, he, speaking for his party, proclaims that the strongholds of democracy in the boroughs should be weakened by diminishing their quota of representatives, and the aristocratic power in the counties be correspondingly increased.

The frankness of Lord Derby's Attorney-General was by no means imitated by his President of the Board of Trade, the Right Honorable Joseph Henley, M.P. for Oxfordshire, at his re-election for that county, on appointment to office. On the contrary, he was as close as his colleague was communicative. Having presently to review the expressions on the same subject of the foremost man of the Derby administration in the Lower House, and practically the foremost man *absolutely* of both

the administration and the party with which it is identified, we would not make even a brief delay upon Mr. Henley's most diplomatic declaration (made doubtless with all that wonderful, or, as it has been irreverently termed, *owl-like*, solemnity of demeanour and tone that characterises him) were it not for the curious attempt he makes to enlist against Constitutional Reform the strong feelings excited in our breasts by the murderous plans and acts of foreign conspirators and Red Republicans. After expressing detestation of the conduct of the wretches concerned in the hideous affair of January last in Paris, he says :—

“ We must feel that the acts of these guilty men will have a fatal effect upon the cause of constitutional government and of liberty throughout the whole of Europe. Attached as I believe all Englishmen are to constitutional liberty, it is impossible for them not to see that the cause of free government and of liberty has of late gone back upon the continent. (Hear, hear.) It is impossible not to see and regret this ; and one must feel that guilty acts like that of which I have been speaking—acts not confined to attempted assassination, but embracing those struggles we have seen made abroad within the last 10 years—that these, I say, have a strong tendency to throw back the cause of constitutional liberty throughout the world. (Hear.) It has been said by a distinguished personage in this country that the cause of constitutional government has of late years been upon its trial here. I think we cannot help feeling that this observation is to a great extent true. Looking back at our history for the last 200 years, and, observing the struggles we have gone through, we cannot but see that the great ends at which we have arrived have been achieved by prudent, careful revision of our laws and institution. I hope the time will never come when that progress shall cease to be carried on. I know there is a claptrap kind of question talked about by many sections of politicians, who go about the country calling themselves this, that, and the other name ; but I, for one, have never belonged to any school of that kind. (Cheers.) I am speaking among those who know me, and I can say that I have always been one of those who think it better to do the most good we can with the tools we have to our hands, than to run about whooping and hallooing after something else, leaving undone what ought to be and might be done with the means already at our disposal. I have been questioned in this hall during stormier times than the present and in larger meetings. I have been asked what I would do upon this or that question, and among the rest it has been said to me, ‘ What about Reform ? ’ (Hear, hear.) To that question I have always, before my constituents or otherwise, given this frank answer when other men have been in power, ‘ Let me see what they are going to do, and then I will tell you whether I will support them or not.’ That has been the answer I have

given here before, and many may remember it. Now, I will tell you how I stand on this question at present. I could not have joined any Government in which my hands were to be tied upon that subject. But I feel that the question is one which has been dangling for some time before the eyes of the country, which has been put into the mouth of the Sovereign by several successive Prime Ministers, though none of those Ministers have chosen to bring any scheme before the country, for I don't think the most ardent Reformer will affirm that one or two Bills introduced by Lord John Russell seven or eight years ago can be called schemes of Reform. For this reason, no question having been brought fairly before the country, I have not felt in a position to say whether this or that particular measure should be adopted. But this I may tell you—that I would not have joined any Government if I were not able to say to my constituents that I stand unfettered upon this subject, that I am free to take into consideration that or any other subject I please, and that I am at liberty to act respecting it according to what I think to be for the good of the country; and whether the support I receive in that line of conduct be small or large, or none at all, to that I will adhere. This I think is as free an expression of opinion upon the subject as you can expect any man in my position to give."

No doubt that the "guilty acts" he speaks of—"acts," as he truly says, "not confined to attempted assassination, but embracing those struggles we have seen made abroad within the last ten years"—do "throw back the cause of constitutional liberty throughout the world. But the question at present is not of foreign countries." No one, except the wild speculators who ventilate their theories in the extreme Radical papers, has proposed, or dreamed of proposing, to legislate for them, or interfere in their concerns. True, there *has* been a step in that direction—the supremely absurd step of withdrawing the British Envoy from Naples, because the unasked and intruded counsel of the British Cabinet, in matters affecting the *internal* government of the Neapolitan Kingdom, was not immediately and obsequiously adopted. But that *brutum fulmen* has proved too eminently ridiculous to be imitated and constituted a precedent, even if there were question at present of further indulgence in the certainly too prevalent propensity of English statesmen, to bully and seek to dictate lines of policy to the weaker states of Europe. There is *no* such question at present; and all Mr. Henley's solemnity and verbosity, must fail to mystify the public about the plain matter in hand—the shaping out and bringing into operation a further measure of Parliamentary Reform at home. The former measure—necessarily much more extensive than this need be—was carried out

without superinducing wild Republicanism, or any derangement of society and order, and if there be reason to fear a different result now, Mr. Henley, in his position of a Cabinet-Minister, is surely bound to point out distinctly the dangers before us, and suggest what ought to be the policy of the country. But no—all he condescends to tell us is, that he is “unfettered on this subject—at liberty to act respecting it as he thinks proper”—and that when a Reform measure is brought before the country, he will then tell us “whether he will support it or not”!!

From the recent hustings-speech (on a similar occasion of re-election) of his leader and chief, Mr. D’Israeli, we take the following not much more lucid or promising declaration on the subject of Reform:—

“I ask you in a common-sense and a purely serious spirit is it decent, is it politic, is it honest and honourable, that a question of such a nature as this, a question which concerns the representation of what we believe to be a free and intelligent people, eminent for their love of liberty and progress in knowledge, should be made the stalking-horse of faction? (cheers)—that it should be hung up and taken down according to the exigencies of a distressed Minister, and that the highest principles of policy should be part of the stock in trade by which a Government is to shuffle through a disgraceful and discreditable existence? (Loud cheers.) No, gentlemen, I am convinced that it is the opinion of the people of this country that this question should be settled, *aye or no*. If a Reform Bill be necessary it must be produced, and it will be carried, and if it be unnecessary the Minister who is not prepared to grapple with the question ought frankly to state that that is his conviction. (Cheers.) Remember that a Reform Bill has been twice brought forward by Her Majesty’s Government; remember that only two months ago the attention of Parliament was called to the subject in the gracious Speech from the Throne, and, in my opinion, and in the opinion of those with whom I act, it is totally impossible that a question which has been introduced to the notice of the country by the proposition of the Minister, and by recommendation to the consideration of Parliament from Her Majesty herself, can any longer be trifled with. We shall therefore give to it our earnest and serious consideration. (Hear, hear.) But then we are asked, ‘When are you going to bring forward your Reform Bill?—after Easter?’ Those gentlemen who have been seven years playing with the question, who have postponed, procrastinated, and delayed year after year—as many years as my learned friend, Dr. Lee, had questions to put to me, now tell us that we are not sincere Reformers. ‘Where is your Bill?’ they say. ‘Haven’t you got it ready? An impatient people is not to be balked of an object for which it has such a ravenous desire.’ (Laughter.) We have, if possible, to effect a recon-

ciliation with our great ally ; we have to conduct negotiations upon which the peace of Europe may depend ; we have other tasks before us most difficult to fulfil ; we have to put down a revolt in India which will yet demand from this country no common efforts ; we have to carry a Bill through Parliament for the government of that country, based upon principles which I hope will recommend it to the national approbation ; we have to introduce financial measures of no ordinary gravity, and yet we are told we are not sincere Reformers, because our Reform Bill is not immediately to be brought forward. The course which we shall take will be this :—We shall give to that subject our most earnest and serious consideration, with the view, if possible, of bringing forward a measure which shall not be a mere party measure (cheers), which shall not be devised merely to prop up a faction, which shall not be invented merely to increase the political influence of a political section, but a measure which, dealing largely and completely with all those questions connected with the subject which are entitled to consideration, will, I trust, recommend itself to all temperate, rational, and sober-spirited men as a measure adequate to the occasion. (Hear.) Being ready to act in that spirit, I do not think that I am asking too much for Her Majesty's Government that we may be permitted to give consideration to the construction of that measure, and that we may have the time for thought and for labour which the responsibility for so vast a theme demands. I cannot believe—the hypocrisy is so flagrant—that any prejudice would be raised against us because in dealing with this subject we wish to deal with it like sincere and responsible men, and because in anything which we do we wish to do that which will be adequate to the occasion, and which will meet with the approbation of all sound thinking people in this country. (Cheers.) I feel that it is unnecessary for me to enter into details upon a theme which must be brought before Parliament in due time, and therefore it would be unwise in me to offer opinions which I might otherwise have laid before you, and which, indeed, I have expressed in this country on various occasions, on the various points connected with this subject—the different franchises, for instance, the modes of taking votes, and questions of that character. When the question is introduced to Parliament by the Government, that will be the occasion when our opinions will be offered to the country in a formal and matured manner, and that will be the occasion when the country will be able to form its judgment upon them."

The best commentary upon this wilderness of words, is that of the *Times* newspaper of Tuesday, March 9, the day after the delivery of the speech from which we have quoted.

"The new Chancellor of the Exchequer yesterday performed a task for which no other man is so competent. He had to make a speech, which must of course, be an able and effective one, out of nothing. The substance was *nothing*, and it could only be eked out by what was worse than nothing!"

Whig and Tory having thus spoken, come we now to radical utterances on the same subject. The "Northern Reform Union," from its head quarters at Newcastle-on-Tyne, thus pronounces:—

"Excessive taxation may be defined as the trunk of the tree of misgovernment whence spring innumerable branches, the unwholesome fruits of which have poisoned the body-politic of England; have impoverished the blood, debilitated the limbs, degraded the features, and depraved at last almost every natural function of what should be a free and healthy State.

To this grand source, then, it is that all the minor mischiefs of the realm are owing. Hence it is that the people have been taxed to help to occupy and to defend expensive colonies, for which extension of trade has been the pretext,—whilst places, patronage, and plunder were the real objects. Hence have come the governorships, the secretaryships, the judgeships, the political agencies, the commissioner-ships, the cadetships, the writerships,—in short, the whole host of employments, military and civil, which serve to gratify all who are ready to sell their country and their own souls for the sake of a base advancement. Hence has arisen a financial and monetary system at once so oppressive and precarious that, after having stripped the artisan of half his earnings, and the merchant manufacturer, ship-owner, and tradesmen, of half their profits, it subjects the whole industry of the country to periodical panics, which as they spring from the taxing system itself must perpetually occur as long as it shall last. From the same root has sprung into existence a poors-rate, which, originating, as it did, in the reign of Elizabeth, as an act of justice to the few poor persons at that time existing has gradually been swollen to a sum equal to the entire revenue at the accession of the Hanover family; and, when added to the pay of the gatherers of taxes makes a gross amount equal to the entire peace establishment of George III., after his accession, in 1760.

In a vicious and defective state of the representation is to be sought the proximate cause of these mischiefs. In an amended representation, the remedy alone is to be found. At present, the House of Commons represents, not the people of these kingdoms, but two or three small and dominant classes, to the exclusion of all the rest. Thus the great majority of the British commonalty may be justly said to be outlaws, to a certain extent, and, to a certain extent, serfs! They are denied the power of making laws for themselves, and they are expected to obey laws made for them by others. Thus hundreds of thousands of intelligent men, just as able to select honest representatives as those who now monopolise in order to abuse the privilege, are politically paralysed, and treated as if they only formed a sort of *caput mortuum* of the Constitution.

The chief remedy for this is, plainly, an extension of the Franchise. How far this extension should go, has been the subject of frequent and earnest debate. Such controversies, when examined, will be found to lead to one conclusion; and that is, if anomalies the most

absurd and monopolies the most pernicious are to be avoided, the franchise must be treated as a right inherent in the individual. To make it depend upon any sort of property qualification, brings us, by a short step, not only to injustice, but to absurdity.

To give universality of suffrage, however, its healthful action, protection to the individual voter must be added. Manhood suffrage ceases to be manhood suffrage if one man be permitted in any way to control the vote of another; it is indispensable, therefore, to join to manhood suffrage the Vote by Ballot. It is by no means easy to state with decorous gravity the arguments (so-called) which are uttered by the opponents of an arrangement at once so simple and so salutary. One portion seems to make it a matter of taste only. It is 'un-English,' they say; and, according to them, in order to prove a poor voter truly 'English,' it is requisite that he should risk being ruined, together with his family, once in every three years. Another portion hold that absolute secrecy could not be effected. In associations of workmen, in the most princely institutions of commerce, and in the clubs of our aristocracy, we see it in practical operation—giving the completest secrecy, if the voter desires it. The example of its successful working in Australia will not be lost upon the British people; for it is absurd to imagine that they will long suffer the mother country to have a smaller share of liberty than the colonies, and that the farthest extremities of our dominions shall be freer than the great heart which gives life and animation to the whole. The Property Qualification of candidates is so constantly and notoriously evaded, that no one can now seriously object to its being dispensed with. Scotch members are not required to possess it. Why should those who represent English and Irish constituencies be asked to submit to a test from which Scotland is wholly exempt?"

And they very sensibly conclude their address with a recommendation that if all that is sought cannot be got at once, instalments should be cheerfully and thankfully taken.

One more quotation of radical opinions will conclude all that it is necessary, or that we have convenient space to give. On the 9th of March, Mr. S. J. Ricardo, one of the Staffordshire representatives, met his constituents at Hanley in that county, and exchanged expositions with them of his and their respective views upon Reform. The worshipful the Mayor presided, and did not mince matters in expressing his sentiments.

"There was no such thing, he said, as Finality in political Reform any more than in personal or any other kind of Reform. He did not hesitate to attribute in a very great measure the Repeal of the Corn-laws and the general enlightenment of the nation to the Reform Bill of 1832. There could be no doubt in the mind of any reasonable man that a large extension of the parliamentary suffrage was



imperatively needed, and he did believe that the nation would so demand it, that no government would dare to refuse."

"*Sun*" Newspaper, March 11, 1858.

The meeting, which appears to have been a very crowded one, went thoroughly with him and other speakers to the same effect; and the two following resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz.:

"That any measure of parliamentary Reform to be acceptable to Reformers should at least enfranchise in Borough towns, every person rated to the poor; and in counties every ten pound householder. That it should give to every voter the protection of the Ballot. That it should further abolish totally the property-qualification required from English and Irish representatives—(none such being required from Scotch,)—and that it should as equitably as possible, apportion representatives according to population, and shorten the duration of parliaments to three years.

That any measure of parliamentary Reform which should not give to the voter the protection of vote by Ballot, would be at once disadvantageous to the country and unacceptable to the people."

*Ibid.*

To these opinions and propositions, Mr. Ricardo gave his assent.

A very amusing piece of frankness on the part of one of the most plain-speaking, if not the most prudent of the landlord-party, uttered much about the same time, at a meeting in Northamptonshire, will serve to shew reason for this urgency on the subject of the ballot. Sir Henry Drury, one of the "men of large acres" at that meeting, thus delivered himself "for self and fellows."

"*Certainly* a tenant has no right to use his landlord's land to vote against him. He (Sir Henry in his proper person) did *not* *canvass* his own tenants; but before taking one he always satisfied himself as to the tenant's principles. And then, if afterwards the tenant thought proper to turn round, he (the great Sir Henry again) thought he might fairly *come down upon him*."

The newspaper that records these magnanimous sentiments, gives as an illustration of the close and careful adherence of the landlords of Northamptonshire to the policy indicated in these significant sentences, the fact that in the division of the county of which Sir Henry Drury is an ornament, the number of Parliamentary voters has increased only by 123 in the 24 years since the Reform Bill, while the increase of population was 22,300!

The case of Ireland in respect of Reform, compels an abbreviation of our remarks upon the general question, and possesses a strong claim to what remains of our allotted space.

The late Mr. O'Connell frequently proclaimed and exposed the most unjust disparity of treatment which Ireland received in 1831-2, compared with that accorded to England and Scotland by the Reform measure of that period. In his "Letters to the Reformers of England on the Reform Bill for Ireland," (published by Ridgway, Piccadilly, London, in 1832,) he thus generally stated it :

"The English Bill greatly enlarges the elective franchise in the counties of England. The Irish Bill on the whole, diminishes the number of voters in the Irish counties. The Bill for Scotland exceedingly increases the number of voters in Scotch counties. The Irish Reform Bill diminishes the number.

\* \* \* \* \*

England has at present two franchises, and acquires by her Reform Bill *seven additional* franchises. Ireland has at present two, and acquires only two more.

\* \* \* \* \*

Wales, with a population of only 805,236, gets an increase of 4 members—Ireland an increase of only *five*, and one of these to Trinity College, which has already a member. Scotland, with 2,300,000, gets an increase of eight members. Ireland, as before, only 5, with a population of eight millions. Cumberland, with only 169,681, gets two additional members ;—the Co. Cork, with 807,366, does not get one additional.

Northamptonshire gets two additional members on a population of 179,276. Downshire, with 352,571, gets no increase. Leicestershire, with 197,276, increases her members from 2 to 4, while Tipperary County, with 402,598 inhabitants, remains with only 2 members. Wiltshire, with only 239,181, commands 4 representatives. Tyrone, with 302,943, is to have but two. Monmouthshire gets a third member, though its population is but 98,130. Mayo, with 367,973. Limerick, with 300,080, Clare, with 258,262, Kerry, with 219,989, Donegal, with 298,104, not one of them gets an increase...not one !

\* \* \* \* \*

In few of the towns of England there is to be any diminution of the existing *resident* voters. In all of the towns of Scotland there is to be an *increase*. In many of the towns of Ireland there is to be a great *reduction* of the *resident* voters. The towns and Boroughs of England have three classes of voters more than those in Ireland."

We have, as the reader will doubtless perceive, limited ourselves to very few and much abbreviated extracts from Mr. O'Connell's letters, and given nothing whatever of the accom-

panying expressions of natural indignation and earnest (and it must be confessed utterly fruitless) appeal by him to English Reformers of high and low degree, against the unjust disparities of the two Reform Bills. Neither have we gone at all into his expositions in detail of the gross injustices in the nature and manner of obtaining the few franchises left to Ireland; changes having occurred in these points especially and also in some others, which render his remarks upon them less applicable at present. But enough has been given to shew the general character of the ill treatment Ireland received, and unfortunately its main features still remain unchanged.

Of those main features one in particular claims, and in fact *demand*s, our attention. It is the injustice involved in the disproportionate number of our representatives in comparison with the number for Great Britain. We have as every one knows, but 105 members, while the remaining 553 members belong to her. Our share of parliamentary representation is therefore to hers in even a smaller proportion than as one to five. What reason can there be for this disparity?

We are continually reminded that Ireland is "an integral part of the empire"—that "English, Irish, and Scotch are all one people," &c. &c.;—and while not altogether convinced of the accuracy of the latter declaration, we are ready to admit it for the sake of argument at any rate, while to the first we give an unqualified assent, at least in so far as its exact meaning can be ascertained. Taking these postulates therefore as granted, we are entitled to ask, why this same "integral part" of the empire, and this Irish portion of the one British people, should be treated otherwise than the other "integral parts" and "portions" of the same? Why should we not have our fair and duly proportioned share of representation in Parliament?

When the Income Tax was being imposed upon Ireland in 1852, the protests of our members against the additional violation of the terms of the (so-called) treaty of Legislative Union involved in that imposition were met with clamorous enquiries from English members, why we should object to be put upon the same footing exactly as Englishmen were, and thereby to become entitled to all privileges, franchises, and advantages which they enjoyed. "Hitherto," it was said to us, "you had certain exemptions from taxation which, rightly or wrongly, were made the ground of withholding from you

many things enjoyed by other portions of the Empire, but once the countries shall be assimilated in the important point of taxation, that objection and difficulty will disappear, and perfect equality will be at once conceded." The assimilation of taxation was accordingly forced upon us and established, but the *equality* has still been withheld.\* We are still as we were before, in the miserable minority as regards Representation, of one to five!

It is not our business to dilate here on the subject of the Legislative Union, or enter into any discussion of its merits or demerits. But we may be permitted to say that few people, no matter how they approve of it and desire its maintenance, now refuse to admit that in many points it inflicted injustice. In none more so than in the inadequate representation it gave to Ireland. At the moment we write Great Britain and Ireland are thus respectively represented in both Houses of Parliament.

House of Lords. (*Spiritual and Temporal.*)

Great Britain, 405      Ireland, 32 (about as 1 to 13)

House of Commons.

Great Britain, 553      Ireland, 105 (as 1 to 5)

On this disparity in the Upper House we say nothing, as Peerage-Reform is not a question of the day, whatever it may become before very long. We merely give the respective figures for each country, in order to shew that even if the Irish Representative Peers were all imbued with Irish feelings, their numbers are too few to enable them to supplement to the deficiency of Irish influence and power in the Commons.

Lord Castlereagh in 1800 established as the basis on which to calculate the future proportionate representation of Ireland, the following comparative scale, deducing from it the figures set down below :—

For Population	...	202	Members	} The mean of these quantities gives 108½
„ Exports	....	100	„	
„ Imports	....	93	„	
„ Revenue	....	89	„	
Total		434		

\* Similar appeals are made to us in reference to the Vice-Royalty; and if Irishmen be weak enough to yield to them and consent to the abolition of it, the result will undoubtedly be the same. There will be no species of compensation.

These bases of computation were much contested at the time, and are now acknowledged to have been very unfairly stated as against Ireland. Still, even according to them, we were entitled to 108 Members. Yet we got but 100, and the Reform Bill of 1832, gave us only 5 more, thereby still leaving us, (as we are to this day,) deprived of 8 Members, to which additional number we were entitled even on the defective and unfair bases taken at the Union.

If, at the present day, it will be said that this injustice should not be remedied, the declaration will amount to an explicit confession that the Union has failed to benefit Ireland; when on the four points mentioned above, her proportion to that of England has not risen higher than it was in 1800.

And supposing that it has not done so, ought we not to get at any rate the *three* needed to make up the Union number of 108.

It is impossible now-a-days to make a new calculation of this kind upon the four points, or bases, mentioned above. Since 1825—that is to say, for nearly 33 years—there have been no separate accounts kept of the trade between the two countries, save as regards a very few articles; and as that trade includes not only the home produce and manufacture of each for mutual consumption, but (as regards *Ireland*) the greater part of her foreign trade, both of import and export, it will be at once seen that trade and commerce cannot enter into the new calculation. Population and contributions to the public Revenue can, however, still be used for the purpose, and very sufficient elements of comparison they unquestionably are. In reference to the first of them, viz: population, Ireland is of course at a great disadvantage at present; famine and the *still progressing* emigration, having reduced her numbers to what they were thirty years ago, or six millions; whereas, the population of Great Britain has risen in the interval, from 18 to, at least, 26 millions. Still, even under this disadvantage, the calculation will prove our case, especially as, in reference to the other element of comparison, that of taxation, we can shew even a stronger claim than ever before—our taxation having now for six years back, been equalized with that of Great Britain, a state of things which did not exist when last the question of proportionate representation was mooted.

In fact, the element of numbers of the *respective* populations

is by no means essential to the comparison. An axiom of the Constitution points out plainly the single consideration of rightful importance. That "Taxation should be founded upon Representation," is one of the best recognized and firmest established principles of the Constitution. Applying this axiom to the case before us, we have a right to say and to demand, that as Ireland has but the one-sixth of the Imperial Representation, she ought to have but the one-sixth of the Imperial Taxation. But out of the sixty millions or thereabouts, of Imperial Revenue, we pay equally with Great Britain to taxes producing at the least, fifty-five millions, or 11-12ths of the whole. We should, therefore, have a number of Representatives in a corresponding ratio, that is to say, as eleven to twelve, or 308 members for Ireland, and 320 for Great Britain. As we have nothing like this proportion, the Constitution is plainly violated by the overweening amount of taxation imposed upon us.

There is no hope, however, for justice being done us, either by reduction of taxation to its proper proportion with our existing quota of Representatives, nor on the other hand, by increasing the latter to the number above shewn to be our right. England is strong, and we are weak; and the weak always go to the wall. We must only lower our tone and humbly beg a minor concession. We must admit the respective amounts of population into the calculation, and it will then stand thus, viz :—

	Ireland.		Great Britain.	Ireland.	Great Britain.
Population as	1	to	5	109	549
Taxation as	11	to	12	308	320
				<hr/> 417	<hr/> 869
Mean of these 2 Proportions				203	435

Two hundred and three Members for Ireland, four hundred and thirty-five Members for Great Britain. To this, at any rate, we are entitled, yet assuredly shall not get this. Even the additional *three*, which the Union-calculation would entitle us to use upon our existing quota of 105, we shall not get, unless we bestir ourselves, and do so *heartily* and at once! But unfortunately, there is little hope of our doing so, disheartened, distracted, divided as we are!

There have been rumours of a scheme of re-distribution throughout the entire of the United Kingdom, of its representation in the lower House of Parliament. So far as these rumours took anything of a consistent form, they involved changes of great and very injurious importance for Ireland. Her scant and insufficient number of Members was to be diminished, instead of being (as it ought to be) increased; and an arbitrary shifting, or shuffling about of her remaining Representatives, was to be practised, tending on the whole to weaken the liberal and popular interest, and throw the preponderance into the opposite scale. But this most unjust and outrageous scheme appears to have fallen still-born, and we trust will be heard of no more. Nevertheless, the fact that it ever was spoken of at all, should act as a warning to Irish Reformers, and as an incentive to active preparation for the parliamentary campaign of next year; when according to the assurances of Whig and Tory alike, a general plan of Parliamentary Reform is to be among the first and leading measures of the Session. We will intrude upon them only one short counsel, and that is, not to commit the mistake in political strategy of merely standing on the defensive, but to make a bold forward movement, and demand that members be allotted to several towns of considerable population in Ireland, which are at present unrepresented, and that this be done, not only without taking away from the number of Representatives of the Irish counties and larger cities, but simultaneously with an *addition* of Members to such of the latter as may appear in comparison with Great Britain, to have a right to such addition.

A glance at the lists of the House of Commons in Thom's Directory, where the names of the Members, the places they sit for, the number of population of each, and the number of voters, are all set out for the three Countries, will enable the most casual observer to see the extent of the injustice done us in the existing allocation of Representatives. The following are a few cases taken nearly at random from among the Counties in England and Ireland:—

English Counties.	Members.	Population.	Irish Counties.	Members.	Population.
Cambridgeshire,	3	185,181	Antrim Co.,	2	250,355
Buckinghamshire,	3	165,554	Cork Co.,	2	551,152
Dorsetshire,	3	184,207	Down Co.,	2	317,778
Hereford Co.	3	115,489	Tyrone Co.,	2	251,869
Northumberland Co.	4	300,000	Tipperary Co.,	2	323,829
Hertford Co.,	3	167,298	Kerry Co.,	2	238,241

It is to be borne in mind in the case of the Irish Counties in the foregoing table, that their respective amounts of population, are set down, as they have been estimated *since* the great famine and emigration, and that therefore the injustice done them in the comparative apportionment of Representatives in 1832, although yet very flagrant, was still more outrageous, before the population of those counties, as of so much of the rest of Ireland, was thinned and wasted down to what it is at present.

In reference to the towns and boroughs, the following will give an idea of the comparative state of things.

England.	Members.	Population.	Ireland.	Members.	Population.
Andover,	2	5,359	Tralee,	1	13,759
Barnstaple,	2	1,000	Wexford,	1	12,819
Bridgewater,	2	5,724	Londonderry,	1	19,604
Evesham,	2	4,605	Drogheda,	1	16,845
Harwich,	2	4,400	Kilkenny,	1	19,973
Honiton,	2	3,420	Sligo,	1	13,627
Lymington,	2	5,260	Ennis,	1	12,165
Thetford,	2	4,074	Clonmel,	1	14,707
Totness,	2	3,828	Youghal,	1	9,211
Wells,	2	4,736	Dundalk,	1	9,841

These are only a few specimens out of, as every one knows, a multitude of cases of the grossest injustice towards Ireland, in the distribution of members between the two countries. They do not illustrate exceptions, but the general rule itself, that prevails and has prevailed in reference to that distribution.

The under-mentioned towns in Ireland, having a population of or exceeding six thousand, are totally unrepresented, and Barnstaple, Honiton, Totness, Thetford, Harwich, &c., might well spare them one member *each*.

Towns.	Population.	Towns.	Population.
Callan, ...	6,000	Loughrea, ...	6,400
Carrickfergus, ..	8,800	Nenagh, ...	8,600
Carrick-on-Suir, ...	10,000	Parsonstown, ...	6,700
Castlebar, ...	6,000	Tipperary, ...	6,980
Queenstown, ...	7,200	Thurles, ...	7,250
Fermoy, ...	7,150	Tullamore, ...	6,500
Killarney, ...	7,300	Tuam, ..	6,000

Although the English Reformers have no such grievances as ours to complain of, it will be seen from the following extract from one of their "Reports on the Franchise," that they are by no means content with the present state of things.

"The present representation in parliament is neither based on population, property, nor character. The House of Commons is



supposed to represent the entire people, but not more than one in eight have the right of suffrage at all. There are in the House of Commons 330 members, representing an aggregate population of 3,120,000 persons, while a minority of 328 members represent 23,873,000 of the population. The position of the population returning the majority is that of having one member for every 9,400 persons, while the minority have but one member for every 73,600 persons. The present representation consisted of 330 members returned by 180,000 electors. Then, as to property, the annual rateable value of that represented by the 330 members is but £6,200,000, while the rateable value of the property represented by the 328 members is £78,800,000. How is Lord Derby to deal with these facts ?”

Of any change, however, in these respects during the present Session, the English Reformers do not seem to entertain an expectation. The extreme Radicals amongst them have been, through their newspapers, endeavouring to coax and coquet, with Lord Derby, since his accession to office; but as might be expected, the noble Lord, though willing enough to avail himself of their little *rancune* towards Lord Palmerston, does not choose for the sake of such support as in their fretful caprice they can afford him, to give mortal offence to his party, by opening up once more the sluices of reform.

The subjoined passages from a Report of the “Birmingham Reform Deputation,” deputed to consult with the Liberal members of Parliament in London, upon the practicability of bringing in a measure of Parliamentary Reform, during the present Session, will shew that we do not speak without book, in stating that there is no longer an expectation of such a step.

“1stly.—The Liberal section of the House is disjointed; it has no constructive unity of action. Occasionally powerful to overthrow, it is powerless to construct. The short time that many of its members have been in Parliament, the want of a rallying cry, as in 1831 and 1848, the *absence of any glaring abuse*, the apathy of the public, the absorbing nature of the war-question, the natural aversion there is to a dissolution, all have their influence in deterring the Radicals from active co-operation. Isolated motions for shreds of Reform are occasionally brought before the House; but no one dreams of united action for organic change.

“2ndly.—The advanced party have no leader. At present the majority of them cluster round the standard of either Palmerston or Russell. But a large number believe in neither. One other man they would follow, but this session at least he will not take active measures to organize a party. We refer to John Bright, our own Representative. His day will come, we have confidence, but not yet.

3rdly.—Perhaps the most conclusive argument against the hope of the Bill this year, is that it must be the work of a government.

No private member could command the time and information necessary to a re-construction of our electoral system. It must be done by those having the reins of power; who have the official resources and highest legal knowledge of the country at their disposal."

This is very uncheery, and yet it is all very true. The Liberals of the House are but too surely a disjointed body, if indeed they are to be called a body at all, in the sense of mutual coherence and association. The old comparison of a rope of sand is far more applicable and more correct. Lord Palmerston has *his* party, and Lord John Russell can boast of his, and then there are two other parties to be taken into account—one very small indeed, but occasionally making itself felt in the squabbles of the larger sections—the party under the leadership of Mr. Maguire,—and the other most formidable from its including such men as Cobden, Bright, Milner Gibson, and Roebuck. We are, perhaps, scarcely warranted in classing the little knot of Grahamites and Gladstonites—the remnant of the once mighty following of Peel—among the sections of Liberals, and yet their influence over the proceedings of the latter is very great, and although an additional difficulty in the way of effective concert in Liberal councils, is created by the uncertainty as to how they will vote on particular emergencies, they have occasionally given very valuable aid against the Conservative enemy. With these five independent commands, it is impossible to have a well-ordered army; and the energies that ought to be combined against the small, but compact and disciplined cohort of Toryism in front, are too often wasted in internal divisions, or baffled by mutual jealousies and distrust. Lords Palmerston and John Russell, are contending for the Premiership, and each alike refuses to tolerate a rival near the throne. The Whig party are eager to regain and re-establish their monopoly of office, while the Peelite party on the one hand, and the advanced Radical on the other, is each on its own account, struggling to put an end for ever to that monopoly. Then upon the nature, the extent, the principles, and all the leading details of Reform, these several parties are further divided and indeed *sub-divided*. And finally, upon the question of England's foreign policy, there is an equal amount and weight of difference and dissension. With all these elements of discord, who shall say when what is called "the great Liberal Party," will again be in a condition for battle, or how unexpectedly long a lease Lord Derby may not have of power!

The time when the Liberals will rally again, and rally for Reform, is a question not very easily to be answered or predicated of. But another, a greater and far more difficult question, is, what is to be the extent and probable operation of the Reform-measure to be proposed? The nature of the franchise itself, the manner of exercising it, and the allocation of Representatives, are all highly important points for consideration and discussion; but paramount to them and to every thing else is the consideration of the end, the object, the ultimate tendency and effect of the measure. It is quite evident from what we have quoted of Whig and Tory opinions on the subject, that their only and common aim is, to depart as little as possible from the existing state of things, and to maintain as far as possible (and if possible to *increase*) the power and influence of the aristocratic element in the British Constitution. We have also quoted from certain organs of the Radical party enough to show that they are equally intent on making the balance of power incline towards democracy. Our former quotations, however, from their manifesto having been mainly directed to exhibit their views of the *means* (viz., the increase of the popular franchise and the taking of votes, by secret Ballot) we shall quote from it again in further and more special illustration of the great end for which they proclaim themselves to be laboring.

“To those who would pourtray the multiform mischiefs flowing from Oligarchical Legislation, the only difficulty is selection. The giant mischief, however, is sufficiently prominent—Excessive Taxation. Tyranny in its grosser forms has shrunk before the slow progress of public opinion. Open Rapine can no longer be hazarded, she must now take the shape of taxation.

Of British Taxation it may safely be said, that nothing approaching to it is recorded in history. When the Romans were masters of the world, the highest taxation under their emperors never exceeded two thirds of the sums now annually wrung from the toil of a few millions of Englishmen. So appalling has been its growth, that the sums paid to Tax-Collectors are now more than the whole revenue of Queen Anne; and more than twice that of the much vituperated Stuarts. When a minister is invested with the patronage of such an enormous expenditure, to talk of public liberty is a farce. The more distinctive forms may be cunningly maintained—municipal government may exist—justice be in certain cases administered. These, however, are only employed to cover the corruption and depravity within.

When the means of comfort and independence are taken from an industrious people to this astonishing extent, the consequences are the same whether the end be obtained by force or fraud. These

consequences are the maintenance of a landed and moneyed oligarchy, who, without seeming so to do, in reality rule everything—the enriching a few at the expense of millions—and an aristocratic monopoly of every source of honor and emoluments that can possibly be monopolised; while the toiling masses from whom all this comes, may be accurately likened to men placed on a tread mill, who toil incessantly without advancing one step, but whose toil grinds abundance for those who set them there.

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In addition, an insidious policy has been adopted by a certain portion of the press of this county, which, while it tolerates and encourages the discussion of abstract political truths, only does so upon the well-understood condition that the vulnerable parts of the system shall not be touched.

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It is this policy which prompts this section of the press to boast perpetually of the national wealth and high civilization, while the country is covered with work-houses, rivalling castles in size;—while a gazette is published which, instead of recording three or four bankruptcies in the year, as was the case before the revolution of 1888, now records on an average more than three a day;—whilst the kingdom is so prolific of crime, that the gaols and penal colonies cannot contain the convicts; and immorality has so pervaded all ranks, that the legislature itself now helps to find materials for the criminal calendar. It is this policy too, which prescribes education and cheap literature as the panacea for this epidemic of crime, not appearing to see that these must tend *rather to stimulate than to decrease vice*, by rendering men more keenly sensible of the privations and hardships of their position, and giving them a taste for refinements, which whilst they envy them in others, they have neither means nor hope of realising for themselves."

Mr. Bright, the popular and very able member for Manchester, gives the following endorsement as it were, to some of the most advanced opinions, just quoted from the manifesto of the Northern Reform Union. Writing in answer to an "address from the unemployed of Birmingham," he says:—

"I confess I see no remedy for your distresses, so long as we find our Taxes constantly on the increase, and our national expenses augmenting. We now spend twenty millions more than we did a few years back, and military expenses have doubled since 1835. This year we shall have to raise fifty millions more than the revenue of the United States. We should compel a more economical government."

Down with the oligarchy! Cut down to the quick, the enormous public expenditure, the management and attendant patronage of which has given them such power, weight and influence. Extend the Franchise till it embrace the whole of

the classes below them, and shield its exercise with the secret Ballot, and thus muster together and send forward into action the army of democracy, then become irresistible by the combined effect of its enormous numbers and the destruction of the enemy's intrenchments! This is what the radicals of England aim at, and the true and indeed openly declared meaning of their agitation. And as all this could not but result finally in a republic, the cry of "down with the *monarchy*" is in fact to be understood when we hear that of "down with the oligarchy!"

Whether to this complexion of state affairs we shall come at last, or to the other alternative of Napoleon the First's prophecy, *Cossackism*, i. e. government savouring of Russian Autocracy, is a problem the solution of which we shall not attempt. Meanwhile for the present, oligarchy seems to entertain no intention or idea whatever of letting itself be "put down," and *à fortiori* will not consent to see the monarchy put down. And doubtless they are strong to resist. Strong not merely in constituted, well organized and well buttressed authority, and effective physical power, but in what is so potent with Englishmen, the moral force of old established custom and traditional honor. And they have yet another and adventitious source of strength which has been pointed out by Lord John Russell in one of his most favourite apothegms, viz. that "while the aristocratic order in other countries has, (from its inaccessibility) been *the despair* of the classes beneath it," the aristocracy of these countries is "*the hope*" of the same classes with us. The detailed meaning of his apothegm plainly is, that the accessibility of aristocratic grades amongst us to the successful professional man, commercialist, or industrialist, enlists to a great extent their feelings and wishes in favour of an order thus placing its honors and privileges within reach of energy and ability irrespective of birth and connexion. But however true all this may be, we must not exaggerate its value, nor omit to take seriously into account the daily growing spirit of exaction and encroachment now pervading our democracy at home, and making its members less and less inclined as time goes on, to be propitiated by a few occasional promotions from their ranks. It is no answer to the apprehensions suggested by this consideration, to tell us that this exacerbation of the democratic spirit at home, is but a reflex and a consequence of the extravagance of the same spirit abroad. On the contrary, we have therefore the more ground for alarm. It is not the usual habit

of Englishmen to be impressionable by foreign influences. The sturdiness of the native character, their very prejudices, tend all the other way; and have in a hundred instances that might be cited, absolutely interfered to prevent, or at any rate to delay, improvements, where the first idea or example of them was derived from abroad. The unusual impressionability or susceptibility in the present case can therefore be explained only by attributing it (with but too much probability) to the spontaneous fermentation in the popular mind of the old revolutionary leaven of the times of the Commonwealth. This process is quite noticeably increasing, instead of abating; and with it of course the predisposition to receive the impulses of foreign propagandism. And the latter may, how soon we know not, exchange its present inculcations by theory, for those by practice and example, in some of the darkly but distinctly foreshadowed convulsions of Europe.

How to prepare for such an emergency—an emergency that the *death of a single man* may bring upon us—how to guard against and prevent in these countries rash and disastrous imitations of the wild actions and events then developing themselves abroad, is the pressing difficulty of the moment. Education, from which so much was expected in the way of regulating and elevating popular impulses, has hitherto acted as Mr. Bright and his friends inform us, rather as a stimulant to misdoing, by rendering men more keenly sensible of the disadvantages of their position. And taking the most enthusiastic view of it, its operation at best can be but slow and its ultimate efficiency remote, when it has accomplished so little up to the present time. Something else more practical and immediately to be felt, is required by the urgency of the time. Concession there must be—let us speak it out, concession on the part of those who have hitherto wielded the powers and moulded the destinies of the empire. If made in time, while yet men's minds are cool, a safe and wholesome limit for it may be defined. If obstinately refused, there is too much reason to fear that it will have to be made and perhaps before long, under a pressure of events that will preclude all reason and argument save the argument of force. But be it made now, or later, under circumstances favorable for a due consideration of the rights and interests of all, or under circumstances utterly precluding it, that concession must involve an alteration and re-adjustment of the relations between the various classes of society, and that

alteration and re-adjustment cannot but bring us some steps further than we have yet been, on the road to democracy.

In that direction therefore must be the tendency of the new Reform measure, and it is for the statesmen of England frankly to recognise and accept this necessity, and give their chiefest attention now to the means of rendering safe and consistent with the maintenance of property and order, the inevitable further developement of the democratic element in the constitution.

#### ART. VII.—EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

1. *Report of her Majesty's Commissioners, appointed to inquire into the Endowments, Funds, and Actual Condition of all Schools endowed for the purpose of Education in Ireland, accompanied by Minutes of Evidence, Documents, and Tables of Schools and Endowments.* Dublin: printed by Alex Thom and Sons, for Her Majesty's Stationery Office, 1858.
2. *Letter to the Right Hon. Sir George Grey, Bart., M.P. G. C. B. Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Home Department.* By Archibald John Stephens, Esq., one of Her Majesty's late Commissioners of Inquiry into the Endowed Schools of Ireland. London: printed by Eyre and Spottiswood, Printers to the Queen's most excellent Majesty, 1858.
3. *National Education in Ireland.* By William Dwyer Ferguson, L.L.D., lately Assistant Commissioner, Endowed Schools Commissioner. London: Seely and Co. 1858.

The Report of the Endowed Schools Commission is at length before the Houses of Parliament, and taken along with the evidence and statistics upon which it is founded, may be treated as a book of authority upon educational subjects. It is scarcely matter of regret that all the Com-

missioners should not have signed the Report, although to some this will appear a miscarriage of the Commission. The truth is, that in exchange for the signatures of two Commissioners, we obtain their individual opinions, which are thus brought under public review, and in this way no aspect of the inquiry conducted by them, is shut out from the public by consents and compromises to which the public could not be a party. When the Commission was appointed its inquiries were not generally understood to have so wide a range as was opened to them in the course of the proceedings. The words of the Commission were, it is true, sufficiently large to include every description of educational endowment, public or private, but no one anticipated an inquiry into any endowments which had not previously attracted public interest. It was principally with reference to the Royal and Diocesan schools, or to the more considerable private endowments, like those upon the foundation of Erasmus Smith, that information was sought by the public. Usage in fact had for many years past affixed a popular meaning to the term, "Endowed Schools," and limited its application to schools, in connexion with one board in particular, whose familiar name is borrowed from its place of meeting, Clare-street. Indeed the jurisdiction of that Board had been extended by acts of Parliament to many schools of private institution, and had the inquiry been confined by the terms of the Commission to the trusts administered by that Board alone, it was felt that the duties of the Commissioners would still have been laborious and profitable. The Commissioners, however, rightly acted upon a more comprehensive notion of their duties, and although to many they may appear to have travelled a field of the object of the Commission, they will be found upon examination to have kept within the verge of their authority. They were directed to apply their inquiries to the actual state and condition of all schools endowed for the purpose of education in Ireland, and to the management of the funds "given, granted, or applied" for their support. Under a strict interpretation of this power it would have been competent for the Commissioners to found a jurisdiction upon the grant or donation of any sum however small, and to bring the school which had been or should have been its recipient within the scope of their inquiries. The Commissioners



may now be taken to have treated these words as intended to facilitate the discharge of their duty, and to cover any variety of inquiries they might find it desirable to institute, but not to limit their discretion by defining what was to be understood as an endowment. Accordingly they adopted the principle of not considering any bequest of less than £100, *unaccompanied by directions to invest*, as constituting an endowment that they should inquire into. In the case of money left for school building, or expended on building school houses, they did not consider that alone as constituting an endowment, but when the site was permanently secured, they took such money into consideration as affording means of estimating the value of the endowment. The adoption of this principle is mentioned by the Commissioners with especial reference to bequests, but there can be no doubt that it was applied also to the case of donations; and "the general principle to be extracted from the tables of endowments would seem to be, that any sum from whatever source or how trifling soever, or any portion of land no matter how small, if permanently secured to school purposes, should be dealt with as an endowment. The practical application of this principle had an appearance of strain at the outset, and to many was not quite intelligible. Country school-masters and country Clergymen, received the news that they were the masters and patrons of endowed schools, with almost as much surprise and incredulity as was shown by M. Jourdain when he learned that he had been speaking prose all his life, without knowing it. The effect of that rule, however, was not only to make the country acquainted with numerous small endowments, the sum of which is very considerable, but to lay bare the management of every class of schools, and every system of education at present existing in Ireland. This was done in most instances by sample only, but in some cases by a sample nearly equal to the bulk. Thus upon a rough estimate far more than a moiety of the Church Education Schools, and a large though not equal proportion of the National Schools was brought within the jurisdiction of the Commissioners; while several of the schools of the Christian Brothers, and a quite sufficient number of Convent Schools, were drawn under inspection, to warrant the public in forming an opinion upon the entire class. There is therefore the less reason to regret that the labours of the Com-

mission so far outgrew the calculations of its original promoters, and doubtless of the Commissioners themselves. They have in truth done the work of more than one Commission, as far at least as the accumulation and tabulation of statistics are to be taken into account. It may be said without exaggeration, that there is no one class of schools, to which their inquiry has been directed, which would not of itself have supplied materials for an investigation such as theirs. They may all have erred in their conclusions, and probably have done so; the recommendations of some may be found to be impracticable, and the objections of others will be treated as frivolous; but however that may be, the public mind will have been informed by the labours of the Commissioners; henceforward there can be no room for doubt or mystification as to facts; the materials for judgment will be ready to every man's hand; and should the public fail of turning them to practical account, the blame will rest with the public itself.

For some time previous to the appointment of the Commission the public had manifested its sense of an admitted want; the want of secondary instruction for the young, promoted by the State according to its obvious duty. With the primary instruction, supplied by the National Schools, the nation had general reason to be satisfied, and it did not profess to have grounds of complaint against the instruction supplied by the universities to those for whom they were intended. But the State, it was alleged, had neglected its duty with regard to secondary education, either abandoning it altogether to private enterprise, or encouraging a few unduly preferred, and exclusive establishments, in fraud of the general interests of society and of education. It also occurred to the public, that notwithstanding the protection so given to those establishments, the results might be found upon inquiry to bear no proportion to the bounty of the State, even within the limited range assigned to that bounty. And further it came to be doubted whether those favoured schools were as exclusive in their constitution rightly understood as they had become in practice; whether they might not, in the spirit of their constitution, be made available for general instruction; whether from having been educational charities, they had not come to be educational jobs; and finally—whether it might not be possible to restore them to

their original character. Those considerations were enforced as they had perhaps been suggested, by circumstances which had a plain and strong bearing upon them. The State, it was contended, had within a few years created and endowed two systems, one of primary, and the other of academical education. The third and intermediate system was yet wanting, the supplement to the former, the complement of the latter, and without which no national system in the broad sense, could be said to exist. But this was not all : the State was urged to deal with the question, upon the additional grounds that the State itself had diminished the resources of the country for secondary education, and an appeal was made to the State conscience for something like restitution. There can be no doubt that when the National Schools first came to be established, there existed, throughout Ireland, a number of schools in which a kind of secondary education might be had at small expense. Brinkley's Primer, the Eton Grammar, Tommy and Harry, Lord Chesterfield on Politeness, and Cicero's Offices, were learned under the same ferula, and not always ill. The establishment of the National Schools caused the almost total disappearance of schools such as we have mentioned, and nothing was done or thought of to provide a substitute. Schools of a superior description were not of course in any way affected by the spread of the National Schools. Several of the State seminaries, if we may so call the Royal Schools, and several independent schools continued, as they still continue, to afford excellent intermediate education, but it was only available to those of considerable, even if not of affluent, means. The substantial country shop-keeper, the improving, though not absolutely extensive, farmer, who could not afford to send his sons to Portarlington or Dungan-non if Protestants, or to Clongowes or Carlow if Catholics, had nothing better than the National Schools at or near their own doors. Now those people, it was argued, although thrifty, and perhaps over thrifty, were by no means averse to give their children the chance of promotion afforded by a good education, if such were to be had at home, and within their means. This would be no more than reasonable on the part of men so circumstanced, and of men whose well-considered wishes are entitled to as much consideration from the State as those of any other class in the Commonwealth. They it was,

undoubtedly, or those who acted in their interest, that gave its first impulse to the movement which resulted in the Commission. But then there was no reason why the inquiry should be conducted in their interest only, if other interests might require to be protected and advanced. There was reason to believe not only in the existence of endowments which might be made applicable to this and that purpose, but in the existence of endowments which had either been perverted from their legitimate and proper use, or which had been lost to all intents and purposes. There was likely to be question of endowments available perhaps for use, at the discretion of the State, but rendered unproductive by bad management. In other cases, where the State could not pretend to control over the administration of endowments, remedial or protective measures might be suggested for the security and rightful application of the fund. The system of education administered under existing endowments, and under special classes of endowments, would naturally and necessarily form part of any such inquiry ; and as every class of citizen is or ought to be equally precious in the eyes of the State, an endowment for the support of a poor school was equally entitled to safety and purity of administration, with an endowment for a college or university. Sinecurism, and false pretence, and incapacity and meanness, would require to be stirred to their lowest depths, and much commotion and croaking might be expected to ensue.

For instance, the Rev. Pelobates Jones, endowed master of a disendowed school, would insist upon his right to walk in the mud, as his worthy father, Limnisius, had walked in the mud, all the days of his life without reproach or molestation. Cousin Physignathus Jones would point to his own round cheeks and sleek person as proof that mud is a wholesome element, and conducive to the fullest development of the species ; while Kraugasides, the orator of the family, would be prepared to lift up his voice, declaring the pillars of the state to be embedded in the very mud the Commissioners were seeking to disturb ; and ready to topple over in shorter time than he had taken to foretel it, unless the disturbers were to desist from their insane attempt. But there were other subjects of inquiry more alarming still. Corruption, fraud, breach of trust, negligence hardly less culpable, jobs of

endless variety, and vested wrongs assuming to be vested rights, were said to have burrowed into and honeycombed the entire system of endowed schools. Meridarpax, so called from an hereditary habit of taking more than his share, had his retreat in a back office, under a board room, in a quiet street, that could only open to an act of Parliament. Psicarpax had drawn together so many and such substantial crumbs that he might consider himself victualled for a siege, and in a position to fatigue the endurance of the most patient mouser. Artepibulus, who ambushed for the bread of the poor, was so sharp a practitioner that no one could tell where to find him; and Tyroglaphus, renowned for cheese-paring, so far from having incurred blame, was commended for economy, because he only pared the scholar's cheese for the benefit of the master.

It was worth knowing whether all this was the fact, and accordingly the Commissioners began their task of inquiry into the "endowments, funds, and actual condition of all schools endowed for the purpose of education in Ireland." The history of the Commission, at all events, is a subject upon which there is no difference of opinion amongst the Commissioners. After the preliminary arrangements, they proceeded according to the tenor of their patent; and in determining the schools to which the inquiry should be limited upon the principles above stated, recourse was had, as appears from the Report, to every authority, documentary or otherwise, in which mention was made of an endowment for educational purposes. No tradition, however obscure, no record, how loosely worded, or informal soever, was neglected; and the result was, that although in many instances reputed endowments failed of proof, there were equally numerous cases of endowments, the proof of which but for the inquiry just expired should have been completely lost. The authorities referred to in the first instance, and cited in the course of the report, are given at page VII.

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- Appendix to Case of, in House of Lords, p. 8.
- Journal of House of Commons (Irish), pp. 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 19, 90, 103, 104, 115.
- Journal of House of Lords (Irish), pp. 8, 12, 13, 14, 16, 25, 104, 108.
- Laws made by Erasmus Smith, p. 64.
- Leland's "History of Ireland," p. 6.
- Letters Patent (see *Charters*).
- Letters Royal of King James I., p. 7, 47.
- Letters Royal of King Charles II., p. 48, 49.
- Letters Royal of King George III., p. 48, 49.
- Lodge's Records of the Chancery Rolls, p. 64.
- Mann's, Horace, Report of an Educational Tour in Germany, France, &c., p. 205.
- Mant's, Bishop, "History of the Irish Church," p. 33.
- Parliamentary Papers, pp. 9, 52, 53, 58, 67, 115, 120.

Patent Rolls in Chancery, in Ireland; p. 7.

Register of Governors of Erasmus Smith's Schools, p. 11.

Reid's, Rev. Dr., History of Presbyterian Church in Ireland (3rd Ed., 1853), p. 8.

Reports (see *Committee, Commissioners, &c.*)

Report, Annual, and Course of Studies in the High School of Edinburgh, during the Session ending July, 1855, p. 204.

Rules of Governors of Erasmus Smith's Schools, p. 65.

Smith, Erasmus (see *Charter, Rules, Laws*).

State Papers, published under the authority of his Majesty's Commission, 1834 (Vol III., Part 3), p. 6.

Strafford Letters, p. 10.

The Commission bears date the 14th November 1854, and the Commissioners held their first meeting on the 28th November, in the same year. Having in the first instance directed that a list of endowed schools should be drafted from the above authorities, they sent circulars to the masters and trustees or patrons of the principal establishments, requiring information as to certain particulars, and commonly received answers more or less explicit from the parties applied to. The various educational boards also, one only excepted, complied with the requisition, and that one, the board of the Erasmus Smith foundation, absolutely refused to do, and claimed for its schools an exemption by charter from any visitation not under express parliamentary authority.

It is almost, as of course, to say that the governors of these schools had very sufficient motives for their resistance, as had the Commissioners on their side for overcoming that resistance by a special Act of Parliament. The act of the 18 and 19 Vic. cap. lix., was framed accordingly "to facilitate inquiries of Commissioners of endowed schools in Ireland;" and the Commissioners took advantage of its passage to introduce a clause for the appointment of assistant Commissioners, whose authority as to the inspection of schools, and examination of witnesses under the direction of the principal Commissioners, was made identical with that of the latter. The special reports of these gentlemen form an important feature in the proceedings of the Commission. Pending the passing of the act the Commission proceeded to hold courts of inquiry in all the country towns of Ireland pursuant to due notice, and their course of

proceeding was the following:—The secretary read the list of endowments existing, or supposed to exist in the county, and the public was invited to give evidence, to prefer or rebut charges with reference to the management of the schools, and generally to supply whatever information was at the command of each individual. The evidence so collected fills one volume of the appendix, and includes the depositions of the Mayors of towns, the Masters and Patrons of schools, Clergymen of all denominations, Country Gentlemen, Shopkeepers, and others interested in education. In the course of their circuit the Commissioners visited the more important schools, and those in particular with reference to which complaints had been preferred; and the Dublin office continued meanwhile to forward circulars to the clergy of the principal religious denominations, as well as to the masters and trustees of schools. The letters addressed to the clergy are stated in the report to have been in number 3,588, (p.2,) and the answers received to have been 1793, by means of which the Commissioners state they have been enabled to discover upwards of one hundred endowments, the existence of which could not otherwise have been traced. Before the Commissioners had concluded their visitation, four gentlemen, Messrs. Arthur Sharman Crawford, George Whitley Abraham, Frederick William M'Blain, and Edward Pennefather, were appointed assistant Commissioners pursuant to the Act of Parliament, and began their duties in the month of November, 1855. The nature of these duties will best appear from the form of report which they took with them from the Commissioners upon their tour of visitation. That report (*Forms. Evid.*, vol. 2, p. 399,) embodies 109 queries, to which the assistant Commissioners were required to find answers, and they were also expected to subjoin a general report of the defects or excellencies of each establishment visited by them. That these questions touched the management of schools and the state of their endowments at every point may be easily supposed; but it also formed part of the duty of the assistant Commissioners to inquire into lost or misapplied endowments; and it is hardly necessary to say that the latter inquiries were prosecuted to equal advantage in the districts to which they related as were inquiries into schools in actual existence. The districts assigned to each



of the assistant Commissioners would seem to correspond more or less with the four provinces. Thus upon an analysis of the tables, Mr. Crawford appears to have visited all the Munster counties, and the County of Tyrone in Ulster. Mr. Abraham visited the province of Connaught, the Counties of Longford, Westmeath, and Kilkenny, with the King's and Queen's Counties, in Leinster, and the Counties of Cavan and Monaghan in Ulster. Mr. M'Blein took the principal part of Leinster, and Mr. Pennefather, or his successor Mr. Ferguson, the Ulster counties, excepting Tyrone. During those tours of visitation, they inspected 1321 schools, representing 976 endowments in actual operation; they established the existence of 296 endowments not in operation, and reported upon 178 endowments lost or expired.

The labours of the assistant Commissioners appear to have closed with a general report from each, containing the impressions produced upon his own mind, respecting the subject of his inquiries; particular regard being had to special classes of schools, and to general causes of efficiency or inefficiency. We shall have occasion to advert to their reports in the course of this paper. Finally, an inspector of school estates was appointed to report upon their management. The various societies, to which aid for building or other purposes had been given from parliamentary grants, produced their books and accounts for inspection, and the Board of Charities furnished to the Commission extracts from wills containing any devise or bequest for educational purposes. Upon the materials so supplied, the Commissioners founded their report.

It would be impossible, within reasonable limits, to give a full abstract of so voluminous a report. It covers 287 pages of folio, and the reports of the assistant commissioners, and of the Inspector of Estates, run to fifty-four pages additional. Neither do we consider it necessary to advert to every view or suggestion contained in the report, as it must be confessed that many things necessary to the completeness of a State paper, are not of uniform interest to all concerned. The Report contains, first, the history of its own proceedings, which we have given in very thin outline; secondly, the history of educational endowments in Ireland from the reign of Henry VIII. forward;

thirdly, the result of the inquiries whether of the Commissioners or Assistant Commissioners, into the more important schools; and fourthly, and lastly, the recommendations of the Commissioners with reference to the protection development and application of endowments for school purposes. The late Solicitor-General for Ireland, who dissents from his brethren, assigns his reasons for so doing in a letter subjoined to the Report, and Mr. Stephens, the remaining Commissioner, has published a long and elaborate letter, containing his reasons for dissent and the recommendations he was prepared to make. Accompanying the Report are three volumes of papers, two of which contain the evidence taken by the Commissioners in their public courts, while the third consists of tables of schools compiled from the statistics gathered or certified by the assistants, and accompanied by extracts from their special Reports, to which also we shall find it necessary to refer.

The history of educational endowments in Ireland, as they exist at present, begins in the reign of Henry VIII. The parish clergy had for many years previously, either from a misconception of their duty, or from some unexplained cause, neglected the secular instruction of the young, and that duty had fallen upon the religious orders, by whom it was gladly undertaken, and, as at the present day, efficiently discharged. When the monasteries were about to be suppressed, the Commission appointed to report upon that measure, prayed that six educational communities should be excepted from its operations, but without success; it thus became necessary to make provision for the instruction of children elsewhere; and the duty of doing so was thrown by the civil law upon the incumbents of parishes. Thirty-three years later (1570,) by an act of Elizabeth entitled "An act for the erection of free schools," the system of diocesan schools was instituted upon paper, where alone it continued to exist for several years. The act provided that there should be, thenceforth, "a free school in every diocese of Ireland;" the school-houses to be erected in the principal shire town (where a school-house had not been already built, at the cost of the whole diocese in the proportion of one-third to be paid by the Bishop, and the remaining two-thirds by the beneficed clergy. The diocesan schools so continued to exist on paper for a lengthened period,

and one of the earliest acts of the Irish Parliament in the reign of William III., includes provisions for the suppression of Catholic education and for the establishment of diocesan schools. But it was not until the reign of George III. that a few of the diocesan schools feebly broke their shells, after an incubation by Crown and Parliament of nearly two hundred years, and they seem never to have recovered the effort.

This was the first attempt at converting the Irish by means of education. The royal schools were founded in the succeeding reigns of James I. and Charles I. and endowed out of the forfeited lands, more for the benefit of the Ulster plantation than for that of the native Irish. They too for a long period had only a nominal, or at best an imperfect and vegetable life, but some of them, by reason of their large endowments, and under many favorable influences, have become really good and flourishing schools, but not in any sense what their charters constitute them—free schools.

The schools upon the foundation of Erasmus Smith, an Alderman of London, who had acquired property in Ireland, during the protectorate, come next in order. He conveyed all his property to a board of Governors incorporated by Charter, for the Government of three grammar schools in Drogheda, Tipperary, and Galway, upon portions of his own estates. He is sufficiently explicit in the statement of his own views, as appears by a letter which he addressed to the Governors from London, under date June 6, 1682. "My end," he writes, "in founding the three schools, was to propagate the Protestant faith according to the Scriptures, avoiding all superstition, as the charter and bye-laws and the rules established do direct." And farther on in allusion to the unpromising condition of his schools, we find these words ominous of future legislation—"My Lord, my design is not to reflect upon any, only I give my judgment why these schools are so consumptive; which was and is, and will be, if not prevented, the many Popish schools, their neighbours, which as succors do starve the tree. If parents will exclude their children, because prayers, catechism, and exposition is commanded, I cannot help it, for to remove that barrier is to make them seminaries of Popery. I beseech you to command him that shall be presented and approved by your honours, to observe them that decline these duties, and expel them, which will oblige [me,] my Lords

and Gentlemen." In course of time, the property of the foundation became so considerable, that pursuant to special acts of Parliament, numerous English schools of the same class and character as the ordinary parish schools, were opened and supported by the Governors throughout Ireland. Of a somewhat different description, but with a similar object, were several private endowments, such as Wilson's Hospital in Westmeath, the Farra institution in the same County, and the Pococke institution in Kilkenny, into which no children were, or indeed, are, properly admissible, except the children of Catholics. The incorporated society for the promotion of English Protestant schools in Ireland, shortly called the "Incorporated Society," represents the next large class of endowed schools. We do not consider it necessary in this place to touch the history of the private grammar schools, founded by the Duke of Ormond, in Kilkenny, Lord Weymouth in Carrickmacross, and Alderman Preston, in Navan and Ballyroan, although we may find it necessary to return to them for illustration sake hereafter. The Incorporated Society therefore was founded in compliance with an address from several Noblemen and Gentlemen in Ireland, which is referred to but not quoted by the Commission. The address is found in the appendix (No. 11,) to the third Report from the Commissioners of the Board of Education, (Clare-street,) in Ireland, (1809-12.)

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

The humble Petition of the Lord Primate, Lord Chancellor, Archbishop, Noblemen, Bishops, Judges, Gentry and Clergy of this Your Majesty's Kingdom of Ireland, whose Names are hereunto subscribed,

Humbly sheweth—That in many places of this kingdom there are great tracts of mountainy and coarse land, of ten, twenty or thirty miles in length, and of a considerable breadth, almost universally inhabited by Papists; and that in most parts of the same, and more especially in the provinces of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, the Papists far exceed the Protestants of all sorts in number.

That the generality of the Popish Natives appear to have very little sense or knowledge of Religion, but what they implicitly take from their Clergy, to whose guidance in such matters they seem wholly to give themselves up, and thereby are not only kept in gross ignorance, but in great disaffection to your sacred Majesty and Government, scarce any of them having appeared to be willing to abjure the Pretender to your Majesty's throne: so that if some effectual method be not made use of to instruct these great number

of people in religion and loyalty, there seems to be very little prospect but that superstition, idolatry, and disaffection to your Majesty, and to your Royal posterity, will from generation to generation be propagated amongst them.

Among the ways proper to be taken for the converting and civilizing these poor deluded people, and bringing them (through the blessing of God) in time, to be good Christians and faithful subjects, one of the most necessary, and without which all others are like to prove ineffectual, has always been thought to be, that a sufficient number of English Protestant Schools be erected and established, wherein the children of Irish Natives might be instructed in the English Tongue, and the fundamental principles of true Religion, to both which they are generally great strangers.

In pursuance hereof, the Parish Ministers throughout the kingdom have generally endeavoured, and often with some expense to themselves, to provide Masters for such schools within their respective parishes, as the law requires them to do; but the richer Papists commonly refusing to send their children to such schools, and the poorer, which are much the greater number, not being able to pay the accustomed salary, as the law directs, for their children's schooling, such schoolmasters, where they have been placed, have seldom been able to subsist; and in most places, sufficient Masters are discouraged from undertaking such an employment. Nor is it (we conceive) to be expected, that the residence of the Protestant Clergy upon their respective benefices, will ever be a sufficient remedy for this growing evil, if some effectual encouragement be not given to such English Protestant Schools.

To the intent, therefore, that the youth of this kingdom may generally be brought up in the principles of true religion and loyalty in all succeeding generations,

We, your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, most humbly beseech your Majesty, that out of your great goodness, you would be pleased to grant your Royal Charter for incorporating such persons as your Majesty shall think fit, and enabling them to accept of gifts, benefactions and lands, to such a value as your Majesty in your great wisdom shall think to be proper; that the same may be employed under such rules and directions as your Majesty shall approve of, for the supporting and maintaining such Schools as may be erected in the most necessary places, where the children of the poor may be taught *gratis*.

And we are the more encouraged to make this humble application, from the good success which the same method has already had, and (through God's blessing) we hope will further have, among your Majesty's subjects of North Britain;

And also in some measure by what we have seen already done in this Kingdom in some few places, where such Schools have been erected, and maintained at the private expense of charitable persons.

We humbly submit ourselves to your Majesty's great wisdom and goodness, and as in duty bound shall ever pray.

Dated this 17th day of April, 1730.

One hundred and forty-two names are subscribed to this characteristic document, by the light of which the history of the Incorporated Society's schools requires to be read. It is not at all necessary to preserve for the benefit of science the peculiar logical process by which the memorialists arrived at the conclusion, that the Popish natives were kept in gross ignorance by their clergy, seeing that Popish schoolmasters or ushers incurred the same penalty by the practice of their profession as did a regular priest : that is to say, transportation for entering into or residing within the realm after a certain day, and the penalties of high treason for a repetition of the offence. Unfortunately the identical system of logic is popular still, and the present month has already furnished specimens sufficient for the most enthusiastic collector. The wishes of the memorialists, however, were graciously complied with, and a Society was incorporated for the promotion of English Protestant Schools in Ireland. It was even a favourite with Crown and Parliament, and continued for many years to receive rich benefactions and endowments from private sources. And yet its name during a great portion of the time was all that could recommend it to the most enthusiastic Protestant. It was the parent of the well known Charter Schools. Those Charter Schools might be divided into nurseries, and schools properly or improperly so called. The nurseries were supplied from the various foundling hospitals, and also by mothers and fathers in the regular way of trade. From the nurseries and central institutions, the children were drafted into the country schools, and, from the country schools, they were apprenticed to Protestant tradesmen. The charter itself did not limit the advantages of these beneficent institutions to the intended converts ; they were established for "the children of the Popish and *other* poor natives of the kingdom : " but the heads of the Society, in the years 1775 and 1776 restricted admission to the children of Popish parents, and matters continued in this state up to the year 1803, when the rule was relaxed, and the "other poor natives were admitted " to a share in the privileges, the exclusive possession of which had failed either to convert or conciliate the incorrigible Papists. In the interval between those two dates the Charter Schools appear to have been in what the Commissioners of the

Board of Education, (Third Report, p. 24,) call "a wretched state;" nor was the prosperity, consequent upon the relaxation of the rule, so remarkable in character as to preserve the Charter Schools from decay and extinction. "Whilst," say the Commissioners, "we warmly and sincerely applaud the pious and patriotic efforts of those who contributed to the establishment, and laboured for the success of this institution, we feel ourselves bound to state that, during a very considerable period of its existence, it appears to have fallen short of attaining the purposes for which it was established, and to have failed of one great object, that was intended and *expected* from it" (beautiful simplicity)—"the conversion of the lower orders of the inhabitants of Ireland from the errors of Popery. The utter inadequacy of the institution in point of magnitude and extent for that object, is sufficient to account for its failure, independently of the operation of other causes. The number of Popish children in all the schools at any one time has probably never amounted to sixteen hundred; and this must have borne so small a proportion to the whole number to be educated, as to have no sensible influence on the great mass of the population, even allowing that all who were educated in these schools continued in the Protestant persuasion; this, however, is certainly not the fact; and though it is impossible to ascertain the number of those who have returned to the Popish persuasion, there is reason to believe that it has not been inconsiderable." (3rd Report from the Commissioners of the Board of Education in Ireland, p. 24.) Further on the Commissioners say, that, "the reluctance of Popish parents to commit their children to the care of the Society seemed to have subsided;" and that there were "constant instances of earnest solicitations on the part of Popish parents for the admission of their children."

But notwithstanding the subsidence of the reluctance, (commissioners of education as well as ministers of State mix metaphors occasionally), nay the irrepressible eagerness of Catholics to commit their children to the Incorporated Society, in some way or another the Charter Schools most unmistakeably died out. It was the fate of every attempt at the conversion of Ireland. Just at the very moment when all Ireland having gone to bed in Popery was about to awake in Protestantism, something occurred to mar the happy consummation, and Ireland became more hopelessly Popish than ever.

The Charter Schools were on the eve of atchieving the most signal triumphs when they were suppressed; so was the new reformation about thirty years ago; so were the Conne-mara and Dingle movements in our own time. It was the old story of the horse that died of starvation at the very moment when he was beginning to get used to it. But the study of those attempts is profitable nevertheless, for although they have not, as formerly, the countenance and support of the State, they are still repeated in various forms and command a degree of sympathy in many of our fellow-subjects, quite sufficient for every purpose of insult and annoyance, and requiring to be kept in constant and careful check. Indeed it would be a great mistake to suppose that the most moderate, fair-spoken, and gentlemanly advocates of State endowment, for what are called "Church Schools," or "Scriptural Schools," are one degree behind the "Church Missionary Society," in their zeal for corrupt proselytism, or that they would not reorganize the Charter Schools in their most odious shape if it were in their power. It did not, of course, form any part of the duty of the late Commission to enter at large into the constitution of endowments that had expired some twenty years ago, and could never reappear at least in their old form; but as there is an absolute identity of purpose between the mass of those who assail the present system of national education on Protestant grounds, and those who endowed and organized the Charter Schools; nay as their tactics are almost identical; a somewhat close inspection of the old system which aimed at precisely the same end as the new, would not be amiss. No matter what be the professions of the chief opponents of the national system of education, [for we, ourselves, are not its apologists in the abstract,] we must regard those gentlemen as the admirers, if not the inheritors of the Charter School system; penetrated with the same spirit, and as more dangerous because more experienced, less confident, and less rash, than their predecessors. The following tabular return was the result of an inspection made by order of the Commissioners of the Board of Education (Clare street), and given in the Appendix No. 7 to their Third Report, (1808) p. 78. It shows the relative proportion of Catholic and Protestant children in the charter schools, and is compiled from one of two returns, made by a certain Dr. Beaufort, and Mr. Corneille respectively. We copy the first by way of sample merely. The other is similar in every respect.



# ABSTRACT OF REPORT

## Upon the Schools visited by Dr. Beaufort.

SCHOOLS, and Number of each Establishment.	MASTER'S Name and time of Ser- vice.	Number of Children and Religion of Parents.				Num- ber of Beds	State of Health.	State of Education.	State of Clothing
		Both Popish	One Popish	Both Protes- tant	Total.			Reading. W. Writing. C. Catechism.	
<i>Female Schools</i>									
1. Castlebar ... for 40.	Moore ... 3 years.	27	5	3	35	20	9 sore eyes	{ R. pretty well W. very well C. well }	Good
2. Duudalk ... for 60.	Balmer ... 5 years.	27	1	30	58	80	5 sore eyes	{ R. well W. well. C. pr. well. }	Very good
3. Loughrea ... for 60.	Lane ... 20 years	39	6	21	66	81	{ 1 Scrofula 1 feverish }	{ R. well W. very well C. well }	Extr. good
4. Maynooth ... for 60.	Jones ... 2 years.	26	14	17	57	26	{ 1 decline 2 scald hd. }	{ R. extr. well W. well C. well }	Good.
5. Roscommon ... for 40.	Clarke ... 4 years.	...	..	41	41	21	{ 1 acid head 1 cutaneous eruption }	{ R. pr. well W. pr. well C. very well }	Very good
6. Santry ... for 80.	Russell ... 2 years.	23	24	29	58	43	2 sore eyes	{ R. pr. well W. extr. well C. very well }	Extr. good
7. Trim... for 60.	Egan ... 1 year.	24	14	19	57	29	All well	{ R. very well W. pr. well C. very well }	Extr. good
<i>Boys' Schools.</i>		175	64	160	399	202	...	...	...
1. Ardbraccan... for 60.	Christian ... 5 years.	26	7	21	54	30	5 sore eyes	{ R. very well W. pr. well C. extr. well }	Very good
2. Athlone ... for 40.	Foot ... 8 years.	...	...	39	39	22	1 dropsy	{ R. remarka- bly W. very well C. very well }	Extr. good
3. Creggan ... for 40.	Gilmer ... 12 years.	15	4	24	43	20	{ 1 acid head 4 cuts, erup }	{ R. middling W. middling C. extr. well }	Pretty good
4. Farrar ... for 100.	Boyle ... 1 year.	26	16	10	52	53	All well	{ R. pr. well W. pr. well C. very well }	Very good
5. Longford ... for 80	Ring ... 1 year.	26	22	6	54	26	1 complication of disor- ders.	{ R. very well W. pr. well C. well. }	Good.
6. Sligo... for 80.	Hines ... 8 years.	66	...	16	82	42	All well.	{ R. pr. well W. extr. well C. very well }	Good.
<i>Mixed Nur- sery.</i> for 100.	Davis ... 21 years	54	14	19	{ F. 21. B. 56. } 87	50	{ 1 ulcered arm 1 decline }	{ R. very well W. well C. very well }	Extr. good
Boys in Nursery ... For 400 Girls For 870 Boys		223	63	136	324 Boys. 56	243	...	...	...
Girls, including Nursery ... 100 Nursery		...	...	..	390 430				
Total of Children in the Schools }		398	127	295	820	445	...	...	..

Figures such as we have just quoted would be very alarming at the present day, and it is evident that nothing short of absolute dominion on the one hand, and absolute subjection on the other, could account for the presence of so many children of Catholics in the charter schools. With Catholics in the enjoyment of civil rights and political power and influence as now, such a thing would be simply impossible. The application of the Patriotic Fund may have accomplished somewhat similar results amongst the orphans of Catholic soldiers, but they are not avowed and gloried in. What was then lawful trade is now smuggling, what was then war is now piracy; but the result was very much the same. Formerly the children were bought and ticketed as the offspring of Catholics, now they are stolen and disguised at once, but no one will pretend to say that there is a balance of morality on one side or the other. The Reports of which the tables are abstracts, vary considerably in character; some schools are favourably dealt with, and others very hardly treated. The description of one of the latter class, the Castledermot school, is worth preserving:—"There were forty boys in the school," says the inspector, "when I visited it; of those about two-thirds were healthy looking children, and the rest were delicate and puny; of which number, one had a broken back, another a scrofulous scar under the chin, and a third a tumour over his right eye; some of the children had eruptive pimples which I thought was the itch, but the master said it was heat of blood from the stirabout."

In his report upon the Lintown factory upon the Poccocke foundation, the inspector says—"The catechist visitor further informed me that as far as he could learn, the lads who were of Roman Catholic parents by both sides, when they had served their apprenticeship relapsed to the Romish persuasion"—and farther on he details a characteristic circumstance which will be found to run through some of the reports of the present Commission, with reference to the state of secular education in Scriptural schools. "An application," he says, "was lately made to the Society to allow the head class, who had read all the present school books, to read the Roman and Grecian histories, but it was refused by the Society, they not considering such books

*fitted for charity schools*, but they desired the master to select any of the *religious* books which should be sent. I saw their secretary's letter dated the 17th August, 1808, on this subject." App. p. 84. That the same idea with reference to secular education prevails to a large extent amongst the patrons of the "Scriptural schools," is manifest from the report of the present Commission. The clergy of the Established Church would seem to consider the communication of any degree of knowledge to a parish school boy, over and above what is necessary for stumbling through a verse of Scripture, a most inconvenient, not to say a revolutionary and radical proceeding. There should be a sliding scale of knowledge in every well regulated parish. The minister should naturally have, or get credit for having, the greater portion; the squire might possibly come next; the apothecary and attorney next, at a sufficient distance; the parish clerk next, and the parishioners at large last. Some curious instances of this fact, and particularly curious in relation to the passage we have just quoted, are to be found in this Report, and in the reports of her Majesty's inspectors of schools in England, where the clergy of the Established Church have their own way in the national schools belonging to their own denomination. We first quote a passage from the general report of Mr. Abraham, one of the assistant Commissioners.

The school-books are of an inferior description, being, in fact, the old stock of the Kildare-place Society, every way out of date, and behind the time. The only geography in the hands of pupils is a compendium of about twenty pages; and their spelling-books give them no assistance whatever in learning the derivation of words. Indeed, I have not visited a single Church Education Society School in which the pupils had been taught any thing with respect to the roots of words, or the nature and power of prefixes and affixes, with which the pupils of the National Schools are so familiar.

I have found the local clergy to attach far less importance to the secular instruction given in their schools than it would seem to claim, viewed even as nothing more than a medium of religious teaching. I have generally observed that in entering their visits in the Report Book they make no allusion to the result or nature of the examination they hold, beyond mentioning occasionally that they heard the pupils reading a chapter in the Bible or New Testament. In many schools the Bible was the only reading book. The following circumstance will serve to illustrate the views of the clerical superintendents of the parish schools. The master of a school in

the county of Monaghan, in filling up the printed form of return sent to him by the Commission, wrote what follows under the head of "General Remarks:—" "The Holy Scriptures is (*sic*) compared to a lamp, and a school-master to give light and teach; and as the (*sic*) make the simple wise unto salvation, the (*sic*) are taught here daily, although the majority are Roman Catholics. From the above I am taught by the Saviour, if I love him, to feed his lambs, together with arithmetic, book-keeping, and mensuration." I drew the attention of Archdeacon Russell, of Clontibret, the rector of the place, to this production, when he admitted that the author was quite illiterate, but, at the same time, an invaluable teacher, and one whose loss could not easily be supplied. I had occasion also to notice before another clergyman, the rector of Monaghan, the ignorance of the meaning of the simplest words, exhibited in a school in his neighbourhood; but he asked me to bear in mind that it was a *Scriptural* school—as if the use of the Scriptures, and a knowledge of the meaning of words, were incompatible.

As to the special reports of the Assistant Commissioners, upon industrial schools, we might refer to them *passim* for illustrations of contempt of secular learning in the Scriptural Establishments; but before closing the paper we shall perhaps offer a "spicilegium" of short extracts bearing upon this point. To shew, however, that it is not confined to Ireland, where the voluntary poverty of the Established Church schools will not enable the rectors to procure the services of decent masters, but that it extends equally to England, where the Established clergy enjoy the advantages of the National system; the following specimen of writing from dictation, in answer to a question from the Church catechism, may well take its place beside the specimens in the reports of Mr. Abraham, and the other Assistant Commissioners. It is taken from the general report for the year 1855 by her Majesty's inspector of schools, the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, M.A., on the schools inspected in Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and the Channel Islands.

"My complaint," says the inspector, "is not that the Church Catechism is taught, but that it is not taught; not that time and toil and patience and impatience are spent upon it, but that they are spent so much in vain,—that sound, or an approximation to the sound, is all that is in too many instances attained,—that two children of average intelligence (for they were such), of about eleven years each, who did their arithmetic and reading tolerably well, who wrote something pretty legible, intelligible, and sensible, about an omnibus and about a steam-boat, should, after the irksome, the weary, the reiterated drilling of four or five years, half an hour a day, day school

and Sunday school, write such an answer as the following to the question—"What is thy duty towards thy neighbour?"—"My dooty tords my Nabers to love him as thysel and to do to all men as I wed thou shall do and to me to love onner and suke my farther and Mother to onner and to bay the queen and all that are pet in a forty under her to smit myself to all my goodness teaches sportial pastures and mastures to oughten mysilf lordly and Every to all my betters to hut no body by would nor deed to be trew in jest in all my deelins to bear no malis nor ated in your arts to kep my ands from pecken and steel my turn from Evil speak and lawing and slanders not to civet nor desar othermans good but to lern labor trewly to git my own leaving." Here is another sample, taken, it is stated, from the slate of an intelligent boy at a good school:—"They (my godfathers and godmothers) did promise and voal three things in my name first that I should pernounce of the devel and all his walks, pumps, and valities of this wicked world, and all the sinful larsts of the flesh," &c.

Notwithstanding the narrowness of our intellects and the enslavement of our souls, we are not quite prepared for this sort of thing as yet, and are perhaps even less able to appreciate its advantages now than we were in the time of the Charter Schools. There is no part of the Charter School system, not even excepting the broken backs, sore eyes, and scrofulous humours, that some of those who now seek to alter the National system of education would not gladly see revived; nay, the very affectation of a desire in those parties to liberalize their policy and soften down objections, should be jealously watched, as the alterations are all made with a view to the original end, and not by any means from a wavering or change of purpose. The Committee of the Incorporated Society itself—whose express business was the promotion of Protestant schools in Ireland—were not anxious to continue any part of their system that was shewn to be superfluously odious. They were quite satisfied to suppress an objectionable book, or a book with an inconvenient name, although that name was borrowed from their own peculiar function, from their very reason of existence. Thus in the report which we have already quoted, the Commissioners of Education state their belief that "the impressions of Popish parents adverse to the society, will assuredly abate in proportion to the confidence that must result from general good management. From the *liberal* principles by which admission is now regulated, and from the Society having removed a *well founded objection to the course of religious education by the discontinuance of the forms called*

*the Protestant Catechism.*" Those liberal principles, this removal of well founded objections, and this denial of the name of Protestant, were not founded on any diminution of zeal or abatement of desire to corrupt and protestantize the children of Catholic parents, but from the very opposite reason, and it is therefore that unless those who seek to alter the present National system do give distinct pledges and securities that they have abandoned the end which they sought by their resistance to it, any reformation of the system, in their interest at least, must be opposed and defeated. We shall have occasion later to return to this branch of the subject.

Although the charter schools were gradually suppressed and their endowments in land re-conveyed to the various proprietors, still large endowments had been given by individuals to the society, without reference to the Charter Schools, and several important endowments yet exist upon those foundations. The estates vesting in the society are very considerable, and its schools are for the most part well administered. The education given in these schools is purely Protestant, and their general merit is such that they are quoted by the late Solicitor-General for Ireland, one of the dissenting Commissioners, as illustrating the superiority of separate over mixed education. They make no pretence of proselytism at present, and it is believed have far less of the substance of it than the common parish schools. Returning, however, to the general history of school endowments, we find that in 1791 a report was made by a Commission nominated in 1788, under an act of the Irish Parliament, 28 Geo. III., c. 15, enabling the Lord Lieutenant to appoint Commissioners for inquiring into various classes of schools. The act itself was passed in conformity with resolutions of the Irish House of Commons, recommending a scheme of educational reform, so comprehensive as to include the establishment of a second University, and of provincial grammar schools, such as the Diocesan and Royal Schools might be if properly administered. The final report of this Commission made, as has been stated, in 1791, represents "that the charter, parish, royal, and diocesan schools had not answered the intentions of the founders; that the parish and diocesan schools, with very few exceptions, had been of little use to the public, and that the bene-

fit derived from schools of royal foundation had been totally inadequate to the expectations that might have been justly formed from their large endowments; that in many of the charter schools the clothing food, health, and education of the children had been shamefully neglected; and that that great national charity had not yet produced those salutary effects which the public expected from the institution." They gave it, too, as their decided opinion "that when the peculiar constitution of a school or the intentions of founders did not interfere, no distinction should be made between the professors of various religions, and they further recommended that Roman Catholics should be admitted to the parish schools, and that the clergy of all persuasions should have access to those schools to instruct the children belonging to their respective communions in the principles of religion." They also recommended the establishment of classical schools, and they further proposed the establishment of a species of polytechnic institution, to be called the professional academy, for the purpose of giving professional training to those intended for the army, navy, or commerce.

We have dwelt thus long upon the report of 1791, because its recommendations are not generally known, and because it embodies the principle of the present national system of education, although in a very rudimentary form.

The remaining history of educational endowments is traced by the late Commissioners through four periods. The first of these extending from 1791 to 1807, includes the removal of Catholic disabilities in respect of education; the appointment of the old board of charities; the establishment of the Hibernian Society for founding schools and circulating the Scriptures in Ireland; the incorporation of the Society for Discountenancing Vice, and the establishment of the Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in Ireland, commonly known as the Kildare-place Society, and which may be considered as the immediate predecessor of the National Board. The next period from 1813 to 1827, embraces the establishment of the Clare-street Board, the first considerable suppression of the Charter Schools, and the commencement of Parliamentary grant in aid of the erection of school houses, which was placed at the disposal of the Lord Lieutenant, and continued to be so

applied by the holder of that office for a series of years. An advance from this fund was rarely made until a proportionate sum had been raised by private subscription and a small endowment in land, or a site for the building at all events secured in perpetuity, or for a considerable term to educational purposes. This was in point of fact, nothing more than an additional endowment of the Established Church ; in as much as a very large proportion of the parish schools have been built out of this fund, and out of the private funds and endowments in land, attracted by the Parliamentary grants ; and in as much as ninety per cent of the school houses so built are vested in the minister of the parish, either alone, or in conjunction with the landlord or the church wardens. The third period, extends from the report of the select committee of the House of Commons in 1828, which resulted in the establishment of the National system, to the report of the Committee of the House of Commons presided over by Mr. Wyse—(1835-8 ; ) and which recommended amongst other things the adaptation of the present royal and diocesan schools to a system of county academies or grammar schools, and also the establishment of provincial colleges, and of a second university for Ireland. This last recommendation, as we all know, has had its effect in the establishment of the Queen's University. To the fourth period belongs the interval between the Report of Mr. Wyse's Commission and the present time. The want of schools intermediate between the Queen's University and the National Schools, having been urged upon the late Lord Lieutenant by persons connected with the Presbyterian Church, an address to her Majesty was voted in the House of Commons for "an inquiry into the endowment funds, and actual condition of all schools endowed for the purposes of education in Ireland, and the nature and extent of the instruction given in schools ;" and the address was followed by the appointment of the late Commission.

The Report, after this general history of educational endowments, takes up the history of special classes of endowments, beginning with the diocesan schools, and giving a short account of such of those establishments as are in existence. In their general remarks the Commissioners notice the inconvenience and mismanagement of the machinery which the State has provided for the support of those schools, in the shape of an assessment upon the beneficed clergy, and of pre-



sentments by the Grand Juries of the various counties for building or repairs. It also notices the complete neglect of these schools by the Clare-street Board, observing that "since 1833 it does not appear that they (the Board) have taken any step to check the increasing decay and inefficiency of those schools." The Commissioners state it to be their opinion that those schools are essentially non-exclusive in character, and recommend that they should be placed under the government of a proposed Board of Commissioners of Endowed Schools. They also recommend arrangements for the admission of free pupils which are in themselves liberal and conceived in a right spirit, and suggest several reforms of detail with which it is not our purpose to concern ourselves at present, as it is with principles we mean to deal. The report proceeds similarly with the Royal Schools, the next important class, and arrives at the conclusion that they also are completely non-exclusive in character, and consequently fall under the jurisdiction of the proposed Board. We think it unnecessary to refer to the particulars of the re-distribution of income, and to the various reforms administrative, or otherwise, suggested by the Commissioners; but it may be right to say that the Commissioners recommend an increase in the number of exhibitions to be granted out of the funds of the Royal Schools, and suggest that they should be given in connexion with the Queen's colleges as well as with Trinity College, Dublin. The Royal Schools are evidently treated as of a better class than the Diocesan Schools, and their teaching is more directly subordinated to University education, but in other respects they are dealt with exactly as the Diocesan Schools. With reference to the schools upon the foundation of Erasmus Smith, their character is exclusively Protestant, according to the intentions of the founder, and the terms of the charter. The history of that class of schools is likewise given at considerable length, and it would appear from the Reports of the Assistant Commissioners that they are generally in an unsatisfactory condition, and that those for whose benefit they were intended derive very slight benefit indeed from them. The proceedings of the Board of Governors appear also to be of a most slovenly and perfunctory character, more so perhaps than even those of the Clare-street Board,\* and attended with the same evil consequences. We cannot say that we take any interest one way or the other in the

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\* Reports of Assistant Commissioners, Appendix, p. 5.

measures recommended by the Commissioners for the amelioration of this division of schools. To the nation generally they are equally odious in their founder, their objects, and themselves. Although of private foundation and, therefore, necessarily governed by the will of the founder, they cannot be regarded as ordinary Protestant schools, established out of Protestant funds, for the education of Protestants. They were endowed out of lands then recently acquired, through confiscation, and the founder was a truculent bigot, whose spirit fortunately interfered to mar his own work. The Incorporated Society schools next come under review, and as they, being exclusively Protestant, are withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the proposed Board, the recommendations of the Commissioners in their regard can have no direct bearing upon the question of mixed education, which seems, by the consent of the Commissioners as well as of the public, to be the real question, for the adjustment of which, the facts, if not the recommendations of the Report, must be made available. It seems to have been so understood by the three Commissioners who signed the report, as well as by the two who dissented from their brethren and from each other. Mr. Ferguson also, who acted for some time as one of the Assistant Commissioners, and whose name appears on the title page of a pamphlet in our head list, seems to take a similar view, and Mr. Abraham, one of his colleagues, reports, as we shall afterwards have occasion to observe, that it does not appear possible to remove the objections of Catholics to the system of mixed education, which it is proposed to administer in the Royal and Diocesan Schools.

The Report next proceeds to deal with the schools under the Association for Discountenancing Vice, an association which only exists *pro formâ*, and exercises no visitorial or administrative authority. The Report recommends the transfer of such of its schools as may happen to be non-exclusive to the proposed Board of endowed schools. The Report next deals with a subject of extreme importance, namely, the relations existing between the Board of Charities and educational endowments. We have nothing to do with the shortcomings of the former Board of Charities, although its history is given in the Report. The constitution of the present board is sufficiently well known. The Commis-

sioners of charitable donations are thirteen in number, three being ex-officio, namely the Master of the Rolls, the Chief Baron, and the Judge of the Prerogative Court, and ten nominated by the crown, of whom five are Catholics. The Protestant and Catholic members respectively are standing Committees for the consideration of matters of discipline and usage affecting their respective Churches, and the Commission is served by two secretaries, of whom one is necessarily a Catholic. The Board is a corporation, to which endowments may be devised, in trust, for charitable purposes, but the Catholic body is altogether unwilling to vest its charities in a government board, and prefers resorting to what is considered the less objectionable though cumbrous and costly machinery of trustees. There is, however, one function of the board, the exercise of which, so far from being objectionable to Catholics, they would be gratified to see favoured and strengthened. The board is empowered to sue for charitable donations withheld, concealed, or misapplied; and this provision applies not merely to charities vesting in itself, but to charities in whomsoever vesting. Their jurisdiction, however, appears very defective in this respect, and the Endowed Schools' Commissioners illustrate its defectiveness by reference to the case of the Elphin Catholic diocesan seminary, for which the late commission succeeded in recovering a sum of £350. The defect of jurisdiction in the present Board lies in the fact that in order to make their jurisdiction attach, complaint must have been made that the charity has been withheld, concealed, or misapplied. They have no original jurisdiction to see from the outset that a charity be not withheld, concealed, or misapplied, and even where it has been so dealt with they have no authority to set on foot an inquiry until complaint shall have been made. The Commissioners' refer in the following terms to the Elphin case.

The facts relating to this endowment, as reported to us by our Assistant Commissioner, are fully stated in the Tables of Schools and Endowments. We think it right to direct attention particularly to them, as furnishing a remarkable example of the evil effects which result from limiting the duty of superintending and controlling the administration of educational charities to cases where the intended endowment has been "withheld, concealed or misapplied." Such a restriction operates, we think, injuriously in two ways. In the first place, the action of the public authority is gener-

ally delayed to a period far beyond that when its intervention has become desirable, and not unfrequently, until the benefit intended to the public has been seriously compromised, or even lost. In the next place it is possible that even this tardy protection may never be extended to the endowment, since it may be for the advantage of all best acquainted with the estate to be administered to disregard the interests of the charity. The present case illustrates both these defects in the law as it now stands; for a lapse of thirteen years occurred, after the death of the testator, before any portion of the educational bequest was secured. Moreover, the steps by which this was affected were taken by the Board of Charitable Bequests, only on our suggestion made in consequence of the circumstance being brought under our notice by the Report of our Assistant Commissioner, who states that he has not been able to learn that either of the trustees named in the will "ever acted in the trust, or interfered in any way, for the protection of the charity."

Mr. Abraham, from whose report they quote, has put the matter very broadly, and there can be no doubt that this is not a solitary case, but that in very numerous instances charities have been totally lost by this want of jurisdiction in the Bequest Board.

"The case," observes Mr. Abraham, "appears to me to be a strong illustration of the defective working of the Bequest Board, whose jurisdiction requires to be attracted by the abuse, and too often by the loss of the charity. Were that, or any similar Board, enabled to take cognizance of charities from the moment their interest should vest, mal-administration of the kind I have had occasion to refer to would become impossible, and it would be an acceptable relief to executors of good faith to have their responsibility sheltered by the intervention of such a Board, under whose protection, even should the charity fail to establish its claim, the failure at least would be placed beyond suspicion."

In page 185 of the report, the Commissioners refer to another case illustrative of the same defect of jurisdiction—the case of the Illerton School in the County of Galway. As the passage is not long, and the illustration it supplies seems very forcible, we give it in full.

"The history of this endowment, which, after the lapse of nearly half a century, is not yet in operation, presents a remarkable example of the injury which results to educational charities from the want of an efficient system of public supervision. If such a control existed, and were accompanied with adequate powers of inquiry and control, legal proceedings would be more effectual, and, in all probability, the necessity for it would less frequently occur. This endowment, created by the will of Mr. Perase, in 1812, consisted of a legacy of £50, and a rent-charge of £25 (Irish). The lapse of twenty-seven

years which occurred between the testator's death and the institution of legal proceedings by the Commissioners of Charitable Donations and Bequests, in 1839, caused the loss of the legacy and of considerable arrears of the rent-charge, extending over the long period from 1812 to 1830. The particulars of this case are stated in the extract from the report of our Assistant Commissioner, which will be found in the Tables of Schools and Endowments. We concur with him in regarding it as a striking instance of the insufficiency of the powers given to the Commissioners of Charitable Donations and Bequests under the 12th sec. of the 7 and 8 Vic., c. 97, whereby the funds of a charity must have been withheld, concealed, or misapplied, before they can be brought within the jurisdiction of the Commissioners. This limitation is productive of evil in two ways; first, because such a postponement of interference on the part of the public authority tends to render it nugatory; and, secondly, inasmuch as one of the best modes of protecting public charities consists in stimulating private interest to efforts in their behalf; and this can only be accomplished by insuring a prompt and efficient attention to the representations of persons locally acquainted with the circumstances of each case."

This case, however, like many other cases in the report, would seem to illustrate something more than a want of jurisdiction in the Board of Charities; for upon reference to the report of the Assistant Commissioner upon which the above has been founded, it appears that four entire years were wasted in negotiations between the Commissioners and the opponents of the endowment. Nay, there is one case in which an endowment created by a will dating so far back as 1776, was not brought under the notice of the Commissioners of Charities before the year 1848, and even then the Commissioners thought proper to accept a compromise from the owner of the property, out of which the endowment issued, in virtue of which a perpetual rent charge was given up for an allowance during the life time of the then proprietor. We copy the entire case, as it exemplifies nearly all the prevailing defects in the constitution, and to some extent in the practice of the Board of Charities.

*Monaghan Edenbrone School.*—This school was endowed by Edward Lucas, the elder, of Castleshane, in the county of Monaghan, October 17, 1756, the date of the will of said Edward Lucas. Probate was granted to Francis Savage and Edward Lucas, Esqrs., April, 26, 1757. After various other bequests, the testator bequeaths to his executor the sum of £30, Irish, to be applied in building a schoolhouse on the lands of Edenbrone, near Castleshane, for the use of the poor children of parents residing, or who have resided in or near Castleshane. He further bequeaths to Francis Savage the

fee-simple of the site of the intended schoolhouse, and charges the lands of Fategar and Carrivekeel, near Monaghan, with a rent of £20, Irish, payable to his executors half-yearly, in trust for the use of said school and schoolhouse, and of the teacher or teachers to be employed in same. He next appoints the minister of the parish of Monaghan or Buckwallis, for the time being, and the proprietor of the Castleshane estate, patrons and managers of the school. A power of distress is given to Francis Savage and his heirs, and the rent is made chargeable from the date of the building of the schoolhouse and appointment of the master by the managers, at whose discretion the apportionment of the rent charge is declared to remain. The lands of Fategar and Carrivekeel aforesaid, subject to the rentcharge and to such other charges as the testator shall make, pursuant to a power reserved in the will, are devised to Francis Savage in trust for the use of the proprietor of the Castleshane estate for the time being.

The executors neglected to build the schoolhouse, and consequently the condition upon which the rentcharge was made to vest never came into existence. The matter was brought before the Commissioners of Charitable Donations and Bequests in the year 1848, and a correspondence was entered into with the Right Hon. Edward Lucas, proprietor of the Castleshane estate, in the course of which Mr. Lucas stated that, although prepared to dispute at law the claims of the charity, he was willing during his own lifetime, to contribute £20 per annum to the salary of the National schoolmaster of the district, provided the National Board would agree to contribute a like sum. This arrangement was acceded to, and it would appear with some degree of alacrity, by the Commissioners, and the present school has been in operation since 1848.

I have no means of learning upon what grounds or under what advice the Commissioners accepted the compromise proposed by Mr. Lucas, and by which the perpetuity secured to the charity by the will of his ancestor, has been reduced to a life interest at best. The only reason put forward by the Commissioners would hardly appear to sustain the decision at which they arrived. "The Board," they write, in a letter addressed to Mr. Lucas, and which closes the correspondence, "considering the liberal proposal made by you, do not feel called on to press a claim, now, for the first time, as far as they can learn, brought against your property under a will of so old a date as 1757." Without pretending to measure the discretion of the Commissioners of Charitable Donations and Bequests as guardians of the interests of a charity, I believe I am warranted in saying that nothing short of a strong opinion from the legal advisers of the Board against the claims of a charity, or the practicability of their enforcement, could justify a compromise of this description. It is extremely probable that the Commissioners have used a sound discretion, and acted under competent advice; but as this is a case involving nice questions of law, it is to be regretted that there is no record of the opinion which guided the Commissioners.

We confess we are not quite disposed to agree with Mr.

Abraham, whose report we have quoted, as to the existence of any extreme probability or vehement presumption that the Commissioners of Charities had used a sound discretion and acted under competent advice in this matter. We are bound to assume that the case had never been submitted to the Attorney General, as the Commissioners of Endowed Schools were unable to discover any trace of his opinion; or rather it appears highly probable that no such opinion does in fact exist, as in case it ever had been given, the solicitors of the Commission would have an entry of it in the cost-book. But if that be so, is it not natural to suppose, without any disparagement of the distinguished persons who compose the Board of Charities, that over-worked judges, eminent practising barristers, and men in high office, have neither the physical power nor temper of mind requisite for deciding upon a difficult point of law, without the assistance of the Attorney General. It would seem to be no improper function for a properly qualified barrister to sit as paid commissioner for the purpose of giving his undivided attention to questions of law, and of suggesting or discountenancing compromises such as we have just noticed. On the other hand we are sensible that the Commissioners have a very delicate duty to perform in relation to small charities especially, when they have to decide upon legal proceedings. The entire expense must be borne by the charity, even where successful, if the opposing interest have not wherewithal to meet the costs. Great judgment, caution and tact are plainly necessary on the part of the board in the early stages of its proceedings with a hostile or reluctant party,—but such prompt acceptance of a compromise like that suggested by Mr. Lucas in the foregoing case, is something that we cannot understand, in the absence of all proof that there was anything to justify it.

With respect, however, to the recommendation of the Commissioners that the duty of “superintending and controlling” the administration of educational charities should not be limited to cases where the endowment has been withheld, concealed, or misapplied; it must be observed that the terms “controlling” and “superintending,” are not those which we should prefer to use in defining the jurisdiction of the present or any future board of charities.

It is not doubtful that any attempt to extend the powers of the Commissioners of Charities so as to give them a perpetual right of interference in the administration of any fund, once the fund should be what the lawyers call "at home," would be effectually resisted. The people of this country, Protestant as well as Catholic, are averse, and properly averse, to any thing like an administrative action of government boards in what must be considered purely private charities. The powers of the Board of Charities might safely and advantageously be extended so as to enable the Commissioners to originate inquiry and every other proceeding for the discovery of a charity, but they should be rigorously kept within those limits. If the Commissioners be enabled to discover a charity, to take proceedings for its recovery, and to lodge it in the right place, they will have done a very handsome amount of work. The remainder may safely be left to the regular tribunals of the country. To have a perpetual Board of superintendence and control intermeddling in the management of any charity, educational or otherwise, after that charity should even have reached the proper hands, is what the country never will permit.

The great importance of this question and its bearing upon the main subject, have taken us somewhat out of our direct road, and we shall close this branch of the subject with the recommendations of the Commissioners, regarding the extension of new powers to the Board of Charities, and determining its relation towards the proposed Board of Endowed Schools.

"The Court of Probate in Ireland should be required, in all cases of wills containing bequests for educational purposes, to make returns to the Registrar of School Endowments, showing the value of the testator's property, as estimated, with a view to the imposition of probate duty, together with the names of the representatives who have proved the will. The succession and legacy duty office should make similar returns, in any case where the representatives apply either to have a deduction of probate duty made, or to pay an increased amount. The same officer should return the exact sum or estimated value of all gifts made for educational purposes, whether by deed or will, consisting of real or of personal property, which it became necessary to ascertain, with a view to the collection of the legacy or succession duties.

The Court of Probate and the Succession and Legacy Duty Office in England ought to make like returns, in respect of any wills proved, or deeds executed in that country, which should contain gifts for educational purposes to be applied in Ireland.



There is no provision in the Bequest Act giving the public a right of access to the extracts in the Bequest Office, even on the payment of fees.

For searches by the public at the office for Registry of Wills fees must be paid, and where full copies of wills are required these fees are very considerable. The persons searching are not allowed to take copies, nor will extracts be given to them. The officers of the Board are allowed to make searches without paying fees, and to obtain copies at half the usual charges.

We are of opinion, that the Registration of Charitable Bequests for schools should be consolidated with the registration of deeds and other documents containing evidence specially relating to educational endowments, under an officer charged with this special duty.

That the Registrar of School Endowments should compare every extract with the probate of the will, in order that the registered extract may be a complete document in which all persons may safely act.

That all searches in the office of the Registrar of School Endowments should be free of expense, the public being permitted without payment to take extracts or copies of the documents there lodged.

In defining the powers of the proposed Board of Commissioners of Endowed Schools, care should be taken to guard against any divided responsibility between them and the Bequest Board.

That for this purpose it should be declared to be the primary duty of the Bequest Board to institute proceedings incidental to the recovery and realization of trust funds, in all cases where proceedings can affect other charities not under the care of the proposed Board of Commissioners of Endowed Schools.

That it should be the primary duty of the Commissioners of Endowed Schools to proceed where the entire funds to be recovered would come under their care.

That either Board might take proceedings on the neglect by, or with the consent of the other Board, to recover funds falling under the jurisdiction of both.

That the Bequest Board should not retain any funds belonging to, or any control over, schools under the jurisdiction of the proposed Board of Commissioners of Endowed schools, but should transfer the funds, as soon as realized, to the latter Board."

The Report then proceeds to deal with the Grammar Schools under the Board of Education, which include several private establishments in addition to the Royal and diocesan schools already treated of under their heads. It next takes up the English schools under the same Board, to both of which we shall revert farther on, and both of which have been almost equally neglected and mismanaged. The schools in connexion with the old Kildare-place society and those which had received various grants from the Lord Lieutenant's school fund, are next reviewed. The statements of the

Commissioners with reference to the schools of the Christian Brothers are of so remarkable a character that we deem it right to give them in full.

"In the Report of the Commissioners of Irish Education Inquiry, in 1825, the establishment of the association of 'The Brothers of the Christian Schools in Ireland' is noticed. The superior of the institute at that time was Mr. Edmond Rice, of Waterford, who, in the year 1802, had submitted the plan of the proposed association to Pope Pius VII., by whom he was encouraged to proceed with it; and by whom it was eventually approved of and confirmed in 1820.

The knowledge communicated in these schools embraces not only reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and book-keeping, but also an acquaintance with such branches of mathematical science as are suited to the tastes and talents of the pupils, and to the stations in life they are destined to occupy. Geometry, mensuration, drawing, and mechanics become special objects of attention. As to the manner of communicating knowledge, the most approved methods have been carefully reduced to practice. But it is to the communication of religious knowledge that this institution is chiefly devoted. To this object the members direct their main energies. The teachers are all under a religious obligation; they are in the first instance carefully selected and trained, and they are placed under a strict system of organization and discipline.

Since that time the Christian Brothers' schools have considerably extended, and there are, as we are assured, at present 15,000 pupils in their schools in Ireland, and 3,500 in England. Some of the largest of their schools of which those at Cork are liberally endowed, and have been visited by us, and inquired into at our public courts.

The Christian Brothers' school at Cork, was endowed in 1835, but had been in operation for several years previously, and is noticed in the Second Report of the Commissioners of Irish Education Inquiry, 1826. It is there stated that the schoolhouse had been built by subscription, at a cost of £1,500, and was supported by subscriptions and charity sermons. It is now endowed under the will of John Barry, Esq., who left about £9,000 for schools in Cork. The money has since been invested in land, of which the gross rental, in 1853, amounted to £369, and the net rental to £243 5s. 2d.

Our Assistant Commissioner reports very favourably of the school. In addition to the school first established at Peacock-lane, the Christian Brothers have two other schools in Cork. Besides the endowment before noticed under the will of Mr. Barry, several small bequests have been made for clothing and apprenticing and otherwise benefiting poor children in these schools. All the teachers are Christian Brothers, and they receive no remuneration for their labours, but are supported out of the general funds of the order, the rules prohibiting any member from possessing private property. About one-half of the pupils pay  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a week; but, with this exception, all are free. There were present, at the time of inspection, 918, all of whom were Roman Catholics; the attendance was then less than the average, as it was only the first week after vacation.

our analysis of this portion of the Report. Various Classical Schools of private foundation, comprising Catholic Diocesan Seminaries, have also their place in the Report; the schools of the Society of Friends, and numerous schools besides, which, though falling under one or other of the classes already mentioned, seemed to require particular notice; are individually reported upon by the Commissioners. The remainder of the Report includes observations upon the "Tables of Schools and Endowments," contained in the third volume of the appendix; remarks upon the course of instruction and discipline in endowed schools; and lastly the recommendations of the Commissioners for the promotion of intermediate education, the protection of educational endowments, and the general furtherance of the objects for which the commission was nominated. Upon an analysis of the "Tables of Schools and Endowments" it does not appear as a result of the inquiries of the Commission that there are very many floating or unattached endowments which can be dealt with at the discretion of the State. The Royal and Diocesan Schools are, perhaps, the only endowments so circumstanced. The total number of schools in actual operation, say the Commissioners, is 2,828, with permanent endowments amounting in the aggregate to £76,465 ls. 1d. The endowments not in operation amount in annual value to £7,170 11s. 11d. The contingent endowments which may or may not come into operation amount to £1,883 7s. 6d., and the annual income which has been lost to educational purposes, whether fairly or unfairly, has been fixed at £2,574 18s. 7d. The tables also contain what are called "alleged endowments," by which we are to understand endowments which cannot be satisfactorily brought to proof. Under the head of "Course of instruction and discipline in Endowed Schools" the Commissioners enter at considerable length into the requirements of education generally, and more especially of primary and intermediate education. Their views as to the necessity of adequate instruction in modern languages, and first of all in English literature, are such as recommend themselves to any man of even moderate experience. Their observations also regarding the standard of instruction which it may be desirable to maintain in primary and intermediate schools, upon various branches of knowledge, such as history, geography, mathematics,

drawing, mensuration, and so forth, are also well considered and practical; but we are very far from adopting all their opinions upon the subject of classical education, although quite concurring in most of them. The Commissioners, indeed, appear to be sufficiently impressed with the dignity and office of classical studies, and we think with them that altogether too much attention is given at present to minute research, to unlimited speculation, and to burthensome, and therefore easily-forgotten learning of etacism and iotacism, and digammas, and accents, and particles.

Disputes of *me* or *te* or *aut* or *at*  
To sound or sink in "*cano*" *O* or *A*,  
And give up Cicero to *C* or *K*.

If this microscopic examination of the ancient languages be pursued so as to shut out the entire field of view that lies outside each little particle, the time so spent is certainly worse than useless, and if we leave school with unenlarged ideas and unimproved taste, without any perception of the beauties of the ancients, or any knowledge of the canons of criticism, we shall have profited little by Bopp, Viger, Matthiæ, Donaldson, Clinton, and their entire tribe. Nay we may be able to account for every bead in the boss of the shield of Hercules, and for every spoke in the chariot wheel of Diomed, or to construct a system of heraldry for the seven allies against Thebes; and yet have learned Homer or Æschylus to no account. But we think that some of the observations of the Commissioners are founded upon an altogether incorrect appreciation of the use of certain departments of classical teaching that exist in the superior schools by very old prescription. Thus they seem to treat with very unmeasured contempt the practice of writing in Greek and Latin verse, and describe the time so employed as time lost and nothing else. Were it intended by instruction of this kind, to qualify men for acquiring fame as Greek and Latin poets, it would of course be impossible to bestow time less profitably; but it is well known that no such object is proposed in the composition at school of Greek and Latin verse. Nor is it a thing of which we are at liberty to speak in the abstract, or upon which we are entitled to generalize as completely as the Commissioners seem to have done. If you had to deal with the education of a lot of South Downs or Short Horns; what would be good for

one might safely be applied to all ; but there does not exist anything like this happy uniformity in a class of boys, and it is not because the same studies affect individuals very differently that you must either abandon those studies altogether, or break up one class into five or six. The study of composition in Greek and Latin verse may actually develop poetical genius in one member of a class ; he may catch the very spirit and exact expression of the original ; another, not so fortunate, may nevertheless acquire an intimate acquaintance with the structure of the ancient metres ; a third, less fortunate, and unable to acquire even the mechanical faculty of making verses, will at least know why he cannot make them, and will rarely be caught in a false quantity. And if such be the application of this practice to individual cases, we think, on the whole, it will be found to give a high breeding, a spirit, and a finish to classical teaching wherever it is followed, that we should be sorry to miss. We confess, moreover, to a strong dislike for anything, that tends, however remotely to deteriorate the quality of any branch of instruction, but more especially of that branch without which it is impossible for us to have a literature at all. At all events this is a matter which must be left to the general taste and judgment. No state interference will be suffered to alter or regulate, or almost to suggest the course of studies in a country such as this. That may answer for the meridian of France. The minister of public instruction there issues his programme of the year's studies, like a general order to the semi-military lycées of the Empire. The standard of classical studies is not maintained at such a height in that country that we should be warranted in taking it as a model ; and notwithstanding the exemplary attention which is devoted to the study of the French language, and literature, in every school in France, no one can pretend to say that it is not a state of degeneracy which we at least have no difficulty in connecting with the shallowness and narrowness of classical studies throughout the Empire. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. It is not our wish to speak slightly or flippantly of France, or of French systems. We acknowledge great merit in many of them, and it cannot be doubted that the special schools of France for military, scientific, or theological studies, are in the highest degree efficient, and every

day produce the greatest results. In a little and in much we should gladly become like unto France excepting always those bonds.

But in truth we do not see that the middle classes ask, and still less that they are entitled to, a separate education for themselves as a class. Neither must drag down the education of the upper classes to any level they may fix. The only distinction of classes that can be recognised in education, is the natural distinction of calling or profession. But it would be something intolerable that a boy should be ticketed and told off for a third class or middle class school, because his father happens to be a shopkeeper or farmer. The dusty and foot-sore student that made his way from the Black Forest to Paris, or Padua, or Oxford, with his pack and his staff, chumming on the road, perhaps with a tinker or shoemaker on his probationary round, sat on the same benches with the son of a prince or a Palatine, and eventually perhaps lectured from the chair that had been filled by Thaulerus or Albertus Magnus. Nothing can be more uncatholic, nothing more insular or petty, than this spirit of classification. It is the besetting vice of English legislation, and reacts injuriously upon the English character. It is insisted, for instance, that all our soldiers must be rustics, and all our officers gentlemen. The non-commissioned officer again, must belong to a certain class, and just be qualified for pen work, and his wife must belong to a class and be qualified for washing; but to think of encouraging a system which would include gentlemen among the rank and file, or would have some regard to merit in promotion; to have any derangement, in fine, of the system according to which our army must be composed of boors, clerks, and gentlemen, in fixed and immutable proportion; that would be such perdition as nothing else could match. There are lectures for the working classes; sermons for the working classes; "special services" we think they are called, for the working classes; and we must confess we should be sorry to see special education for the working classes. People in this country like to talk down to other people and to patronise them, and the less our inclinations in this respect are gratified the better will it be for us all.

If, therefore, we are to have middle schools under a State board, let them be middle in relation to primary and superior education, but not with reference to this or that class

of the community. Your middle school must be such as to give the best classical, and best English, education, that its rank, namely the middle rank, in the educational system justifies. Classical studies must not be degraded or displaced for the convenience of one class, or English studies neglected for the prejudices of the other. Should taste and inclination so develop themselves in the son of a shop-keeper as to lead him towards literary or professional, instead of commercial, pursuits, the quality of his classical education should be the very best that could be provided by the State. On the other hand, to exalt classical studies at the expense of English and modern languages, is a substitution of the means for the end, and should not be tolerated for one moment. Look at our primary schools, those under the National Board, the Christian Brothers, or religious communities of women. Their system of education is not calculated according to the requirements of this or that class; the education given in these schools is, so far as it goes, quite good enough for the heir to the throne, and very much better than many gentlemen receive at present, although it is not pretended that it would be necessary to send the children of gentlemen to the National, or Christian Brothers' schools. We, therefore, have primary education almost as fully developed in our schools as it is possible it should be; why not give a similar opportunity to secondary education? Why cramp or stint it in any particular to meet the wants or tastes of one class when it may be made ample and pliant enough to suit itself to all? If commerce be in honour, if commercial tastes prevail, book-keeping is not a very abstruse or black-letter science; and we may rely upon it that a man will find his way to the counting-house from Eton or Harrow just as readily as from a commercial academy in Finsbury Square; and, on the other hand, did the heads of Eton and Harrow condescend to teach book-keeping or Tare-and-Tret, it certainly would be no disqualification in a Chancellor of the Exchequer to have studied there. Nay, it is not unlikely from a statement in the Report itself, that we have already in one institution, of an unpretending character, the very union of primary and intermediate, of classical and English, education, that will give to every boy, from what class soever, his chance of promotion in any branch of the public service or of literature. The "Hevey Institution," noticed by the Commissioners, is intended

to include two departments of education, English and classical; the English to be entrusted to the brothers of the Christian schools, and the Classical, to competent masters. We are much mistaken if the operation of this plan will not justify the highest expectations of its promoters, or if a classical institution built upon so solid a foundation as the English teaching of the Christian Brothers, will not be such as to qualify a student for any studies or any pursuits to which circumstances may lead him.

But while we deprecate state interference in the regulation of studies, we do not mean to say that the State, as representing the country, should not promote reform, when called upon to do so, nor do we insinuate that it was the wish of the Commission to recommend an interference of the kind, to which objection has been made. Undoubtedly if great educational bodies like the Universities the creatures of the State and the servants of the public, think that they exist by divine right, and if they will, exclude reform upon their private responsibility, and in contempt of public opinion and public necessity, the State is called upon to interfere. If a public Corporation, like the University, will not tender its accounts for audit; and if its governing body will try to smother inquiry by censure, and to purify its character by penalties, then, of course, it becomes necessary for the State to interfere at the call of the country. But according to our notions, and to our general course of action in this country, it is not for the State to reform the teaching, or the teachers, unless in very extreme cases. We must make the teaching body reform itself, and come into harmony with the wishes, and feelings, and interests of those for whom it administers a trust, and nothing more. If the country say to the State: We want to learn French or History, or to have good training for competitive examinations, or to overhaul the College accounts, but the University people meet us with reprimands and censures; we ask them for bread and they give us a stone, we ask them for fish and they give us a serpent; it then becomes the duty of the State to make the University or any similar body reform its own teaching and mend its ways, but by no means to usurp the functions of that body: for it will be sure to execute them more clumsily, and perhaps not more honestly.

But these speculations may be held over in presence of



the serious difference of opinion between the Commissioners upon the subject of mixed education, and the controversies to which it has given rise. The recommendations of the Commissioners, with reference to the appointment of a Registrar of school endowments, and to the various other expedients for the discovery and preservation of educational charities, are such as to recommend themselves to the experience of every one of us. Their other recommendations, as to improved systems of inspection, and similar matters, are more or less connected with the point upon which they subsequently differed, namely, the possibility of extending the system of mixed education, now prevailing, or supposed to prevail, in the National Schools; to schools for intermediate education. This the majority prefer to do, by means of a Board of Commissioners, with ample powers of visitation and inspection, to which every school not necessarily exclusive, that is to say, confined to pupils of one religious persuasion, should be subject. The late Solicitor General for Ireland dissented from his brethren upon this one point,—Mr. Stephens upon that and several others. In order better to understand the controversy it would be desirable to give shortly the opinions of the Commissioners in their own words.

#### RECOMMENDATIONS RELATING TO SCHOOLS AND ENDOWMENTS GENERALLY, IRRESPECTIVE OF THEIR SPECIAL NATURE OR OBJECTS.

##### *The General Government of Schools.*

We are of opinion—

1. That the intentions of the founders of all private trusts should be adhered to.
2. That the chief causes of abuse and inefficiency in endowed schools of all kinds are the following:—
  - a. The want of inspection, conducted with authority by duly qualified inspectors, visiting at short and uncertain intervals.
  - b. The want of properly trained masters receiving adequate remuneration, and animated in the discharge of their duty by the prospects of promotion and of retiring pensions as the reward of faithful service.
  - c. The smallness of many of the endowments.
  - d. The incomplete and unsafe modes at present in use of keeping the accounts of school funds and revenues, and the want of a proper system of audit.
  - e. The want of a clear definition and public announcement of the qualifications and rights of pupils to free admission.
3. That it is possible to separate the courses of secular and religious

instruction so far as to enable scholars of different religious denominations to receive instruction of the former kind in the same school, without compromise of opinions or risk of offence ; and that one of the chief recommendations of day schools, and of the great advantages which these possess over boarding schools, consists in the facilities which they afford for combining home instruction in religious and moral principles with school instruction of a purely secular nature.

4. That the trustees of all boarding schools should be enabled to discontinue the boarding department, and to employ the endowment in the support of the pupils as residents in families specially selected on the principle of their holding the same religious belief, and residing in localities where the children can attend day-schools approved of by their parents or guardians, and where they can also enjoy the spiritual instruction and care of the clergy of the same denomination.

5. That it is objectionable for the master to be allowed to conduct a school in connexion with any other office or appointment.

6. That any delay in the appointment of masters in vacancies in schools is peculiarly injurious, as the education of the children is interrupted, and the risk incurred of the school being entirely broken up.

7. That masters should be required to record the infliction of flogging in the report-book of the school, and that the observance of this rule should be rigidly enforced.

8. That the intentions of founders, as to free admissions, are very generally evaded ; that the trustees, and others charged with the management, should take steps to define clearly the rights of free admission ; that they ought strictly to enforce the observance of the rules thus framed, to make them known to the persons interested, by a public announcement, and to guard, by examination or otherwise, against any abuse of the privilege of nomination, so as to secure to all those intended to be benefitted the full and fair opportunity of sharing in the privilege of free admission.

9. That it is desirable that a well-regulated system of distributing prizes should be established in connexion with all endowed schools.

#### RECOMMENDATIONS RELATING TO THE PROMOTION OF INTERMEDIATE EDUCATION.

We are of opinion—

1. That the establishment of a system of primary education by the Government has had the effect of greatly diminishing the resources which, though no doubt, scanty and imperfect, formerly enabled the middle classes, to a certain extent, to provide a suitable education for their children ; and that there seems to be no prospect that the void thus left will be supplied by exertions of a purely voluntary nature.

2. That the deficiencies admitted to exist in the system of intermediate education in Ireland cannot be supplied by a redistribution and different application of the educational endowments already in being.

3. That the demand for intermediate education is so considerable,

especially in the North of Ireland, that we are called on to suggest means of supplying it in accordance with principles that we can approve of, in those localities where it is required by the inhabitants, without providing a Government system of intermediate education in places where it might not be acceptable to the majority of the population.

4. That this may be effected by the union of local funds, under the management of local trustees, with grants of public money.

5. That the provision for local management would enable the trustees to make suitable regulations, for religious instruction, provided that the school, as a condition of its partaking of the grant of public money, admit of the united education of persons of all religious persuasions; and provided, also, that the local managers be subject to the direct control of the proposal Board of Commissioners of Endowed Schools.

6. That it is expedient to continue to hold competitive examinations for appointments in the public service, from time to time, in Dublin, but open to all your Majesty's subjects; and that this measure would constitute an effectual method of promoting intermediate education.

7. That the educational tests best adapted for examinations for the public service would be, of all others, the most general in their character, and therefore those best calculated to direct the efforts of teachers to that course of mental discipline and moral training, the attainment of which constitutes the chief object of a liberal education.

8. That with a view to the maintenance of this just standard of school education, and in order to avoid the serious evils which would arise from directing the attention and efforts of masters to what may be called the special requirements of the public business, it is very important that the same generality which has hitherto characterized the public competitive examinations should continue to prevail as the application of the system is extended to more numerous branches of your Majesty's service.

9. That school scholarships, such as already exist at the Enniskillen Royal Free School, might with advantage be established in connexion with all schools for intermediate education under the proposed Board.

The importance of the reasons assigned by Mr. Hughes, for his dissent from those recommendations, will more than justify, our giving his letter in full.

LETTER FROM HENRY GEORGE HUGHES, ESQ.,  
Q.C., TO THE MARQUESS OF KILDARE, REV.  
CHARLES GRAVES, D.D., AND ROBERT AN-  
DREWS, ESQ., LL.D., Q.C.

MY LORD AND GENTLEMEN,

I have read with great interest and the utmost attention, the Draft of the Report which you propose to submit to Her Majesty.

We all concurred in opinion, that the demand, in Ireland, for "intermediate" education is considerable. I believe that it is not only considerable, but that the demand is rapidly increasing, while the means of supplying it are diminishing, and it is therefore of the most serious importance to the State to devise and carry out a system which will provide for that increasing demand.

The adoption, by the State, of the most correct theory on the subject of education, if unsuited to the condition of the country in which it is to be applied, will have the effect of postponing the education of the classes it is intended to promote. The mere effort to carry out a system that is opposed to the religious convictions of a people, increases the difficulty of providing for their education; and it is therefore, I believe, essential, that any theory the Commissioners propose should not only be right in principle, but suited to the condition of society in Ireland.

In the Draft Report you state your "belief in the possibility of separating the courses of secular and religious instruction, so far as to enable scholars of different religious denominations to receive instruction of the former kind in the same school without compromise of opinions, or risk of offence;" and you then proceed to suggest the means of carrying out a system of "intermediate" education on that principle, "by the union of local funds, under the management of local trustees, with grants of public money."

I cannot concur in a Report which proposes to establish a system which I believe to be wrong in principle, and impossible in practice; and it is therefore right that I should state the reasons which induced me to oppose the adoption of the principle of "mixed" education, and which now induce me to concur in your proposed Report.

I will be admitted, I believe, that education must be conducted either on the "mixed" system, or on the "separate" system. That is, the system must be, either for the united education of persons of different religious dominations in respect of secular instruction, or for the separate education of the members of each religious persuasion.

I believe that religious instruction should form a portion of every system of education. I am persuaded that the religious belief of the teacher must, of necessity, and, perhaps, even unconsciously, influence the mind of the pupil, and that the wiser and better the teacher is, the more dangerous is that influence to the faith of the pupil who differs from him in religion.

The legislature has imposed on some of the officials of this country an oath, in which they declare that they believe the religion of the Church of Rome to be "idolatrous." It is not unreasonable to expect that the religious instructor of a Government school would teach his Protestant pupils to believe in the truth of that declaration. On the other hand, Roman Catholic divines have pronounced the Protestant religion to be "heretical." A Roman Catholic religious instructor would be unwilling to dispute the soundness of that doctrine. You now propose that pupils thus instructed shall receive their "secular" education from a teacher whose religious faith is liable to be thus impeached or denounced. The pupils find their secular

teacher a wise man, and they believe him to be a good man; they remain under his tuition, and subject to his influence for many hours daily: Their religious instruction occupies but a small portion of the week's work. The secular teacher is constantly before them; the religious teacher seldom. Is it safe to leave the mind of the pupil to waver between the wisdom and virtue of the secular teacher and the doctrines of the religious teacher? I fear that under such circumstances the pupil would, in a short time, regard his secular teacher with a deference involving the sacrifice of faith or an approach to indifferentism. I have, therefore, come to the conclusion, that the teacher and the pupil should be of the same religious persuasion.

In your Draft Report you state—"That such may be done by competent teachers towards imbuing the youth of both sexes with a high sense of moral and religious responsibility, and inspiring them with an elevated tone of feeling and character." "To do this," you say, "in the daily course of secular instruction, requires qualities which are not easily met with; and this consideration gives additional weight to the view we have already insisted on, as to the great moment of securing the services of teachers superior by nature as well as in point of acquirement."

I heartily concur in these opinions, but what is to become of the faith of a child who is placed under the tuition of a teacher of a different religion, who is, "superior by nature, as well as in point of acquirement," and who "does much" in the course of secular instruction, "towards imbuing the youth with a high sense of moral and religious responsibility"? If the child respect and trust his teacher, he may adopt his views of religious responsibility, and the faith of the child would thus become shaken or altered. I have, therefore, come to the conclusion that it is dangerous to separate "religious" from "secular" instruction.

But even if the "mixed" system were right and sound in principle, I believe that it is incapable of being carried out in Ireland. It is admitted that the education of the middle classes, or, as it is called, "intermediate education," ought not to be effected altogether at the expense of the State. It is felt that the middle classes should be made to contribute to the expense of the education of their children either by donation or by local assessment. I think it is manifest that voluntary contributions, either by temporary or permanent endowment, would not supply the requisite funds. It would, therefore, be necessary to have recourse to an educational assessment to be enforced in the localities that would receive Government assistance. If then, in the north of Ireland, the majority of the inhabitants of a district shall receive from the Government a grant for "mixed" education, on the terms of providing a local assessment, the Roman Catholics of the district will be compelled to contribute to the sustenance of schools from which they will be practically excluded. What I have said of Roman Catholics in the north of Ireland is equally true of Protestants and Presbyterians in the south and west of Ireland, if they shall be opposed to education on the "mixed" system. Of course, Protestants and Presbyterians will determine

for themselves whether they will adopt or repudiate the system of "mixed" education. But the most authentic documents prove that it would receive the determined opposition of the Roman Catholic Bishops. I cannot believe that a new tax, involving questions of religious feeling and distinction, could now be enforced in Ireland. "Tithes" have been reduced, and "Ministers' Money" has been abolished, in consequence of the resistance to the collection of these ancient imposts, and it would involve this country once more in rancorous agitation, if a new assessment were imposed in aid of a system of education from which Roman Catholics would be practically excluded. I, therefore, assert that the "mixed" system, if requiring the aid of local assessments, would be impossible.

In the year 1811, Mr. Leslie Foster, then a member of the Board of Education, addressed a letter to the secretary of the Board, in which he stated, "That whatever plan may appear to this Board most eligible, it should be laid before the heads of the Roman Catholic clergy previous to our Report." "No person," he adds, "acquainted with the discipline of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland can doubt, that on the sentiments of the bishops will depend the degree of resistance or co-operation which such a plan would receive from the subordinates of their religion." I believe that the same discipline still exists, and that the same results would inevitably follow. The sentiments of the Roman Catholic Bishops on the subject of "mixed" education are beyond doubt. The documents which I laid before the Commissioners, and some of which accompany your Report, demonstrate that the Roman Catholic Bishops of Ireland disapprove of and condemn the system of "mixed" education. Their views on that subject are not peculiar either to their order or to their religion. Similar views have been entertained by the most eminent divines of the Protestant Church,\* and have been advocated by the most distinguished statesmen in the British Senate.†

I am, therefore, of opinion, that under these circumstances, the "mixed" system you propose cannot be made to provide for the education of the Roman Catholics. If it does not include them in its arrangements, then it only provides for the education of the fewer and the richer, at the expense of the many and the poorer. It not only endows the fewer and the richer, but it contemplates that a portion of that endowment shall be levied from the funds of the excluded and the poor.

If, then, the "mixed" system will not be adopted by the Roman Catholics, why not apply the "separate" system? The latter prin-

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\* The late Archbishop of Canterbury, 3rd May, 1839; Hansard, 3rd Series, vol. 47, page 764; 5th July, 1839, *ibid.*, vol. 48, page 1248. The late Bishop of London, 10th June, 1839, Hansard, 3rd Series, vol. 48, page 91.

† Lord Derby, 14th June, 1839, Hansard, 3rd Series, vol. 48, pages 229—230. Lord John Manners, Hansard, 3rd Series, vol. 80, pages 1137, 1138, 1139, 1140. Lord John Russell, Speech at Sheffield, 25th September, 1857, Reported, *Times*, 26th September, 1857. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Hansard, vol. 80, page 1261. Lord Dunraven, Hansard, vol. 80, page 1143.

ciple is that carried out in England under the Privy Council, and it cannot be said that it would not succeed in Ireland, because it has been tried here and has succeeded. The existing schools in Ireland, that have received the highest commendations of the Commissioners are those of an essentially "separate" and exclusive character. They are the schools of the Christian Brothers,\* the schools of the Incorporated Society,† and the schools of the Society of Friends.‡ In these schools the managers, teachers and pupils are of the same religious persuasion. In these institutions religious instruction is not only incorporated with secular instruction, but the latter is made subservient to the former, and it has been ascertained that in these "separate" schools larger numbers receive a better education, at less expense, than the pupils of any other schools that came within the scope of our Commission.

I am convinced that the "mixed" system is wrong in principle, and cannot even if right, be carried out in Ireland. I believe that the separate system is sound in principle, and if that is doubted, I think it is worthy of being submitted to a fair trial, as to the only alternative the State can adopt, if it proposes to legislate for the education of the middle classes.

I have the honour to remain,

My Lord and Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed)

HENRY GEORGE HUGHES.

29th January, 1858.

Mr. Abraham appears to have been led to similar conclusions, although he has stated them with some reserve in his general report, and as the result of his inquiries merely.

"I have taken pains," he writes, "to ascertain the feeling of such of the Roman Catholic clergy or laity as I have had occasion to meet, with reference to the advisability of Roman Catholics resorting for education, under proper guarantees, to institutions like the Royal Schools. That feeling I have found to be invariably hostile; and, for my own part, having regard simply to what may be possible, and omitting altogether the consideration of what might be desirable or the reverse, it would, I apprehend, be quite hopeless to think of making the Royal Schools available for Roman Catholic education. It has constantly been urged upon me that the absence of tampering with religious belief and the most absolute respect for conscience are purely negative advantages, and that it seems strange to leave a boy without positive religious instruction, at the precise age when the best and worst qualities of mind and heart are in process of formation."

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\* *Vide*, p. 132, 199, 207, 213, 214, 216, *supra*.

† *Vide*, p. 97, 98, 99, *supra*.

‡ *Vide*, 140-1-2 *supra*.

The reasons named by Mr. Stephens for his dissent from the report of his brethren, and that of Mr. Hughes, are embodied by him in a letter to Sir George Grey, published apart from the report. In his introductory observations, Mr. Stephens states certain matters of fact in a way that would seem to insinuate something like overreaching on the part of his colleagues.

The proof sheets of that draft, extending to 284 folio pages, were forwarded to me at intervals between November the 27th, and December the 19th, 1857. I immediately entered on a careful examination of it in Dublin, and finding that it embodied principles and plans against which I had strenuously objected when they were under our consideration more than a year ago, I informed the majority of my Colleagues that I could not concur in their Report, nor make myself in any way responsible for it.

My objections to the Report were too strong to allow me merely to abstain from affixing my name to it, without assigning the grounds of my dissent. And, as I could not do justice to the views which I entertain within the ordinary limits of a protest at the end of the Report, I proceeded to draw up a statement of my objections for the consideration of my brother Commissioners. I furnished them with the principal heads of my objections; but time did not admit of my being able to complete the detailed statement previous to the signing of the Report; after the Commission had expired, I discovered, on examining a perfected copy of the Report (then for the first time furnished to me) that alterations had been made in it, of which I had not been informed when it was tendered to me for signature. This circumstance led to a further and unavoidable delay in completing my observations.

Admitting the accuracy of Mr. Stephens' statement in every particular, (which is more than we are authorized to do), it ought to amount to nothing more than this, namely, that after he had declined to sign the Report and discharged himself of all responsibility in its regard; his colleagues thought proper to make alterations—not such alterations indeed as might have induced him to change his mind had he been allowed the opportunity—but alterations simply, of the extent, nature, or gravity of which we are not informed. The names of the Commissioners who signed the Report are a guarantee to the public for honour in their dealings with each other, and with the Country, so that they are not held to notice an insinuation or imputation of the kind; but if their colleague found it necessary to make the statement he has made, it would have been well for his own sake had he guarded against the possibility of being



misunderstood. He differs with his brethren upon certain other matters of fact, but as a reference to disagreements of this description are painful and unprofitable, we think it better to pass at once to the question of principle upon which he grounds his dissent. Mr. Stephens finds fault with the Report because its recommendations have all reference to the definition of exclusive and non-exclusive schools, into which the Commissioners naturally divided the educational establishments with which they had to deal. Exclusive schools were understood to be "those into which pupils of only one religious persuasion have a right of admission, or where the trustees being of one religious persuasion have power to compel all the pupils to receive religious instruction in their own tenets."\* All schools outside this definition are taken to be non-exclusive. The Commissioners having recommended that all non-exclusive schools should be placed under their new Board, Mr. Stephens contends that were the above definition allowed to operate, either the whole of the Church Education Society's schools would be transferred to the new Board, which would amount to confiscation; or else that not more than eleven of the number, which are admittedly non-exclusive, would come under its government; and this last idea he contends is almost too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment, as in that case we should have a permanent and salaried Commission for the government of some eleven schools. Mr. Stephens appears to omit altogether from his consideration the fact that the proposed board would have the government of all the Royal and Diocesan schools, a charge quite sufficiently important and engrossing for any board in existence.

Now it will be observed there are two branches in the definition of exclusive schools given by the Commissioners. First, a school is said to be exclusive into which pupils of one religion only have a right of admission; and secondly, that school is exclusive the trustees of which, being all of one persuasion, have it in their power to compel instruction in their own tenets. With reference to this branch of the definition, Mr. Stephens observes that "it was so framed as to exempt Roman Catholic schools which profess to be for the education of all religious persuasions, from the definition

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\* Report, 273.

which so seriously affects the Church and Protestant schools." We can hardly trust ourselves to characterize this line of reasoning, especially when taken in connexion with the illustration adopted by Mr. Stephens in a subsequent part of his letter. He barely does not say in terms, what he does say by a very pregnant implication, namely, that his brethren framed a trapping definition for the purpose of protecting Catholic and of confiscating Protestant endowments. He leaves it to be inferred that the definition was framed not only with the view of improperly classing certain Catholic schools amongst the exclusive and independent schools; but also of transferring to the non-exclusive class the schools of the Church Education Society; and of thus removing them from the management of that body. That is a fair statement of Mr. Stephens' argument. It cannot be denied that the imputation of such an intention is highly injurious to his colleagues. Let that pass, however. It is only necessary for us to see, whether, if the Commissioners, including such a clergyman and gentleman as Dr. Graves, had an intention of the kind ascribed to them, they did really advance their views by the definition upon which they agreed. We are far more willing to impeach Mr. Stephens' logic than his candour, but his argument looks disingenuous in proportion to its plausibility. It is he alone who contends that the Church Education Society's Schools are non-exclusive, and yet he wishes it to be believed that his colleagues so regard it. It will be necessary for ourselves to test their non-exclusiveness presently for another purpose; but it will be worth our while in the first instance to determine whether such of the Irish Church Education Society's Schools as were endowed under the Lord Lieutenant School Fund, the Association for Discountenancing Vice, and the Kildare-place Society, do in truth come within the second branch of the definition, that, namely, which makes the religion of the trustees a test of the exclusiveness of the school. We take a Church Education School at random from the Tables, vol. III., p. 465, the Kilmore Bottle Hill School; and we find under the head "Object of the School," and upon the authority of the "deed of endowment," that the "object" is, for "a resident school-master to teach children selected by *Minister of Kilmore*, or master, English and arithmetic *under regulation of Minister*:" and under the head "appoint-

ment:" we find upon the same authority, that the appointment of the master rests in the "*Minister*." Now there is not, we venture to say, one Table in the entire volume which does not contain mention of similar schools; and if this be not a school in which the trustee has *power* to compel all the pupils to receive religious instruction in his own tenets, it is impossible to conceive a school in which a trustee could have such a power. We must assume the object of the school and the right of appointment to have been correctly abstracted from the "deed of endowment," in as much as Mr. Stephens has not taken exception to them, and it is to be supposed that they were submitted to each of the Commissioners in proof. Mr. Stephens' course of reasoning is as good a specimen of what Dr. Whately would call "undistributed middle" as could possibly be selected. He argues that these schools are non-exclusive under the second branch of the Commissioners' definition, if the trustees have no power to compel the instruction of the children in their own tenets. He then affirms that the trustees have no such power, and concludes that, therefore, the schools are non-exclusive under the second branch of the definition. In proof of his minor premiss he adduces a rule of the Church Education Society, according to which children of all denominations are admitted to these schools, on condition of reading the Sacred Scriptures. Here lies the fallacy, we hope unintentional, of Mr. Stephens' argument. He tacitly applies the term "trustee" to the *Church Education Society*, while his colleagues understand it, as they, and he were bound to do, of the *Minister* of the parish, or of the minister and church-wardens, as the case may be. Had the Commissioners been actuated by the motives ascribed to them they could not in the case of the parish schools have more effectually defeated their own object than by the definition they adopted. In the proposed distribution of endowed schools amongst the various boards in existence, or to come into existence, they assign to the new or mixed board, such only of the present Church Education Schools as are non-exclusive in character, thereby distinctly affirming that some of them are exclusive in character; while it must be evident, that if tested by the Commissioners' definition, schools, the trustees of which are either the minister and churchwardens, or

the minister alone, with power to appoint, direct, and remove the master, are exclusive in the most absolute sense of the word, and therefore withdrawn from the jurisdiction of that Board which Mr. Stephens insinuates, the Commissioners are so anxious to aggrandize at any cost. We do confess that we are obliged to call in the aid of all the charity we can master, to enable us to account for a proceeding like that of Mr. Stephens on the part of a gentleman, a lawyer, and, probably, a graduate of one of the English universities.

But we are called upon to notice the case to which he appeals, in sustainment of his charge, [for after all it assumes that character] of unfairness against his colleagues. He takes two schools, one the Rathvilly school in Carlow, and the other, the Hevey school in Mullingar, and states "that under circumstances in all *essential* respects analogous (the italics are our own) his colleagues treat the Rathvilly school, under Protestant trustees, as non-exclusive, and the Hevey school, under Catholic trustees, as exclusive; we give his illustration, or, argument call it, in *extenso* :

I will now compare the Rathvilly schools with *Hevey's* schools :—

#### RATHVILLY SCHOOLS.

Mr. D'Israel bequeathed "to the *Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns, and the minister and churchwardens of the parish of Rathvilly,*" 1,000*l.* for building a school; and to the same persons 2,000*l.* for the expenses of the school, "to be applied by the said *Bishop of Ferns, and the minister and churchwardens of the parish of Rathvilly* for the time being, to the uses and purposes of said school, which it is my wish and desire *should be conducted on the most enlightened and liberal principles*, under the care and superintendence of the said *bishop, minister and churchwardens*, or such person or persons as they may think proper to appoint for the purpose."

#### HEVEY'S SCHOOLS.

Mr. Hevey, bequeathed his property to the Right Rev. John Cantwell, Roman Catholic Bishop of Meath, the Right Rev. William Higgins, Roman Catholic Bishop of Ardagh, the Rev. Patrick Kelly, Roman Catholic Administrator of Mullingar, Sir Richard Nagle, of Jamestown Bart., and Gerald Dease, Esquire, of Turbotstown, with powers of adding new trustees, &c., for a school in Mullingar; "*provided, however, that no difference of religion shall be the ground or reason for not selecting, excluding, or expelling any child from the benefit of this bequest.*"

Admitting that in each case the trustees are "of one religious per-

sualsion," it seems at least as strong to say that "no difference of religion shall be the ground or reason for not selecting, excluding, or expelling any child" from a school, as to say that it shall be conducted on the most enlightened and liberal principles."

Yet Hevey's school is declared to be "exclusive," and Rathvilly school is claimed from the Church as "non-exclusive."

There may be various opinions as to what is "enlightened and liberal." The framers of the Report appear to differ from the opinion of the testator, for *they* do not think it "enlightened and liberal" to put a "non-exclusive" school under "bishop, minister and churchwardens." It is unwarrantable that an arbitrary construction should be placed on the words "enlightened and liberal," so as to violate the intention of the founder, that his schools should be in strict connexion with the Church.

The majority of the Commissioners pronounce it an "objectionable proceeding" to have placed Rathvilly School under the inspection of the Church Education Society.—Rep. 120. They have perhaps overlooked that clause of the founder's will which directs that the school shall be conducted "under the care and superintendence of the said bishop, minister and churchwardens, or such person or persons as they may think proper to appoint for the purpose."

If Hevey's school be treated as a Roman Catholic school, I cannot comprehend why Rathvilly should not be treated as a Church school.

This, as it stands in Mr. Stephens' letter, has every appearance of a complete case against his colleagues, and would be a triumphant case, were it not that Mr. Stephens has suppressed the *most essential* circumstances of the Hevey endowment, while he states that the two endowments exist under circumstances, in *all essential* respects analogous. Upon referring to the Tables of schools and endowments, vol. iii, p. 4, we find the object of the Rathvilly school to be as stated in Mr. Stephens' letter; but will anyone say that the trustees are empowered by the terms of the will creating that endowment to enforce the teaching of their own tenets; at least until it has been so decided by competent authority? If however we turn to the same Tables, page 224, for the objects of the Hevey institution, we shall find that it was not intended by the testator for a school simpliciter, but for a school or college to be under the superintendence of the Roman Catholic priest of Mullingar for the support, maintenance, and education in literature, science, and THEOLOGY, under the regulation of the trustees, of poor children resident in the parish of Mullingar to be selected by the trustees; the great majority of the children to be Roman Catholics. Then follows the proviso upon which Mr. Stephens relies as constituting the Hevey

institution a non-exclusive school ; namely, that the school shall be open to children of all religious persuasions. According to Mr. Stephens, therefore, the divinity classes of Oxford or Dublin are non-exclusive, because a Catholic can have access to them, and may be trained a Protestant upon payment of the proper fee. It would argue uncommon simplicity in Mr. Stephens, if with the circumstance of *theological* instruction, under the superintendence of a *parish* priest, and under the regulation of the trustees, including *two bishops*, appearing upon the face of his letter as the object of a school, he were to class such a school as non-exclusive ; but we are afraid to say what the omission of this circumstance from the case as given by Mr. Stephens would argue, if we were to deal in imputations open or covert. We fear that, Mr. Stephens has somewhat sunk the Commissioner in the advocate, unconsciously we believe, and that he has been copying from his brief ; but there are circumstances which even an advocate is bound in good faith to disclose to the court, although they tell against his cause ; when once he pledges his professional honour to the disclosure of all that is essential to the decision of the question.

Mr. Stephens further argues that the Royal and Diocesan Schools, are strictly and properly Protestant establishments, because at the time of their establishment it was thought superfluous to surround their exclusiveness by all the safeguards that the present state of the law would require. At the time of the establishment of many of them it was little less than hanging matter for a Catholic to act as school-master or usher, and we think, ourselves, there can be no doubt that the presence of a Catholic as master or usher in those schools was not contemplated by their founders. But that alone is no reason why, when the disability of Catholics to act as school-master or teacher was removed, a Catholic might not lawfully so act in a Royal or Diocesan school, if it were desirable that he should. Those establishments cannot, with reference to the intention of the founder, be regarded in the same light as private endowments. The king in such matters is a mere abstraction—he is the State ; those institutions are the creatures of the State, and may be re-modelled, parcelled out, or abolished at its pleasure. Mr. Stephens indeed argues upon the construction of several statutes, to show that according to law a Catholic cannot

officiate in those schools ; and, holding the opinion, upon the subject of mixed education that we do (our opinions in a great measure corresponding with those of Mr. Hughes) ; we cannot say that we have a very particular interest in the question of law thus raised by Mr. Stephens. Whenever the question of mixed education, primary or intermediate, comes to be finally adjusted, it will be time enough to dispose of the Royal and Diocesan Schools. Neither shall we concern ourselves at present with the recommendations which Mr. Stephens was prepared to offer, and a draft of which he has given in his letter to Sir George Grey. We are admonished that our space is narrowing, and that the one question, whose determination solves every minor difficulty, remains to be argued upon the issues raised by Mr. Hughes.

Mr. Hughes' propositions are two in number, first that the system of mixed education, as applied at least to intermediate instruction, is not right in principle ; and secondly, that if right, it is not practicable in Ireland. He is supported in his belief that the system is not right in principle by eminent authorities, Protestant and Catholic, to whom he refers, and he considers that were all the authorities on both sides in error, yet, there are certain living authorities, namely, the Catholic clergy, so confirmed in their error, and so resolute in their opposition, and so well supported by their flocks, that they never will permit the system to come into operation. Now suppose we take up the last of Mr. Hughes' propositions first, there can be little doubt that mixed education has no sincere friend in Ireland. The National system is generally adopted by Catholics because as a rule it affords separate education accompanied by some distasteful conditions, but not by any means because it affirms the principle of mixed education ; the Established Church opposes the National system because it keeps him out of his neighbour's preserves ; and the Presbyterian who, if the truth were known, objects perhaps to the sign *plus* because it is in the form of a cross, would gladly have a freely and avowedly Presbyterian school. When the Catholic can do so he establishes strictly Catholic schools ; and upon the testimony of Mr. Stephens as well as that of Mr. Ferguson, the schools of the Christian Brothers, being what chemists would call a concentrated exhibition of Catholicity,

are displacing the National schools in the centres of population. It is not long since they actually closed the National schools in Tralee, although the Catholic bishop of Kerry admitted the great advantages which the people derived from the National system in the rural parts of his diocese. Mr. Ferguson speaks "of the admirable schools of the Christian Brothers, a wide spreading institution embracing all the great centres of population in the south of Ireland, and bidding fair to extinguish the National schools in that quarter," p. 77. Mr. Stephens makes the same statement almost *in hæc verba*, and there can be no doubt that the public mind in Ireland is as little reconciled to any system of mixed education, primary or secondary, as it has been at any time these hundred years.

Moreover it is taken as admitted upon all hands, and none are more forward to admit it than the Commissioners whose report we are considering, that the religious element is indispensable to every well-ordered system of education. Now an element is not only a constituent part of any substance, but it is a part diffused in no matter what proportion throughout the entire of that substance. Oxygen is an element of air or of water, nor can you find a particle of air or of water, how small so ever into which that element does not enter. In like manner if we suppose religion to be an element of education there is no part of education which religion should not pervade and penetrate. Religion is not properly an element of education if it be laid upon a shelf, or turned with its face to the wall, during the greater portion of the school time, and just aired for half-an-hour in the course of the day, or perhaps of the week. You could not say that the sprig of lavender you throw into your drawer to kill the moths is a portion of your dress, and it would be equally absurd to say that religion fills in the National schools the place she ought to occupy. See how it is with the Christian Brothers. Look at their reading books, their geographies, their histories; everything is informed by a religious spirit. That spirit is professedly excluded by the National system, and therefore the National system, great as are our obligations to it, does not satisfy the legitimate requirements of Catholic or Protestant. Mr. Ferguson has put it fairly and forcibly in his pamphlet on the subject of National Education in Ireland which appears in our head list.



"If it be asked," he says, "Is it right to refuse relief in an hospital to a patient who will not listen to our spiritual instruction?—or would it be endured to obtrude a religious lecture at the hospitable board of a friend? I should answer, that an hospital is founded professedly for temporal relief,—the hospitable board is spread for festivity; and it begs the question to assume that a school is an institution designed or proper for secular instruction merely, and not for education in a sense that comprehends something more than secular teaching. Clergymen and Christian laymen are all agreed that education, without religious instruction, if not a contradiction in terms, "an unreality," is at least essentially imperfect, and wants its better part, and perhaps a majority of reflecting men think it positively mischievous."

We frankly accept this statement of the case, as an expression of our own views and of the views of the country generally, but when we come to the question, how are those views to be met by the State, we are beset by all the difficulties that have tried and foiled the ingenuity of the greatest and best statesmen of the country.

Mr. Hughes suggests the adoption of separate education, or the "denominational system," as it exists in England under the minutes of the Privy Council. That is probably the simplest solution of the difficulty, and under proper precautions would no doubt content and gratify reasonable men. We have already expressed our private preference for that system, but the clergy of the Irish Establishment look for something very different. They pronounce in favour of education at once mixed and religious, but they must be the compounders themselves, and the religion must be of their own providing also. Nay, they protest that theirs is the only true mixture, and modestly seek to have it protected by patent, and to have the appearance of their name upon the government stamp. Did the clergy of the Establishment merely seek to have the advantages of the National system extended to their schools, on the understanding that the teaching in these schools should be purely Protestant, and that a similar privilege should be extended to Catholics, we could have nothing to object, and should have reason to be thankful; but their object is very different. They ask to endow side by side with the National schools as they are constituted at present, a second system of schools, into which they may be at liberty to draw Catholic children, and subject them to the process of what is called Scriptural instruction; what kind of instruction that is in reality we shall

perhaps be able to collect from the Report. We may have put this somewhat broadly, but that is their avowed object. In other words, they ask an endowment for the Church Education schools on condition of their adopting the books and submitting to the inspection of the National Board, but at all hazards preserving their present system of religious instruction, according to which it is competent for the minister of the parish to cause the Scriptures to be read in the authorised version, and to give Scriptural instruction to the pupils of all denominations. Such is the substance of what Mr. Ferguson proposes, and (it is believed) not without a sufficient imprimatur from the highest Protestant authority, in his pamphlet upon the subject of National Education, which was published shortly before the report of the Commissioners. His views are best stated by himself.

“Regarding the National System of Education as a settled institution of the country, doing a great deal of good to the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian communities, though still excluding from its benefits some important sections of each, let us, lastly, consider whether any modification or enlargement of the system can—without subverting or endangering its essential constitution, or infringing the acquired rights of those who have already joined it—admit the co-operation of the Established Church—the Wesleyan Methodists—the Christian Brotherhood—the Sisters of Mercy and Charity—and the residue of the Presbyterians.

Three plans are before the public, with more or less of authority to recommend them. The first plan was that which Lord Granville, as the organ of the Government, opened to the Committee of the House of Lords in July, 1854. He suggested that the Church Education Schools (mentioned, I suppose, *exempli gratia*) should receive grants of school-books and school requisites from the National Board, and that the benefit of inspection by the officers of the Board, and access to its training-schools, should be extended to them.

The second plan was that proposed by the Earl of Derby, and differed from the first in giving, in addition to these advantages, an allowance to the teachers for the actual progress of the pupils, founded on the Report of the Inspectors of the Board.

The third plan was that submitted by Mr. Walpole to the House of Commons in June, 1856. It sought for such a modification of the rules of the Board as would extend the advantages now enjoyed by non-vested schools to any other than vested schools, whatever might be the regulations of the school as to the mode of religious instruction: subject to the condition that no child should be required to learn catechisms, creeds, or formularies, to which his parents objected.”

- We cannot collect that Mr. Ferguson declares absolutely

in favour of any of those plans, but all of them embody the principle that by State subvention, the Established clergy should be enabled to force what is almost profanely styled Scriptural instruction on the Catholics attending their schools. At present Mr. Stephens commends them for their liberality in *admitting* Catholics into their schools, and pathetically complains that their liberality should be drawn into a pretext for confiscating their endowments. We have already seen the truth of this insinuation, and that it is of about as substantial a texture as the liberality of the patrons of the Church Education schools.

Now it is worth observing that in the Report upon the Charter Schools, the Commissioners whom we have already quoted spoke in exactly the same style of their "liberality," although the teaching in those schools was avowedly as here it would be covertly Protestant. The Established clergy do much more than *admit* the poor Catholics to their schools, they exercise all their influence, and all the influence they can command to draw the Catholic children from the National school, and into their own. They exact one only condition of attendance, and that is the reading of the Scriptures. Neither have they exacted this at all times. The Commissioners of 1806-12 to whom Mr. Ferguson appeals, and with some reason, as the originators of the present National System, recommended in their fourteenth report, the establishment of a number of schools, supplemental to the existing parish schools, and the governing principle of which should be a total absence of interference with the religion of the pupils, on the condition, however of scripture extracts to be read in common by Protestant and Catholic. This, of course, was considered a proposition of extreme liberality, as coming from two bishops of the Established Church, together with Mr. Lovell Edgeworth, and Mr. Leslie Foster; but they tacked a good consideration to it in the shape of additional parish schools, so that there should be one for every parish in Ireland under the care of the Established clergy. Now considering that many country parishes in Ireland would not furnish a single Protestant to the projected school, the modesty of this proposal is not its most remarkable feature, and Mr. Foster himself dwells upon it in a letter to Mr. Corneille, the Secretary of the Board. "There are parts of Ireland," he writes, "where the population is almost exclusively Roman Catholic. In the returns from some

parishes in the diocese of Waterford, may be observed 400 and even 500 scholars without a single Protestant among them. What possible inducement could the Commissioners have for preferring the establishment of a Protestant to that of a Roman Catholic in those places?"—Fourteenth Report, p. 345, App. 3. The parish school extension scheme was never acted upon formally, although it was carried out to some degree in the application of the Lord Lieutenant's school fund; but the scripture-extract nostrum was tried for a series of years, and was only finally given up just before the retirement of Dr. Whately from the National Board.

Some Catholics, and even dignitaries of the Church, seeing that there was nothing theologically wrong in the practice, were induced to consent to it, not without an uneasy sense of compromise and dishonour. But at length the thing broke down from the essential weakness of its principle. It broke down in the assumption that the Protestant clergy had any right, under any circumstances, even to suggest an element of Catholic education. It almost conceded, and would undoubtedly be wrested to concede, what was claimed by the Protestant Primate in 1824 when he wrote to the Commissioners of that period, "As to the persons to whose superintendence the education of the poor should be entrusted, I find that in the Report of the Commissioners it was the intention of the State, by the statute of Henry VIII. and Wm. III., to commit this important charge to the Established clergy. I am happy to express my concurrence in this opinion. It appears to me that such is not only the true interpretation of the statutes referred to, but the obvious nature of the thing. If the superintendence of a national system of moral education be entrusted as a duty, the obligation naturally devolves upon the Established clergy; if, on the other hand, it be regarded as a privilege, and a mark of public confidence, they seem best entitled to such a distribution." And at a later date he observes, "I have already expressed my opinion in a former letter, and I do not think it too much to repeat it now, that the State, particularly a State like ours, where so much depends upon public feeling, has an immediate interest in the moral and social principles of its members, that this interest gives it a right, or rather imposes upon it an obligation of providing

a system of national instruction, and that the trust of superintending the system is most consistently reposed in our Established clergy."

Now, to defer in any particular, however trifling, to the wishes of the Established clergy, in respect of the religious education of Catholics, would be to admit to some extent that those gentlemen were responsible for the religious education of Catholics. But if so, it would come to be asked "in what right are they responsible?" and the answer to Catholics would be—"in virtue of your own recognition." Scripture extracts are not only innocent but profitable; one of the most characteristic prayers of Catholics, the "Hail Mary," is a scripture extract; but if the acceptance of a scripture extract at the hands of those gentlemen were regarded as a kind of feudal service, nay, a sort of minor or incipient Protestantism, as a kind of "step in the right direction," then it ceased to be innocent, and became infected with the taint of its origin. It would go to keep up the desperate delusion which law, or the fiction of law, now encourages in the Established clergy, namely, that they are the pastors of parishes and not the ministers of mere congregations. Those results were not all at once taken in by those of the Catholic clergy, who at first accepted the conditions tendered, but they soon came into evidence. It really is not pretended that the Protestant clergy effect much in the way of proselytism by their scriptural instruction to Catholics. They think, however, that they have attained a sufficient triumph when they induce a poor child to live in contempt of the directions of the only clergyman he thinks himself bound to obey. Upon the evidence of this Commission, and of Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools in England, the Scripture that is profanely gabbled, whether as a lesson or a punishment, by the pupils of the Church Education schools, does not seem to have much more relation to the real thing in the comprehension of its reader, than the old crambo, "*forte dux fel fiat in guttur*," has to the English words that are imitated by its sound. We abstract now from the circumstance that by Catholics the authorized version read in the church schools is regarded as falsified of purpose. It is enough for us that a thing which might be indifferent or praiseworthy in itself is adopted as a symbol of apostasy, or of an approximation or

condescension to it. It was not more essentially wrong in the ancient Christians to say "Domine Cæsar" or "Tolle Impios," than it would be for us to say, "God save the Queen," or "down with the Sepoys." There was no necessary evil in throwing a grain of frankincense into the fire or in eating a salt cake, as there is no original harm in treading upon two sticks set crosswise if you want to get admission to Japan. But when these things had an accepted significance, such as belong to the reading of the Scriptures by a Catholic, under, or at the suggestion, or in compliance with the desire, of a Protestant clergyman, then it became the same offence in the ancient Christian to comply with them that it is in the Catholic priest or layman to admit in any way the right of the Protestant authorities to interfere with his flock.

But there is another and a very serious matter to be taken into account. It is found convenient upon questions of this kind to treat the Protestant clergyman in Ireland as an abstraction. What is the incumbent of a parish in the abstract? He is a gentleman of education, with a university degree, the excellent husband of a comely wife, the father of a blooming family, and in the enjoyment sometimes of a modest, sometimes of a good income no matter whence derived. He preaches in a Geneva gown and bands, with or without a surplice or hood, according to the taste of his congregation, lives peaceably, and allows other people to do the same. We believe that to be an average sample of the established clergymen in the abstract. What is he in the concrete, that is to say, what is the Irish clergyman who seeks to alter the National System? He is a man who lives in a state of active hostility with the Catholic clergy and people around him. He gives his name and subscription to one or more societies, whose avowed object is a Protestant propaganda. He circulates handbills amongst Catholics inviting them to controversial classes in which it will be proved (*God willing*,) to their entire satisfaction, that idolatry, theft and lying are part of their creed. And those classes he invites them "specially and affectionately" to attend. From his pulpit and his platform, to which also they are specially and affectionately invited, he treats them to eloquence of the following style, when in speaking of the most sacred ordinance of the Church

he calls it "A consecrated paste and water hoccussed by the priest." In common and intimate conversation he is never known to apply any other than the nickname of Romanist, or Romish, or Papist, to the Catholic Communion; and in public life, with a few honoured exceptions, he is the unabashed defamer we have described. Now it is not to be conceived that the Catholic clergy could yield anything to the importunities of men of this kind, no matter how indifferent or how praiseworthy the thing might be in itself. It is not at their instance at all events the National system can be set aside. "*Sed tali dedicatore damnationis nostræ etiam gloriamur. Qui enim scit illum intelligere potest, nonnisi aliquod grande bonum a Nerone damnatum.*" We do not mean a literal application of this tolerably plain Latin of Tertullian to the Protestant clergy of Ireland. That body contains some venerable and great names, although we have not seen from any one of them a repudiation of the abominable ribaldry, the unavoidable defilement of which, we were obliged to extract, from a writer quite unlike Tertullian. We mean simply to state, that any proposition coming from enemies so determined cannot be well meant, well understood, or accepted at all. Let them keep to their black flag, we do not fear it; but let us have no piracy under National colours at all events. Considering the authority under which Mr. Ferguson is supposed to have put forward his views, it may be worth while to extract one or two passages from his pamphlet. In the first may be seen what is the real grievance of the Protestant clergy in this matter. It is that Catholics have the strongholds of education in their own hands. That they are firmly intrenched in several thousand schools. It is not pretended they have encroached upon Protestant ground, but the complaint is simply that they are the guardians of their own schools.

Lapse of time, and usage have, in a manner, established the present system. It has conferred great advantages on the Roman Catholic population, and the State has derived corresponding advantages from it, which it would be unwise to throw away. Anything which would annul what has been done since 1831, by supplying the Roman Catholic priesthood with an adequate motive and moving power to withdraw the Roman Catholic population from the National Schools, would be regarded as little short of a national calamity. The pre-

text of an organized State proselytism might be as spurious as the greased cartridges of the Sepoys, but it might be one which would furnish an appeal to the inmost souls of the people, and should not lightly be offered. On the other hand, let us not exaggerate, and thereby add to the danger we fear; let us not so far give way to timorous counsels as to become insensible to the claims of justice and the interests of education. To propitiate the Roman Catholic priesthood, and keep them quiet, it is not wise to deliver over the rising generation of our Protestant brethren to their mercies. It is not only an unrighteous but a dangerous experiment to take the education of the country altogether out of the hands of Protestant clergymen and laymen, and commit every educational stronghold in the kingdom to the Roman Catholic priests. We may rest assured that whatever they may threaten, so long as the Roman Catholic priests are left the exclusive dominion of the great majority of the National Schools, it will not be their interest nor their policy to withdraw their children from them. The rebellion against the Kildare-place Schools was because the priests had not the control of them. As regards the National Schools, the Roman Catholics are securely entrenched in more than 3000 of them; and the danger that is to be apprehended now is—that, by practising on the compressibility of the Government, they shall get the command of all the schools, and of the entire educational machinery of the country as regards primary instruction. Each fresh instance of undue deference to their behests inspires them the more with an inordinate estimate of their power and importance, and of the facility and weakness of the Government; it raises their expectations, and increases their demands.

The Decrees of the Synod of Thurles, and the Pastorals of the Papal Legate, indicate a determination on the part of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to effect a total overthrow of the system of National Education from its two fundamental bases—first, as a system of mixed education of Protestants and Catholics; secondly, as a system of secular instruction sanctified by a moral and religious element. Statesmen may disregard these fulminations, and imagine that because they outrun the sympathies of the laity and inferior clergy, and even outrage the proprieties of educated and independent Roman Catholics, they are vain and harmless as stage thunder. No greater mistake could possibly take possession of the mind: these decrees are working their way, and accomplishing their purpose silently but surely. The moral and religious element they have banished; and the Roman Hierarchy are now struggling to insulate the Roman Catholic children from the wholesome influences of communication with Protestant patrons and teachers. They are tramping out every trace of mixed education; and the National Board seems to be conspiring to the same end, by excluding its warmest and best friends. The result is rapidly developing itself in the schools. The vested schools—the appropriate seats of mixed education, and the proper sphere for religious neutrality—are rapidly giving place to the non-vested school, which is essentially denomi-



national and exclusive. Out of 5192 National Schools, in the year 1855, no more than 1526 were vested. Out of 154 new schools added in that year, but 17 were vested; while of the old vested schools an unusually large number had been in that year 1855 suspended or struck off the rolls.

The next extract will show that the Protestant clergy aim at an entire supremacy over parental and family authority, and that the parent must have no conscience in presence of the patron of a school.

But then the scruples of the clergy of the Established Church are so clearly inconsistent with religious liberty, and so plainly in derogation of parental authority, that they cannot be entertained or countenanced for a moment. The parent must be the judge as to what is for the spiritual interest of his child: and if he objects to the teaching of the Scriptures, whether right or wrong, his objection must be attended to. This is true,—neither Christianity, nor Protestantism, nor Scriptural knowledge, can or ought to be diffused by physical or moral force; and there ought to be no interference with the religious scruples of Roman Catholics or Protestants. But there may be another side to the shield; and we shall fall into error if we look exclusively at the brazen side, and overlook that there is a golden side as well. The relation, duties, and responsibilities of patron to his school, may be taken to be the golden side; while the rights and privileges of the pupil and the parent are—not in point of actual inferiority or comparative unimportance—the brazen side. A school requires something more than books, and maps, and a salary for a teacher; these are not its most essential or valuable elements. It requires pupils, an intelligent and proper instructor, organization discipline, management and a manager. Nobody for a moment supposes it to be possible to concede to the parent of each child in a village school the right to direct the nature or amount of the secular instruction his child is to receive, or to select the books to be used or omitted. Sir Thomas Redington (a Roman Catholic Commissioner of National Education) says:—"The parents cannot exclude from the hour of combined instruction any book except the 'Scripture Extracts' and the 'Book of Sacred Poetry.'"—"Evidence," p. 689, Q. 5213. True it is, when we come to religious instruction, the motive and the excuse for parental interference become higher and stronger; but the sense of duty and responsibility, on the part of the patron, becomes, in the same degree, more intense and imperative? and if every parent were to exercise the right to enter into every school that he meets, and arbitrarily to cut the course of instruction short when it ceases to be secular; and to "demand" and "insist upon"—for such are the phrases used to express the parental right—the patron giving so much as the parent pleases and no more: this, instead of being religious liberty, may become the rankest tyranny and license, and would, in fact, compel many a patron to dispense what he must unaffectedly regard in his conscience to be nothing less than moral poison, without its moral an-

tidote. So long as the school is the school of the National Board—as in the case of the Model and Vested Schools—the parent has a right to use it on such terms as the State, which is the patron, pleases; but of the Non-vested Schools we are told, on the highest authority, that they “are not so much the Schools of the Government as of local patrons and managers, who submit voluntarily to certain regulations in order to entitle them to receive aid from the Government.” The education given in these Schools, though superintended and assisted by the State, is provided through the instrumentality and on the responsibility of the individual patron. He alone appoints the master, and is the party answerable before God and man for the education which each child receives in the School: and therefore it is the moral right and duty of the patron to see that whatever education is given in the School is proper and wholesome, according to the measure of his judgment and conscience. When we speak of non-interference in religious matters there ought to be some mutuality and reciprocity in it; and the parent’s unquestionable right to direct the religious instruction of his child must be exercised in consistency with the patron’s correlative right to give such instruction as he believes to be proper, and none other. It would surely be an extravagant price for the highest contribution the Board could make to a patron’s school, to require that the direction of the patron’s conscience should be submitted to every peasant in his neighbourhood.

Our next extract takes us over the pleasant subject of the undoubted poverty of the Established Church, and plays with the merry conceit of its carelessness about proselytism. It will serve to beguile the seriousness of our general subject.

It has been, and may be again urged, that possibly Roman Catholics would be under a disadvantage in this open competition, because that the Protestant schools may be supplemented by subscriptions, and so enabled to offer unfair inducements in the shape of food and clothing to the children who frequent them. To this the answer seems to be, that if the grant from the Board to any Protestant school—whether in connexion with the Board under its existing plan, or under any proposed plan—should be abused, it can be withdrawn. The most absurd exaggerations appear still to be current in regard to the resources of the Established Church. They were formerly reckoned by millions. The gross parochial income is about £357,000, and affords to each beneficed clergyman an average income of about £190, leaving from 200 to 300 incumbents with less than £100 per annum. Two per cent. on the gross parochial income (the maximum impost contemplated by the Commissioners of 1806 for schools) would give no more than £7140 per annum, and it would certainly be no exaggeration to say that three times that amount is contributed by the clergy to the support of the Parochial Schools. After all, the schools are in a languishing condition, and there seems little available for bribes. As regards the maintenance of a school, every person must see that

the great superiority of numbers on the part of the Roman Catholics ought more than compensate any imaginable superiority of wealth on the part of the Protestants. A school supported by fifty or sixty children, each paying even a penny a week, will in ordinary cases have a more substantial and reliable endowment than one depending on the precarious benevolence of a few wealthy patrons. Under Lord Derby's plan, the more numerous attended schools would have the greater number of chances of support, in the shape of proficiency allowances. Besides all this, the Roman Catholics are increasing rapidly in wealth, intelligence, and independence; they not only erect costly cathedrals, and chapels, and hospitals, but have even aspired to found an University, to supersede that of the Queen, and I have no doubt that under a more judicious administration of the funds of the National Board, the Roman Catholic body could be brought to give more liberal contributions to the National Schools than they do at present.

The last extract we furnish is a specimen of a practice referable perhaps to Mr. Ferguson's forensic habits, according to which it becomes the duty of counsel in a losing case to abuse the opposite attorney.

I have endeavoured to show how far the Fundamental Rules of the National Board, in regard to religious instruction, were in accordance with the views of the Commissioners of 1806, and necessary in a plan of education of Roman Catholics undertaken by a Protestant Government. I have also shown that the application of these same rules to the Parochial and Scriptural Schools was against the views of these Commissioners; was open to grave objections of a substantial character, on the ground of duty and conscience; was uncalled for by any wise purpose; and, that while it has been a source of painful and gratuitous irritation, and of injurious exclusion, it has in its results gone far to defeat the legitimate end and object of the rules themselves. I have shown that their application was, as to a considerable number of the schools, nugatory, and as to some of them—the Convent Schools—illusory and mischievous, and that there was no semblance of fair dealing in aiding schools of so exclusive and sectarian a character, and refusing aid to the Scriptural and Parochial Schools; and lastly, I trust I have made the proposition clear, that a persistence in the present course,—while it tends more and more to depress and deteriorate the standard of national education, to alienate its best friends, to divorce the Church of England and Ireland from its co-operation with the State, to expel those of its clergy and laity who had confidently trusted the Board, and to obstruct the advancement and lower the social position of the poor Protestants,—wholly fails to propitiate or to satisfy the heads of the Church of Rome. Having for the last five-and-twenty years done no little service to that Church in sheltering the Roman Catholics from the influence of Scriptural light and truth, it is now being made the slave of a more uncompromising and exacting task-master, who banishes contemptuously the mild element of moral

and religious instruction as if heretical ; who rigorously interdicts religious communion with Protestants, in respect even of the rudiments of their common Christianity ; and would fain convert the National Schools of Ireland into nurseries of a bigoted and intolerant ultra-montaniam.

It is not to be supposed that Mr. Ferguson has any more distinct conception of what "ultramontaniam" means than he had of the meaning of the word "Catechumen," when he applied it to Dean Meyler, or than he has of a great many other things which he has noticed in his pamphlet. Certainly there is no lad under the care of the Christian Brothers, or probably on the third form of a National School, who does not understand the term so comically applied by Mr. Ferguson. The circumstance perfectly illustrates the inconvenience of using words which connect themselves with no distinct idea in your mind. But as Mr. Ferguson was writing for a Public, who knew perhaps almost less about those matters than he did himself, he acted judiciously perhaps in the use of those mysterious terms. This vigorous pelting with Greek and Latin words of four and five syllables respectively might possibly make us waver in purpose did we not happen to understand the words, just as our assailants happen not to understand them. And we happen to understand their tactics likewise. We know that the monies coming from "the princely munificence of the Lord Primate" and of other lords and ladies, which is now held suspended in the Church Education Society ; would by the infusion of parliamentary coin be precipitated upon Catholic poverty. We know well that as soon as the funds now applied in sustainment of the things called schools, should be set at liberty by the application of parliamentary funds to the same object, they would be thrown upon the market, and knowing this we are perfectly resolute and decided to prevent it.

But it is not to be inferred that we desire to see the children of our Protestant fellow subjects, belonging to the humbler classes, in their present lamentable state of ignorance. We shall have to meet them in after life as mechanics, or as law clerks, or merchants' clerks, or petty sessions' clerks, or shopmen, as soldiers, or non-commissioned officers ; and it can be no gain to us that they should be illiterate and ill-bred as they are. The truth is their ministers do not care about *them*. They not so much seek to elevate the Protestant pupils to our level, as to pull our children down to theirs. They have utterly and

totally neglected their schools, and upon that very neglect they ground a claim to drive us from what they call the strongholds of education. It is too late for them to plead poverty. The statistics of this report show that the parish schools are poorly endowed, that is to say poorly endowed by the State. The State offered them conditions which we and the Presbyterians reconciled it to our conscience to accept, although we do not like them in the least. The Protestants of the Establishment have not chosen to do so; but they might have had *good* schools of their own, had they been that way inclined. According to their own boastful assertion, whenever it answers their purpose to make the assertion, the Protestants of the Established Church have five-sixths of the property of the country; and their Church itself is known to be endowed as no other Church in the world is endowed. The curate may have less, and the rector may have more, and the bishop may have something startling; (we have nothing to say to the division of the spoil), but their church is at our expense the richest in the world. Are we to be told that if they cared for education there is anything to interfere with their making their schools respectable, if not equal in merit to those of the Christian Brothers? They send round the begging box in England for missions to the Roman Catholics, while they allow their own schools to starve for want of support. The small number of Protestant children in a parish cannot be pleaded in excuse, for when by accidental zeal in a rector, or by accidental qualifications in a teacher, good instruction is provided, we find a parish school successful with no more than twenty-eight pupils on the roll.\* The disgraceful condition of these schools can be attributed to nothing else than the neglect of the Protestant clergy, not as individuals perhaps, but certainly as a body—possibly not through inclination, but undeniably through policy. We shall not be induced to believe that a church whose internal government is in the most abject subjection to the State; a church that cannot frame a collect without an order in council; that cannot hold a synod without incurring the penalties of *præmunire*; and that has not virtue to incur any penalty whatever—a church that dares not attempt the most insignificant act of self government, and cares not to do it even if it durst—a church that will accept any bishop, no mat-

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\* Freshford Parochial School, County of Kilkenny, see vol. iii., *Tables of Schools and Endowments*, p. 149.

ter what his tenets, at the order of the State—we must not believe that such a church would object to State control in the hours at which it may dispense religious instruction to parish children if the religious instruction had reference to Protestants only, and were a matter of purely internal discipline. Were that so Protestants would no more require to interfere with the discipline of a national school than with that of a regimental, a prison, or workhouse school. The truth is, that sooner than deny themselves the pleasure of tormenting the conscience, of Catholics whom the law preposterously call their parishioners, the clergy of the Established Church neglect their schools in order to run after proselytes. Nothing can be more pitiable than the description given by the Commissioners and Assistant Commissioners of the schools under the superintendence of the Established clergy. We do not care to resort to the stage trick of parallel columns; the perfection of the schools of the Christian Brothers is too well known to require the benefit of contrast, but it may be well to give some specimens of the management of their own schools by the established clergy, upon which they found a claim to occupy the strongholds which are occupied by Catholics in the education not of Protestants children but of their own. We give one or two samples from several counties, and we have taken those with a few exceptions almost at random.

*Clonmelsh; Powerstown School.*—There were only two children (boys) in the school on the day of my visit, who were learning to read. I examined them, and found their reading bad; they were able to spell words of one syllable only. The school is at a low ebb, and seemed much neglected.—[19th of August, 1856.]

*Clonmore Parochial School.*—I examined a class (the most advanced in the school) of three girls and two boys, in English dictation, parsing, and geography. In writing from dictation two acquitted themselves tolerably well; the rest, very badly. None of them were able to parse a sentence, or even to distinguish the parts of speech. In geography the answering was tolerable.—[4th August, 1856.]

*Castleknock, Parochial Boys' and Girls' Schools.*—These schools enjoy from endowment a very large annual income. Do the public, then, receive a benefit commensurate with the extent of the endowment? This question must, I apprehend, be answered in the negative. The schools, whether as regards the amount or quality of instruction given, are by no means above the average of other parochial schools which do not possess a tenth part of their endowment. Nothing is taught but the ordinary branches of reading, writing, grammar, geography, and arithmetic—no mathematics, mensuration, or book-keeping.

With so large an income applicable to the support of the schools, one would have expected that the exclusive services of a teacher would at least have been secured. This does not appear to be the case, so far as the master is concerned. He is not only parish clerk and sexton, but also clerk of a savings' bank. It was explained to me that the latter employment only occupies an hour a-week of the school time, and that during that period the children are catechised by the curate of the parish. It would be better, however, that his entire time were devoted to the school, the emoluments accruing from which, to him and his wife, are ample.

I examined a mixed class (consisting of the most advanced boys and girls from each school) in reading, geography, grammar, arithmetic, and English history. The proficiency displayed in reading and geography, was only middling, and in grammar low. In history and mental arithmetic, the answering was fair.

The amount of instruction given is quite inadequate ; it should embrace some mathematics, mensuration, and book-keeping.—[20th October, 1856.]

*Clontarf, Parochial School.*—From Mr. Litton's register of the Lord Lieutenant's School Fund, it appears that a grant of £92 6s. 2d. was approved of on condition of private contributions to the amount of £144, and a site being granted by Mr. Vernon ; but that Mr. Vernon who was to make the grant died, leaving a son ten years old ; and as nothing further is said on the subject, we are left to the inference, that no conveyance of the site was ever, in fact, executed, and it does not appear that money was issued from the Lord Lieutenant's Fund. The supply of books and school requisites is very deficient ; there is no report-book or time-table kept in the school ; there are no examinations of the scholars, and no premiums allowed, and the amount of instruction given in the school embracing only reading, writing, and arithmetic) is quite too limited. Even in the branches taught the state of instruction was very indifferent. In the boys' school or senior room I found, on the day of my visit, but two pupils present, of whom one only was able to read. I examined him along with four other boys and two girls (selected from the female school or junior room) ; of these, only three made any attempt at reading—the rest were obliged to spell the words before pronouncing them. One alone could answer any questions in arithmetic.

The condition of the school, as I saw it, is by no means creditable to a locality so wealthy and highly favoured as Clontarf. It will hardly be credited that needlework, so important to children in their rank of life, is not taught to the girls of the school, owing to the want of a supply of the necessary materials.—[20th October, 1856.]

*Rathmichael School.*—The state of this school was wholly unsatisfactory. Of books and school requisites there was a very deficient supply. No report book was kept, and there was no record of the daily attendance of the scholars. I examined a class of six (comprising three boys and three girls), being the most advanced in the school, in reading, grammar, and geography. They read (from the Dublin Reading Book) very badly. None of them were able to parse, and in geography only two were able to answer any questions

and even their knowledge was of the most limited character. Neither book-keeping nor mensuration is taught in the school, and there was only one boy learning Euclid.—[17th October, 1856.]

*St. Andrew's Parochial Girls' School.*—The state of education in this school was unsatisfactory. The reading of the girls whom I examined was bad, their knowledge of grammar very limited, and in explaining the meaning of words very little intelligence was exhibited; in geography the answering was better.—[8th October, 1856.]

*Ballysax School.*—There were but two children present on the occasion of my visit, and they could only spell words of one syllable. The school appeared at a low ebb.—[27th May, 1856.]

*Naas, Parochial Boys' School.*—I examined three boys (being the most advanced class in the school) in English dictation, and the result was by no means favourable. Of English history they had very scanty knowledge; but in geography their answering was better. Only one boy in the school was learning Euclid, and he knew but little of it.—[2nd June, 1856.]

*Naas, Parochial Girls' School.*—This school is in a low condition. The children whom I examined, though the most advanced in the school, read badly, and were quite ignorant of geography. In arithmetic their knowledge did not extend beyond the multiplication table.—[2nd June, 1856.]

*Kilkenny, Subscription, Boys' School.*—As regards the state of instruction, this school is almost as backward as any I have visited. Nothing could be more imperfect or slovenly than the reading of the advanced pupils, and it is ridiculous to speak of their knowledge of parsing, or of their having studied English grammar. I was told, for instance, that in the phrase "former time" "former" is an adverb, and "time" another adverb; nor could any one in the fourth or third class, explain the meaning of the word "recent." The general answering in geography was more satisfactory, but in arithmetic the pupils had as little knowledge of principles here as I have met with anywhere. The handwriting of nearly all the scholars is childish. I hardly know how to account for the great ignorance observable in this school. The number of pupils on the roll is certainly small, but not subject to the same fluctuation as in country districts, where it is difficult to secure the smallest degree of regularity; and inferior as are the books in the hands of the pupils, I have met with schools less advantageously circumstanced, where very much more seemed to have been learned. This I am inclined, wherever it occurs, to attribute to the accident of the schoolmaster being above the average of parish clerks, although the level is very uniform; but with inferior books, ill-informed teachers, and inspection resulting in the promotions I have everywhere had to notice, we have no reason to expect a very different state of thing.—[2nd July, 1856.]

*Kilkenny, Subscription, Girls' School.*—I examined the most advanced pupils of the twenty-one present. Their style of reading was bad, and their knowledge of parsing very imperfect, although much superior to that of the boys. Their manner of writing from dictation



was tedious and slovenly. In one sentence there were several false spellings, which included every variety of spelling for the word "seems," such as "seams," "seames," "semes." The mistress, however, I consider diligent and zealous, and as she has hardly been four months in her present engagement, she is not altogether accountable for the shortcomings of the school.—[2nd July, 1856.]

*Cluru, Parochial, Boys' School.*—I found the style of reading in this school extremely bad, and so little idea have the pupils of parsing, that "fertile" was given to me as a noun and as a verb. There is, however, one feature in this school which I have not usually found in parish schools—the pupils appeared to understand what they read. The books were of course very elementary, but it was satisfactory to find that the pupils were not altogether in the dark as to the matter of their studies.—[22nd April, 1856.]

*Kinnitty School.*—Nothing could be worse than the style of reading in this little school. The pupils had never been taught to parse; and as far as I could ascertain, they were quite ignorant of the meaning of the generality of words in their reading books. The only meaning suggested for the word "unobstructed," was "*showing the way*;" and the answering of all whom I examined was equally bad in every respect.—[21st April, 1856.]

*Tullamore, Charleville, Erasmus Smith's English Boys' School.*—The pupils of this school were extremely deficient in knowledge of the meaning of words upon the occasion of my visit. The word "impostor" was explained to mean "brute," and no one could be found to give the meaning of the word "active." All whom I examined were very ill-prepared in geography, and unacquainted with the principles of the rules of arithmetic. This last is a defect which runs through nearly all the schools of this class, National or parochial; and is one which would seem to call for particular notice from the inspectors. As far as my experience enables me to judge, I think it is completely overlooked.—[22nd April, 1856.]

*Dundalk, Erasmus Smith's English Girls' School.*—The state of instruction in this school was very unfavourable. I examined the most advanced class of the pupils. They read (from the Third Part of the Dublin Spelling Book) very badly. Their answering in geography was very indifferent, and they knew little or nothing of grammar. In mental arithmetic their answering was better.—[6th September, 1856.]

*Termonfeckin School.*—This is a poor school, and in a declining condition. The state of instruction was by no means satisfactory. I examined a mixed class, comprising four girls and three boys, in reading, geography, and grammar. The reading was indifferent, and the answering in geography (with the exception of one boy) bad; none of them were able to parse, and in explaining the meaning of words very little intelligence was exhibited by any of the pupils. The school being situate near the coast, and only a few miles from the flourishing port of Drogheda, it would be desirable that some instruction should be given in the principles of navigation.—[8th September, 1856.]

*Ardea; Lauragh, Parochial School.*—The state of instruction in this school is very low indeed; the pupils have a style of reading worse, if possible, than is to be met with in schools of this class generally. I feel persuaded they have not been taught the meaning of a single word in their class-books. One grown boy stated, in answer to my question, that England was an island: and upon my inquiring whether England merely was surrounded by water, properly answered it was not; but in answer to my further inquiry whether Great Britain was an island, he replied, after some consideration, that it was not. The girls were in a state of almost greater ignorance. As their only reading-book is the New Testament, I caused them to read a portion of the 13th chapter of St. Mark. Only one of those under examination could tell the meaning of the word "parable;" but although a girl of evident natural acuteness, she could assign no better meaning to the word "vineyard" than "a place where figs grow," and to the word "husbandman," no meaning at all. Nor was any one present able to explain how the Holy Land came to be called Judea, or to say in what part of the world it lies. It is hardly necessary to state that a knowledge of English grammar or geography was not to be expected in a school of this description.—[10th October, 1856.]

*Clonenagh; Ballyfin School.*—I found only twelve children present during my visit, and have seldom met with more absolute ignorance. One pupil out of all under examination attempted to explain the word "suffocate," and gave "to hurt" as its meaning; another told me a lake was a river, although asked to define it as the opposite of "island." I found an entry in the report book, under the signature of the Very Rev. Dean Kennedy, in which it was stated that the master was in the habit of swelling his roll by fictitious names, that he absented himself from the schoolroom during school hours, and that a previous entry by Dean Kennedy, complaining of similar irregularities, had been torn from the report book. A letter having been forwarded to me in which the serious charges of profane swearing, drunkenness, and obscenity, were preferred against the master, I examined, upon oath, the writer of the letter in question, Mr. William Graham, a parishioner and tenant-farmer in the immediate neighbourhood, touching the matter of these imputations. There seems to be sufficient truth in the statements of Mr. Graham, deriving confirmation in certain particulars, as they do, from other sources, to warrant me in saying that the schoolmaster is, in every respect, unfit to act in the care of youth. The circumstance of his farming extensively, and neglecting in consequence the duties of the school, are put forward by Mr. Graham. It appears, from the master's own evidence, that he does farm some fourteen acres, and Dean Kennedy affirms that the school is utterly neglected: a matter, too, of easy inference from the state of instruction amongst the pupils. Dean Kennedy stated to me in terms, that the man was intellectually and morally unfit for his charge; and it also appears that the parishioners, partaking this opinion, have endeavoured to obtain his removal from Sir Charles Coote on more occasions than one, but without success.

The annual reports relative to this school for the years 1854, 1855, and 1856, furnished to the Church Education Society by their inspector, have been laid before me, and I have to observe, with reference to these reports, that none of the causes of complaint against the master, alleged to exist by Dean Kennedy and others with the utmost positiveness, upon the daily report book, and accompanied, in one instance upon record at this very moment, by a running commentary in the handwriting of the schoolmaster, are noticed even in a passing way.

Nothing can more strongly illustrate the superficial, and I regret to say unreal, nature of the Society's inspections of this school than these reports. The first in the order of time, that for the year 1854, is characteristic—it commits the inspector to no expression of opinion whatever with respect to the working of the school, and the range of conjecture it opens up is quite unlimited. The statement in that report is to the effect, that "this is a most interesting school, but that the attendance has been lessened by circumstances." The second report enters more into detail, but ascribes what would seem to be considered the comparative inefficiency of the school to the opposition it had to encounter from Dean Kennedy, whom it represents as unfriendly to Scriptural education, but without the slightest allusion to the matter of Dean Kennedy's observations in the report book. The report for 1856 states, that "there is much to be pleased with in this school;" but I, after my experience, am entirely at a loss to reconcile the statement of the inspector with any thing that I have seen or heard in the school. Absolute incapacity upon the part of the teacher, and complete darkness in the minds of the pupils, with charges of the most serious character against the master, authenticated by the signature of a dignitary of the Established Church, and remaining unnoticed and unrefuted in the report book, are not to be regarded as matter of complacent notice.—[19th October, 1856.]

*Killucan; Creddanstown School.*—What amount of instruction is given here, in accordance with the scale of proficiency, I am unable to say; but the amount retained is very small indeed. The grammar class was perfectly ignorant of the nature of the parts of speech, or the meaning of the words; "rich," was stated to be a noun, a pronoun, and a verb. No pupil could give me the meaning of the word, "inconceivable," occurring in the reading lesson. The closest approach to the explanation of the word "monstrous," was "great." This school is certainly worse than useless.—[9th April, 1856.]

*Old Ross, Parochial School.*—This is a very wretched school, and the pupils receive a very inferior education in the mere elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Although geography and grammar are professed to be taught, the pupils had scarcely any knowledge of the former, and were entirely ignorant of the latter. In arithmetic the pupils answered fairly to the extent of compound multiplication, but could not go farther. The writing was fair. In English dictation, out of seven pupils two alone acquitted themselves with any degree of accuracy. Mental arithmetic is taught to a small

extent. The school is miserably supplied with books and school requisites, and there is but one very small map (that of Europe) in the School.—[22nd September, 1856.]

*Delgany; Windgates Girls' School.*—I examined the most advanced class in the school, comprising six girls. They read badly from the Third Book of the Christian Knowledge Society. With the exception of one girl none of them could parse; and in geography their answering was not good. The school appeared inefficiently conducted, and there was besides a deficiency of books and proper school requisites.—[1st September, 1856.]

*Derrylossary, Parochial School.*—The state of instruction in this school was indifferent. The children whom I examined read badly and, although the most advanced class in the school, were unable to parse. In arithmetic and geography the general answering was very unsatisfactory.—[2nd September, 1856.]

*Ballymodan; Curravarrane School.*—The state of secular knowledge in this school is very low; but much attention is given to religious instruction. In arithmetic and geography the pupils are more than commonly deficient. The same may be said as regards grammar, of which they are nearly altogether ignorant. The writing is fair, but, in general, the pupils are deficient in the most elementary knowledge of the branches I have stated. They are, in general, very young. Four pupils have commenced Euclid, but have not advanced beyond the Definitions.—[23rd January, 1856.]

*Ballynacloagh, Parochial School.*—There were only two pupils present when I visited the school; they were both very young girls, and their knowledge was very elementary. They could read pretty well, and could do a sum in short division, but knew scarcely any thing of geography or English grammar. The amount of secular education given in the school is very small. Dean Head, the rector of the parish, seems to pay great attention to the religious instruction.—[28th April, 1856.]

*Bourney, Parochial School.*—The children in the school when I visited it were very young; but for their ages, I think their proficiency was below the average in parochial schools. They had very little knowledge of geography; were nearly altogether ignorant of grammar; not being able (with one exception) to distinguish the parts of speech. They read pretty well in a elementary book, and, for their age, had a fair knowledge of arithmetic. The writing was not good. The schoolroom is kept in a very dirty state.—[16th April, 1856.]

*Tramore, Parochial School.*—The secular instruction given in this school is exceedingly limited, both in amount and quality. The pupils exhibited a fair proficiency in the principal rules of arithmetic. In English dictation they were lamentably deficient, almost every other word being wrongly spelled. In geography they were no better; and of grammar they were utterly ignorant. Two of the pupils alone had commenced Euclid, but had not gone beyond two or three propositions. The principal attention seems to be paid to religious instruction, and to needle and fancy work, which is executed with con-

siderable neatness. The teachers do not appear competent to give an improved education.—[30th November, 1855.]

*Antrim; Bow Lane, Erasmus Smith's English Girls' School.*—I examined in the girls' school the head class in geography and arithmetic; the answering in the former was very poor, and the answering in the latter was indifferent. The mistress attributed this in a great measure to the children being unaccustomed to be examined by a stranger. The ages of the girls examined were from nine to eleven.—[E. P., 13th March, 1856.]

*Ballintoy, School.*—The condition of this school is a disgrace to a civilized society. It enjoys a house and plot of ground, and an income which, though small, might be considered a very fair endowment for a village school. The schoolhouse was an extremely substantial and commodious building; but it is almost roofless. The master is suffering under the complaint of asthma, and is unfit for his situation physically, and has not had an education for the office, being educated for the sea, and placed as a schoolmaster because unable to follow a more active pursuit. Three of the children present were labouring under heavy colds, most probably taken in this large and uncovered building. There are no privies. The school is wholly without superintendence of any kind. Neither the proprietor of the estate (who is an absentee) nor his agent, so far as I can collect, look after the school. None of the clergymen of the district visited it. There is no supply of books, nor regular course of instruction. The attendance is very small, and it is so much lost time to those who do attend.

*Keady; Tullyglush School.*—This school is in a lamentable way; the infirmity of the master, the want of books and school requisites, the dilapidated state of the house, and the absence of any salary for the master, all contribute to render this a very inefficient school.

The schoolhouse would require a good deal of repair to put it into moderate order. The school can be called nothing but a hedge-school.—[23rd November, 1855.]

*Anna; Drumaloor School.*—The pupils present, although quite of an age for greater proficiency, were hardly able to read the Second Book of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, or to get through a verse of Scripture; grammar or geography was therefore quite out of the question. The master has only been recently appointed; but this is not sufficient to account for the low stage of proficiency, which it is all, it seems, that can be reached in a school of more than thirty years' standing, having fifty-nine pupils upon its roll, and an average daily attendance of twenty-two. It is more satisfactory, of course, to see the pupils in a class suited to their knowledge and abilities, than to find them forced upwards by injudicious promotion, as I have most frequently noticed them; but, at the same time, there must be a want of energy and zeal, on the part of the managers and inspectors of the school, as it is unreasonable to suppose that they should not be able to qualify some at least of fifty-nine pupils for the reading lessons of the Third Book of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and to fit them for the light studies which usually accompany it, and which are so much less trying than those followed by the third class in National Schools.—[12th March, 1856.]

*Belturbet, Erasmus Smith's English School.*—The pupils were deficient in their answering generally, and understood little of what they read. They were evidently kept under scarce any restraint, as during my examination of the master, they whistled, talked aloud, and came to him with complaints of each other. I have, however, visited schools where the amount of instruction was smaller than here.—[25th January, 1856.]

*Kildallen, Parochial School.*—The schoolmaster is very ignorant. It can hardly be expected he should teach grammar, when he said to me, "We 'bes' very few on Saturdays." I examined the children in a verse of the Acts of the Apostles, and no one could explain the meaning of the word "consenting," in the passage, "And Saul was consenting to his death."—[26th January, 1856.]

*Killesandra, Parochial School.*—The state of instruction is very low indeed in this school. The pupils could not give the meaning of any word in a simple verse of Scripture. In geography they answered quite wildly. One said Europe was in England; and another, that Paris was seated on the St. Lawrence. Altogether, I have met with few less promising schools.—[18th January, 1856.]

*Stranorlar, Erasmus Smith's English School.*—The situation of this school is pretty good, but there is a cess-pool on the premises which is filled with every kind of filth. The house, which was originally a very fine one, is at present in a very wretched condition. The master informed us that arrangements have been made for its repair.

In this school, as in all other schools under the Erasmus Smith Board which I have visited, I have been unable to form any safe opinion as to the efficiency of the visitation. The visitor very rarely makes any entry or memorandum in the school register of his visit, what he observed, and what he wished to have remedied. Where the visitation merely is for the information of a board or commission in Dublin, this may be enough; but when the primary object is, or should be, the admonition and inciting of the master and pupils, some record should be made, which would always be before the master's eyes, and to which the visitor on his next visitation might refer, to see how far his admonitions have been attended to; without this, the great purpose of visitation is lost sight of.—[8th October, 1856.]

*Downpatrick, Blue, Girls' School.*—In the girls' school there are no regular classes. I examined in geography, in which the answering, except by one, was very bad. Two only of those present could write from dictation. It was well done by one of the girls and badly by the other. I can hardly say there was any answering in arithmetic.

The state of attainment does not at all correspond with what one would expect from the return made by the mistress of the number of pupils using the different books.

Both these schools are in an unsatisfactory state. The master and mistress are quite unsuited for their places; they are much too far advanced in life. Their removal is now under Mr. Ker's consideration.\* The girls' school does not commence at the hour directed by the rules given to the mistress; and the girls are not classed.

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\* The master and mistress were removed in July, 1856, and trained teachers appointed in their place.

The taking in lodgers by the mistress during the assizes ought not on any account to be permitted, and, I understand, will not in future be allowed.—[30th January, 1856.]

*Enniskillen; Derrykeehan Boys' and Girls' School.*—The mistress is daughter of the master, and has no salary as distinct from him.

I examined a class consisting of six children—three boys and three girls, eldest aged fourteen, and youngest eleven years—in writing from dictation, arithmetic, grammar, and geography. The answering in grammar and geography was very indifferent, in arithmetic very fair. The writing of three of the children was scarcely respectable, two others very bad, and the sixth did not write.

I consider that the quality of the instruction given is very wretched, and that neither the master nor his daughter is qualified to conduct a school with success, or to afford even the low degree of instruction which the neighbourhood desires to have.—[10th June, 1856.]

*Clondermot; Culherragh School.*—There is neither discipline nor instruction in this school. It is, in fact, a school but in name. I do not think it answers any of the purposes of a school, and I consider that the annual endowment bestowed by the Irish Society towards its support is thrown away. It virtually has no books. The Holy Scriptures are converted into mere reading-books, for want of books proper for that purpose. There are no maps, and, when I visited, but one slate pencil. The other ordinary requisites of a school were equally deficient. The roll (if there be any) was not in the schoolroom. There is no register or report-book. There is no visitation, except by the members of the family of the proprietor of the estate, who, I doubt not, discharge their duty to the school in the most exemplary manner; but they can never supply the want of external visitation.

The school is, in fact, a private school for the tenantry of the proprietor of the estate, supported entirely by a grant from the Irish Society. It appears from the master's evidence, that no part of his miserably small salary comes from the proprietor, whose tenants' children are educated in the school; and neither a suitable house nor the commonest school requisites are provided, nor is the school placed in connexion with the Church Education Society or the National Board, whence proper supervision and direction might be had. I therefore am obliged to say, that the grant of the Irish Society is not judiciously bestowed in this instance; and further, that no grant should be given in such a case as this, but in aid of some equal or adequate contribution given by the proprietor.

When a teacher's salary is limited to £10 and the trifle which school fees can produce, it is a mere pension or superannuation, and it cannot be available for the advancement of education.

I asked for five pupils who could write. Only one was produced, aged about twelve years, who wrote from dictation very indifferently. He answered in English grammar very badly. I examined him and three others in geography, but could get no answer, and scarcely any answer in arithmetic. I asked them to read—they did so rapidly, indistinctly, and badly. The school was like a bear-garden during my visit.—[3rd October, 1856.]

*Kilmore, Parochial School.*—Nothing could be much worse or more

unintelligible than the reading of the pupils. Their ignorance of parsing was such, that a grown pupil in the fourth class stated the numeral "six" to be a verb, and no other pupil ventured a different opinion. I am at a loss to understand, and cannot ascertain, upon what principle the inspectors of this school promote the pupils; because, even in cases of recent promotion, where although the pupil could not be supposed to be familiar as yet with the business of his actual class, he ought to know something of what had qualified him for promotion, the ignorance displayed was so extreme, that in no instance could the pupil have been sufficiently advanced for the class he had left. This I have ascertained by examining him in the text book of the class in question.—[16th July, 1856.]

*Tydacnet; Bultinode Parochial School.*—The pupils read in the worst possible style. Out of a class of fourteen not one could give the meaning of the word "disengaged"—one only offered a guess that "common" was an adjective, but could assign no reason; and not one could name any peninsula of Europe.—[16th July, 1856.]

*Ballsakeery; Mulkeferry, Erasmus Smith's English School.*—With reference to this school I have only to observe that it seemed to be in a state of complete decay. The pupils were ignorant of everything upon which I examined them. One girl only seemed to have some slight knowledge of reading and spelling.

As far as I can judge, there is no life or vigour in the inspection or administration of the school, and the season of the year is insufficient to account for the wretched attendance on this, not a market-day.—[20th November, 1855.]

*Castlebar School.*—This school is the one mentioned in the Second Report of the Commissioners of Irish Education Inquiry, 1826, p. 1256, as the school of Aglish, endowed under the Lord Lieutenant's Fund. The master is not a well informed man, but he can hardly be made responsible for the pitiable state in which I found the school, as he has been only a few weeks appointed.

The pupils are in a state of utter ignorance, unless that they can spell their way a little through the trifling books in their hands.—[17th March, 1856.]

*Boyle, Parochial School.*—The answering in everything, except geography, was very poor. The pupils were nearly quite ignorant of parsing, and absolutely ignorant of derivations. In attempting to write from dictation, only one pupil spelled "operation," correctly, and all made numerous mistakes in a single sentence.—[17th December, 1855.]

*Ardvally School.*—There was only one pupil, a mere infant, present at the time of my visit, so that I am not in a position to speak from actual observation of the state of instruction in the school. Seeing, however, that the teacher is an illiterate man, without any knowledge of grammar, and just able to read and write; that the school is wanting in books, furniture, and requisites; that there is no roll, no report-book, no inspection, and that it is visited not oftener than once a quarter by a clergyman; I believe I am warranted in concluding that the school must be essentially a bad one; and that it would be difficult to fix upon a less profitable application of so considerable a



sum as £20 per annum than to the support of such a school. I confess to having heard, with much surprise, from the Rev. Mr. Stock, that *the master is an efficient teacher, and most successful in bringing on his pupils*. I, of course, had no opportunity of ascertaining how far he had brought them on; but he must be a more remarkable man than I supposed, if, without knowledge of his own, rules for his guidance, books for his pupils, advice, direction, or control, he can have had any measure of success whatever.—[23rd October, 1856.]

*Drumcliffe; Muninean, Erasmus Smith's English School.*—It is right to state that the school has hitherto been under the conduct of inefficient teachers. Appended to a somewhat unfavourable notice of the working of the school, from the Church Education Society's inspector, appearing in the report-book, is a comment of the late master, to the effect that the report was malicious and untrue. My experience of these cases leads me to consider this circumstance proof sufficient of the unfitness of the late master for his place; and additional proof is furnished by the ignorance of the pupils in the most elementary branches of instruction. The Scriptures may be said to be the only reading and general lesson book in use. The style of reading is as bad in this as in any other parish school, and the meaning of words as little known. All were alike ignorant of grammar; and I could not obtain the name of a single European island. The master, in reply to the question, what punishments were resorted to, in the course of examination upon oath, enumerated, amongst punishments to which he resorted, the practice of making offenders read verses of Scripture. I expressed my surprise that he should resort to the Scriptures as a means of punishment, when he at once retracted his statement, and said he had made it through inadvertence. I was not satisfied with this explanation, and, accordingly, examined one of his pupils, upon oath, as to the nature of the punishments to which he was habitually subjected, and he swore distinctly that he had been obliged to read the Scriptures by way of punishment. The master, however, having interrupted my examination to ask the witness whether such punishment had proceeded from himself, the witness answered that it had not; but the answer was manifestly suggested by the master's question.—[22nd October, 1856.]

We have treated the subject of education in Ireland, not by any means with reference to the subject of endowed schools merely, nor exactly according to the view in which the latter subject was considered by ourselves before the appointment of the late Commission. One feature, at all events, of the inquiry just furnished, is its completeness, and the abundance of the materials which it supplies for the treatment of the question of education generally. There is no class of schools in our country not found to include a sufficient number of endowments, to enable us to

form an opinion, a strong conjectural opinion, at least, as to the state of education in that portion of the class which lay outside the field of the Commission, as well as in that which lay within it. There was, moreover, one large subdivision of schools admittedly endowed, the vested schools of the National Board, upon which the Commissioners did not consider it necessary to report, but which we have no reason to doubt, altogether resembled the remainder of their class. And further, large as was the number of schools taken in by the definition of the Commissioners, it excluded from the list of endowed schools a class which for many important purposes may be considered as endowed; the schools supported by parliamentary grant from the early estimates; so that dealing with the subject of national education generally, we might still be said to keep within the subject of education in endowed schools. The inquiries of the Commissioners into such of these schools as were included within their own definition furnished us with a large though not complete indication instances upon which to grant our perferment as to the entire class, and therefore as to she entire National system. The same may be said to a still greater extent, as we have always observed of the rival, or Church Education system. Again, the Commissioners differed in opinion upon questions of high principle equally applicable to unendowed, or temporarily endowed Schools, as to Schools endowed in perpetuity. The principle involved was that of mixed education; and in arriving at a judgment upon the subject, no better materials could be found than those prepared for us by the Commissioners. We learned, not only from their general report, but from their tabulated statistics, and from the special reports of the assistant Commissioners; that the National Schools are substantially separate establishments, under the direction of the Catholic clergy, although governed by rules not altogether in harmony with the feelings of that body. We learned further that those schools being of the character and under the direction we have described are good schools and instrumental in the diffusion of solid and useful education. We were further taught, that the essentially Catholic schools of the Christian Brothers were also the most perfect of their class, or rather that they form a class quite apart from, and superior to any schools that might be supposed to rank with them; and we found

lastly, that the schools under the immediate care of the clergy of the Established Church were such as have been described in the foregoing extracts. Upon a review of the entire case; while anxious to preserve for ourselves the intellectual superiority communicated to our youth by systems like those of the Christian Brothers, and while anxious to extend the application of those systems to intermediate and upper education; we are far from anxious to perpetuate the degradation to which the parish schools have been reduced by the neglect of the Protestant clergy, and their contempt of secular instruction. If the clergy of the Established church would loyally agree to concern themselves with their own congregations merely, and to embrace frankly the denominational system, we should gladly meet their views. In three of the provinces there is no such thing as united education, and in the fourth it is adopted with great jealousy and with no little heart-burning. If there must be a Protestant and Catholic National school in each parish; be it so; but let them be as emphatically and conspicuously distinct as the Protestant and Catholic churches. If Catholic parents think proper to send their children to the Ministers' school, let it be upon the distinct understanding that the teaching is as Protestant as Calvin could desire. The system of mixed education does not in reality exist; we have only separate education hampered by inconvenient rules. The attempt to extend even the theory of mixed education to intermediate schools would be quite hopeless, and involve the country again in the disastrous controversy that attended the establishment of the Queen's Colleges, and which might have been so easily avoided by allowing open competition to separate and independent universities, with equal advantages and rights. The State has an opportunity of adjusting the long disputed question now, and of reconsidering the entire subject of education. We for our part are not anxious to encroach upon any educational endowments whether of state or private foundation that have been regarded as belonging peculiarly to Protestants. We make no reference at present to the revenues of the Church Establishment. That is an altogether different question. But speaking for ourselves merely, we are quite willing to leave to the Protestants every one of the educational endow-

ments they claim as theirs, or that Mr. Stephens claims for them, not by any means, in the case of the schools of State foundation as a matter of right, but as a peace offering merely and upon conditions. We hold what will hardly be disputed, that in the distribution of favours as well as of burthens Catholic and Protestant should stand upon opposite sides of an equation. No one can pretend that they stand in any such relation at present. In respect of primary education the state endowment is nearly all upon the Catholic side for the reasons so abundantly discussed already. In respect of intermediate education it is all the other way, and we for our private part are content to leave it so. In respect of superior education we have upon the Protestant side the University of Dublin, a great Protestant institution, to the secular teaching, and to some of the prizes of which Catholics are admissible, but upon the Catholic side we have absolutely no equivalent; while the Queen's Colleges, being open to Protestant and Catholic alike, are common quantities, and cannot restore the balance. Complete the equation by giving to the Catholic interest a quantity to balance the University of Dublin. The material is ready to our hands in the Catholic University.

It is not many years ago since the *Times*, when such an institution was first in contemplation, suggested that if Catholics should be so fortunate as to obtain for their projected University the services of some of the disciplined minds of Oxford and Cambridge that have passed over to their communion, it would entitle them to some sort of countenance. They have obtained for their University all that was suggested, but they do not receive more countenance or support on that account, than if the Rector and Professors were so many hedge-school-masters. The *Herald* bade welcome to the coming University on the somewhat peculiar ground that Luther was the alumnus of a Catholic University. But now that the University has come, neither the *Times* out of respect for the literary training it supplies to Catholics "*Illum in Italiam portans*," nor the *Herald* in anticipation of its promised crop of Luthers, has given to it the support they seemed to hold out. Never was a moment more propitious for the adjustment of the question. The existence of free and recognised universities side by side with the State university, and enjoy-

ing every privilege of a University, is a fact in Belgium, why not in Ireland? Mixed education, like the Turkish empire, has no friends, and yet no one is quite prepared to do without it. This is certainly a favourable time, and the rivalry between the great educational establishments of the country for the prizes thrown open to them by competitive examinations, could not fail to promote the general interests of education. And greater than all would be the gain of the country in harmony and good feeling, by the abandonment of theories and frank adoption of realities. Catholic and Protestant must have mixed education in the great school of the world, even if they learn their alphabet and construe their classics apart. They must meet and rub together, and educate each other in the counting house or stock exchange, at the railway board, in the hall of the Four Courts, in municipal councils, in the same or in a different political connexion in the legislature; but the attempt to confuse the boundaries of Protestant and Catholic education, primary, secondary, or superior, we regard as wrong in principle, and if right not practicable. The bare agitation of the question will estrange the fathers, who will bequeath the estrangement to their sons; suspicion and watchfulness far more than wholesome for the peace of the State will be generated between the parties it was intended to unite; and the substance of that union which mixed education has been instituted to forward, will be lost in the worship of the shadow.

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ART I.—THE LAST OF THE REGENERATORS.

1. *Galerie des Contemporains Illustres* ; George Sand, Honore de Balzac, &c. par un Homme de Rien, (M. Lou  nie.) Paris, 1842.
2. *Les contemporains* : George Sand, Honore de Balzac, Eug  ne Sue, Francis Wey, Louis Veron, Gustave Planche ; par Eug  ne de Mirecourt, Paris, 1856.

A man of business who finds it a difficult matter to keep the passive side of his balance account at a low figure, observes his daughter so absorbed in the perusal of '*the Initials*,' that her domestic duties for the day are discharged in a manner far from satisfactory. In the usual evening *causerie* to which her liveliness and intelligence contribute so pleasant a zest, he finds her an uninterested listener ; and judges from her distraught manner that her mind is between the marbled covers of the book on the side table. He sees her cast a longing look on the unsympathising volume as she retires to carry out the plot in her dreams, and he is moved to try the quality of the stuff, that like the Egyptian Hachis, affects the faculties for the time with a species of refined inebriation, and makes the every-day accompaniments of common life appear like a hard sepia-hued photograph beside a drawing over which a skilful disposition of light and shade, and the contrast and harmony of rich colouring, have spread their charms. He takes up the volume out of sheer curiosity, and is soon enjoying the romantic scenery of the Bavarian Highlands, conversing with the chamois hunters, and enjoying the echoing of their *jodels* among the cliffs. He is presently domesticated in the *Rosenberg* family, and wondering whether the well intentioned but supercilious *Hamilton* and the sincere, hasty-tempered *Hildegard* will be united at the close of the third volume. He has occasionally a prospect of a tender and interesting conversation

between them, but some misconception or some interference of those around, drives away the welcome chance, and everything is immediately in the wrangling category, and he exclaims against the silly impressionable *Crescenz* or the coquetish Mrs. State-Physician *Berger* that will not let them unfold their thoughts to each other in peace and quietness.

A pleasant opening occurs. The old people have gone on a visit, and the younger folk have the house to themselves under the mock tutelage of an indulgent duenna; and they improve the occasion by resorting to the kitchen and preparing a little feast, *Hamilton* reading in recitativo from the cookery book, while the ladies superintend the various processes described. Delightful day!—delightful evening, preparing for the masquerade for visiting which by the way they had got no sanction. Alas! there is a rival in the case, a cousin of *Hildegarde*. A mask is observed to watch their movements; she is separated from her sister, lover, and friends. *Hamilton* is searching for her, wild with terror and self accusation, when Pater Familias's candle expires, and concludes a three hours study, during which he had got more than one uncomplimentary hint from an adjoining room, concerning the very unusual liberty he is taking.

Passing over his uncomfortable first half hour after taking possession of his pillow, we find him when breakfast is over making a hypocritical apology to *Miss Adelaide* for taking the second and third volumes to his office, as he has correspondents in *Innsbruck* and *Saltzburg*, and wishes to see what is said in the work concerning those places and the surrounding districts. He has to answer a letter just arrived from *Hamburg*,—but *Hildegarde's* father is seized with the cholera, and common humanity will not suffer him to quit his bed-side to answer a mere business despatch. The hero is watched through a fever by *Hildegarde*, his long tresses being cut off of course. She is observed afterwards to wear a bracelet of dark auburn hair, and while the attention of the family is engaged in guessing whose chevelure matches it in hue,—our merchant is requested by a clerk to look over an account into which some error has crept. So he will, but let us first be sure if *Hildegarde* has shily stolen some of the sick man's brown hair, and therefrom fashioned her precious talisman.

It is now after two o'clock, and bank accounts and bills have to be looked after, and various directions given as to in-

voices and bonded goods, while he would give a great deal for a little leisure to accompany the lovers in their journey from Frankfort to Mayence, and afterwards down the Rhine, sitting beside them under the deck-awning, listening to their discourse, and taking notice of the "castled crags" as they are passed on the delightful voyage. How uninteresting appear the invoice books and the ledgers beside the fever-exciting little volume hidden on the approach of visitors on business! At last, after an anxious interval, truth and constancy are rewarded, and our man of figures wakes out of a restless dream, finds a disagreeable vacuum in thoughts and feelings, and wonders what spell was on him forcible enough to cut off three hours of his natural sleep, and cause him to neglect his affairs to a very inconvenient extent.

The heroine is undoubtedly worthy of a niche near *Belinda Portman*, *Flora M'lvor*, and Miss Austen's *Emma*; and perhaps when a cheap edition is published, he will purchase it, and read it over quietly, and a little at a time, for the beautiful descriptions of scenery, and the liveliness of the domestic pictures; but catch him opening a new novel again for the next seven years; unless when he wants to see if it is fit for his daughter's perusal, or during a journey, or when taking a day's rest in the country, or when tired out with dull accounts, or &c. &c.

We have exhibited the *Novelemania* in its least unhealthy form, taking for subject one of the liveliest, and purest, and most original of modern tales; but let us make a not very unlikely or uncharitable supposition, that some ladies who are heads of families, and others who aspire to be such, generally receive from the library, three volumes of the literature called light, once in the twenty-four hours, and replace them by three others on the ensuing day, without in many cases enquiring whether the writers advocate infidel, socialist, or anti-matrimonial views, in the book to be perused. Were we personally to propound to the fair mental-dram-drinkers whether they find it consistent with their duty to their Creator and their families to spend from eight to ten hours of the twenty-four in such an unhealthy and exciting occupation, we fear that we should receive an ungracious answer, or be shewn to the door by John Thomas. But as we are convinced that the query should be made, we ask it in this general and inoffensive mode through the medium of our *Quarterly*.

And while G. M. W. Reynolds and Co. prepare their poi-



sonous weekly potions for the wearied and ignorant tradesman and labourer, may success wait on the issuers of *Chambers' Journal*, of *Household Words*, and of the *Lamp*, who do all they can to substitute for the villanous and intoxicating beverage, a healthy and refreshing draught for the mental palates of those who would otherwise pass their period of relaxation in the foul atmosphere of the tap-room or the cassino. Happy that community where a lively spirit of christian faith and piety is found at the hearths of the working class, and where the ever open doors of the churches, and the devotional exercises within, arrest wandering feet, and afford occupation and development to the pious affections of the mass of the people, during their time of relaxation from severe labour. Useful or harmless reading is good; so are pleasure grounds for walking or other exercises; so are instructive exhibitions and lectures; but let a disposition to embrace the good and reject the evil be infused through a blessing on zealous christian teaching, and the face of society will be renewed.

We have more than once protested against the feuilleton with its thrilling or horrible incidents of daily occurrence, and its nine combinations. Mirecourt, though a determined Anti-Sueite and Anti-Janinite, does not disturb himself or his readers by dwelling on the ill effects of the system as much as one might expect from his principles. He ascribes the daily recurrence of the startling vision or, the "death struggle on the rocky ledge," to Francis Wey. Those who have seen this gentleman's sketches of English society, described from personal observations, and with only a moderate use of French spectacles, will be surprised at this circumstance; but he has long given up the "Raw-head-and-bloody-bones" line, and employed his talents on useful and agreeable subjects.

Francis Wey was born at Besançon, 12th August, 1812; he received his education (such as it was) at the college of Poligny, a picturesque little city of the Jura. His tutor was,

"A young priest who was so annoyed at not being a colonel of cavalry, that he often shut his eyes on his real profession. He performed his priestly functions in Wellington boots, and rode like a centaur. He occasionally led his pupils up among the hills to enjoy the life of a camp. They were preceded by a band, and the professor rode by his troop like a brigadier, each soldier pupil having a moustache marked out on his warlike lip. With warm heart, and kind but eccentric disposition, the Abbé Reffay de Sulignan professed a profound contempt for classic studies, and in the matter of poetry

he gave full permission to Racine senior and Racine junior to go about their business.

One fine night he conducted his pupils up a sombre defile, till they came in presence of the Alps and Mont Blanc. All was calculated for their arrival at the moment when the rays of the early morning were glancing over the vapours arising from the lakes. They threw themselves at once on their knees, the morning prayers were repeated aloud, and the good professor entertained them with an appropriate discourse.

As soon as the near arrival of the inspectors was announced, the Abbé went through his classes, reminded his pupils of all his efforts to make them happy, and insisted in return on two or three weeks of earnest study to save the honor of the school. The gratitude of the young folk wrought wonders.

After seven or eight years of this species of education, our student considered his labors at an end, for he could rob the eagle's nest, box like an Englishman, empty a bottle at one breath, and build a wall like a regularly taught mason."

He will not take to the paternal waste-books or ledgers, and departs for the capital, where he acquires a taste for close attendance on the Italian opera; but even at twenty years of age, he has no notion of literature as a profession.

"Classing a taste for composition among the lost traditions of the Ancient Regime, and the noble employments of a vanished race, he was acquainted only with past literature. He had never heard of Victor Hugo, and considered Charles Nodier as a State-Councillor. But in despite of his ignorance, he took to writing at last, as trees throw out leaves, and flowers when the sun flings his rays on them, and the sap begins to ascend."

He takes his first literary attempt to *Achille Ricourt*, the editor of the *Artiste*, whom he finds with his hair dressed a-la-Jack-Sheppard, *Buridan's* casquet settled jauntily thereon, a cotton velvet jerkin girding his body, and a host of young writers forming his court.

"Come boy, speak out; what is your business with me?" demanded he of Wey, who stood abashed to find himself all at once in what appeared a group of literati of the middle ages. It came out that a wish for insertion was the motive of the visit. Mécenas settled the young aspirant on a lofty stool, took the manuscript, began to read with burlesque gravity, and the mystification commenced. Poor Francis was on thorns, and every one cast his shaft at the victim in the form of an extravagant eulogium. One of the great men in particular, adorned with a face redolent of fat and fun, tormented him without mercy or respite.

"Janin," said Ricourt, "does not this savour marvellously of Balzac?" "Balzac! my friend: Ah! much worse than Balzac." "You have Nodier's accent," said he to Wey; "you should be

from Besançon. Do you know Charles Fourier? " "His Grandmother and one of my aunts were cousins," answered our hero with the most unspeakable candor, and Janin began to recite,

" *Monsieur, Je suis bâtard de votre apothicaire !* "

Francis was about taking the road in his hand, when he was stopped by these words of Ricourt. "Your machine is execrable, and we must lose a night's rest to put it straight on its limbs. No matter, it shall appear ;" and two days after, the *machine* appeared, without the alteration of a single word."

For two years he led a life of privation, studying and writing in bed, to save firewood, and seldom venturing abroad for fear of "meeting his appetite in the street." At last, he procured a post in the department of the archives, for which he was eminently qualified. He paid his respects in due course to Nodier, at the library of the Arsenal. We refer to our paper on *Les Memoires de Alex. Dumas*, IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 10, for a picture of an evening re-union with the author of *La Fée aux Miettes*.

*Victor Hugo* was a constant frequenter of these evening parties. He was at this time young, and blessed with a good appetite. The first time he dined there, he so distinguished himself at his knife and fork, that *Madame Nodier* could not help complimenting him on his prowess. "Oh! Madam," said he, "I was a little shy to-day, but when I come to feel more at ease, I will be found much worthier of your encomiums."

"At the Arsenal they chatted—they read original poems—they danced and sung to the piano. But whether they were under the influence of music, or in the quadrille, or at play, or unreservedly talking scandal, as soon as Nodier approached a group and took the word, all was interrupted. Every one gathered round the story-teller and profound silence fell on the group. Every one held his breath, in order to lose nothing of the exquisite harmony of the discourse; and hours glided by without notice, 'till a warming pan, attached at one end to a servant maid, traversed the salon, and Madame Nodier, armed with a chamber candlestick, was heard pronouncing with domestic authority, 'Come, Titi; your bed is warmed; the conclusion on next Sunday.'

Sarcastic but docile, Titi arose, cast his eyes round on the circle of listeners, spoke some cordial words, gave his limp and lean hand to every one within reach, and disappeared."

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\* This great pontiff of the Phalansterians, was a native of Franche Comte, as well as Nodier and Wey.

The school of *Fourrier*, to which we directed our readers in the article on *Texier*, having founded the *Phalange* under the direction of *Victor Considerant*, Wey and Raymond Brucker contributed articles; but our hero, being a Christian at heart, brought ridicule on the *Phalansterians* by some of his grave pleasantries.

*Fourrier* prophesied that when the system would be well established, five hundred persons should assemble in a large meadow, and try who could dress the finest omelette; the successful candidate being thenceforward to enjoy the style and privileges of *Grand Omelettier*.

"So, Francis being of a very compassionate disposition, affected great pity for the gastric labours of the poor examiner, who would be obliged, *ex-professo*, to swallow five hundred mouthfuls of omelette, to enable him to form an impartial judgment. He calculated how many hundred eggs he would be forced to eat, and made enquiries as to the distribution of the residue, and the number of hens put in requisition."

After composing feuilletons numberless, some critic insinuated that he did not understand French grammatical composition. The consequence was that he ceased to write, studied some years, rejected the authority of the established grammars, and finally brought out his *Remarques sur la langue française, sur le style et la composition littéraire*.

This is considered a wonderful work for research into the structure and genius of the language from the time of the earliest known works to the present, and for the soundness and justice of the writer's views.

Our author is presented as the reverse of Dumas and Janin, where quietness and modesty are in question; Gerard de Nerval once said that at his death his skin would furnish materials for three academicians.

Beside his *Les Anglais chez Eux* he wrote a descriptive story of English society and manners in the days of Hogarth.

Allusion was made, in our former article on this subject, to the bad grace with which George Sand welcomed her biography at the hands of Mirecourt. Before taking up his brochure we will call on M. de Loménie (*Un Homme de Rien*) for a few illustrations relative to this too celebrated writer. They are taken from the *Galerie des Contemporains Illustres*, 1842. With less sparkle and movement, he exceeds our biographer in coolness and solidity of judgment, and freedom from preju-

dice. We do not warrant the literal truth of his introduction. He says he was under the influence of nightmare, induced by solicitude concerning his coming article, when he was suddenly aroused from his uneasy condition by having a note to the following effect thrust into his hand :—

“ ‘ Madame Dudevant requests Mr. . . . to call on her concerning a small command which she wishes to entrust to him.’ (*Then followed address and date*).

I rubbed my eyes: it was certain that I was not sleeping. Still the contents of the note completely puzzled me. I knew, indeed, several eccentric celebrities who would very willingly give me a command for a biography; but besides my not consenting to undertake such a commission, the present did not seem to imply any order of this kind.

I was lost in conjecture when it came into my head to cast my eye on the envelope; I must have been stupid or half asleep not to have thought of it before. The address was M. . . . , Chimney Doctor, and the mystery was at once explained. Deceived by a resemblance in the names, George Sand's Mercury, a sharp boy from La Creuse, and my porter, a lively Auvergnat, to match, had adopted the same notion on the subject. They had probably read somewhere those charming verses of Voltaire on glory and smoke, and had come to the just conclusion that between a smoke doctor and an historian of illustrious cotemporaries the difference is rather less than the diameter of the earth. So, thanks to the similarity of the professions, I was now possessed of an autograph destined for my quasi colleague.

“ Oh! happy sweep,” I exclaimed, while I still retained so much honesty of purpose as to intend to restore the precious document to the rightful owner, “ you are about seeing genius in dishabille. No one thinks of making a pose before a professor of your rank, while there is always arrangement of drapery more or less before a biographer. Ah! why can I not be smoke curer and historian at the same time! But what is to prevent me from becoming a professor of the Black Art? I have known advocates develope into ministers of state between evening and morning. I have some knowledge of physics: I will commence this moment to study the Article ‘Smoke’ in the Cyclopedia, and I will soon know the truth or falsehood of all the reports current on the subject of *Lelia*. I am told of her fierce and fascinating looks, and of her deep and terrible accents. They say that like St. Simon Stylites she inhabits a perch accessible only by ladders, and I read in the *Petersburgh Gazette*, that she is five feet six in height; that she wears a frock made out of her own hair; that she sticks moustaches on her lip, and has spurs on her boots. These reports require confirmation; and all that can be depended on is, that she is a great poet, and her chimnies encumbered with soot. What better occasion can I find to verify the rest?”

The contents of the note seeming to imply no personal knowledge of the professor, I arose, dressed myself in haste, and was glad on

looking into a mirror, to perceive in my appearance, just the requisite measure of distinction and elegance befitting a sweep. I perused the article on smoke, clapped a superb two-foot ruler in my pocket, and departed, determined to encounter any function whatever, rather than miss any of those little personal and private details, for which the good public has such a voracious appetite.

I found myself in a small ante-chamber very like all other ante-chambers. They demanded my name: I hesitated, but summoning up all the zeal of a biographer, I boldly told the lie, and assumed the style and title of the honest tradesman, who I am sure, little dreamed of the fraud at that moment. I was told to wait a little, and I was not sorry for the suspense, which was barely necessary for conning over my part previous to representation.

Meanwhile the delay was long, and I had time to study the matter on its disagreeable side. A charming little girl with fine curling hair, passed and repassed, and her espiègle and inquisitive glances did not contribute to put me at my ease. It was, no doubt, the little Solange the beautiful child of the illustrious writer. . . . I began to think that if the theft came to be discovered I would cut a sorry figure: in fine the prospect of a chimney to be swept caused me no little uneasiness, taking my want of skill into account. However there was no room for retreat. \* \* \* \*

And now, trembling, I awaited the approach of the great, the terrible *Lelia*, recommending my scattering senses to some heathen goddess, and reciting by way of invocation, the flaming dithyrambus of an eloquent professor. "Lo! here comes the true priestess, the veritable victim of the god; the ground shakes under the impetuous tread of *Lelia*, &c. &c." I had some just cause for my awe, for a great clattering of chairs, and an energetic exclamation of the priestess on the awkwardness of the servants reached my ear, the door suddenly opened, and I shut my eyes in an access of fright.

When I opened them I found before me a lady of moderate height, of an embonpoint conformable, and not at all *Dantesque*. She wore a morning gown somewhat similar to those, we simple mortals of the male sex wear. Hair fine and perfectly black, whatever evil tongues may say, and separated over a forehead large and smooth as a mirror, fell on her cheeks as in the portraits of Raphael. A handkerchief was thrown negligently round her neck. Her look, which some painters persist in investing with force, had on the contrary a remarkable expression of mild melancholy. The sound of her voice was sweet and low; her mouth particularly expressed benevolence and kindness; and there was in her whole appearance and attitude, a striking character of simplicity, of nobleness, of calmness. Gall would have seen genius in the breadth of the temples, in the rich development of the forehead; and in the frank look, the oval visage, and the fine but fatigued looking features, Lavater would have read a sorrowful past, a comfortless present, an extreme bias to enthusiasm, and consequently to discouragement. Lavater would have read many other things; but he certainly would not have discovered deceit, nor bitter-

ness, nor hatred, for they have no place on this sorrowful and composed countenance. The *Lelia* of my imagination disappeared before the reality ; and what I had before me was simply a kind, sweet, sad, intelligent, and beautiful face.

In continuing my examination, I remarked with pleasure that the great *Unhappy* had not altogether renounced female vanities ; for under the flowing sleeves of her robe, and at the junction of the wrist with the fine white hand, I beheld the sparkle of a bracelet set in gold, and of exquisite finish.

This womanly ornament, which by the way had a very fine effect, relieved my mind from the anxiety caused by the sombre hue and the politico-philosophical exaltation of some of the recent productions of George Sand.

One of the hands which I admiringly examined, concealed a cigarito ; badly concealed indeed, for the smoke ascended behind the prophetess in thin, tell-tale volumes.

You may suppose that during this mental inventory my tongue had no holiday. Being set at ease by *Lelia's* gracious reception, and moreover, desirous to finish off in the most elaborate manner my perfidious biography, I purposely involved the economy of smoke in paraphrases and parentheses, while she listened to me with a good-natured and courteous indulgence.

At last when I judged that the portrait was accurately traced on the retina of my mind, I cut short my confused exposition, and retired, being delighted to have to inform you that the *St. Petersburg Gazette* knows not what it says, that the three fourths of those who gossip about George Sand are only amusing themselves at your expense ; that it is true that the prophetess occasionally smokes a cigarito ; that she condescends to envelope herself at times in our absurd frock ; and that among her intimate acquaintance she answers to the name of George.

This, however, is not forbidden by the code, and falls very far short of the monstrous puerilities posted to her account ; and persons well informed can cite many salons of Paris where the illustrious author is seen uniting to the prestige of the genius, the simplicity, the modest demeanor, and the becoming charms of the woman.

And now that you are as well informed on the subject of the lady's personality as myself, it remains to explain by what chain of circumstances the poet has been led to purchase glory at the price of repose.

In the early years of the Restoration the aristocratic convent of the *English Ladies* in the Rue des Fosses Sainct Victor, which then enjoyed the monopoly of patrician education, opened its little gate one fine morning to a young and interesting *pensionnaire*. The new comer, who might be about fourteen years old, had just arrived from Berri. Her religious education seemed to have been sadly neglected, for the good sisters observed with pious terror, that she betrayed a very philosophic awkwardness in making the sign of the Cross, as if the exercise was not at all habitual. She was a handsome, black haired girl, her well defined features disclosing a wild untamed pride. She bore with unconcern the unfriendly looks

which, at convent as well as college, are cast on the fresh arrived provincials; and there was in her deportment such an imprint of rustic brusquery, that her refined and aristocratic class-mates soon nicknamed her the *garçon*. But, as to birth and fortune, the new pupil might challenge equality with the proudest blood of France; for though by her mother's side she could only reckon an opulent family in commerce, through her father she laid claim to royal descent.

All the world knows (?) that Marshal Saxe was the son of Augustus II., king of Poland, by the fair Countess Koenigsmark. Under a Saxon envelope, the hero of Fontenoy bore a genuine French heart. His daughter, Maria Aurora, born in 1750, was first married to Count Horn, and after his death she retired as a sort of lay sister to L'Abbaye aux Bois, where she presided with great éclat over a *Bureau d'Esprit*, the most distinguished of the last century. The Old Maréchal de Richelieu was one of her faithful slaves. M. Dupin de Francueil, son of the Farmer General Claude Dupin, became her second husband, and being named Farmer General of the appanage of Berri, he brought thither his wife; they resided at Chateauroux, and afterwards at Nohant, a league distant from La Châtre. She became a widow in 1766; and her son Maurice, who afterwards enjoyed a high military grade under the empire, being killed at La Châtre by a fall from his horse, his daughter, Marie Aurora, was entrusted to the care of her grandmother.

This lady who held the *Emile* of Jean Jacques higher in estimation than the Bible, allowed her wild pupil to scamper in short petticoats all the day long on the banks of the Indre, and chase butterflies along the hollows of the *Black Valley*.

At the period of the religious reaction following the Restoration, the grandmother, though despising the taste of the day for its preference of the writings of St. Thomas Aquino to those of Rousseau, felt it due to the rank and birth of her grand-daughter to give her an education conformable to the spirit of the age.

Then it was that the little country beauty of Berri was obliged to quit her *Black Valley*, and enter among the *Dames Anglaises* with her awkwardness in making the sign of the Cross, and her boyish propensities.

But very few months had gone by in the convent, when the young pupil was scarcely to be recognised: that fervent and many-sided imagination, which, at a later period, flashed out in the abrupt sallies of the great writer, began to reveal itself in all its power. The majesty and splendor of the Catholic service, the uniform life, and the pious and peaceable atmosphere of the cloister, wrought a complete revolution in her soul; and Mlle. Aurora found herself possessed by such a spirit of devotion, that the rule of the house did not appear to her sufficiently severe, nor the daily life sufficiently rough; and the Lady Superior was obliged to moderate her religious exaltation in consideration of her health, and to impress on her mind, that destined as she was, to live in the world, she would at a later period be obliged to reduce very sensibly the proportions of her asceticism.



All the literary *demi monde* is supposed to know that immediately after her education was completed at the convent, she lost her grandmother, that injudicious guardian to whom Nature and Rousseau stood in the same relation that Allah and Mahommed would stand had she been born in Turkey. She married a full brother of Parson Trulliber, a regular nymph-and-satyr union. It is a pity that neither Heathen poet nor painter has left us a picture of the domestic life of these their favorites after assuming the cares of a household, and submitting their necks to the yoke of the landlord and the tax collector. Ariel must shut her eyes to a desolate future if the thought of wedding Caliban gains an ascendancy in her mind. Mme. Duedevant after enduring her bitter bondage as long as she could afford, fled from her prison, and took the road to her former asylum.

In 1828, the Father Confessor of the *Dames Anglaises*, who had erewhile directed the conscience of Mdle. Dupin, came one day to ask a favor of the Superior. He related how one of his penitents, a former pupil of the establishment, finding herself in a difficult and painful position, wished to make a pious retreat in her former happy asylum. She at first refused, alleging the usage and rule; but the priest persevered, and obtained the favor demanded: and the fugitive of Nohant once more crossed the threshold of the peaceful refuge where the years of her pure and fervent youth had been passed. But her destiny called her elsewhere; genius claimed its prey; and after some days she abruptly entered that world, to resign herself to all the ups and downs, the passions, the joys, and the woes of an artist's career."

"We are near the dog-days of July, 1830; we are tired of dusty streets, of wearisome desk labours. We must get away to green meadows, to river sides, and the cool shades of forests. We will submit to no King, no priest shall guide us; laws were made for slaves, religious rites for weak-minded devotees. All nature is pervaded by a spirit of some kind, not very determined in its operations, nor intelligible in its purposes. Ourselves form a portion of that spirit. Why then should we pay painful worship to that of which ourselves are an integrant portion? Mankind is out of its infancy; we'll build no useless Churches, nor lose our time saying useless prayers, and marriage shall become a tradition of painful memory.

The good old days of Solomon will return; Fourier, Proudhon, Joe Smith, and Brigham Young, will teach us to exert our energies, to prolong our lives indefinitely, to create new planets, and to render the passage into the unseen world of no more consequence than making a change in our diet. All these glorious views are yet in perspective, but a beginning is made; Charles X. is in exile; the Parisian grocers have one of their guild on the throne; Christianity is out of favor at court,

altars are set up in the literature of the day, to Jupiter, Bacchus, and Venus; and the priests and priestesses, are Latouche, Balzac, and George Sand."

We would have included Paul de Kock, as fellow-minister in their disreputable functions, only that coarseness and laxity of morals lay naturally on his path, and he had no need of going aside to look for them; and in no instance has he joined the unholy onslaught on religion, or its sacred ordinances, or drawn hateful or contemptible pictures of its ministers.

It is said that the devil once gave it as his candid opinion, that the life of a finished man of fashion was only a few degrees less uncomfortable than his own. What must be the state of discomfort and wretchedness at times, to a daughter of genius, ready to yield to the impulse of the moment, to snatch at every enjoyment, and to drain the intoxicating and poisonous cup of pleasure to the dregs, striving often in vain to shut her eyes to the consequences of her acts, and to her future responsibilities, and being deprived by her own free option of all spiritual help to endure the necessary results of evil thoughts or evil practices. The fervent devotional spirit by which her happy convent life was distinguished, could not entirely die within such a soul as hers. Hence at times remorse got the upper hand, and she uttered her yearnings for a return to the paths of Christian duty. Like Byron, she prefers dwelling on her individual experiences, on the working of her own feelings and passions, or the progress of her currents of thought; and hence the want of uniformity in the moral or political systems she advocates in her books, which are the faithful exponents of some recent personal experiences, or the rise and progress or rending away of some cherished attachment. We have some dreary efforts of English perfectability-mongers, to construct a social code out of the overflowing of George Sand's thoughts and impulses, as given to the world in her works. As well might he form a consistent tissue from the exclamations of pain, pleasure, or enjoyment coming from the lips of a spoiled child during a day made up of pleasant and disagreeable incidents, of indulgence and restraint. Her chaunts of enjoyment, despair, and resentment for ill treatment, have been pressed from her by some happy return of affection, by the treatment of ill willers, or of those to whom she naturally looked for sympathy or love. With her, reverse for wrong is right; she sees the existence of tyranny in our

present religious, social, and domestic relations; and will, at any sacrifice and risk, totally change this state of things, to save all future victims. "Marriage shall be dispensed with, to save poor women from being beaten with a cane of the same diameter as their tyrant's little finger. To lead a correct life for fear of future sufferings, shews selfish cowardice, ergo there shall be no hell. Proudhon is an honest and charitable man by nature, Proudhon is an atheist, consequently, religion is an unnecessary sham. Louis Veuillot is coarse, abusive, and uncharitable in his newspaper, *L'Univers*, Louis Veuillot is a bigot, therefore no feeling or thoughtful person should remain in the Catholic Church.

"Communities of Monks, who have given up family ties and are bound down by vows of celibacy and poverty, live very comfortably in their monasteries, while people of the world, some industrious, others the reverse, frequently suffer with their wives and children, from want of common necessities. Let a Parallelogram be measured out, and Robert Owen be appointed to preside, and the golden age will return."

It was said of a certain philosopher, that he possessed as good a heart as could be made out of brains; George Sand's brain seems composed of the same material as her too sensitive heart, or else the organs have been changed at nurse.

After throwing on the world so many works hateful in the eyes of gods and good men, which, not caring to wade through mire by the light of an ignis-fatuus, we have not read, nor do we counsel our friends to read, the natural goodness of her disposition, and early impressions from her convent training, overpowered the evil spirit, and she produced such agreeable books as *La Mare au Diable*, *François le Champi*, *Le Peche de Monsieur Antoine*, *Mont Revêche*, *Les Maitres Sonneurs*, &c.

The vapours that passion and self-opinion spread before her mind for such a length of time, have at length dispersed. Her daughter, despite of her education, led the way to the Sanctuary, and if our information is correct, the all-defying *Lelia*, has returned to the fold, an humble and self-renouncing penitent.

Mirecourt, as was before mentioned, incurred this lady's resentment by the publication of his sketch of her life and genius, and the tendency of her works. Yet she seems to have had little or no cause for bad feeling. Some extracts taken from his brochure are subjoined.

"The life at the Chateau of Nohant is agreeable and of a patri-

archal style. Madame Sand derives from ten to twelve thousand francs from her estate, and employs the entire revenue in good works. She gives a kind reception to the villagers, entertains them at table, listens to their troubles, encourages them, consoles them in their griefs, and acts the physician towards themselves and their children. They address themselves to her as to a providence, being ever sure of her kind succour.

An old woman afflicted with a kind of leprosy, presented herself one day to claim her good offices. 'Come my good woman,' said she, removing her rags with her own hands, 'I have no false delicacy, let me see the state you are in.' She took her into a private room, dressed her sores with her own hands, and took care of her till a complete cure was effected. A trait of this kind needs no comment, it is a page taken from the Gospel."

Alas ! what comparison can all the good works in her power and performed within her own proper sphere, bear in number and extent, to the mischiefs wrought in society by the perusal of so many of her baneful productions !

"She sleeps but little, five or six hours at most, all the rest of the day is devoted to her literary compositions. At eleven o'clock, breakfast is served. Her table is abundant and delicate ; herself eats but little though with a good appetite ; she takes coffee morning and evening. She is mostly grave and silent, but she likes to hear chat going on ; stories and bon-mots, always find her a willing listener. After breakfast, all take a turn in the park ; a little wood opening on a meadow is her favorite walk. In this wood, filled in Spring with flowers, mushrooms, butterflies, and birds' nests, she indulges in the most charming digressions on botany, which her guests listen to with the greatest interest.

At the end of half-an hour, she returns to her literary occupation, leaving every one at liberty to find amusement or occupation as best he may. They have in the chateau, a library, fishing-rods, and nets to catch butterflies.

At six o'clock, they dine, the blouses seen at breakfast, are now invisible, and the dress of the ladies has been revised. Strict etiquette would not comport with the well known opinions of the Chateleine ; but where the hostess is the descendant of a king and the cousin of a Marie Antoinette, you cannot be surprised by the vestiges of aristocratic manners. After dinner, they return to the park or repair to the yard to play with the dogs, or sing under the trees, or play at swing.

If it rains, they take refuge in the salon ; Mme. Sand sits down to the piano (she improvises as well as Listz, her friend and tutor), and some pieces of Mozart are played.

Sometimes a new romance or play not yet published, is read out, and this is a festival day for the company.

At eleven o'clock, boxes and books are shut, and they crowd tumultuously round the domino table. The game gives rise to a thousand diverting quarrels. They throw doubts on the skill of their partners, they raise their voices, they appeal to force ; then they burst out laughing, and the dice are pitched about. Finally,

with night-taper in hand, and many a jest, they conduct each other to their chamber doors, along the corridor, and as they bid each other 'good night,' the clock of the Chateau strikes one.

On Sunday evening a piece is performed in the little theatre of the Chateau, and the hall is filled with the honest peasantry of the neighbourhood, whose undisguised pleasure and candid reflections form one of the most agreeable features of the evening entertainment. When the performance is over they pass to the dining room, and the notables of the neighbourhood are invited to sup with the actors. The Chatelaine occasionally performs in one of her own pieces.

Hospitable, kind, and benevolent, she receives many visits, and some of them very unwelcome ones. In those cases she never seeks to rid herself of the importunate visitor: she merely takes revenge of the inconvenience by a bon-mot or some harmless pleasantry.

An individual named Cador arrived one day at Nohant, and at once made himself at home in the most free and easy style conceivable. He descended to the kitchen, ferreted out the ordinary culinary routine, and ordered the head cook to prepare for himself a peculiarly dressed plate of cabbage: Mr. Cador passionately loved this *indigestible* legume. Madame Sand finding cabbage daily served up hot and hot, enquired into the cause, and laughed till her sides ached on hearing of Mr. Cador's descent to the lower regions.

When this eccentric visitor was about to take his leave, which did not occur till an entire interminable week was passed, and an outrageous number of cabbage heads was consumed, he addressed the hostess with the most unconscious self-conceit: "I hope, Madame, that as I am now going away, you will condescend to bestow some article, no matter how trifling, to recal to my memory yourself and the charming reception with which you have honoured me." The Chatelaine was walking in her garden at the time. "Certainly, Monsieur," was her answer, and turning to the gardener who was at hand watering some pot herbs, she cried out to him, "John, a cabbage for Monsieur Cador."

It may be objected that the simple and uniform life of the Chateau of Nohant badly corresponds to the idea which such or such of her brilliant works gives of the character of the celebrated writer. However, there is one word to be said on the subject—if the imagination prevails in her works, judgment rules her conduct.

She seems at last fully persuaded that her entire life belongs to literature. We hope she will never again get herself embroiled in the wasp's nest of politics into which imprudent advisers formerly inveigled her.

Be persuaded, Madame, that *progress* is a fruit which arrives slowly at maturity. You were wrong to associate yourself with those who persist in forcing it in a hot bed, for there the fruit falls off rotten. Then a new sap must ascend, new buds spring out, and a new fruit ripen in the sun. All this delays the advent of liberty; and so for sixty years, you and yours have retarded its approach.

But let us lay aside politics, inexhaustible source of disputes.

Perhaps we are of accord as to the substance, unhappily we differ as to the form. On the subject of art it is not so, Madame. There you are entitled to our undivided homages; and we have written your history with the respect due to a queen.

Eugène Sue was enjoying his "*Otium cum dignitate*" under the name of exile when his biography was written. Determined dislike is evident towards Sue, Girardin, and Louis Veuillot: however, it would be hard for the most determined eulogist to give an edifying account of the life or works of the father of the *Wandering Jew*. Mirecourt thus commences his history of the great Proletarian—

"One of the most deplorable features of our era is the alliance of the romance with socialism. Thanks to the publishing trade, always ready to serve up to the public an entertainment on which it doats, but by which it is poisoned at the same time, there is not a village, not a cottage through the country, where the socialist banquet is not furnished with guests. The land is infested with dangerous books issued by a writer, who coins money from falsehood, and who unchains all the ravenous passions of our nature, merely for sake of gain, and without the slightest thought or remorse for the evils he causes.

"Alas!" may some kind souls exclaim, "do not abuse the poor man; he is in exile." A grave objection, but it has been foreseen, and after sounding the depths of our conscience, this is our answer.

In the eyes of wisdom, of justice, of posterity, when there is question of our social interest or of defence of principle, every sentiment of personal consideration, every feeling of pity for the individual, must be laid aside. But let the reader set his mind at ease; he must know that Eugène Sue leads a very agreeable life beyond the frontier.

From the great square of Annecy, any of the inhabitants will shew him, if he is disposed to travel so far, a very neat little residence about half a league off, on the slope of the hill:—that is the present abode of the Apostle of socialism. He is not now awakened by young nymphs in Greek caps and gauze tunics. His friends, the genuine democrats, have counselled him to conduct his domestic concerns in a style less pagan; so his present household consists of a comely housekeeper and one male attendant.

He descends, receives a bamboo cane from the hands of his servant, takes a constitutional walk under the fir trees of the hill, or on the velvety margin of the lake, and re-enters with a good appetite to partake of breakfast. The fresh breeze from the Alps has agreeably excited the coats of his stomach, and he makes an excellent meal. His presiding Hebe replenishes his cup, and when "thirst and hunger cease," he enters his study where this fortunate socialist is greeted by numerous orders from the publishers. On a sculptured salver of gold, the domestic of the bamboo presents his straw coloured kid gloves, without which, as is well known, he never writes; and at

every chapter a new and perfumed pair is assumed. O people of black and rough hands! is it you who recommend to your favorite writers these delicate precautions, these coquettish preliminaries to the works you so eagerly devour?

By way of recompense, and for the sake of economy, no doubt, he never goes to the expense of gloves for his style. He writes five or six hours without scratch or revise, dispatches his manuscripts to the publisher, and from the bottom of his dreary exile, gains sixty or eighty thousand francs one year with another.

After labour comes the toilette—the toilette of a prince, and then the sumptuous dinner attends the noble author, who has just finished such eloquent pages on the misery of the poor. He partakes of every dish with the relish that justly rewards a duty well discharged, rises from table, and finds ready bridled and saddled at the door, a magnificent Arab. Oh, goodness! what fiery nostrils! what graceful sinewy limbs! He bears his master at full gallop along the avenues of the park, and brings him back to the door in two or three hours with the work of digestion perfectly done. Again installed in his salon, Hebe presents him opium in a Turkish pipe as rich as amber and gold can make it; he smokes and goes to sleep on his silken cushions—wake him not.

And now that the reader is aware that our author's days are not spent in tears and despair, we may proceed with some comfort to sketch his past career."

Jean Joseph Sue, father of Eugène, was surgeon of the Imperial guard under Napoleon. He afterwards enjoyed the patronage of Louis XVIII. The romancer was baptized by the name of Marie Joseph, but when grown up, he discarded these names dear to every devout Christian. Why should not the self-styled *Eugène* think proudly of himself, when a certain section of a philanthropic committee in Manchester thought themselves called on to request the light of his presence at one of their meetings, held to promote the good of their fellow men. And if he rejected those sacred names, did not high ruling elders in these three kingdoms of ours, calling themselves the loving servants of Christ, but revering neither his blessed Mother nor the Guardian of his infancy, receive with acclamations and open arms, a wretch, who instead of being the protector of youthful purity and innocence, as his office of priest obliged him, abused the very sanctuary with such a deed as none but a demon in human shape would think of.

The Empress Josephine and her son, Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, held the future author of *Plik et Plok* at the christening, hence the assumption of the name of Eugène in after days. His nurse was a goat, and his biographer attributes some of his flagrant defects to this circumstance.

"Sue with a fellow pupil, Adolphe Adam, studied most assiduously to escape improvement; but to make amends, they bestowed much care on the rearing of Guinea-pigs, and the Botanic Garden of the good doctor was frightfully ravaged by these pets. So the parents of the young rogues agreed on the selection of a very skilful but very poor tutor, who being once installed, entertained a very wholesome terror of losing his good situation.

Every time this unhappy youth hinted at the necessity of application, the hopeful pupils cried out with one accord, 'We've had plenty of themes, to Old Booty with all versions; if you complain we'll have you dismissed.'

The poor tutor was too feeble-minded to brave the threat; and when the doctor asked if he was content with his son's progress, he made answer, stifling a cry of remorse, 'Yes, Monsieur, he pays great attention to his Latin.' 'Ah, ah!' said the doctor, 'very good, let him recite some of his *concessions* (conciones).'  
'With great pleasure,' said Eugène with the most culpable assurance; and winking at Adolphe, they poured out every Latin atrocity that came to their tongues' ends, and the doctor was enchanted."

Sue's tutor failed in his duty through cowardice, Paul de Kock's, through wilful negligence and sloth. Pupil and teacher provided with sandwiches, quitted the city at an early hour every morning for the woods and grassy slopes of Romainville; and there stretched at ease on the turf, each pulled out a novel of Lebrun, or the younger Crebillon, or some other equally edifying author, and read or dozed till it was time to return to the evening meal, Paul's mother, good easy woman, supposing Master Hopeful engrossed by *Nepos* or *Homer*. With such early culture and training, we might naturally look for evil fruit from the two trees, and we would not be disappointed. Eugène left college after making a very moderate progress. His convives and himself drank half the contents of some bottles of rare wine laid up in an inviolable sanctuary by his father, supplying the loss by a very nauseous substitute. At a very particular entertainment, the theft was discovered, the guests disgusted, and the consequence was, the sending of our hero away to the seat of war in Spain, to help Ferdinand in the capacity of assistant surgeon to the force. His present historian says, that he generally kept out of the range of the bullets, and never sought the wounded under the enemy's fire. Returning to Paris he borrowed at usury in order to procure the indispensable luxuries of a tilbury, groom, &c., and accidentally splashed his father who was paying his visits as usual on foot. He received a smart shower of blows from the cane of the lively old practitioner as recompense.

He is next sent by way of penance to Toulon, where he



becomes the terror of the heads of families. At his return to Paris he conquers all before him, being gifted with a handsome face, and health unfailing. Here, Mirecourt requests his readers to look on the portrait accompanying the sketch, and to realize the sad change that years viciously spent have wrought in the dark haired Adonis. The readers of the *Old Curiosity Shop* will please to recal to mind the face of the inn-keeper, where the single gentleman and Kit's mother arrive at his hall, and Quilp is seen popping his head through the half opened parlour door. He will then have the common-place, smug, self-satisfied face before him, that our author swears is as correct as a photograph. The black-bearded jove of the ordinary prints would run a hundred miles from this double-ganger, if brought face to face with it.

Eugène the flogger, fearing that his audience may think his treatment of Eugène the floggée too personally spiteful, requests the loan of their ears while he explains his motives.

"We have already said, and we are obliged to repeat it, that when a man gets into the pulpit to address the masses, and infuse his doctrines into them, we have an absolute right to strip off his assumed garb, and cry out to the public, "Behold your apostle, examine him, judge him; estimate his works by his acts, his private life, and his general conduct. See if his maxims ought to be followed, if his morality is unimpeachable, his philosophy sound."

Ah, poisoners! you suppose that we are going to treat you as celebrated writers, and lay on your brow a crown without thorns. Your efforts joined to those of the envious and the unthinking are directed to put us to silence; but while we have a breath to draw and a pen at command, nothing shall prevent us from unveiling the source of your disloyal opinions, of your lying theories, of your destroying doctrines: all shall know your degrading ambition, your abject materialism: yes, my masters! all shall know them."

Tilbury, groom, daily extravagance, nightly debauch went on, till Dr. Sue once more stopped supplies, and obliged the prodigal son to go to sea. He went round the world, and returned to Brest, where an odd adventure befel him. Being somewhat of a draughtsman, he made a caricature of the ugliest sailor on board; and the feelings of the unhappy subject as he gazed on it fastened to the mast in the presence of his jeering comrades, may perhaps meet with sympathy. He turned over in his head many projects of vengeance, but all might bring down the cat on his own back, and he bided his time.

One evening when the rain was descending in sheets, and our brave *Matelot* was taking shelter under a gateway, he spied our hero in great misery, looking out for some conveyance

to a ball where a charming lady had promised to dance with him. He was arrayed in a gold-embroidered frock, white breeches, straw colored gloves, and thin pumps, and his embarrassment was extreme.

Our victim at once conceived a determined piece of vengeance.\*

\* \* \* "Hearken," said Eugene, "I must have a voiture : here are twenty francs if you can procure me one. I would not for the world miss this ball, where I am to meet a person." "Ah ! some handsome lady, I'll be bound. Oh ! what a fine young gentleman you are, Monsiour Soue, and how I love you." "That is not the point, you ass, I want a voiture." "Twenty francs, M. Soue ! Ah, I'd get it for you gratis if I could. Sandis, you don't know how much I love you." "A voiture, I say." "Ach ! you won't get the tail of a voiture in all Brest. But a thought is got into my head : you have a parpluie, Monsiour Soue." "I have, but the mud would be up to my knees. I would reach the ball in a fine condition for the *contre danse*." "Well then, get on my shoulders, sandis !" "Will you be so obliging, my brave fellow ?" "Thousand sabres ! I'd drown myself thirty time in the day for you. But how handsome you are, M. Soue ! come, mount, and open the *riflard*."

Our Sub accepts the conveyance such as it is, and is steering through the streets on the sailor's shoulders, the rain descending in torrents.

'Sandis, Monsiour Soue, you're much heavier than I thought,' said the *Provencal*, after trudging on for about fifty paces. 'Courage, friend ; courage ! I have promised twenty francs, and they shall be yours.' 'Ach ! what do I care for your twenty francs ? It's yourself that I do it for. Ouf ! suppose I let you down for a minute !' 'In the middle of the running puddle ?' cried the Sub in a dreadful fright : 'What would become of my pumps and white pantaloons ?' 'Worse luck ; but, oh, my eyes ! you're more than two hundred weight.' 'Bah ! never mind. I'll give you two Louis.' 'A fig for the money ; I'd rather have your regard. I want a little friendship : put your fingers through my hair (*cevcuz* is the patois).' 'Eh ! you brute ! *Me*, to put my fingers through your hair ! Are you an idiot ?' Ah, sir ! if you refuse me this little favor, I'll unhorse you, thousand bombs !' and he stooped, feigning to execute his threat, the flood being two feet deep.

Our luckless assistant-surgeon thought better to submit ; and so he daintily ran the fingers of one straw colored glove through the thick greasy hair of the sailor. 'Thank, thanks, M. Soue ; you can't know all the pleasure I feel. It's all the same : you're a real bit of lead.' 'Go faster, you terrible tinker ; you move like a tortoise.' 'Talk is cheap. M. Soue. I'm sure my back bone won't hold. Come, put a little life into me ; *embrassez moi*.'† Me, *embrasse* you, canaille ! Me,

\* The sailor uses a sort of Franco-Somerset dialect and pronunciation, (substituting z for s) through the ensuing conference.

† Some stray reader may have forgotten that *embrasser* means to take the head of your friend daintily in your hands, and salute the forehead or the cheeks. It is considered among French speaking people a harmless and inoffensive operation. Indulgence is requested for the coining in the translation.

*embrasse* you,' cried the *Sous-aide* twisting himself in fury. 'If you do me the *inzury* to refuse me, I'll shake you off from my shoulders.' 'Accursed scoundrel,' cried the officer, 'will you have done!' for he felt one of his legs loose, and the water invading his pump. '*Embrassez moi.*' 'Never!' The Provencal let go the other leg; and the victim being forced to hold on with the two hands, was obliged to perform the ceremony. 'Very nice, I'm sure, Monsieur Soue, very nice: do it again.' They were approaching the hotel of the prefecture and Eugène was obliged to re-*embrasse* his tyrant. Six accolades had been given and received when they reached the porch; and the sailor said to his officer as he deposited him on a dry spot, 'Ah! Monsieur Soue, Monsieur Soue, you find me handsomer than my portrait. I am going to tell my shipmates about your civility: they'll stop making game of me after this.'

All Brest knew the adventure next day. When he attempted to kiss the hand of any of the beauties of the town, she would cry out, 'Oh! what a strong smell of tar!' Two months went slowly by before his persecution ceased, and then he was ordered to the Mediterranean. Twenty-one days afterwards Eugène was listening to the thundering of the cannon at Navarino.

While the combined French, English, and Russian fleet was at grips with the Turco-Egyptian force, our romancer who had such an opportunity of witnessing a naval combat, and marking its episodes, let this good chance completely slip through his fingers. As M. Dupin sought his cellar during the 'Three Days,' so Eugène retired to the hold, and listened with what in an ordinary mortal, might be properly called fright, to the explosions of three thousand great guns. At the conclusion of the fight, they sought out Eugène, and with some difficulty withdrew him from his retreat, to act in place of the Surgeon-Major and his assistant, who had been struck with bullets while doing duty under the enemy's fire. Till this time Sue's experience had not got beyond blood-letting; and he even sometimes missed the vein. Those who got their limbs now amputated by him, were afterwards of small expence to the state. At his return to Paris he exhibited to his admiring friends the result of his prowess at Navarino, the complete spoils of a Turk, scymetar and Koran included."

His grandmother and father conveniently dying, he is left heir to an immense amount of francs. He quits the service, and leads the life of an Eastern Prince. Still not content without celebrity of some other kind, he paints marine daubs, the battle of Navarino among the rest. Mirecourt suggests as cause of his failure, his want of invention, combined with the fact of his viewing the strife from the depth of the hold.

"During the palmy days of *Mathilde* and the *Mysteries* numberless were the notes delivered to him every morning. They were all engrossed on the plan of the following one, communicated to us by an indiscreet friend.

Paris, 23rd June, 1844.

Monsieur,

The perusal of your works is delightful to me beyond expression. You are decidedly the first writer of the age. I owe to you the happiest hours of my life; and my bliss would be made complete by the acquaintance of him who has written such charming pages. Might I hope (alas I fear not) that you would snatch a few moments from inspiration to devote them to the most sympathetic of your readers! I am at home every evening. Octavia de B. \* \*

He contrives to come to the end of his patrimony, and takes to the writing of naval stories to fill the void in his chest. He is at this time, 1830 and 1832, a most determined royalist and favorite among the flower of the Fauborg St. Germain.

"They made boast of his excellent principles, they were grateful for his onslaught on the Revolution; but they could not digest his free-and-easy ways, and they whispered, 'look at this little 'bourgeois-gentilhomme.' I suppose he thinks he is the heir in right line of a Montgomery."

Perceiving one evening in a salon, the Duke Fitz-James, towards whom Eugène had been found wanting in respect, by abstaining from an exchange of politeness exacted by custom, he accosted him in a very cavalier tone—

"Only imagine, Monsieur le Duc, that what with my literary labors, my steeple chases, my canters in the Bois de Boulogne, my dinners, and the thousand calls made on me by the ladies, I have so little time at my command, that I am unable to pay a single visit." "It is very well for you, sir," said the Duke very drily, "that Monsieur your father found time enough to make them."

This sharp reply spread all along the left side of the river, with accompaniments of ceaseless bursts of laughter.

He is gifted with a wonderful power of invention; and we owe him the justice of saying that he works without a collaborateur. He builds up his daily *Feuilleton* in the twinkling of an eye, and then devotes his time to the toilette, to the cavalcades in the Bois de Boulogne, to extravagant dinners, and the other established means of getting rid of money."

He rewarded many too confiding ladies, by sketching their characters and portraits in *Mathilde* and the *Mysteries*. So his high acquaintance began to consider these acts as evidence of want of heart and good taste, and he found his society shunned by all the women of the Fauborg who had a character to lose. Feeling lonesome, and wishing to give himself a fast hold on the aristocracy, he proposed for a high-born young lady, but met with a decided refusal. He immediately became a shareholder in the *Phalange* and the *Démocratique Pacifique*

to fling dismay among the elite of the aristocracy and bring the proud family to his feet. No surrender was announced ; and a little adventure that just then crossed his path, made him the determined foe of high birth and the apostle of the reddest republicanism.

"Being in the salon of a duchess, and mistaking her friendly demeanor for a tacit avowal of tenderness for him, he threw himself on his knees, burst out into the most passionate declarations, and would have added manual to vocal proofs of the depth of his attachment, when the lady rose and rang the bell. Two stout domestics with lace on every seam of their livery entered at the moment. 'You will take,' said she with an imperious gesture, 'Monsieur by the collar—by the collar, you understand, conduct him to the door, and never allow him inside the house again.'

The *Mysteries* and the *Wandering Jew* were his first exploits after his change of colours : *The Journal des Debats* produced *Les Mysteres* ; Louis Veron's paper, *le Constitutionnel*, *le Juif errant*.

Curious to take his characters from nature, and judging the character of *Rigolette* to require careful study, he scraped acquaintance with a grisette to whom he passed himself off for an ornamental painter. Dressed in blouse and cap, he took walks with his type every Sunday and holiday to the barrier Mont Parnasse. They partook of stewed rabbit in the first eating-house they met ; and *Rigolette*, once put in motion by the fiddle, danced poor Sue till he had not a foot to stand on.

His professor in slang was an Auvergnat, who, drawing the pronunciation of the word *surineur* (*surin*, argot for knife) from the purest sources of the Cantal, called it *chourineur* ; and his pupil ignorantly adopted that and many other mistakes of the same kind which swarm in the hapless *Mysteries*."

Louis Veron who has left us the *edifying* 'Memoirs of a Citizen of Paris,' and the more *edifying* novel that followed it, secured Eugène in the possession of four thousand pounds per annum for fourteen years to come, for the bagatelle of ten volumes a-year.

"He judged that France entire was most eager to get a peep into the sanctuary of the temple, where the god of the feuilleton performed his miracles ; and at once served up to his subscribers this delicious apple pie, the residence of his Magnus Apollo.

"He occupies in the upper part of the Fauborg St. Honore a little mansion overrun with trailing vines and flowers, which also cover the porch. The garden is carefully arranged, fresh and sweet smelling. A jet d'eau murmurs among rocks and reeds. A long covered gallery full of sculptures and plants, leads from the house to an outer entrance concealed by artificial rock work. The dwelling consists of three apartments, kept in an agreeable half light by the creepers and plants that mask the windows. A deep red relieved

with gold, prevails among the articles of furniture, the bed-chamber excepted, where a soft subdued blue is the dominant color. The furniture being too abundant, is crowded, and not without confusion, among the curtains and tapestry. You perceive a mixture of styles, Gothic, renaissance, and fantastic French. Rook and shell-work rules in the salon. The walls are completely concealed by objects of art, old fashioned trunks, curiosities, family portraits, and the productions of modern artists, his friends. Precious vases, the offering of *Femine amities* (a pet phrase of Dr. Veron's) encumber the consoles. Renowned names sparkle on every side; Delacroix, Gudin, Isabey, Vernet, &c. In a frame is seen a design of M. de Lamartine's, and some verses of that illustrious poet. A picture occupies a distinguished place on an easel in the middle of the salon; it is an *anchoret*, the work of Isabey, and has a terrible effect being such a contrast to the other objects in this temple of pleasure. From every side arises an agreeable smell, in which the healthy odour of Russia leather is distinguished. Horses and dogs, his former favorites, painted by himself or by Alfred de Dreux, are still kept before the eyes of the indulgent master. In the vestibule, among the weapons and trophies of chase, a wolf and eagle, formerly tamed and treated as favorites, still seem in life, carefully preserved. At the bottom of the garden, are lodged two greyhounds, the gifts of Lord Chesterfield. Golden pheasants and pigeons walk about on the smooth turf of the garden, and perch every evening on the window-stools, or under the porch, winged guardians of the threshold.

In going through this delightful abode, opened to us in the absence of the master, we could readily recognize traits of his character; the passion for luxury and stormy pleasures, with a taste for retreat and meditation, an enlightened taste for the fine arts, an attraction towards dimly seen delights, and a love for plants and animals."

Mirecourt in commenting on this description excuses *Mimi Veron*, as he is nick-named, for not mentioning the *femmes de chambre* dressed up, as 'Maids of Athens,' nor the servants arrayed in liveries more than royal, nor a groom from *Douarnenez* whom it was his delight to make read out an act from *Phèdre* or *Athalie*, himself enjoying the humiliation inflicted on *Racine* by the unsufferable *Bas-Breton* tone of the executioner. The *Constitutionnel* also forgot, as he says, the straw-colored gloves he uses in writing, the bill of which amounts to a hundred crowns per month, which amount is religiously deducted from the sum devoted to charity. He also omits the gold salver before mentioned, and the *escritoire* of eleven thousand francs, from which the pen of the *Juif Errant's* father draws ink to describe the sufferings of the poor, this also being purchased from the clippings of the alms account.

"Alas! *Mimi Veron*, who supplied the funds for all these luxuries, was very oddly repaid for his liberality.

After the Wandering Jew, came the *Seven Deadly Sins*. Our

poor Doctor turning over one day the leaves of the manuscript of *Gluttony*, began to shiver and shake; he rubbed his eyes, read on, and had like to faint. His pet romancer had there painted him from head to foot; and only for the accidental sight of the traitorous pages, poor Veron would have been served up to his own subscribers in the shape of a huge 'Mortal Sin.'

Judge how he raved and protested, but Eugène would not relent a single line. He stood on his rights; the clauses were in his favor; but nevertheless, the doctor would not consent to be served up alive in his own paper. Law proceedings were threatened, and it would have been a good jest to hear *Mimi* declaring that the gluttonous portrait resembled him too much to be allowed insertion.

The witty little paper, the *Silhouette*, pretended that the terms of the treaty would allow a division in the sins, and that, consequently, a part might be offered to *La Presse*. Thus M. de Girardin would be entitled to *Pride*, *Anger*, *Covetousness*, and *Envy*, while Veron might appropriate *Luxury*, *Gluttony*, and *Sloth*; however, this proposal did not meet the views of either party.

But it is time to leave facts, and come to a short literary appreciation.

Our age has given birth to a crowd of scribblers, mechanics, and frame-makers, and Eugène Sue is at the head of this phalanx. He possesses invention and facility of movement, his dramas are full of action and excitement; he manages the horrible with much vigour, but he is destitute of style. He is a Paul Feval, raised to the thirtieth power, but he has less imagination and genuine sensibility than Paul.

The punishment of writers of this kind, who neglect plan or form, in order to hurry their readers through a multiplicity of adventures, will be to see themselves forgotten in a quarter of a century. They stimulate jaded appetites with their pepper; their highly spiced condiments are swallowed with a certain pleasure, but indigestion supervenes, and all is over.

We have heard Balzac explain in his own fashion, the success of Eugène Sue. "All his characters are false; *Fleur de Marie*, *Jacques Ferrand*, *Rodin*, *Mathilde*, *Arthur*, and a hundred others, have never existed. But once suppose their truth, Eugène Sue will pursue them through fifteen or twenty volumes, with the most unerring logical art. Just as in his dramas, pass over the impossibility of his situation, and success is certain. All this belongs to the category of surprises, and art has no claim to make. Everything that has not its foundation in the great science of the human heart, everything that depends on galvanism, everything that favors the selfish interests and the passions of the day, will have but a brief existence."

Mirecourt goes on to relate several instances of his want of charity to the distressed in the vicinity of his country residence in 1848, and the long delay in paying the bills of his tradesmen, but we are tired of hearing so much ill spoken of a dead man, and will conclude with a passage from his own *Vigie de Koatven*, which was carefully posted on the walls of Paris, while his election was pending.

"Woe to the foolish or wicked, who, with such empty and resounding words, as *progress*, *lights of the age*, and *regeneration*, have sown in France and all Europe the seeds of a frightful anarchy. Surely those men merit the enduring execration of France, who, in order to come to the possession of power, have said to the people, 'You are the true Sovereign.' Shame and anathema on those seekers for popularity, who wrapped in idle voluptuousness, speculate on the miseries of the poor, and excite them to hatred and revenge."

What reader of English books is ignorant of the character of the Marquis of *Stayne* as drawn by the inimitable Michael Angelo Titmarsh? Let the Metempsychoses be admitted, and the defunct libertine revive in a stationer's son in the Rue de Bae; Let him retain his former tastes and propensities;—try the career of letters without success;—study anatomy without success;—invent in concert with an apothecary the *Regnault* Lozenge with triumphant success;—become director of the Opera and find profit and pleasure in its management;—afterwards resign it with great advantage to himself;—give room to the *Wandering Jew* and as many of the *Seven Deadly Sins* as he could afford in his newspaper the *Constitutionnel*; and crown his unedifying career with the memoirs and novel already mentioned;—let these data be assumed and Louis Veron is before you.

"Three months after birth, his father, a staunch Buonapartist, gave an entertainment on occasion of a victory. The first glass that was filled, the young *Gargantua* stretched out his arm towards it, thus exhibiting his Rabelaisian propensity to moisten his clay at that tender age.

When six years old, he drank like Bacchus, ate like a young Ogre, preferred the leg of a fowl to the whole alphabet, and pilfered from the cupboards, pie-crusts, sweet-breads, and confectionary. His family commenced to look on his precocious dispositions to good cheer with some dismay, and seeing the young Gastronomer take all his pocket-money to the neighbouring confectioner's, they began to preach economy, sobriety, and orderly habits. It was, after all, the old story of the tide and pitchfork. Being obliged to observe a kind of moderation during his adolescence, he registered a vow to make up for the forced abstinence in his youth and manhood."

He becomes a good Christian in order to discharge the duty of medical assistant to a charitable institution; but some of his proceedings being found to jar very disagreeably with his pious professions, his services are dispensed with, and he takes Julian the Apostate for his patron.

"Tired of his ill success, and the ill-timed economy of his family,



and determined to gather up some of the straying waters of Pactolus, he paid a visit to the apothecary Regnauld, rue Caumartin, and impressed on his mind the multitude of sore throats, runnings in the head, colics, asthmas, and catarrhs, which a foggy climate and constant atmospheric changes are continually inflicting on us; and proposed to him a plan for making money out of these catarrhs, colics, asthmas, runnings in the head, and sore throats.

"We'll take France by the throat, my boy, and force it to disgorge a few of its crowns." "Done," said the apothecary, and the birth of the Regnauld lozenge followed in due course. They put into a mortar, the ordinary ingredients that are known to exercise a beneficial influence on the pectoral muscles, and produced an amalgam, of a dark red color, which at once dethroned all sirops, juleps, and decoctions whatever."

Veron enlisted the good offices of his friends the journalists; and the profit at the end of the first year amounted to 100,000 francs.

He establishes a paper, and profits by it; and his political views fitting the citizen government so well at the time of their putting the pavement in order after the July days of 1830, he is appointed director to the opera, and looks on himself as *Fatima's* father in *Blue-Beard*.

"Major-Domo am I  
Of this *chaste* family;  
My voice in the green-room prevails."

At every lucky turn of fortune, the biographer takes occasion to remark, 'and still the Regnauld Lozenge sold.' He also insinuates that Veron never risked his property in any perilous enterprise.

Our Bourgeois, knowing from past experience the value of money, is not disposed to throw it away for nothing; but being the old Marquis of Steyne revived, he cannot help loving good cheer, and the society of the opera goddesses, even more. His attachment to Mlle. Rachel is hinted at, and as if our biographer dreaded a legal process at the hands of the Doctor, for speaking too plainly of his little foibles, he relates the following legend, probably from traditional mythology, as it is not found in the *litera scripta* of any Greek or Latin author. This accounts for the introduction of a younger daughter of the king of Argos, not mentioned by Ovid.

He insinuates that when Jupiter thought he had been sufficiently liberal with his gold shower, he was minded to shut up the cloud; but this being a proceeding not approved by Danae nor her family, they had resource to indirect means to keep it still open.

"One morning, the younger daughter of Acrisius entered the apartment of the Olympian lover, and finding there her elder sister, she cried out, weeping and tearing her hair the while, 'Oh, mercy! what a catastrophe! Danae, my dear, we're ruined, horse and foot,' 'La, la,—what's the matter? explain yourself,' muttered Jupiter, putting his sleepy head through the curtain of the alcove. 'Yes, explain,' timidly added Danae also, addressing her sister. 'Alas! they are about selling your furniture. The broker and his man are at this moment in the house.'

'But it is impossible, dear Beauty,' said Jupiter turning to Danae. 'It is not two days since I handed you thirty thousand francs.' 'It is true, but I owed much more,' piteously answered the charming person on whom this financial shower had fallen. 'Well, well—how much is needed?' asked the Olympian King. 'Ten thousand francs,' answered Danae's sister. 'Oh! plague on it, what a gap to be filled! Can't be helped now: go to the *Secrétaire*, and take what you want;' and while speaking, *Jupin* presented the key.

The second daughter of Acrisius searched the desk, found the notes, carefully counted and folded them, and gratefully returned the key to the generous god. 'Thanks, sir,' said she; 'Good bye,' said he.

The cunning sly-boots left the room, but immediately after, putting in her head, she cried out again to the thunderer, 'I can't justly say what is the amount claimed by the officers. I found twenty thousand francs in the desk, and took them at hazard. We will regulate the account when the bailiffs are gone.'

Certainly, the god was not a man to annoy himself about such a small piece of roguery as this. Save the unpleasantness of being so early wakened, it troubled him little whether the golden shower fell slowly or quickly: he turned his head to the wall and slept. *For still the Regnauld lozenge sold.*

Thiers, willing to have our hero's *Constitutionnel* at his beck, advanced him 100,000 francs, but when *Tom Thumb* (so Mirecourt irreverently calls the great historian) came into the ministry, he did not keep the promises made when he was working himself into power.

It was the old fable of the cat and the monkey. The chesnuts were roasted, but poor *Raton*, who had burned his paws, did not get a single one. The office of Director of the Fine Arts, chesnut No. 1, slipped from him as he was going to seize it, and the Sub-prefecture of Sceaux, a still sweeter nut, passed away under his very nose. Finally, a Receivership in the department of L'Orne, chesnut No. 3, and bigger than the two others, escaped the tooth of the poor Doctor. The governing powers thus playing hide-and-seek, he resolved on

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\* It appears from this history, that the '*Man in possession*,' has been in office since an early period. Most people suppose that the *franc* is a modern coin, but this is an error. We shall see by-and-bye, that not only were bank-notes current among the old pagans, but that the very article of furniture in which they are ordinarily kept, were household words of that remote time.

reprisals, and purchased the *Juif Errant*, of Eugène Sue. To gratify his revenge, he did not scruple to infest the country with socialism. He has since repeated his *mea culpa*, to some purpose, but in the interim, the dangerous book is being read from one end of France to the other. 'The drug is sold, you have it in your body, expel the poison if you can, it is no concern of ours ;'—this is apothecaries' logic.

The Doctor gained by this little social offence, seven or eight hundred thousand francs, from the multitude of new subscribers to the *Constitutionnel* ; and the *Regnault Lozange* still sold."

To expiate his sins, he composed and inserted (in substance,) the following moral tale of a *good young man* in his feuilleton.

"There once lived in the *Quartier Latin*, a medical student, lost to all good, through the theories of the socialists. This unhappy young man pushed his immorality to the point of subscribing to *Perè Duchesne*. One morning, the concierge of the house, mistaking the newspapers, handed the student a number of the *Constitutionnel*, which belonged to another lodger. There was in that number, an article written by M. Veron, which effected in the 'good young man,' a new 'conversion of St. Paul,' and the *carabin* ran off at once, without thinking of the state of his dress, to secure a year's subscription, 'Rue de Valois, 60 francs per annum, all letters to be post paid.' After this, who would be so cruel as to throw the *Wandering Jew* in the Doctor's face."

Annoyed by the non-attainment of high political influence, Veron determines to conquer a name.

" 'You stop me in my ascent,' cries he ; 'you carry off the substance, leaving me the mere shadow. We'll see. I have been close to the highest personages of the land ; I have their letters, I have given a lift to half of the great world. Rosmin, that dear Rosmin, and Gérin the treasurer of the secret service money, will furnish me with valuable memorandums ; I will publish their memoirs, not my own :—what matter ! Boniface of the *Constitutionnel*, my devoted friend, will lend his pen : others will be brought to bed of six volumes full of pages, and I will stand godfather. They will receive me into the *Literary Society*, an intellectual, a terrible weapon for those who know how to use it ; my dinners will secure the votes of those writers always hungry ; I will be named Secretary, member of committee, president.' "

Thus originated the *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois* and *Cinq Cent Mille francs de rente*.

Winding up his biography, Mirecourt describes his victim with the head of a baby crowning the body of a giant ; hair thin, nose short and cocked ; and cheeks such as you might expect from his antecedents. If you wish for a favourable audience you must get into the good graces of his buxom housekeeper, who governs the state, while he merely reigns.

"Besides his domicile, Rue de Rivoli, M. Veron possesses a delicious country house, where the hungry sons of Clio partake his dinner : much good may it do them.

The Doctor is a very amiable Amphytrion : he has preserved his Rabelaisian appetite, his cellars are full, and his kitchen sauces exquisite. • • • *And the Regnauld Lotenge still sells."*

We now approach the consideration of a critic of the most refined and cultivated taste and judgment, Gustave Planche of *Le Revue des Deux Mondes*. We have been so pleased with Mirecourt's appreciation of the man and the writer, that we shall leave the field free to his handling of the subject, though the style is rather inflated.

"If there be a legitimate aristocracy among men, it is doubtless the aristocracy of talent. Those who bear on their foreheads the sparkling star spoken of by the author of *Paradise Lost*,—poets, artists, or philosophers, are princes, kings or emperors, by the divine right of genius.

If you have gained your inscription on the book of gold, forget not that you are now a patrician ; above all things, have respect for yourself. A choice spirit is no more free to let himself down to the level of brutish degradation, than Cæsar to become a histrion.

As you belong to the human kind, you may probably be subject to defects, vices, and passions ; but, *corbleu !* don't take pride in exhibiting them. Conceal them as you would the leprosy, and never, while you live, descend to cynicism.\* When talent draws you out from the crowd, is it becoming that you should inculcate morality in the fashion of the drunken Helot, when exhibited by the Spartans to their children ? A thousand times, no !

It is not sufficient to be a skilful writer, and exhibit a pure, correct, and elegant style, to be a judicious interpreter of art, and to possess the great virtue of independence. No ; we must have more.

Of the man who speaks to, or instructs the crowd, we require a great heart, a lively faith, a generous spirit. If we only discover harshness, egoism, apathy, brutal sensuality, we recoil with horror, even as the Spartan Youth, in presence of the brutalized slaves.

These reflections naturally arise from consideration of the personal qualities, and the manners of the man, whose career we propose to sketch. And now we hear our amiable and judicious adversaries utter shouts of triumph, being assured of catching us in full contradiction to ourselves ; for we could find nothing but eulogiums for Gérard de Nerval ; and surely Gustave Planche is not more culpable than that favorite of ours.

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\* The man of the world abstains from misconduct and meanness through self-pride ; the Christian, through obedience and love ; Mirecourt is Catholic enough to be aware of this truism—Cynicism among our Gallic writers, implies depravity of character, and a total want of the love of God or our neighbour.

Well then, gentlemen, learn, if you knew it not before, that Gerard was not a materialist. He descended into the *Vie Bohème* through contempt of the world, and the pressure of social wrongs, without making either a doctrine or a system of his physical degradation.

Gerard had not the pretension either to instruct his confreres or to smart them with his magisterial ferule. His soul, candid, pure, inoffensive, and evermore poetic, hovered *above* the slough, as the water-lily on the surface of a pool. Those who saw him on that singular way along which folly and the muse conducted him, never experienced that feeling of repulsion or disgust with which others affect us in their abasement.

Gustave Planche was born in Paris, 16th February, 1808. His father being a wealthy apothecary of the Chaussée d'Antin. His son, who was destined to succeed him, was placed in a preparatory school for the College Bourbon, where he soon distinguished himself as a most intelligent pupil, and a decided *Mauvais sujet*. A grave magistrate of our acquaintance and a school-fellow of Gustave's, cannot yet refrain from roars of laughter when relating some of his early exploits. Some of his practical jokes consisted in throwing ink on the white pantaloons of his victims, sticking pins, head downward, in their straw bottomed chairs, cutting brushes and sprinkling their sheets with the bristles. On one occasion he kept fifty-three fleas in a bottle for five days under the condition of a rigorous fast, and set all at liberty one night among the sheets of the man whom he delighted to torment. He was the soul of every conspiracy, the inventor of every frolic, a lighted-match to explode disorder on every side.

Preluding these gastronomic and bacchic feats by which his future life was to be distinguished, the young disciple of *Comus* organised in the very lecture-room, and under a seat of the gallery, a culinary apparatus for his own proper use and comfort. By means of a spirit-lamp filched from the paternal laboratory, a tin saucepan, and a coffee-pot, he cooked an infinity of delicacies, and consumed them in silence, while the halting tongue of the lecturer was expounding Horace or Claudian. His comrades to the right and left acted as accomplices, and masked his battery—*de cuisine*. It was needful of course to offer them a portion of the feast—this was done by the sighing Gustave on the most niggardly scale.

But one thing grieved our pupil cook, viz., the inability of varying his ordinary to his taste. To be condemned every day that God made, to chocolate, or eggs in their shell; to be obliged to drink black coffee or mulled wine, became at least insupportable. He returned to the school one holiday evening, and, blindfolding the porter, introduced a flask of Old Cognac into the premises. 'At last,' said he to himself, 'I will have the pleasure of tasting punch.' He had reckoned without the treacherous flame of the burning spirit. The professor, though half blind, caught a glimpse of the blue blaze; and in the twinkling of an eye, flask, lamp, coffee-pot, and all were confiscated. Our illicit distiller was put under arrest for eight days on bread and water. His stomach retains to this day, a disagreeable recollection of his mischance.

Many other misdeeds of the young and dissipated Gustave remained unpunished.

Among his school-mates there was one, whose sharp and discordant voice tortured the ears of his class. By virtue of his wonderful powers of imitation, our hero succeeded in counterfeiting his detestable accents and tones, and naturally resolved to turn his acquisition to profit. A treaty was concluded. Planche stipulated a large subvention of cakes, sugar-almonds, and delicacies of every kind (the contracting party being son of a confectioner), and promised his friend, that in return he would exonerate him for the space of one entire secular year from learning a lesson of any kind whatever. The treaty was scrupulously fulfilled on one side and the other.

When the teacher called out the son of the seller of sweet stuff, and requested him to recite from memory, a tirade from Corneille, or some verses of Lucan, the barking young lad arose, opened his mouth, and continued moving his lips without uttering a sound. Behind him, *his voice*, stuttering or muttering in the usual mode of pupils, recited, or rather read the passage required.

The imitation was so perfect, that the whole class, except those in the immediate vicinity, were deceived as well as the teacher. The accomplices attained the vacation without a single check; one not having committed a solitary sentence to memory, the other receiving and enjoying in kind, the revenue acquired by his industry. Meantime, our hero, notwithstanding these rogueries suggested by his gastronomic propensities, made good progress in his studies. He loved the Latin poets nearly as much as strawberry tarts, and enjoyed Euripides while taking his sugar almonds to his chocolate, or uncovering jam pots; so that at the end of a year so improving to his mind, and so comfortable to his stomach, he carried off numerous prizes. Through joy at his success he made such a hearty supper, that he kept his bed for the next forty-eight hours."

His father intending him as his successor gets his name inserted among the students at the school of pharmacy, but he employs the chief part of his time visiting the Louvre, passionately studying the antiques, admiring the old masters, spelling through the great book of art; seeing, judging, reasoning, forming his own decision without looking for one ready made, in Winckleman or the learned Jesuit Lauzi. He also studied cotemporary art in the ateliers, smoking cigars with the adepts great and small amid the haw-haws of broad jokes and grotesque *scies*. So while he spent his hours with Gérard, Gros, Pradier, Delacroix, &c., his father fancied him in the depths of the school-laboratory, "questioning a retort, or holding a consultation with an alembic." On paying a tardy visit to the school, he found his son's name totally "unknown" in that locality. A frightful scene ensued; the

apothecary drove out the prodigal son, and gave him his malediction.

Gustave took all his best clothes, sold them to a *fripier* in the neighbourhood, put on his used garments, soiled and tore them in strips; and thus bedecked, passed and repassed his father's shop, enjoying the supposed charitable observations of the neighbours, and his wrathful parent's mortification. About the twentieth turn, he knocked up against an individual who burst into a fit of laughter on recognising him.

"Oh, mercy!" cried out the passenger, "are you posing for Belisarius? *Virtue of my life!* what superb rags! or are you going to set up an opposition shop to the poor of the Bicêtre (Ricourt was the speaker)?" And as Ricourt had confessed many prodigal sons in his time, he now heard the confession of Gustave, whose acquaintance he had made among the painters.

He made no concealment of his mischance.

'Good,' said Ricourt: 'is that all? cheer up: I will take you under my patronage; come write for the *Artiste*, and be a 'man of letters:' you are already provided with the costume.' 'Famous idea! I accept the offer,' said Planche. 'Accept! to be sure you do. You will roll in gold: five francs per page, and the page has only two columns. Eh! that's respectable I think. Take heart of grace and knock me off an article.'

Twenty four hours after, Planche brought him twelve or fifteen pages containing his first literary attempt. 'Bravo! bravissimo!' cried the chief editor of *L'Artiste* after reading the lucubration. 'Oh, ho! here are ideas—new and superior ideas. Where have you stolen so much wit, saying nothing of the originality, the *chic*,\* and the style? My stars! I have made a valuable acquisition: I'll not part with you in haste.'

But Gustave parted from Ricourt. He entered into the service of Buloz of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by the friendly intervention of Count Alfred de Vigny, and wrote an account of the *Exposition* of 1831.

His articles at once attracted great attention. At the first effort, Gustave Planche had the courage to take his place on the bench of criticism as sovereign judge. Never did criticism exhibit more logic, more taste, more intelligence. Under the new pen, she clearly de-

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\* An untranslatable word, implying among other things, "the Glass of Fashion and the Mould of Form," the wit of Rev. Sydney Smith, and Beau Brummell's taste in neck-cloths. When you hear a person whose studies have not extended to "*Alison on Taste*," say "that's the ticket," you may be sure that he has an intuitive grasp of the idea. We have heard a man of talent equal to Ricourt's at all events, give utterance to the expression, "that's the *cheese*." Pronounce the last c in the French word, soft, and the sounds are nearly alike. It is an odd coincidence.

monstrated the soundness of each judgment, and expressed herself in pure and correct language.

He next tried the province of literary criticism, a hundred times more slippery and steep than the other. This time again he was saluted master; and the ignoble complaints of the envious were soon stifled in the universal applause that followed. Thus Gustave Planche took possession of the entire domain of criticism; and continued to pass under review, according to the chance of production or his own caprice, the works of artists, of poets, and of musicians. As he proceeded on his way, he acquired a greater solidity of judgment, a wonderful degree of sagacity, and an extreme acuteness of analysis.

The great merit of Planche consists in having comprehended and judged better than any other, geniuses the most opposite in character: to have scanned so justly, he must have looked from a point of view far above his subject. It is not the quality of an ordinary spirit to place itself so naturally at this exact point of view, and not be set wrong by the deceptive mirage of the prejudices and passions of the moment. The diapason of the instrument must be unerring and correct, when so few false notes have escaped, among the infernal charivari of the quarrels of the schools.

When Planche speaks of the beauties of music—beauties so vague, so fleeting, so difficult to be expressed in ordinary language, the neat, correct, and limpid turn of his sentences is wonderful in its way. In criticism, as well of art as of literature, Gustave Planche is master; and all the Janins of the world do not reach his instep.

Still we protest formally against some of his decisions. When he exalts André Chénier, the Abbé Prévost, Merimée, Villemain, Jules Sandeau, we join in his enthusiasm; but when he declares George Sand, the first moralist of the age, our conscience revolts against the blasphemy.

Gustave Planche, we repeat, is a true master in criticism, but he is the genuine child of the age, imbued with the grovelling instincts of materialism, the blind lover and idolator of plastic form and beauty. No spiritual idea ever issues from his judgment, otherwise so accurate and precise. Of what importance are God, the soul, eternity, to him? fables and bagatelles. Such things are not to M. Planche's taste."

Planche is accused of injustice towards Victor Hugo, the Magnus Apollo of Eugène de Mirecourt: he gives this specimen of his bad feeling and warped judgment. In a critique of Planche's on Victor Hugo, were these words.

"The life of this man is only a long series of obstinate errors. The worst informed on literary matters are aware, that the author of *Notre Dame de Paris*, considers himself exempt from study by the strength of his genius; but they are not at all disposed to accept this pretension. Science is unattainable, without study; and if Victor Hugo is determined to draw all from himself, he must make up his mind to meet the disdain of the public."



Mirecourt makes this reply :—

"Never was venom more undeserved inflicted by a critic's sting: never did a blow fall so wide of its object. On the contrary, the least instructed know, that the erudition of the author of *Nôtre Dame* is most extensive and profound, far surpassing that of the most encyclopedic head of the age.

Some officious friends shewed Victor these articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. 'What can we do,' said the poet. 'Planche came to me one evening in a frightful pair of worn-out shoes: I gave him a pair of old boots. You always make an enemy of the man to whom you give your old boots.'

Hints are thrown out that St. Beuve and Planche had not advanced in the catechism as far as the decalogue, and that they were consequently not aware of the law respecting their neighbour's wife, to wit, Madame Victor Hugo, or wilfully broke through it in intention. The lady was so cruel as to despise their tender avowals, but she is accused of having asked Mr. Planche, how was he off for shirts? a biting affront when his uncleanly habits were taken into account. Mirecourt defends her like a true knight. He asserts that she was incapable of using the words without great provocation, but considers the question as a fair reprisal for Planche's purposed breach of hospitality and the ninth commandment.

"Gustave's family and relatives completely threw him off, from the period of his entering the literary life. They could not even pronounce his name unless in a tone of reproach and hatred.

Either through a desire to annoy them, or to imitate in everything the philosopher of Sinope, Gustave wears abominable clothes, and never washes his hands. Those who knew him before this metamorphose, affirm him to have been a young man of distinguished appearance, enhancing by an aristocratic manner and perfect good taste in dress, the advantages of a fine shape and expressive countenance."

Our critic having praised *Indiana* to the skies, Mme. Sand would penetrate into his dirty den (even in his prosperous days he did not affect respectable lodgings), Hotel de Jean Jacques Rousseau, Rue des Cordiers. Being attired as a student, Mons. George was allowed to pass unmolested.

Hear how she speaks of her partial critic.

"I am under particular obligations as artist, to M. Gustave Planche, a spirit essentially critical, but of the highest elevation of thought. He rendered me the greatest service, not only by obliging me by his friendly raileries, to study my own language, which I at

first wrote with extreme negligence, but also because I learned much from his conversation, which possessed indeed little variety, but was of a substantial character and of a remarkable lucidity. His acquaintance, however, surrounded me with enmities and bitter rancours.

All those whom Planche had wounded with tongue or pen, imputed to me as a crime, to receive him at my house when they were of the party; and I was threatened with a complete desertion of my friends of an older date, who insisted that they ought not to be sacrificed to a new acquaintance."

George Sand in her *Mémoires de ma vie*, and Balzac in one of his novels, have involved the intimacy of the two literati in such a cloud of woven air, and enveloped it in such a net work of words, words, words, that to get a correct idea of the rise, and progress, and dissolution of the intimacy would be a task on a par with that in the household story, where the hero seeks his lost needle in a cock of hay."

"Through dint of reading volume after volume, correcting proofs, and essaying to cool with alcoholic beverages, his blood overheated with study, his sight was affected so far as to oblige the faculty to prescribe the most absolute repose. 'Repose, indeed!' cried he; 'what pleasant gentlemen are your physicians! Rest to a man who must labour, if he intends to live!'

He was absolutely in the same situation as the poor creatures, who avail themselves of the gratuitous consultations held at hospitals, and to whom the facetious doctors prescribe a generous diet washed down by wine of Bourdeaux.

Very opportunely for Gustave, he just then came by a legacy of from seventy-five to eighty thousand francs. Without delaying to entrust his money to a notary, or buy stock and live on the interest, he filled his pocket book with bank notes, and departed post-haste for Italy, and there abode for seven delightful years.

He paid his respects to all the monuments, visited all the museums, never read a line, but noted down every evening the impressions of the day.

Under the lovely skies of Florence and Naples, he improved himself in the science of *doing nothing*, ate and drank his crowns in the guise of the finest viands and liquors, never gave himself the trouble of purchasing even the ghost of a body coat, and finally the last pieces in his purse were only waiting to be put in the melting pot. Some early religious impressions latterly awakened by the splendour and the poetry of worship in the Italian Churches, now resumed their ancient power, and he faithfully discharged his christian duties—for six weeks."

"I will become a religious," said he; "I will court voluntary solitude; I will be free from the harassing task of toiling for mere subsistence, and I will have leisure for literary composition."

"What hindered the execution of this laudable design? Bacchus and a certain heathen goddess, both of whom were in his confidence, could alone reveal the secret. Our man returned to Paris, and Buloz received him with open arms.

The first apparition of Gustave at the Café Momus\* in his indescribable costume, raised the enthusiasm of its frequenters even to a pitch of delirium. All its idlers and literary vagabonds, the very cream of *Bohemia* received him in triumph in the midst of a charivari, which waked up the echoes in the neighbouring old Basilic of Saint Germain-l'Auxerrois. A *Bohemian* poet seizing on Planche's venerable and greasy hat, then and there improvised a lofty ode on the subject of that famous head-covering. Planche looked on these outpourings of feeling with the greatest benignity, and drank like a hero of the *Iliad*. Next day he resumed the usual routine of former years.

When the celebrated Critic has money in his purse, hear how he spends his day. He engages a coach in the evening, and it is at his door punctually at six o'clock in the morning. At nine, he rises and pays a visit to his friends the painters or sculptors. At eleven, he is set down at a restaurant's in vogue, where he first orders seven or eight glasses of *Absinth* or *Vermuth*† to give the satisfactory tone to his stomach. He then breakfasts in a style more than comfortable, and pays his bill amounting to twenty-five or thirty francs. He then gets into his voiture, and takes a turn among other artists of his acquaintance. At six o'clock he alights at the Café de Paris. Having made a preparation for the digestive organs, similar to that of the morning, he orders succulent viands, and wines of the best quality. The expense of the dinner varies from fifty to sixty francs. His coach then conveys him to the *balcon* of the opera or the orchestra of the Theatre Français. At midnight he hands forty francs to his driver, climbs to his garret, and goes to sleep with the contented feelings which Titus would experience on such an occasion, saying after his example, 'Behold a day well spent.' At the Exhibition he has been frequently seen, oily in face and figure, striving to walk in shoes down at heel, wearing an abominable shirt, a coat with greasy collar, an impracticable hat, and a pantaloons torn and fringed at the bottom.

Being once invited to dine with a celebrated actress, Anais or Mme. Dorval, he arrived before the company. 'My goodness! Planche,' cried the hostess, 'what a figure you cut! Go take a bath I beg; here is a ticket.' He returned in an hour's time as clean as when he set out. 'You unhappy man, you have not taken the bath.' 'By my faith, I have.' 'Look at your hands.' 'Ah

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\* See our article on Murger's *Vie de Bohème* IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. xx. for scenes at the *Café Momus*. The author himself is typified by *Rodolphe* in that work.

† The translator humbly acknowledges his ignorance of the ingredients of these spirituous liquors, and of their English names, if they happen to have any other than *Wormwood wine*.

that is because I had a book while in the water.' This he looked on as a most valid excuse. Exteriorly and interiorly he holds water in the most profound detestation.

In times of scarcity he never approaches a café; he lives on bread and cheese, or resorts to a labourers' eating house. At this period he works with extreme ardor, and is to be found only at museums or at libraries. As soon as his diligence has put some money in his pocket, he selects a new café, and resumes his Gargantuan existence.

He keeps his address a secret from all his acquaintances, less through shame than a desire to enjoy solitude. If he is obliged to accept the arm of a friend when returning home at night, he always dismisses him before they arrive at the street where he lives. If he observes himself watched, he turns off in a contrary direction.

A facetious painter once amused himself making him pace the flags till 3 o'clock in the morning. But Planche held out like a hero, walked his tormentor off his legs, and finally succeeded in gaining his dormitory unseen. It was a long time supposed that he slept in the open air at the crossings of the public promenades; and himself rather encouraged the general impression. 'Where do you lie at night?' said some one. 'I do not lie down at all; I perch.' 'And where, may I ask?' 'Champs-Élysées, third tree on the right.'

When our hero changes his address, all his moveables are conveyed away in his hat: this circumstance exempts him from employing commissionnaires, a race addicted to blabbing.

One of his new landlords of whom he had just rented a furnished room, lost all courage when he found his stock of linen represented by three collars. 'Sir,' said he very naively, 'will you do me the pleasure of mentioning where are your shirts?' 'Will you do me the pleasure,' answered Planche, 'of explaining for what object people wear shirts? Is it not for the sole purpose of exhibiting their collars? Behold three very neat ones, and be satisfied.'

The more he advances in years, the less he is disposed to endure the arbitrary will of Buloz. Sometimes he gets vexed and dismisses his employer: then such is his apathy that he makes no application elsewhere, and is dying of hunger by inches. The last time they fell out was in the midst of a rigorous winter; and Planche was often met in the streets with a torn grey hat, a strip of pocket handkerchief for a cravat, a paletot of very light stuff with vent holes innumerable, and his feet in shoes unprovided with soles. But Buloz always comes to the rescue.

He has need of Planche to keep in check, some high and mighty personages who patronise *the shop*, and whose pretensions wound his consequences at times. For these, Gustave is a genuine head of Medusa. So now and then he gives him leave to go and break windows.

Planche is afflicted with feeble sight. His health is failing day by day, and his wretchedness becomes more intense: he wears the same style of clothes as in days of yore.

A person was telling Charles Nodier how an enraged romanticist (Planche was a zealous classicist) fell on the critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* one evening at the corner of a street, and trashed him

unmercifully. 'Thank goodness,' said the author of *La Fée aux Miettes*, 'that Gustave's coat has at last got what it sadly wanted, a good brushing.'

At different epochs he has reviewed almost all the cotemporary literature in pieces of incontestible worth. Their titles in collection, are *La Poésie, le Theatre, et le Roman Contemporaines—Les Royautés Littéraires—De l'Etat du Theatre en France—Les Amitiés Littéraires—Moralité de la Poésie—De la Critique Française—De la Langue Française*, &c.

Gustave Planche is never niggardly of praise (when deserved), and never condemns without cause, that is to say, without a cause which to us often appears insufficient, but perfectly conclusive to himself. He is the reverse of a venal critic. His lodgings are never seen encumbered with rich spoils, won at the pen's point from theatrical kings and queens, or other vain imbeciles who are in such terror of the gruff voice of the press. He has never learned to *chaunt*, therefore much will be forgiven to him. His chief defect is his forced sympathy with Buloz in his literary likings and dislikings: still he sometimes kicks against the traces.

One day he presented a scathing article on Alexander Dumas. Every sentence was a whip stroke: the insolent Scapin of literature was literally cut away to a thread.

'My dear fellow,' said Buloz; 'Dumas writes with us. I never fire on my own people; modify the article.' 'This is the way I modify it,' said Planche, throwing the manuscript into the fire. 'The act was the more heroic, as he was at the moment in absolute destitution. It was in November, and his pantaloons were of the lightest description of Summer wear.'

It would be natural to suppose, from the majestic movement of Dr. Johnson's sentences, and the accurate adjustment of their parts to each other, that composition cost him much labor, while in reality it required not much more than a mere exertion of his thinking powers. Mirecourt makes the same remark concerning the ample form and the harmony of Gustave Planche's periods, adding that no living writer composes with greater ease to himself.

"Louis Napoleon has a high esteem for the critical talent of Gustave Planche. His cabinet is never without a copy of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* open at one of his articles.

Immediately after his accession to the throne, he wrote to our hero, inviting him to select any office he pleased in the 'Administration of the Fine Arts,' even the chief management, if it suited him. Planche considered that if he took office he should change his life, renounce his liberty, wash his hands, and wear stiff new clothes. He thanked the Emperor and declined the Imperial favor.

A personage high in the department bitterly complained one day to Buloz of the remarks of Planche on the public works then in course of execution. 'Have a care sir,' said Buloz; 'His Majesty sets great value on his opinions.' He paid a visit at once to the critic, and

mentioned the circumstance. Gustave arose from his sick bed, took the Emperor's letter from a drawer, and read it out for him. 'When you see this gentleman again,' said he, 'tell him that I could occupy his office to-morrow if I chose.'

This man who despises official salary, and ease, continues to labor for the public, and for art. On the occasion of the **UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION**, he wrote a series of truly superior articles. Still the same certainty of judgment, the same profound knowledge, the same masterly, simple, and pure style. Recently he has resumed the consideration of the works of the great sculptor whom France has just lost, David Angers."

Sue and Planche were living men when their biographies were sketched. The reader being aware that both have gone to their accounts, would probably find Mirecourt's handling ill-timed and too severe, if he did not keep the other fact before him, while reading the article. Undisguised dislike towards Sue, is all along apparent, while great respect for the critical powers, and contempt for the sensual habits of Planche, are equally evident. It will do no harm to such of our younger readers as have got through the *Mysteries* (taking for granted that they have never scraped acquaintance with the *Jew*), and who are disposed from the apparent goodness of the author's heart, to go the whole way with him in his *moral* and *social* projects—it will do no harm, we repeat, to be made acquainted with his manner of life as shown above, and to be reminded how unwise it would be to expect pure and refreshing waters from such a muddy and unhealthy source.

It is difficult to conceive how such sound judgment, and loftiness of thought, and pure taste, could be united to such grovelling propensities as held the mastery in the case of Planche. Our own Goldsmith may be quoted to us as another striking instance; but there are many differences. If the purest good nature and feeling prevail in his writings, they were also evinced in his prodigal generosity. If his morals were not correct, his debts unpaid, and if his life generally was not a model for imitation, and if the spirit and character of his writings inculcate a conduct the reverse of his own, he was still no hypocrite. He loved and revered everything that is good and excellent in its nature, but strength of resolve was wanted; and he was not proof, during these hours when the soul's sentinels are not at their post, to the seductions of

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\* In the *Illusions of Literature*, **IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW**, No. xxi. there are a few satirical allusions to this Artist's manner.

*Le Dernier Chouan*, published in 1827, brings him to notice at last, and he travels on in the high way of popularity but not independence.

Mirecourt here takes occasion to cudgel Jules Janin for his unjust and impudent criticisms, on his man, and classes his *Comédie Humaine* in eight divisions, *Scènes de la Vie Privée*, *Scènes de la Vie de Province*, *Scènes de la Vie Parisienne*, *Scènes de la Vie Politique*, *Scènes de la Vie Militaire*, *Scènes de la Vie de Campagne*, *Etudes Philosophiques* and *Etudes Analytiques*.

"Balzac is the Benvenuto of modern literature; he carves out his books with admirable care; all his sentences are chiselled. He excels (so to speak) in melting the materials of the passions, and casting his characters in bronze. Since Moliere, no author has had such success in the exploring of the human heart.

Woman, that eternal despair of the painter of manners, that fugitive and mysterious being, that flower of a thousand changing tints, that gracefulameleon with such varied and deceptive hues—woman has in him, found at once, her naturalist, her historian, her poet. She has revealed to him the secret of her joys and her woes; she permits him to explain her airs and graces, her gossipings, her disdain, her preferences, her caprices, and her enjoyments. Every sentence of the great book, in which our mother Eve has written the first line, is faithfully translated by Balzac. He deciphers the most obscure hieroglyphics of sentiment; his lancet lays bare the most delicate fibres of thought. He dissects woman's heart, analyses all its palpitations, all its tender emotions. He exhibits in their exquisite and purest essence, the adorable qualities that distinguish them; then he searches out their defects, and seizes on them one by one with wonderful insight. Shade succeeds to light, and sometimes we discover the demon under the form of an angel. Designs in smiles, perfidies in gesture, diplomacy in the glance,—nothing escapes this skilful anatomist: he seems to possess the key to all the mysteries of human nature.

When we compare the women of Balzac to those of George Sand, we find them as different as sound logic from paradox, as truth from falsehood."

Now, with submission to our critic, and in our poor judgment, a man must be a moral monster to possess such qualities of penetration or intuitive knowledge as described above. A true man or true woman as God has formed them, will ever find it impossible to enter into the other's distinctive nature, and draw a faithful psychological picture thereof. Is it possible that a man sensible to feminine beauty, and whom no influence could possibly make fall in love with an ugly woman, could bring sensibly before his mind the processes going on in the heart of

yonder delicate lady, with her life and soul devoted to that swarthy, rough-featured being, whose presence our sensitive critic can hardly tolerate within the compass of a small room.

A slight instance this, of what we wish to illustrate, but want of space prevents our enlarging on the subject. A graver cause of offence is given by Balzac, in the general cynical and sensual character of his writings: Human Passions are the prime movers in his *Comédie Humaine*; there is no high presiding influence directing their operations for any purpose of good; and out of his scores of stories, and his five thousand personages (a curious admirer has settled them at that figure) there are very few ordinarily good men or women.

We mentioned in a former paper the least objectionable of his tales. We remember being particularly provoked by the conduct of one of them, not objectionable in other respects. He takes his personages, some of them worthy folk, others the reverse; with defects and wants among some of the good characters, which only wait to be filled up and satisfied by the superfluities of the others. An amiable rich old maid, not so very old either, requires love for the good qualities of her person, not for her purse: a poor relative, who really loves her without her finding it out, will not tell her so for fear of being suspected of selfish views. So cross purposes increase; the worthless characters fare off best; and those who deserve some happiness or comfort are punished, and disinherited, and drowned; there is not even the pleasure of a fine tragic effect, but all ends as flat, and wearisome, and dismal as a pauper's funeral.

Balzac and George Sand seem to have cordially disliked each other. He once observed, that nature, through some slight inattention, created her of the neuter gender; and that what she chiefly needed was more trowsers and less style. Mirecourt warns his readers when perusing that lady's memoirs of her life (a work which he considers uncalled for, as far as the education of youth is concerned), not to trust blindly to her appreciation of his hero.

Balzac, according to our critic, was really one of the most unaffected, simple-minded, honest men that could be found, getting deeper into debt through desperate efforts to rid himself of it, and this despite his great popularity. The following extract will partially account for this phenomenon.

"He laboured with too good a conscience, and at too slow a pace; he was never satisfied with his success. When he had revised one of



his romances, *Pierrette*, fourteen times, the printer observed, 'you will be at the expense of eighteen hundred or two thousand francs for corrections.' 'What matter?' said he, 'go on;' and the work saw its twenty-seventh revise before it was published.

*Pierrette* was dedicated to the accomplished lady (Mme. Eve de Hanska), who afterwards bore his name. He wished to convey to her the combined gift of talent and heart at the same time. The expense of the corrections exceeded the sale of the edition by three or four hundred francs. Certes, it was hard for him to pay his debts by such a procedure."

Contrary to the system of Elie Berthet, all of whose writings we can cordially recommend for perusal, but who gives the most accurate descriptions of vales of Andorre, La Vendee Marshes, Swiss vallies, Paris catacombs, Auvergne craters, &c., sitting on a low stool, and performing journeys from the loho in front to the quarto on his right hand, Balzac would not mention a street nor an old building in a provincial town, without paying them a conscientious visit. Hence the wonderfully true pictures of the house Grandet in Saumur, the house Bouquet at Issodun, &c.

"Chagrined beyond endurance by the clamours of his creditors, he resorted to his sister's family nearly every evening, for some little respite and consolation.

"Come my gazelles (so he called his nieces), said he one evening, 'give me paper and a pencil: quick! quick!' They gave him what he demanded, and he spent an hour putting down sums and adding them. 'Fifty nine thousand francs,' said he at last; 'fifty nine thousand francs I owe; and what remains for me to do but blow out my brains, or throw myself into the Seine?' 'And the romance\* you have commenced for me,' said his niece weeping, 'will never be finished!' 'Ah! dear angel!' said he, 'I was wrong to be so cast down; I will work for you, and that very thing will bring good luck. Away with sadness! It will be a chef d'œuvre; I will get three thousand crowns for it. The publishers will give me fabulous prices; I will pay my debts in two years; I will put by a dowry for you; I will become a peer of France. All that is settled: now let us to dinner.'

'And our boxes at the theatre, uncle?' 'Here they are, just in my pocket; we'll go to the *Gymnase*.' 'But you have no dress coat.'

'Surville (his brother in law) will lend me his: to the table with you my gazelles;' and he kept them all laughing while striving to eat their dinner. Balzac forgot his debts, and the Bordeaux and the chestnuts were laid on the tables.

'Dress yourself uncle, we'll be late.' 'Very well thought of,' said he, rising and passing into the next room, to make his toilet.

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\* Balzac would never permit his nieces to read a romance of his except those he wrote expressly for them, such as *Ursule Mirouet*.

Putting in his head soon after at the door left ajar, he cried out, 'Surville, leave me some of the Bordeaux.' 'Oh dear!' said Surville, 'the bottle is empty; we drank it all, but I'll go to the cellar for another.' 'No, no, don't trouble yourself: if the wine is gone, I'll be satisfied with the chesnuts,' and all roared out laughing at the naïveté of the expression.

He was blessed with the power of being able to turn aside from the considerations of his debts and his harassing disputes, and finding enjoyment in pure domestic relations.

He often spent hours gambolling with his little nieces; and when his sister scolded him for losing so much time, he would answer, 'Silence! Petrarch (her name was Laura): if I don't give my brain a holiday it will burst.'

Though the toothache, contracted in his garret, continued to annoy him, he still persisted in not allowing one to be pulled out, alleging that wolves never employed dentists, and why should men?

'You're a coward,' said his sister. 'Coward, indeed! I have just now got a loose tooth; give me a string and see if I don't make it fly.' The string was got; and he proceeded mildly and leisurely with the operation, but the impatient lady seizing hand and string, gave him such a chuck, that it was out in a moment. 'Very odd,' said he; 'it appears that I was only using a sort of moral force.'

Having given our opinion on the waste of time caused by the most harmless of works of fiction, for the best are merely harmless, our readers may naturally expect strong denunciations against those that are produced with an evil intention, or at all events written by people destitute of a moral or religious sense, such as the greater number of Balzac's,\* of George Sand's, the one novel of Veron's, and nearly all of Sue's; and to all such indeed we bequeath our hearty malediction.

We were about bestowing a very sufficient amount of pity on the unmarried young ladies of France, for the easy access they enjoy to such a mass of evil reading; but recollected in time, that owing to the peculiarity of female education on the

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\* To Balzac, Dumas, Veron, Planche and Sue might be applied the remark of Mirecourt on Théophile Gautier, 'that if you state any thing in his presence whose truth, or accuracy, or proof, rests on Christian ethics, he stares at you as if you were uttering words in an unknown tongue.' We observed the same peculiarity about Murger when reading his *Vie de Bohème*, in which he exhibits the ordinary phases of an existence, perfectly abnormal as far as the recognition of christian principles is concerned. He recognises good nature, endurance and good humour, as laudable qualities, but he sees no necessity for marriage under any circumstances. If his *Grisette* is very inconsistent, it is a fact to be regretted, and she will receive punishment in the end as a natural consequence: but if she abides with her student through his poverty, as well as his season of fair weather, she ranks as high in Murger's scale—as *Harriet Byron* in Richardson's. His *Adeline Protat* is a very interesting and thoroughly unobjectionable story. The variation in the moral standard of works by the same writer, is much more striking in French than in English works of fiction.

Continent, nearly all their youth being spent in conventual *pensions*, the minds of the fair pensionnaires cannot be tainted by the reading of unattainable works. Again, while here at home, merchants' or shopkeepers' daughters are paying visits, or attending morning concerts, or adorning their persons, or shopping, their sisters in the French cities are sitting in glass hives in their fathers' counting houses, and making entries in curious folios bound in rough calf. Again, looking on the myriads of *Lelias*, *Arthurs*, *Martins*, *Delphines*, and *Jeannes*, lying on our booksellers' tables in their bright tinted paper wrappers, and sold at the low price of 1s. or thereabouts, to any young lady or gentleman desirous of a dose of intoxicating poison, we cannot conscientiously say that the youth of our upper and middle ranks are so much better off than the corresponding classes beyond the strait of Calais. And how fare our folk of grimy faces and hardened palms, when the week's hire and the day of rest arrive? Have they not translations of the worst French romances? Have they not the edifying memoirs of that darling George IV., and have they not penny sheets poisoned to the core with the rabies of unprincipled scribblers, who, striving after the power and wickedness of their French brothers in evil, have only succeeded in securing the bad quality.

And when tavern keepers who furnish ardent spirits to customers already intoxicated, when those who keep dens for the destruction of the health, the innocence, and the spiritual life of our youth, or those who sell poison, knowing that it is to be applied for the extinction of human life,—when any or all of these worthies go calmly about their daily occupations, and enjoy life without feeling the sting of conscience, then, but not till *then* may the writers, the publishers, and the vendors of evil books, think they are leading the lives of Christians, and of honest useful members of the great social family.\*

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\* We subjoin the names of some works lately come under our notice, and as harmless as the ordinary run of English novels. *Un Mariage en Province*, par Mme. Léonie Aunet, *La Fin du Procès*, par A. de Pontmartin, *Belle Rose*, par Amedée Achard (this last on a friend's report), *Adeline Protat*, par Henri Murger, as before mentioned, *La Duchesse d'Hanspar*, and *Amour et Finance*, par Edmond Texier, *Tolla*, *Les Mariages de Paris*, *Germaine*, and *Le Roi des Montagnes*, par Edmond About. We hope some day for the pleasure of presenting to our readers, a few specimens from the fictions of this most genial, humorous, and healthy-minded writer.

## ART. II.—THE BOOKS OF THE FOUR KINGS.

*The Hand-Book of Games, &c., &c. Written or Compiled by Professors and Amateurs.* Edited by Henry G. Bohn. London : Bohn, 1850.

Man is at heart a gambler ; such has been the opinion of many deep thinkers, who have made human nature their study, and it matters not whether cards, dice, or the thousand-and-one other modes of gambling which exist, from the royal game of chess, played in the princely court, to the thimble-rig and trick-of-the-loop at the rural fair, all, and each in their turn, are gamblers. Nay, is not our every day traffic, at best, a species of gambling, or, if you prefer the term, a speculation.

The most wily diplomatist, whilst intriguing with foreign or domestic courts ; the ablest general, marshalling his troops and leading his men to victory ; the judge, on his judicial bench ; the pleader, advocating his client's cause ; the doctor, whilst holding in his hands the life or death of his patient ; all are, more or less, the creatures of circumstance, and guided by chance, are merely gambling for the liberties, properties, or lives of their respective adherents.

Thus, whilst man's nobler nature is inherently speculative, can we feel surprised at the almost natural tendency to gambling in our social relations, when recreation combines with emolument, and the nobleman on the turf, or the whist-player at his club, feels a pleasurable excitement in the chances and changes of a game, though it may be his all depends on the issue. Nor is gambling confined to the higher circles, or to the middle classes ; the rustic at the hedge side has his well-thumbed pack of cards, and stakes *his all* with as true a spirit of gambling as the highest noble in the land, aye, or the king on his throne. And now, that we have shown how strong in our nature is the love of play, it may not be uninteresting to give a few details of these talismanic bits of pasteboard—Cards.

Many and various have been the notions conceived, and the opinions given as to the origin of cards, some claiming them as a European, others as an Eastern invention ; Germany, Spain, France, and England have each their adherents

in asserting that to them we are indebted for this mystic source of amusement, and much as we would be inclined to claim the honor of originality for our own quarter of the globe, we must, in justice to truth, admit that our eastern brethren are the originators. The game of chess, nearly the same in its principles as it is now played, was first devised in India, about the beginning of the fifth century. The similarity between the chessmen of the old oriental game and the court or coat cards, suggests the idea that to chess we are indebted for the invention of cards. In the eastern game there were six orders amongst the chessmen, namely, *Schack*, the king; *Pherz*, the general; *Phil*, the elephant; *Aspensuar*, the horseman; *Ruch*, the camel; and *Beydel*, or *Beydak*, the footmen or infantry. There was no queen, as it would be contrary to the notions of oriental propriety to introduce a woman into a game in which the stratagems of war were represented, and even after the introduction of chess into Europe, the piece now called the queen retained its eastern name *Fierge*, though it assumed a feminine character. *Fierge* became assimilated to the French *Vierge*, a maid, and finally to *Dame* the lady. The other pieces have also undergone a change in the European game. Namely, *Phil*, the elephant, is now the Bishop of the English, and the *Fol* or *Fou* of the French; *Aspensuar*, the horseman, is the French *Chevalier*, and the English knight; *Ruch*, the camel, is the English *Rook* or *Castle*, and the French *Tour*; and the *Beydel*, or *Beydak*, the footmen, are now the French *Pions*, and the English *Pawns*.

The same change has taken place as regards the queen in cards as in chess. Amongst the oldest *numeral* cards that have been discovered no queen is to be found; nor in the Spanish or German at an early period. In the Spanish the court cards of each suit were (*Rey*) the king, (*Carallo*) the knight, and (*Sota*) the knave or attendant. In the German, (*König*) the king, (*Ober*) the chief officer, and (*Unter*) the subaltern. The Italians merely added the queen, thus having four instead of three, namely, *Re*, *Reina*, *Cavallo*, and *Fante*. There was another very ancient Indian game, called *Chaturaji* or the *Four Kings*; this game, which represented a mimic battle, was played by four persons, thus shadowing forth our scientific game

of whist. Edward I. played this game. There is mention of certain monies being appropriated for the king's use whilst playing at the Four Kings—at least it has been so stated in Mr. Anstis's History of the Garter. The assumption however is, that Edward acquired a knowledge of this game in Syria, having spent several years in that country when Prince of Wales, which is another link to the chain of their oriental origin. Though this game is generally supposed to have been chess, still it but marks the close affinity between cards and chess, as the number *four* is a distinctive symbol in cards, for instance, the honors are four, as are also the suits, and it is a well-known fact, as authenticated by Mrs. Piozzi, in her Retrospection, published in 1801, and also by a well-known writer in Frazer's Magazine for August, 1844, that cards were generally known by the name of the Books of the Four Kings. The name cards is supposed to have been derived from the word *Chatur*, which signifies four in the Hindostanee language; some have supposed that it had its origin in the Latin word *Chartæ*, or paper, but the accredited opinions seem to be in favor of the former, and associate the name with the number.

The name, Naibe, or Naipes, by which cards were first designated, both by the Italians and Spanish, is by some authors supposed to be derived from the Arabic; others aver that to Hindostan we must look for its origin, as the word Na-eeb signified in that country a viceroy or governor who ruled over a certain district as sovereign, and therefore as the Four Kings was the acknowledged name for chess, it is not at least improbable that the term Naipes was so derived. Be that as it may, it is certain that cards are at the present day well known both to the Hindoos and Moslems. The Hindoo cards bear no resemblance to ours in shape, as they are usually circular, and are evidently peculiar to the country, identified with their habits, customs, &c. The number of suits in some packs is eight, in others ten; they, however, bear a similitude to the earliest known European cards in having no queen, the two court cards being a king and his principal minister.

Whilst claiming for Hindostan the invention of cards, we must, however, premise that in the museum of the East India Company we have no specimen of Hindostanee

cards. In the museum of the Royal Asiatic Society there are, however, three packs, one consisting of ten suits, and the other two of eight suits each. The material of which they are formed appears to be canvass, but so highly varnished as to feel like wood. The figures and marks on these cards appear to be done by the hand, not stencilled or printed. Judging by this, one would suppose card painting an acknowledged profession in Hindostan. For one of those packs an almost fabulous origin is claimed; it consists of eight suits, and from a memorandum by which it is accompanied, the following information may be obtained. They formerly belonged to a Captain D. Cromline Smith, to whom they were presented, about the year 1815, by a Bramin of Southern India, who informed Captain Smith that they were an heir-loom in his family, and were more than a thousand years old; he was not sure if they were perfect. He also stated that no one at the present day understood them, nor were there any books in existence by which any information regarding them could be gained. They seem, however, to be in such high preservation that the Bramin's story appears almost incredible, and would lead one to imagine it a mere legend as regards the very remote antiquity, and from the costume of the figures and harness of the animals the writer of the memorandum assumes them to be of Hindostanee origin.

There is a tradition regarding the origin of the Hindostanee cards, namely, that they were invented by a favorite sultana, to wean her husband from a habit he had acquired of pulling or eradicating his beard.

There is a marked similarity between the oldest European cards, preserved either in public libraries or private collections, and those of Hindostan. As the marks of the European suits, cups, or chalices, swords, money, and clubs have been supposed to represent the four principal classes in the European state, that is, churchmen, swordsmen, monied men or merchants, and club men or labourers; in like manner are the four great historical castes of the Hindoos represented, thus, Bramins, priests; Chetryas, soldiers; Vaisyas, tradesmen and artificers; and Sudras, slaves and the lowest class of labourers.

In the oldest stencilled or printed European cards, which are about the fifteenth century, we find a similarity between

the marks of the suite and the Hindostanee cards; the former were bells, hearts, leaves, and acorns, each of those have marks in common with the eastern cards but the hearts, and no where can we perceive any corresponding symbol to identify the hearts as being derived from them. The diamond of our own time is supposed to have had its origin from the Castrala or mystic diamond, worn on the breast of Vichnou, or held in the palm of his hand.

Playing cards appear to have been known from a very early date in China, they were supposed to have been invented in the reign of Seum-ho, in 1120, for the amusement of his mistresses. They were called Che-pae, or paper tickets, though the name of a single card was *Shen*, a fan. Though very unlike the cards of other countries, yet the form of the diamond is nearly the same as that on the European card; the Chinese cards are much narrower than ours.

The introduction of cards into Europe is still involved in mystery; there is, however, a well-grounded supposition that they were known early in the fourteenth century, if not anterior to that period, as many aver. It is, however, authenticated that about the year 1393, Charles Poupart, treasurer of the household of Charles VI., of France, made an entry, in his book of accounts, of a *Jeu de Cartes*, the name still retained in France for a pack of cards. Some authors assert that cards were known in the eleventh century, though John of Salisbury, who was born in the early part of the twelfth, makes no mention in his work, "*De Nugis Curialium*," on the trifling of courtiers, which might lead one to suppose they were in use at that period, though the fifth chapter of the first book is devoted to the use and abuse of gaming. The canon of the Council of Worcester, held in 1240, interdicts clergymen from participating in games, such as dice, king and queen, &c.; the latter may have been the game of cards. The entry in the wardrobe accounts of Edward I., we have recorded before; he had acquired a knowledge of chess, or the game of the four kings, in the east; this was, however, merely an assumption of the Hon. Daines Barrington, in his remarks on Mr. Anstis's "*History of the Garter*;" but might not Edward have learnt the game from his wife, Eleanor of Castile, and thus give to Spain the honor of introducing



them into England. This would be a justification of the Abbé Rive's theory, that cards were invented in Spain, and were known there early in the fourteenth century. The authority, however, from which he has derived his information is rather apocryphal, being a French translation, by Gutery, of "Guevara's Epistles," who, it is supposed, interpolated his version, and assumed that a general prohibition of gaming must, of necessity, include cards. We may, therefore, suppose that many of the earlier accounts of the use of playing cards that have been transmitted to us, are merely the interpolations of the several translators or compilers who made them in good faith, neither for the purpose of deceiving, or claiming for them a fabulous antiquity; but merely from a desire to supply what they considered an omission. Be it what it may, it furnishes a proof that cards were not in frequent use, at all events either in France or Spain, at the period in which they wrote. In the "*Magasin Pittoresque*," for April, 1836, an illustration is given said to be an exact copy from a miniature in a MSS. of the *Cité de Dieu* translated from St. Augustine, by Raoul de Presle; the translation assumes the miniature to represent persons of distinction playing at cards in the reign of Charles V. There is no evidence, however, in proof of the date, and the costume represented appears to be more like that worn in the reign of Charles VI. No deduction can be drawn from the kind of cards they are represented as playing with, as there is no definite description of the cards used in France at that period.

That cards were introduced into Germany in the year 1300, has been averred by some authors. Heneiken, quoting from the *Güldin Spil*, assumes it to be a fact, though there is no evidence of their being in general use for at least a century later.

Now, that we have given the opinions of doubtful authorities, it is but fair to present a resumé of what may be depended on as a correct history of cards from 1493, when they became more generally used, a period to which popular belief has even attributed their origin. They were supposed to have been invented to amuse Charles VI. of France during his lucid intervals, he having become deranged from the effects of a sun-stroke, in 1392. But this, it appears, is only a popular fallacy, its authenticity being

merely founded on an entry made in the accounts of Charles Poupart, treasurer to Charles the VI., in which mention is made of the purchase of three packs of cards from a painter named Jacquemin Gringonneur, who was the supposed inventor. It is, however, an undoubted fact, that cards were not in general use previous to, or even at that period, and, though permitted in the court circles, and amongst the higher classes in society, they did not become generally known to the working people until about the year 1397, when an edict was issued prohibiting them on working days.

The passion of Gambling, however, so strongly inherent in man's nature, became so powerful at this period, that many, aware of their weakness, and fearing a predilection at all times so fatal, when unrestrainedly indulged, made voluntary pledges to refrain from this vice, and bound themselves to the payment of certain monies in cases of infraction. The temperance movement of our own day, through the instrumentality of which so wondrous a change has been wrought on the minds and characters of a people labouring under what might be termed a *national* vice, and in a great degree breaking those bonds by which they were enthralled, by pledges to refrain from a passion as direful in its consequences, and we might add, more debasing in its indulgence than gaming, bears a striking similarity to the system adopted in the fourteenth century. Menestrier records that Amadeus VIII., Duke of Savoy, afterwards Pope Felix V., forbade all kinds of gaming in his territory; cards were permitted only to women, with whom men might play, provided they only played for pins. This prohibition was issued in the year 1430.

Germany appears to have taken the lead in card making, when pursued as a regular trade, which was early in the fifteenth century. From some records extant, it would appear that women were the earliest card makers and card painters. In an old rate-book of Nuremberg the name of *Margret Kartenmalerin* is mentioned, year 1438. Nuremberg, Augsburg, and Ulm, appear to have been the chief towns in Germany where cards were manufactured in the fifteenth century. Nor did they confine their sales of these commodities to their own country; they did also a large export trade, and it is supposed that it was against the German card makers that the order was issued in Venice, prohibiting

the introduction of foreign cards into the city, under a penalty, as their own manufactures had fallen into desuetude, in consequence of their importation.

Though it has been assumed that wood engraving had its origin in the practice of engraving cards on wood, and was thence extended to sacred and other subjects, this theory is by no means authenticated, as cards bearing date 1440 were evidently stencilled; and the circumstance alone of so many women card painters employed at Nuremberg between 1433 and 1477, is an irrefragable proof that such is not the fact; they, at least, were not wood engravers. It may however be credited, that at this period the two professions were practised by the same person, something like barber-surgeons.

The precise period in which wood engraving was introduced in Europe, or in what country it was practised, is still doubtful. A wood engraving, bearing date 1418, was said to have been discovered pasted in the inside of an old chest, but as the figures were supposed to have been changed, the genuineness of the date cannot be vouched for. The subject of this cut is the Blessed Virgin, with the infant Jesus in her arms, surrounded by four female saints, namely, St. Catharine, St. Barbara, St. Dorothy and St. Margaret. A facsimile of it is given in the Athenæum, for the 4th of October, 1845.

The St. Christopher in Earl Spencer's collection which bears date 1423, as mentioned by Heineken, was pasted on the inside of the cover of a manuscript volume in the library of Buxheim near Memmingen in Suabia, within fifty miles of Augsburg. On the inside of the cover, Heineken also observed another cut, of the Annunciation, the same size as St. Christopher, and apparently executed about the same time. The volume in which those cuts were pasted was bequeathed to the convent by Anna, Canoness of Buchaw, who was living in 1427. Both those engravings are in Earl Spencer's collection. There is an interesting anecdote in connexion with cards related of St. Bernardin of Sienna; preaching in the year 1424, on the steps in front of the Church of St. Petronius at Bologna, he depicted so forcibly the evils of gaming, particularly card playing, to which the Bolognese were much addicted, that his auditors made a large fire in the public place, and threw their cards into it.

A poor card maker who was present, seeing his mode of life thus, as it were, wrested from him, addressed the saint as follows: "Father, I have not learned any other business than that of card-making, and if that is taken from me, you deprive me of life, and my destitute family of the means of support." The saint replied thus to his appeal, "if you are at a loss how to employ your talent for painting in the manner best suited to gain a fortune, paint this image and you will have no cause to regret the change." Thus saying, he drew forth a tablet, and traced on it the figure of a radiant sun, with the name of Jesus indicated in the centre by the letters I. H. S. The card painter followed the saint's advice, and eventually became a rich man. There is an old wood-cut in the king's library at Paris, bearing date 1454, which is thought to have reference to this anecdote, as the saint is represented holding in his right hand the symbol he recommended the card maker to paint. Nor was Saint Bernardin the only denouncer of cards when played not as a pastime, but as a mode of gambling; several other holy fathers preached on the same subject, and with like success. The Civil Authorities also denounced cards, which in Germany, had at that period, become very popular, and some of the writers of that day mentioned cards as a game at which gentlemen might play after dinner or supper to recreate their minds, and to improve digestion. The progress of card-playing was, however, uninterrupted through the subsequent centuries, and even in England during the reign of the fourth Edward, we have mention of card making as a regular business of the country, but whether this is truth or fallacy it is however an admitted fact that they formed a portion of the Christmas pastimes at that epoch; Henry VII., according to Barrington, had a passion for cards, as there is notice of several entries of money lost at cards, in his privy purse expenses. Cards was a common game at Henry's court too; the royal children indulged in this recreation, and Margaret, afterwards wife of James IV. of Scotland, had her first interview with her affianced husband whilst engaged at cards, after her arrival in Scotland to fulfil her engagement. James himself indulged in this pastime, and there are various instances on record of monies lost by him. In Chambers' Edinburgh Journal of 1832, "there is mention of an entry of four French crowns given to Cuddy the

Inglis luter, to louse his cheyne of grotis, quhilk he tint at the cartis ; i. e., to redeem his chain of groats which he lost at cards." Rogers, whether availing himself of a poet's license or not, we cannot aver, has represented Columbus playing cards in his first voyage of discovery ; this, however, is not unlikely, and may be a fact rather than a fiction as it is supposed to be. It has been recorded of Catherine, wife of Henry VIII., that amongst her other accomplishments she could play with "cardes or dyce;" this, however, may in part be attributed to her Spanish origin. Henry's daughter, the Princess Mary, afterwards queen, was fond of cards, as there are various entries of money given to the princess for that purpose. During Henry's reign card-playing was a very general amusement amongst all classes, both in England and Scotland.

There is no mention of the introduction of cards into Ireland anterior to the sixteenth century. Spenser, at the latter end of that century, represents cards as a common amusement in the south of Ireland, and one, the indulgence of which led to every species of dissipation and meanness. The favorite game in Kerry was called "One-and-Thirty," which was supposed to have been derived from the Spanish, as a game so designated was customary in that country.

The period at which cards were used for the purposes of divination or fortune-telling in Europe is not precisely known. It is, however, supposed that such practices were customary in or about the close of the fifteenth century. The gypsies, by whom this occult science was most generally practised, were undoubtedly of Asiatic origin, another proof, if proof was wanted, that cards are an oriental invention. This species of juggling or conjuring had many votaries during the latter portion of the sixteenth century ; and to the nervous or weak-minded, who sought through their baneful influence to divine either the present, past or future, what direful consequences have too often ensued. Reason, and sometimes life, have been the penalty paid by those whose credulity led them to seek through such unholy intervention a knowledge which the All-wise Deity, in his mercy, concealed from them. Nor is it to the sixteenth century alone that such practices have been confined ; has it not been transmitted to our own enlightened era ? have we not at the present day our itinerant mountebanks playing on the

credulity of simple people, aye, and of educated ones too when imagination is allowed to assume the place of reason, and the lady or gentleman, as the case may be, though outwardly scoffing, is yet inwardly believing in the magic mysteries of the card-drawer. We do not, here, of course, allude to the simple feats and tricks performed by the domestic conjurer. Who is it that will not at intervals retrace the happy period when first initiated into the mystic game of card-playing, or the still more attractive hour when some young companion, learned in the occult science, with assumed witchcraft adroitly divined our inmost thoughts, and knowingly pointed out the card we were thinking of, and we felt an almost instinctive fear of one who to our crude minds seemed gifted with the powers of divination. The reminiscences of boyhood would be irrelevant here were we not drawing a line of distinction between the use and abuse of a simple mode of amusement.

During the reign of Elizabeth, who was herself a card-player, dramatic and satirical representations of cards appear to have been a Christmas pastime. In this art we have preceded the French, who, artistic as they undeniably are, were still nearly a century behind hand. *Rimero* was the game in vogue during Elizabeth's reign; *Man* was that most generally played in James I.; this game appears to have been played with fine cards, and like our own old games of five-and-twenty and five-and-forty, the five of trumps, called the five fingers, was the best card, next to which was the ace of hearts.

Though card-making was in practice in England in the fifteenth century, yet some authors would have it that it was not in general use during the reigns of Elizabeth or James. Spain, at this time, claimed the privilege of manufacturing cards not alone for its own country but in a great measure for ours also. *JEHAN VOLAY*, or according to *Leber*, *Jean Volay*, was one of the most celebrated French card makers of the sixteenth century; there are some of his manufacture preserved in the *Bibliothèque Imperiale*, at Paris.

From a satirical poem, entitled the "Knave of Hearts," by Samuel Rowlands, in 1612, it would appear that cards were at that time very generally manufactured in England, and a few years later a prohibition was issued forbidding

the importation of foreign cards; this was in the reign of Charles I. But a sadder game was now looming in the distance, which for a time superseded all thoughts of play, and when cards were used at all they were only employed as a medium by which political or satirical squibs could be promulgated. We had also at this time scientific cards, supposed to be invented for the purpose of imparting grammatical knowledge, but which united amusement to instruction, and by this means were unobjectionable to the puritans of that day. There were also the practical cards, by which means the knowledge of spelling, writing, and cyphering was imparted. Charles II., however, on his accession to the throne, completely changed the course of things, and if his predecessor was extreme in one way, so was Charles in the other; and thus, at a court where vice reigned triumphant, cards were, as a necessary consequence, in great request. During this reign the business of card making increased vastly in England; ingenious persons rendering cards a medium by which they were enabled not alone to diffuse useful and entertaining information, but also for the purposes of advertisement. In France scientific or geographical cards assumed a higher range of thought and purpose, and were devised altogether for the exclusive use of the nobility, embracing the study of heraldry, and the elements of history and geography; in England, however, a wider scope was taken, and we have records of cards being made subservient to the purposes of conveying instruction on various subjects, amongst which were politics, history, mathematics, and even carving. About the seventeenth century there was a pack of cards invented at Lyons, in which the aces and knaves were represented by the arms of certain nobles and princes; this naturally gave offence, but as the insult was not through design, but purely through inadvertence, the inventor was pardoned, and his plates restored to him on condition that he would change them into princes and chevaliers. Nearly about the same period a pack of cards was engraven in England, with almost a similar design, the court cards of each suit representing the arms of the Pope, or of one of the crowned heads of Europe. For instance, the King of Clubs bore the heraldic arms of the Pope. The King of Hearts, that of England. The King of Diamonds represented the sove-

reign of Spain, and the King of Spades that of France: the queens, knaves (or princes as they were called), and aces, represented the other European powers. Another pack of heraldic cards, which had merely reference to England, was invented about this period; in this the nobles were represented, each according to their grade, by the high or low cards. As a description of the armorial bearings was necessary in order to play with heraldic cards, the game did not become popular, and outlived neither the court of Louis XIV., nor the Revolution in England.

Cards were used at this period for all purposes of instruction as well as amusement; thus, learning made easy was the order of the day, and Cardinal Mazarin gets the credit of suggesting cards, as a mode of imparting information to Louis XIV., when a child. Thus, geography, history, grammar, and all the other adjuncts to learning, were imbibed by the royal youth as a recreation, rather than a laborious study.

In Anne's reign, and that of George the First, satirical and emblematic cards were much in vogue. Various were the subjects selected for the latter; love, however, generally bore the sway, and each card had a symbolic motto. The satirical cards were similar in design, only different in tendency, as the mottoes were as keenly pungent on one, as they were sweetly amorous on the other.

Books containing instructions for playing at cards were first published in the seventeenth century, but from their very earliest publication down to the present day, all that has been written on them, even by our own Hoyle, could not supply the same instruction to the uninitiated, as the practice of card playing itself imparts. No book learning on that subject at least, can compete with that of the experienced and practical card player.

Whist or Whisk, as it was originally called, though a very popular, was by no means as fashionable or scientific a game in its earlier days as it has since become. It was then played with what are called *Swabbers*; this term originated most probably in the custom which then prevailed, by which a player holding in his hand certain cards was entitled to take up a share of the stake, independent of the issue of the game, and thus in seamen's parlance, clearing the deck, or swabbing, as it was called. Swift represents



clergymen at that period, as fond of *Whisk* and *Swabbers*. Whisk, however, did not attain its high position until about half a century ago, when a set of gentlemen who frequented the crown coffee house, in Bedford Row, and who, under the scientific instructions of Edmund Hoyle Gent, whose treatise on Whist was at that time published by Thomas Osborne, at Gray's Inn, attained for it the proud pre-eminence it still maintains over all games, chess alone excepted.

Alexander Thompson, in his "Humours of Whist," has in the prologue thus commemorated both the gentlemen and their scientific instructor—

"Who will believe that man could e'er exist,  
 Who spent near half an age in studying Whist;  
 Grew grey with calculation,—Labour hard!—  
 As if Life's business centred in a card?  
 That such there is, let me to those appeal,  
 Who with such liberal hands reward his zeal,  
 Lo! Whist he makes a science; and our Peers  
 Deign to turn school-boys in their riper years;  
 Kings too, and Viceroy, proud to play the game,  
 Devour his learned page in quest of Fame,  
 While lordly Sharpers dupe away at White's,  
 And scarce leave one poor cull for common bites."

The substitution of the term Whist for its original name, Whisk, has evidently reference to the silence necessary to be observed whilst playing the game. Dr. Johnson coincides in this opinion; and the writer of an article in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* assumes that the name had its origin in the "Irish phrase, Whisht, or, be quiet." The term however, bears its own interpretation, and is evidently intended to enjoin silence.

Whisk and Swabbers was the same as the still older game of Buff and Honours. The reason assigned for the unpopularity of these games amongst the higher or court circles from the reign of Charles II, to that of George II. is assumed to have been the covert ridicule they were supposed to cast on the dress and habits of the time.

In the reign of Queen Anne card-playing was at its zenith in all civilized Europe. In England it was both fashionable and popular. Ombre was the favorite game of the ladies, piquet of the gentlemen; whist at that period

ascended no higher than the grade of country squires. Pope immortalized ombre in his "Rape of the Lock;" this game was evidently the one most in favour at this epoch. During by far the greater portion of the "Georgian Era," cards were much in vogue; Seymour's "Court Gamester," written, according to the title-page, for the use of the princesses, was published in the early part of George the First's reign, and was intended for the instruction of the daughters of George Prince of Wales, afterwards George II. His descriptions of Ombre and Piquet were most elaborate, but at Chess he was evidently at fault, though the title-page of this work assumes it to have been altogether intended for the royal circle, yet the preface admits that it embraced a wider range, and the author acknowledges that he had been induced to compile it for the fashionable world at large, gaming being so much in vogue at the time, that an accurate knowledge on the subject was considered a test of gentility.

During that epoch gambling was, in every phase of life, the order of the day; whether in private pastime or public jobbing, a spirit of speculation pervaded all. The South Sea bubble and various other schemes arose and fell, with the same rapidity as every utopian juggle, no matter in what century concocted; and the promoters with their dupes were each appropriately caricatured by a pack of cards which was issued in 1721. About the same time a set of caricature cards was published in Holland, ridiculing the Mississippi scheme. About the year 1737, Hoyle's "Treatise on Whist" was published, and was received with universal and marked approbation, particularly amongst the elite of the clubs, who formed themselves into coteries of an exclusive character, not merely for the purposes of social intercourse, but in order to indulge their passion for whist, which at that period attained a celebrity it has maintained up to the present period.

This was in the reign of George II., in the halcyon days of Beau Nash, when Cibber was poet-laureate, when the guards, the pride of the army, were the heroes we see represented in Hogarth's "March to Finchley," and when such statesmen as Bubb Doddington had the entrée by the back stairs both at Leicester House and at St. James's.

Even the mentors of this age, both spiritual and profane,

seem to have been imbued with the frivolity of the time, and to have had a taint of the prevailing vices pervading even their efforts at correction. John Wesley, the preacher, and Richardson, the novelist, though each in his way attempting reformation, still wrote and spoke in a spirit which, in our time at least, would be considered too tolerant.

Bath, or as it has been designated the City of the Sick, became, under the reign of Beau Nash, a fashionable resort for the gay and frivolous; he was the master-spirit by which all the little world of fashion congregated at this charming watering-place seemed to be ruled. The Beau was by nature adapted to the discharge of a duty so fraught with pleasure, and in which he was so admittedly the caterer to the happiness of others; he was an adept in the science of flattery, and could administer it most adroitly to a duchess, whilst affecting to reprove her, and could so cajole the little would-be fine ladies, as to persuade them they were honoured by his condescension, whilst drawing them out for the amusement of *real* ladies. His principal tact was displayed in bringing parties together who were desirous to be acquainted, or whose tastes assimilated. His dress, as master of the ceremonies, was particularly odd; he wore a large white hat, cocked, the buckle of his stock before instead of behind; and defying even the most bracing air his waistcoat was unbuttoned to display the bosom of his shirt. He drove six greys, and when he went in state to the rooms was always attended by a numerous escort, and a band of music, generally composed of French horns.

There was a marble statue erected to his memory on his death, which took place in 1761, by the corporation of Bath, in gratitude for the benefits conferred on them through his means. The statue was placed in the pump-room, between those of Newton and Pope; this remarkable position was animadverted on in a witty epigram by his friend Lord Chesterfield:—

“ The Statue, placed these busts between,  
Gives Satire all its strength;  
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,  
But Folly at full length.”

The Earl of Chesterfield was a constant habitue, at Bath,

where he indulged in play with a Mr. Lookup, one of the most notorious professional gamesters of the day ; billiards was also a favorite amusement, and it is recorded that Lookup was a proficient in all those games ; the money which he had at various times won from Lord Chesterfield at Piquet he expended in building some houses at Bath, and in compliment to the noble pigeon he had so well plucked, he humorously called them "Chesterfield Row." Lookup, however, got into a scrape which was near proving fatal to him ; he was accused of unfair play by a gentleman who had lost heavily to him, and in the course of the law proceeding attendant on the matter, he, through the blundering of his attorney involuntarily committed perjury for which he was convicted, and merely escaped the pillory owing to a flaw in his opponent's indictment. He is said to have died with cards in his hand, whilst playing at his favorite game of humbug, which gave rise to the witty remark of Foote, that, "Lookup was humbugged out of the world at last."

The reign of George II. was remarkable as an era of vice, of which gaming took the lead, and though Colley Cibber sipped his wine at the table of "my lord ;" and the great old Samuel Johnson behind a screen in Caves' back shop eagerly devours a plate of meat, which the thoughtful book-seller has sent him from his own table, still might be seen a batch of gambling senators hurrying down to the house from the club at White's to record their votes against gambling, whilst fresh from the act of indulging in the vice, against which their censure was thus passed.

This disgraceful inconsistency was cleverly shown up in an ironical pamphlet entitled, "A Letter to the Club at White's."

The gaming propensities of Lord Anson the circumnavigator were keenly satirised in a series of humorous and amusing prints levelled at the time against the ministry, Anson being a member of both the ministry and the club. The gamesters' coat of arms is represented in the same series. The shield is charged with cards, dice, and dice-boxes, and is surrounded by a chain, from which hangs a label inscribed "Claret," Supporters, two knaves. Crest, a hand holding a dice-box. Motto, "*Cogit Amor Nummi.*"

The passion for gambling increased rather than decreased during the earlier part of the reign of George III. Preachers

were loud in their denunciations of this vice, and Dr. Rennell, master of the Temple, is reported to have with his own hand placed under the knocker of Mr. Fox's door a very animated sermon in which, whilst denouncing GAMING and GAMBLERS, he levelled his shafts openly at the great man himself.

Various species of cards have been represented as belonging to different periods; the two, however, most written about have been the Tarocchi or Tarots, and those consisting of the four suits, which are in common use throughout Europe. Some suppose the Tarocchi cards to have been of Egyptian origin, whilst others assume them to have been the invention of Jacquemiu Gringonneur for the amusement of the lunatic, King Charles VI. An Italian of the fifteenth century also gets the credit of originating them at Bologna; a pack of Tarots is at present used in France similar to those described by the writers of the sixteenth century; it consists of seventy-eight cards, and four suits, the marks of which are swords, caps, batons and money.

The earliest known specimens of what are called the Tarocchi cards are those preserved in the Imperial library at Paris, and are supposed to be one of the three packs painted for Charles VI., 1393. They originally belonged to Mons. de Gaignières, governor to the grand-children of Louis XIV., and who bequeathed them with his entire collection of prints and drawings to the king in 1711. Dr. Martin Lister thus alludes to them in an account of a journey he took to Paris in 1698: "I waited upon the Abbot Droine to visit Mons. Guanieres (de Gaignières) at his lodgings in the Hostel de Guise. One toy I took particular notice of, a collection of playing cards for 300 years. The oldest were three times bigger than what are now used, extremely well limmed and illuminated with gilt borders, and the pasteboard thick and firm, but there was not a complete set of them."

Mons. Duchesne in his "*Observations sur les Cartes à jouer*," published in the "*Annuaire Historique*" for the year 1837, thus writes, "there are seventeen of them, and there can scarcely be a doubt of their having formed part of a set of what are called Tarocchi cards, which when complete, consisted of fifty. They are painted on paper, in the manner of illuminations in old manuscripts, on a gold ground, which is in other parts marked with ornamental lines, formed

by means of points slightly pricked into the composition upon which the gilding is laid. They are surrounded by a border of silver gilding, in which there is also seen an ornament, formed in the same manner, by means of points, representing a kind of scroll or twisted riband. Some parts of the embroidery on the vestments of the different figures are heightened with gold, while the weapons and armour are covered with silver, which, like that on the borders, has for the most part become oxydized through time."

The ancient Tarocchi cards are not supposed to have been intended for games of chance, but rather of instruction. In this game, consisting of five classes, we find the planets representing the celestial system, the virtues which constitute the basis of all morality, the sciences, the muses, and finally, the several conditions of life in which man may be placed, from the very highest to the lowest position.

The oldest specimens of undoubted playing cards are either stencilled or engraven on wood, and judging by the style of their execution one would take them to have been executed early in the fifteenth century.

The invention of cards, with the suits now in use, has been claimed by the French, as also the substitution of the queen, as a second court card, instead of a male figure. This arrangement has been considered by several French writers as typical of the gallantry of their nation. The French were also the first who gave historical names to their court cards, though the court cards were named as follows in the time of Père Daniel; we have this moment before us a pack of French cards bearing precisely the same names and devices:

<i>Suit.</i>	<i>Kings.</i>	<i>Queens.</i>	<i>Valets or Knaves.</i>
CŒUR.	CHARLEMAGNE.	JUDITH.	LAHIRE.
CARREAU.	CÆSAR.	RACHEL.	HECTOR.
TREFLE.	ALEXANDER.	ARGINE.	LANCELOT.
PIQUE.	DAVID.	PALLAS.	HOGIER.

In the reign of Henry IV. these names were changed, the kings were Solomon, Augustus, Clovis, and Constantine; and the queens, Elizabeth, Dido, Clotilde, and "Pantalisea;" whilst the knaves had no particular names, but were designated from their office, and all the characters were in the costume of the period.

Père Daniel gives a rather romantic explanation of the

suits and titles by which they are designated ; the ace, as taking precedence in the game of piquet, he assumes to represent money. The trèfle, or clover plant, which abounds in the meadows of France, denotes the rich and fertile spot where a wary general should encamp, in order to provide forage for his army. Piques signified magazines of arms which ought to be well stored. The carreaux were a species of heavy arrows shot from a cross-bow, and which were so called from their heads being squared. Cœurs—hearts—signified courage amongst commanders and soldiers.

David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charlemagne, are at the head of the four suits of piquet, as representing prudent and experienced leaders. Père Daniel seems to have discovered in Argine the queen of clubs, the anagram of Regina, and at once jumps to the conclusion that Mary of Anjou, wife of Charles VII. is intended. Rachel represents Agnes Sorel, the mistress of Charles VII. ; and Joan of Arc is shadowed forth by the chaste and warlike Pallas. Judith is not the Jewish heroine, but the wife of Louis le Debonnaire.

David he typifies as Charles VII., from a seeming similarity in their destinies ; Charles, like the king of old, having been persecuted by his father, or rather by his father's wife, Isabel of Bavaria, is proscribed and disinherited, but afterwards regains his kingdom : whilst the restless and wicked character of his son, Louis XI., is emblematic of Absalom's revolt.

In the latter part of the fifteenth century, several packs or sets of cards were engraven on copper ; as those cards were necessarily of high price, they were, of course, meant for the wealthier classes. Mons. Leber avers that these cards were not intended for play ; however correct or incorrect that opinion may be, yet it is certain that they were available as playing cards, having the same number of suits as the ordinary playing cards of the period, and being in every respect arranged for play. Mons. Leber's notion concerning them was imbibed from the idea, that as they were colourless, they were consequently unsuitable ; they were, however, so well defined, that this objection becomes merely an erroneous supposition.

The form of these cards was circular, and each suit contained four court cards, namely, a king, queen, squire, and knave ; the four aces formed one plate ; the highest of the

numeral cards was the nine, there being no ten in the pack, the respective number of each being marked at the top, in Arabic cyphers, and at the bottom in Roman numerals. At the bottom also, were the letters T. W., supposed to have been intended as the initials of the engraver.

Breitkopf, in his "Enquiry into the Origin of Playing Cards," mentions a pack engraven on copper, consisting of fifty-two cards; each of the four suits containing a king, queen, valet or knave, as we term it, together with ten numeral cards. The marks of the suits were swords, clubs, (proper not trè-fles), cups, and pomegranates. The latter mark, substituted for that of money, was supposed to have been intended by the artist as a commemoration of the marriage of Philip the Fair, son of the Emperor Maximilian, with Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Spain, who on their subjugation of the kingdom of Grenada, in 1497, adopted the *Granada* or pomegranate as one of their badges. The cards are, however, unmistakeably of that period, and have generally been ascribed to Israel van Mecken, who was a subject to Philip, being a native of Bocholt; Philip having inherited the Netherlands in right of his mother, Mary of Burgundy.

In the British Museum may be seen a pack of those cards nearly complete, which are supposed to have been engraven by Israel van Mecken the elder. The German cards of the fifteenth century were very highly embellished, and ornamentation of even a grotesque kind was frequently introduced at the caprice of the designer. Bells, one of the emblems in vogue, was borrowed from the Indian cards, as it is well authenticated that this symbol was of oriental origin. The use of bells in the east, whether as a mark of distinction, or as a means of diversion, is of very remote antiquity. The female dancers, or as they are called the Baladins, have their legs ornamented with small bells, which they shake when dancing; girdles formed of bells are worn by infants without any other clothing; and sometimes a single bell suffices. This bell, though it contains a viper's tongue, is ornamental rather than degrading, as might be supposed, and is occasionally bestowed by the king to some one he wishes to compliment. Bells, were transmitted from the Hebrews to the Arabs, and were in these countries as in India a mark of distinction. The Arabian princesses wore golden



rings on their fingers, to which little bells were suspended, also amid the tresses of their hair that their superior rank might be known and they receive due homage. In Europe bells have also been regarded as ornamental, and were worn by the Emperors of Germany in the 12th and 13th centuries; they were adopted as symbols on monuments also at this period, and were used in falconry by princes and nobles of the first class; this was antecedent to armorial bearings or heraldic designs, by which they have since been superseded as being better suited to gratify the pride of the nobles in consequence of their indicating both rank and personal distinction at the same time. From a combination of circumstances it may be inferred that bells were brought into Europe from the east about the end of the eleventh century, and were adopted as symbols of grandeur by the German nobility of that period, the several other devices adopted by the Germans at that time were so numerous as to defy description.

The Portuguese cards are unmistakeably borrowed from the oriental type, particularly in the suits *Danari* or money, and *Bastoni* or clubs. The former is decidedly more like the *chakra* or quoit of *Vichnou*, than a piece of coin, whilst on the top of the club there is a diamond proper, another attribute of the same deity. The dragon on the aces is also perfectly Oriental. The court cards of this pack are King, Queen, and Horseman; and the suits are *Coppa*, *Danari*, *Bastoni*, and *Spade*—Cups, Honey, Clubs, and Swords. Specimens of those cards are preserved in the Imperial Library of France, and appear to have been executed in 1693.

During the revolutionary period in France, cards appear to have undergone various strange changes in accordance with the political phases of that momentous era. *Peignot*, in his "*Analyse de Recherches sur les Cartes à jouer*," has thus described a pack. "For Kings were substituted *Genii*; for Queens, *Liberties*; and for Valets, *Equalities*. The King of Hearts is represented by the Genius of War,—"*GENIE DE LA GUERRE*." This *Genius*, which is winged, is seated on the breech of a cannon; he holds in the right hand a sword and a wreath of laurel, and in the left, a shield, round which is the inscription, '*Pour la République Française*.' On the right, read vertically from the top, is

the word '*Force*.' At the feet of the Genius are a bomb, a lighted match, and a heap of bullets; at the bottom of the card is the inscription, '*Par brevet d'invention, Naume et Dugouac, au Génie de la Rép. Franç.*'

"For the Queen of Hearts; '*LIBERTE DES CULTES*,' religious liberty. This is a female seated, very badly draped, and with her legs bare. She holds a pike surmounted with a red cap; and on a banner attached to the pike are the words '*Dieu seul*'. Towards her feet are seen three volumes, inscribed '*Thalmud*,' '*Coran*,' and '*Evangeline*,' the vertical inscription is, '*Fraternité*.'

"Knave of Hearts; '*EGALITE DES DEVOIRS*,' Equality of Duties. This is a soldier seated on a drum, with his musket between his knees. In his left hand he holds a paper containing the words, '*Pour la patrie*. The vertical inscription is '*Sécurité*.'

"King of Spades; '*GENIE DES ARTS*,' the Genius of Arts. The figure of Apollo with a red cap on his head; in one hand he holds the Belvedere statue of himself, and in the other a lyre. The vertical inscription; '*Goût*. At the bottom, emblems of painting, sculpture, and such like.

"Queen of Spades; '*LIBERTE DE LA PRESSE*,' Liberty of the Press. A female figure with a pen in one hand, and with the other sustaining a desk, on which lies a roll of paper partly unfolded, and displaying the words '*Morale, Religion, Philosophie, Physique, Politique, Histoire*. At the bottom, masks, rolls of manuscript.

"Knave of Spades; '*EGALITE DE RANGS*,' Equality of Ranks. The figure of a man whose costume accords rather with that of a '*Septembriseur*' than that of a mere '*Sans-culotte*' of the period. He wears sabots, and has a red cap on his head. He has no coat on, and his shirt sleeves are tucked up to the elbows. His small clothes are loose at the knees, and his legs are bare. He is seated on a large stone, on which is inscribed; '*Démolition de la Bastille 10 Août, 1792*'. Under his feet is a scroll inscribed '*Noblesse*,' and displaying shields of arms. The vertical inscription is '*Puissance*.'

"King of Clubs; '*GENIE DE LA PAIX*,' Genius of Peace. In his right hand he holds the '*Fasces*' and an olive branch, and in the left a scroll containing the word '*Lois*'. The vertical inscription is '*Prosperité*.'

"Queen of Clubs; *LIBERTE DU MARIAGE*,' Liberty of Marriage. The figure of a female holding a pike surmounted with the red cap; and on a scroll attached to the pike is the word '*Divorce*.' The vertical inscription is '*Pudeur*.' On a pedestal is a statue of the crouching Venus entirely naked, without doubt intended for the emblem of modesty.

"Knave of Clubs: *EGALITE DE DROITS*, equality of rights. A judge in tricolor costume, holding in one hand a pair of scales, and in the other a scroll containing the inscription, '*La loi pour tous*.' He is trampling on a serpent or dragon, the tortuous folds of which represent legal chicanery. The vertical inscription is '*Justice*.'"

"King of Diamonds: '*GENIE DU COMMERCE*,' the genius of commerce. He is seated on a large bale, which contains the inscription '*P.B. d'ino, J.D. à Paris*.'

In one hand he holds a purse, and in the other a caduceus and an olive branch; the vertical inscription is '*Richesse*.' At the bottom are an anchor, the prow of a ship, a portfolio, and such like."

"Queen of Diamonds: '*LIBERTE DES PROFESSIONS*,—Liberty of professions and trades. A female figure, who in the same manner as the other three liberties holds a pike, surmounted with the red cap. With the other hand she holds a cornucopiæ and a scroll containing the word '*Patentes*.' The vertical inscription is '*Industrie*.'"

"Knave of Diamonds: '*EGALITE DE COULEURS*,' Equality of colours. The figure of a Negro, seated, and leaning on a musket; below is the word '*Cafe*;' near to him are a sugar-loaf, a broken yoke, fetters, iron collars for the neck, and such like. The vertical inscription is '*Courage*.'"

Such are the court cards of this Republican pack. The numeral cards are the same as the old ones, with the exception of the aces, which are surrounded by four fasces placed lozenge-wise, with these words: '*La Loi, Rép. Franç*;' the whole coloured blue. It is scarcely necessary to say that those ridiculous cards had not even a momentary vogue.

We have given, in extenso, Peignot's elaborate and most graphic account of those cards, which represent a period in the history of France replete with painful interest, and are accurately descriptive of the tone of mind and feeling which pervaded all classes of the people, during that sad and most

disgraceful season of turbulence and bloodshed ; there were various other packs beside that which we have described, each illustrative of the passions and prejudices of the time.

Our transatlantic brethren have not been behind-hand in following this European custom of illustrating, through the medium of cards, the remarkable personages, and most stirring events of a revolutionary period ; thus, we have in one pack WASHINGTON represented as the King of *Hearts* ; JOHN ADAMS, the second President of the United States, King of *Diamonds* ; FRANKLIN, of *Clubs* ; and LA FAYETTE, of *Spades*. The queens bear mythological designs ; for instance, the Queen of *Hearts* represents VENUS enveloped in a flowing robe, to accord with the fastidious notions of American delicacy ; *Clubs*, CERES ; *Diamonds*, FORTUNE ; and *Spades*, MINERVA. Four Indian Chiefs are personified in the knaves.

Mons. Peignot also notices a set of picture cards published by Cotta, the book-seller of Tubingen, the court cards of which represent the principal characters of the time, clothed in the costume of that period. The King of *Hearts* is CHARLES VII. ; the Queen, ISABELLA of BAVARIA ; the knave, LA HIRE. The King of *Clubs* represents TALBOT, the English commander, dying ; the Queen, JOAN OF ARC ; the knave, LIONEL, taking away the sword of JOAN OF ARC. The King of *Diamonds* is PHILIP, DUKE OF BURGUNDY ; the Queen, AGNES SOREL ; the knave, RAIMOND, a villager. The King of *Clubs* is RENE OF ANJOU, with the crown of Sicily at his feet ; the Queen, LOUISE, sister of JOAN OF ARC ; and the knave, MONTGOMERY, on his knees and weeping. This card almanac of Cotta, "*Karten Almanack*," first appeared in the year 1806, and was continued for several years ; the designs of the four first years of this picturesque almanack are attributed to a lady.

Many quaint and even superstitious remarks have, from time to time, been made on several of the numeral cards, and have been pronounced lucky or unlucky according to the tone or temper of the period ; thus, for instance, the deuce of cards is not by any means considered synonymous with that term as ordinarily applied, and is, therefore, regarded as a lucky card, and old card-players frequently use this aphorism, "There's luck in the deuce, but none in the tray."

In some parts of England the four of Hearts is looked on as an unlucky card at Whist, and rejoices in the euphonious title of "Hob Collingwood." The four of Clubs has been designated the "devil's bed-post" by sailors. The six of Hearts, in various parts of Ireland, is known by the name of "Grace's card," a cognomen which it is said to have acquired in the following manner. A gentleman named Grace being solicited, with promises of royal favour, to espouse the cause of William III., gave the following answer, written on the back of the six of Hearts, to an emissary of Marshal Schomberg's, who had been commissioned to make the proposal to him:—"Tell your master I despise his offer, and that honour and conscience are dearer to a gentleman than all the wealth and titles a prince can bestow." Such is the story connected with this card, and given as a truism, and fully believed, in the county Kilkenny.

In addition to the cards already mentioned, we may here particularize another species, much in vogue about one hundred years ago, namely, Message Cards.

In that admirable, and now almost forgotten, work of the Rev. Richard Graves, *The Spiritual Quixote; or, The Summer's Rambles of Mr. Geoffry Wildgoose*, we have the following "Digression on Message Cards." Wildgoose has been haranguing on the parade at Bath, where in spite of Beau Nash and all the fashionables, he has collected a very considerable crowd, and has inveighed with great severity against luxury in dress, cards, dancing, and all the fashionable diversions of the place; and even against frequenting the rooms with the most innocent intentions of recreation and amusement. We learn from *The Spiritual Quixote*:

As soon as Wildgoose had finished his harangue, which was almost of an hour's duration, a jolly foot-man, about the size of one of the gentlemen in the horse guards, bustling through the crowd, stretched out a gigantic fist, and presented the orator a single card. Wildgoose, who had not, of late, been much in genteel life,\* could not guess at the meaning of this ceremony; but imagined it was some joke upon his invective against gaming. The footman, however, with a surly air, cried out, 'Read it friend! read it; my lady desires to see you at her lodgings here on the parade.' Wildgoose, then, perusing his billet, read as follows.

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\* Message cards had been lately introduced.

‘A lady, who is disgusted with the world, desires half an hour’s conversation with Mr. Wildgoose, as soon as he is at leisure.’

There are few customs generally prevailing in the world, how absurd soever they may appear, which had not some real propriety or convenience for their original; but when the fashion is once established among the polite, it descends of course among the vulgar, who blindly imitate it, as such, without any regard to its primitive institution. Thus, for instance, the conveying messages by a card, was introduced into the fashionable world, as the readiest expedient against the blunders and stupidity of ignorant servants; and it must be confessed, that in some characters, and on some occasions, this practice has not only no impropriety, but carries with it a genteel air of ease and negligence; and really saves a great deal of unnecessary trouble, both to the person that sends, and him that receives the message.

The man of pleasure, who transacts his most important concerns in a coffee-house or a tavern; or a modern lady, the whole sphere of whose existence is at a drawing-room, can never be supposed without a card in readiness on every emergency; and therefore, parties at whist can no way be more aptly formed, nor messages of compliment more elegantly conveyed, than by these diminutive tablets, which are generally suited to the subject, to the genius, and laconic style of the parties concerned.

But, on the other hand, what can be more absurd than this practice in more serious characters, and on occasions of more solemnity? How remote from probability is it, that a grave divine, who is continually inveighing against the vices and follies of the age, should have a pack of soiled cards in his pocket, ready for his engagements of business or pleasure? or, that a venerable counsellor, who is continually surrounded with briefs, leases, or acts of parliament, should prefer a trifling card in transacting business with his client, before a shred of parchment, or even a scrap of common paper; and I should have kicked my tailor, the other day, for minuting down the dimensions of my sleeves and pocket-holes upon a card—if I had not luckily recollected that his last bill was unpaid.

Neither are message cards proper on all occasions, any more than in persons of all characters or professions. It is a known impropriety in a French marquis, who, coming to pay his devotions at the shrine of a saint, whilst his image was gone to the silver-smith to be repaired, left a card for his godship, to acquaint him with his intended visit; and though a certain lady, near St. James’s, very innocently invited a woman of quality to her rout, by a whisper at the communion table; yet, in my humble opinion, she could not so decently have slipped a card into her ladyship’s hand at so sacred a place as the altar.

Granting, however, the general and unlimited use of this paste-board correspondence, there is yet a propriety to be observed, and many absurdities to be avoided, in the choice of the cards, according to the persons addressed, or the occasions on which we address them.

It is too obvious a hint, and I suppose too trite a piece of adulation to a fine woman, to convey our compliments to her on the queen of hearts; as, on the contrary, it would have been an affront to a late East

India governor,\* though he laboured under so groundless a slander, to have inquired after his health by sending him the knave of diamonds. The deuce, or two of clubs, I think, should be appropriated to challenges and duels; and the black aces should be entirely *discarded* in our correspondence with ladies of character; as the nines and tens are at ombre or quadrille.†

Whitaker in his *Soidis and Elmete*, writes: "In the possession of the Rev. Mr. Adamson, who is related to the Arthington family, is a box of ancient cards, if so they may be called, which by tradition are said to have belonged to the Nuns of Arthington. They consist of thin circular pieces of beech, about four inches in diameter, painted with various devices, and each inscribed in old English characters with some moral sentence. Out of these, played in the manner of cards, it is supposed that the nuns of Arthington extracted at once edification and amusement. Of these there have, according to tradition, been twelve, which is the number that the box that held them will contain. They are neatly painted and gilt, and within a roundel on the centre of each are severally painted (the initials of the London rubrics) the following distichs:—

" 'Thy love that thou to one hast lent,  
In labour lost thy Tyme was spent;  
Thy Foes mutche grief to thee have wroughte,  
And thy destruction have they soughte.  
My Soune of Pride look thou beware,  
To sarve the Lord sett all thy care.  
Lett wisdome rule well all thy waies,  
And sett thy mind the Lord to please.  
Thy hautie mynd dothe cause ye smarte,  
And makes thee sleepe with carefull harte.  
In Godlie trade runne well thy race,  
And from the poore torne nott thy face;  
Thy youthe in follie thou hast spendtt,  
Defere not nowe for to repent.  
Trust nott this worlde, thou woeful wighte,  
Butt lett thye ende be in thye sighte.' "

Cards with colored backs, as red, green, blue, pink, olive and buff, were invented about 1810, in England, and sold for forty-five shillings per dozen. The plain backed Fine Highlanders were thirty-nine shillings per dozen; the superfine Harrys forty-two shillings per dozen; and the extra superfine Moguls forty-four shillings per dozen.

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\* Warren Hastings.

† A set of blank cards has since been invented, by which the above absurdities may be avoided.

About the beginning of the present century, cards were made of cotton ; they cost less, but were unpleasant to the touch and soiled soon, and when the novelty ceased the article was thought a bad one, and in 1819, "Thomas Creswick, from making his own paper for his playing cards is the only person who can warrant these articles without cotton."

Southey has, in one of his *Common Place Books*, the following curious passage :

"Aug. 10th, 1814. Last night, in bed, before I could fall asleep my head ran upon cards, at which I had been compelled to play in the evening, and I thought of thus making a new pack.

"Leave out the eights, nines, and tens, as at quadrille.

"In their place substitute another suit, ten in number, like the rest, blue in color, and in name *Balls*. The pack then consists of fifty. Add two figured personages to make up the number, the *Emperor* and the *Pope*.

"Play as at whist. *Balls* take all other suits except trumps, which take *Balls*. The *Emperor* and *Pope* are superior to all other cards, and may either be made equal, and so capable of tying each other, and so neutralizing the trick, or to preponderate according to the color of the trump, the *Emperor* if red, the *Pope* if black ; and belonging to no suit, they may be played upon any. If either be turned up, the dealer counts one, and *Balls* remain the only trumps.

"The *Emperor* and *Pope*, being led command trumps, but not each other. Trumps also, in default of trumps, command *Balls*. If the *Emperor* and *Pope* tie each other, the tier has the lead."

To the reader who remembers that Southey was a close student, and admirer of Rabelais, the above extract will doubtless prove interesting, more especially when he remembers that *Gargantua* is amused with tricks upon the cards, founded upon calculations in which he is made to excel Cuthbert Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, who had published a book entitled *De Arte Supputandi*.

Next to chess, whist is perhaps the most scientific and most universally played of all games of chance ; and yet, as has been well observed, we know almost as little of the origin of whist as of chess. Doubtless it was played in England more than two hundred years ago, and it is more



than probable that England may claim the honor of its invention. Cotton, writing about 1679, states: "Ruff and Honours are games so commonly known in England, in all parts thereof, that every child of eight years old hath a competent knowledge of that recreation."

We have a reference to whist in *The Beaux Stratagem*; this was so early as 1707, where *Mrs. Sullen* exclaims:—"Country pleasures! racks and torments! Dost think, child, that my limbs were made for leaping of ditches, and clambering over styles? Or that my parents, wisely foreseeing my future happiness in country pleasures, had early instructed me in the rural accomplishment of drinking fat ale, playing at whist, and smoking tobacco with my husband?"

Swift states that whist was a game in vogue with the clergy; he tells us:—"The clergymen used to play at whist and swabbers." We all know that it was the custom of Sir Roger de Coverley, to send, at Christmas, a string of black puddings and a pack of cards to every poor family in his parish.

Thompson and Pope have referred to whist. Thompson names it in the *Seasons*, as the *Squire's* refuge against the tedium of autumn, thus:—

"To cheat the thirsty moments, whist awhile  
Walk'd his dull round, amid a cloud of smoke,  
Wreathed, fragrant, from the pipe."

Pope writes thus, in 1715, to Martha Blount:—

"Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,  
Whose game is whist; whose drink, a toast in sack:  
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse:  
Who loves you best of all things—but his horse."\*

From a recent work upon cards we learn that the first edition of Hoyle was published in 1743. At that period he gave instructions in whist at a guinea a lesson, and most probably it then began to be a scientific game, and has gone on advancing to its present perfection. There are many authorities existing for the opinion that it was not till the latter part of the eighteenth century, that whist, as

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\* Nothing new under the sun: compare *Locksley Hall*:—

"He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,  
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

it is now played, was known among us. According to Daines Barrington, who had his information from a player much advanced in years, it was not played upon recognised principles till about 1730, "when it was much studied by a party that frequented the Crown Coffee-House, in Bedford-row," of whom the first Lord Folkestone was one. Even then, it should seem that merely the skeleton of the game was in existence; there were but few rules, and its theory was undefined.

Early in the present century Mathews published at Bath his *Advice to the Young Whist Players*. It ran through many editions, and in a great measure superseded Hoyle. The fifth edition appeared in 1811, but this, and all other treatises upon whist, have been rendered useless by Mr. Bohn's admirable *Hand Book of Games*.

Reader, we have written for you a sketch of the history of cards; but, if you will know the poetry of cards, read Charles Lamb's *Captain Jackson*, or his essence of wit and humour, *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist*. In the latter he writes, as only he could write:—

"To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort—that man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the better in something or other: that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards: that cards are a temporary illusion—in truth, a mere drama; for we do but *play* at being mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting, much ado, great battling and little bloodshed, mighty means for disproportioned ends, quite as diverting and a great deal more innoxious than many of those more serious *games* of life which men play, without esteeming them to be such.

"With great deference to the old lady's judgment on these matters, I think I have experienced some moments in my life when playing a cards *for nothing* has even been agreeable. When I am in sickness, or not in the best spirits, I sometimes call for the cards and play a game at piquet, *for love*, with my cousin Bridget—Bridget Elia.

"I grant there is something sneaking in it; but with a tooth-ache, or a sprained ankle—when you are subdued and humble—you are glad to put up with an inferior spring of action.

“There is such a thing in nature, I am convinced, as *sick Whist*.

“At such times, these *terms* which my old friend objected to, come in as something admissible—I love to get a tierce or a quatorze though they mean nothing. I am subdued to an inferior interest. Those shadows of winning amuse me.

“That last game I had with my sweet cousin (I capotted her—dare I tell thee how foolish I am?) I wished it might have lasted for ever, though we gained nothing and lost nothing, though it was a mere shade of play: I would be content to go on in that idle folly for ever. The pipkin should be ever boiling that was to prepare the gentle lenitive to my foot, which Bridget was doomed to apply after the game was over; and, as I do not much relish appliances, there it should ever bubble. Bridget and I should be ever playing.”

Here we close our paper: is the reader vexed? If so then let him remember the moral advice engraved on the old Whist Markers—KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

### ART. III.—BRILLAT-SAVARIN.

*Physiologie du Gout, ou Méditations de Gastronomie Transcendante ; ouvrage théorique, historique et à l'ordre du jour, dédié aux Gastronomes Parisiens Par Un Professeur, membre de plusieurs Sociétés savantes.* Edition précédée d'une notice par M. Le Baron Richerand, suivie de "La Gastronomie," Poème en quatre chants, Par Berchoux. Paris : Charpentier. 1842.

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,  
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain ;  
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise !  
Each stamps its image as the other flies."

True for you, Sam, and we feel it now ; even as we look upon the title page of the book before us, one memory is awakened, and a thousand others come welling up from the mind's "countless chambers." Brillat-Savarin ! *Physiologie du Gout*. How the bright Paris of twenty years ago rises before us, when we could test the teachings of our author with a breakfast at Vélour's or the Trois Frères ; with a dinner at Véry's or the Café de Foy ; with a supper at the Café de l'Opéra. Bright times when Grisi and Mario could sing, when Dejazet acted as none acted since Peg Woffington, when Rachel was the glory of the stage. Sunny times before we had heard of lace stockings or thought of colchicum. Sunny days when our appetite was deep as Sir Walter's, and when nothing came amiss from suprême de volaille to boulebasse and vin ordinaire. And if we did feel seedy, if carafes became to our "somnia vera" as desert fountains to the panting Arab, we had our remedy for that horrid flavor of "the lime burner's wig," and here it is :—

One ounce of camphor julep,  
One tea spoonful of sal volatile,  
One ounce of Murray's fluid magnesia,  
One tea spoonful of tincture of capsicums.

Mixing these and drinking, we were fresh for the day. But now,—well no matter, its all past and over,

"So we'll go no more a roving  
So late into the night,  
Though the heart be still as loving,  
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,  
 And the soul wears out the breast,  
 And the heart must pause to breathe,  
 And love itself have rest,"

Therefore we return to Brillat-Savarin—

In the work before us he has drawn a most interesting and faithful picture of himself; the principal events of his own life and times are here so pleasingly and minutely recorded, that little is wanted to complete his history.

Brillat-Savarin, (Anthelme) Counsellor of the Court of Cassation, member of the Legion of Honour, of the society for encouraging national industry, of the society of antiquaries of France, the emulation society of Bourg, &c., &c., was born the 1st of April, 1755, in Belley, a small town situated at the foot of the Alps, near the banks of the Rhone, which, in this place, separate France from Savoy. Following the examples of his ancestor, who, for centuries, were devoted to the profession of the bar and the bench, he distinguished himself as a lawyer, when in 1789, he was unanimously elected by his fellow townsmen, member of the constituent assembly, which was composed of the most distinguished and enlightened men that France at that time possessed. Being a practical philosopher, a disciple rather of Epicurus than Zeno, he was never known to connect himself with the memorable events of that time: he was not however, inactive, always associating himself with the most sensible and moderate party.

At the close of his legislative career, he was appointed president of the civil tribunal for the department of Ain, and afterwards raised to the Court of Cassation then lately instituted.

An upright magistrate, an impartial and firm administrator of the laws, and, above all, being of a mild, conciliating and amiable disposition, he was well calculated to calm the asperities of civil strife, if the rage of political parties had been guided by his example and adhered to his counsel always for prudence and moderation.

When Mayor of Belley, towards the end of 1793, he courageously opposed anarchy, and saved, for a time, his native place from the frightful reign of terror; but borne down by the revolutionary torrent, he was compelled to fly, and take refuge in Switzerland from the fury of his persecutors.

We may well picture to ourselves the state of society during

those fatal days, when this man who never made an enemy for himself, was forced to leave his country to save a life always devoted to its service.

It is now that the fine character of Brillat-Savarin appears in its true light: exiled, a fugitive, without any pecuniary resources—for he had scarcely time to save his life—we see him always gay, consoling his companions in misfortune, holding up to them an example of courage in adversity, and lightening its weight by labour and the pursuit of honest industry.

However, the times becoming still more stormy, and his own situation more unpleasant, he sought in the new world, for that repose which Europe could not afford him; he embarked for the United States, and settled in New York, spent two years there, giving lessons in French, occupying the first places in the orchestre of one of the theatres—for he was a skilful musician—and, like other exiles, made what formerly served as an agreeable pastime, now contribute to his support. Brillat-Savarin always referred with pleasure to this period of his life, during which he was in full enjoyment of everything that can constitute happiness, peace, liberty, and ease, acquired by toil; and like the philosopher he could say, "I carry all about me." The love of country alone could induce him to give up such an agreeable existence. Happier days seemed about to dawn on France, he hastened to return, and arrived at Havre in the beginning of September, 1796. During the reign of the Directory, Brillat-Savarin was successively employed as secretary at the general head quarters of the republican army in Germany; afterwards as government commissioner to the tribunal of the department of Seine-et-Oise, at Versailles: he occupied this post on the 18th Brumaire; a memorable day when France thought to purchase her repose at the expense of her liberty.

Called by the unanimous decree of the Senate to preside at the court of Cassation, Brillat-Savarin held this distinguished position for the last twenty-five years of his life, enjoying the respect of his inferiors, the friendship of his equals, and the love of all who had the happiness of his acquaintance.

A man of profound wit, an amiable guest; always gay and cheerful, he was the delight of all who had the happiness of meeting him; willingly yielding to the pleasures of society, which he never resigned, but for the still purer enjoyment of private friendship. Whatever leisure moments he had after

discharging his official duties, he devoted to the *Physiologie du Gout*, to which he did not think it necessary to affix his name, but imperfectly concealed under the transparent veil of anonymous ; however, there was nothing wrong in keeping his name from the public. Happy result of agreeable study, the *Physiologie du Gout* on its appearance, met with that success it deserved. The admirable simplicity which distinguishes this composition caused it to be favourably received by all classes of readers, and disarmed the severest critics. Simplicity of style, this gift so rare in works of genius, and which in our literature is becoming still more so every day, was the principal cause of the favourable reception which this charming *badinage* obtained. We should, indeed, have formed but a very erroneous opinion of the author if we imagined for a moment that he intended us to entertain, as serious, those precepts which he penned for his own amusement, and which were but the effusions of his gayest hours. Well skilled in what Montaigne quaintly styles "*l'art de la gueule*," Brillat-Savarin was by nature temperate: the most frugal repast sufficed to appease his healthy appetite, which never required the assistance of the culinary art to provoke it. He in no way resembled those he so amusingly describes. "To gratify the appetites of individuals, with stomachs of *papier mache*; to infuse life and energy into those skeletons who have no appetite at all, or if they have, it is all but extinct, would require more genius, more judgment and labour on the part of the cook, than would be necessary to solve one of the most difficult problems of geometrical infinity."

Great was the surprise of the fashionable world, in whose eyes Brillat-Savarin was but a plain, good-humoured man, to find in his work an amount and variety of information but seldom met with in the works of even professional writers. How could this man, after having fulfilled the laborious duties of his profession, find time to indulge in the pleasures of society, and surrounded by amiable women, like the old man of Icos sporting in the midst of the Graces, how was he able to acquire so much from meditation and study? But the author had already the advantage of having composed several other works in which his name did not appear, with the exception, however, of two small treatises, the *Historical and Critical Essay on Duelling, according to our laws and*

*customs*, and some *Fragments on Legislative Administration*, published in 1819. He was not destined to enjoy his success long; attacked by an inflammation of the lungs, brought on, he already suffering from a severe cold, by his assisting at the anniversary funeral service of 21st January,\* in the church of St. Denis, he died on 2nd of February, 1826, notwithstanding the most constant and enlightened medical treatment. For the last few years of his life, although enjoying robust health, and being of a strong constitution, which his tall stature rendered still more remarkable, Brillat-Savarin had a presentiment of his approaching dissolution; and this thought, which in no way affected his usual cheerfulness, constantly manifests itself, and seems to pervade his last work. Resembling in this respect those productions of antiquity in which we see the recollection of death everywhere associated with the most lively descriptions, and thereby lending them additional charms. Seized by painful illness which soon assumed the most dangerous form, he departed this life as a well satisfied guest leaves the banquet hall, *tanquam conviva satur*, without regret, betraying no symptoms of weakness in his intellect, lamented by his numerous friends, and bequeathing a name to posterity which will be long held in respect by all good men.

The art of cookery is the most ancient of all sciences; for Adam was hungry at his birth, and the new-born infant has scarcely entered the world when it sends forth cries which nothing can still but the breast of the nurse.

It is thus, that of all other arts it has done more to promote our happiness, and benefit society; for it has taught us the use and application of fire, and it is by fire that man has subdued nature.

Properly speaking, there are three kinds of cookery.

The first, which is that of preparing food, has retained its primitive name.

The second, which consists in analyzing and examining the elements of food, is called *chemistry*.

And the third, which may be called cookery of reparation, is better known by the name of *pharmacy*.

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\* It is worthy of remark, that on this same day three Magistrates of the Supreme Court died, all three members of the duputation, charged to assist at the Funeral Service in the church of St. Denis, Counsellors Brillat-Savarin and Robert de St. Vincent, and Avocat-Général Marchangy.



Though they differ in their object, they adhere to each other by the application of fire when put into one vessel in a furnace.

Thus the piece of beef which the cook has converted into *bouillon* and soup, the chemist takes up in order to ascertain into how many different substances it may be reduced, and the druggist can by force discharge it from our stomachs should it happen to cause indigestion.

Man is an omnivorous animal ; he has incisive teeth to cut fruit, double teeth for grinding corn, and canine teeth to tear flesh ; which has caused it to be remarked that the nearer man approaches the savage state, the stronger and more easily distinguished are his canine teeth.

It is extremely probable, that for a considerable time, man was obliged to live on fruit, for man is the most unwieldy of all the animals of the old world, and his means of defence are very limited, when not provided with arms. But the instinct of superiority inherent in his nature, soon developed itself ; the consciousness even of his weakness forced him to provide himself with arms ; he was also driven to it by his carnivorous nature evident from his canine teeth ; and as soon as he was armed, he made his prey and his food of every animal that came within his reach.

This destructive instinct still manifests itself, children are known to kill whatever little insects come in their way, and they would even eat them if they were hungry.

It is not surprising that man should wish to live on flesh ; his stomach is too small, and fruit is not substantial enough to satisfy his wants ; he might better feed on vegetables, but this system of diet implies a knowledge of the arts which could not be acquired for ages.

The first arms must have been the branches of trees, then bows and arrows.

It is most remarkable, that wherever man was found, in every climate, in every latitude, he was always armed with the bow and arrow. This coincidence is very difficult to be accounted for. We cannot understand how individuals, so differently circumstanced, should have the same ideas ; it must be the result of a cause which lay concealed behind the veil of ages.

The only inconvenience attending raw flesh is, that by its viscosity or glutinous nature, it adheres to the teeth ; in other

respects it is not disagreeable to the taste. Seasoned with a little salt, it is easily digested, and must be more nourishing than any other.

"Mein Got," said a captain of Croates, to me one day in 1815, "we should not put ourselves to such trouble to procure good cheer. When we are in campaign, if we are hungry, we take down the first game we meet; we cut it up into small fleshy pieces, season it with pepper and salt, of which we always have a supply in our *sabre-tasche*;\* we place the meat under the saddle, on the horse's back, whilst we take a smart canter, and (imitating a man eating with a ravenous appetite) gnaw, gnaw, gnaw, we regale ourselves like princes."

When the sportsman of Dauphiné sets out for the chase, if he meets with a fig-pecker in good condition, he at once plucks it, seasons it, and carries it for some time in his hat, and then eats it. They say that this bird prepared in this way is much more palatable than if it were roasted.

Besides, if our ancestors lived principally on uncooked food, raw flesh is still much in use amongst ourselves.

Italian and Arles sausages, smoked beef from Hamburg, Anchovies, red-herrings, &c., which have not been subjected to the fire, are well adapted to some stomachs, and they are no less palatable because uncooked.

When people had lived a long time after the manner of the Croatsians, fire was discovered; this was, however, the result of chance, for fire does not exist spontaneously on the earth; the inhabitants of the Ladrone Islands, for instance, knew nothing of fire.

Fire, once discovered, man's progressive instinct soon prompted him to bring meat under its influence, first to dry it, then broiling it on embers.

The meat thus prepared was found to be much better, more firm, and easily masticated, and the sweet smell it exhales while roasting, is always most grateful.

However, it was soon perceived that meat broiled on coals could not be kept free from dirt, for some of the ashes always adhered to it, of which it was very difficult to rid it.

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\* The *sabre-tasche*, or *sabre-pouch*, is a kind of bag suspended from the shoulder-belt, which supports the sword of the light-armed troops, and is often alluded to in the anecdote of the soldier.

To remedy this inconvenience, it was put on a spit, which was then placed over the burning coals, supported by stones of suitable height.

This was the origin of steaks, a preparation as simple as it is savoury, for broiled meat of every description has always been a favourite.

Things were much in the same state in Homer's time. We trust our readers will be amused by the manner in which Achilles received in his tent three of the most distinguished amongst the Greeks, one of whom was a king.

Thus we see a king, the son of a king, and three Greek generals, dining very heartily on bread, wine and roasted meat.

We must believe that if Achilles and Patroclus thus occupied themselves in preparing the feast, it was because the occasion was an extraordinary one, and to do the more honour to the distinguished guests they were about to entertain, for on ordinary occasion the cooking was entrusted to the slaves and the women, which we further learn from Homer, in the *Odyssey*, when describing the banquets of the suitors of Penelope.

In former days the entrails of animals stuffed with blood and fat (the pudding) were considered an exquisite dish.

At that time, and no doubt long before, poetry and music were associated with the pleasures of the table.

Venerable minstrels sang the praises of nature, the loves of the gods and the exploits of heroes; they exercised a sort of priesthood, and it is probable that the divine Homer himself was descended from some of those inspired men; he would have never gained such fame, had not his poetical studies commenced with his childhood.

Madame Dacier remarks that in no part of his works does Homer make any mention of boiled beef.

The Hebrews were more advanced in consequence of their having dwelt in Egypt; they had vessels which were capable of resisting the fire, and it was in one of those vessels that the pottage was made, which Jacob sold at such a price to his brother Esau.

It is impossible to learn how man first arrived at the knowledge of working metals; it is said that Tubal-Cain was the first who made the attempt.

Our knowledge of science at the present day enables us to make use of one metal in working another; we hold it with the

pincers, we weld it with the hammer, we cut it with the file, but we have never met one who could tell us how the first pincers and the first hammer were made.

As soon as vessels, either of brass or earthenware, were rendered capable of resisting fire, cookery made rapid progress; meats could then be seasoned, and made more palatable, vegetables boiled, and *bouillon*, gravies and jellies followed without intermission.

The oldest books in our possession speak in glowing terms of the banquets of the kings of the east. It is easy to understand that those monarchs who ruled over such fertile countries, capable of producing so many things, particularly spices and perfumes, kept sumptuous tables, but we are ignorant of their details. We only know that Cadmus, who introduced letters into Greece, was cook to the king of Sidon. He was a kind of oriental Soyer.

It was those voluptuous and effeminate people who introduced the custom of surrounding the banquet table with couches, and eating in a reclined position.

This refinement, which was evidence of weakness in the people, was not everywhere equally well received. Those who valued strength and courage, those with whom frugality was a virtue, were for a long time opposed to it; at last, it was adopted in Athens, and became universal over the civilised world.

The art of cooking was brought to great perfection by the Athenians, who were a refined people and fond of novelties; kings, wealthy private individuals, poets and learned men set the example, and even philosophers did not think it beneath them to enjoy those luxuries which were drawn from the bosom of nature.

According to what we read in the ancient authors, their banquets must have been regular festival entertainments.

The chase, angling, and commerce supplied them with a great portion of these objects, which, to this day, are considered luxuries, and which then competition raised to a fabulous price.

Even the arts contributed to ornament their tables, around which the guests ranged themselves on couches covered with rich purple tapestry.

It was their constant study to add to the pleasures of their good cheer that of agreeable conversation, and table-talk became a regular science.

The minstrels, who were usually introduced at the third course, had lost all their wonted gravity; they were no longer exclusively employed in singing the praises of the gods, of heroes and historical exploits; but they sang of friendship, love, and pleasure, with a sweetness and harmony, such as are now rarely enjoyed.

The wines of Greece, much prized to this day, had been examined and classified by connoisseurs; they generally commenced their repast with the lightest wines and ended it with the strongest; but on extraordinary occasions they went through the entire list, and what is very different with us, the size of the cup increased in proportion to the good quality of the wine.

The finest women also contributed to ornament those sumptuous entertainments; the presence of beautiful women, games and amusements of every kind prolonged the pleasures of the evening. Voluptuousness was inhaled through every pore, and more than one Aristippus who entered under the banner of Plato, took his exit under that of Epicurus.

The learned men of the day made the pleasure which they derived from those delightful reunions the subject of their poems. Plato, Athenaeus, and many others, have immortalized their names. But, alas! their works are lost; and if there is one more to be regretted than another, it is the *Gastronomy of Archestratus*, and which is translated by Ennius in his *Carmina Hedypathetica*.

"This great writer," we are told, "travelled over land and sea to satisfy himself as to what they were best capable of producing. He studied in his travels, not the customs of the people, since they never change, but he visited those laboratories where the luxuries of the table are prepared, and he only conversed with such men as could contribute to his pleasures, or forward the object he had in view. His poem is a treasure of science, every line of which contains a precept."

Such was the state of cookery in Greece, and it remained so up to the time when a few adventurers, who after establishing themselves on the banks of the Tiber, extended their sway over the neighbouring states, and finished by conquering the world.

Good cheer was a thing unknown to the Romans as long as they were only fighting for independence, or making war on

their neighbours, who were as poor as themselves. At that time their generals whistled at the plough and lived on vegetables. Historians dwell with pleasure on those primitive times, when frugality was considered an honour. But when they extended their conquests into Africa, Sicily, and Greece; when they regaled themselves at the expense of the vanquished, in those countries where civilization was most advanced, they carried back to Rome those dishes which delighted them abroad; and we have reason to believe they were well received.

The Romans sent a deputation to Athens, to report on the laws of Solon, also for the purpose of studying belles-lettres, and philosophy. While refining their manners, they partook of their entertainments, and learned to appreciate them, and cooks arrived in Rome, in the company of orators, philosophers, rhetoricians, and poets.

In the course of time, when a series of victories caused the wealth of the world to flow into Rome, the pleasures of the table were indulged in to a degree almost incredible.

They partook of everything that could possibly be procured, from the grasshopper to the ostrich, from the dormouse to the boar;\* everything that could quicken the appetite was tried as a sauce, and employed as such, even substances the use of which we could never comprehend, such as *assafetida*.

The whole world was put under contribution, both by armies and travellers, to supply the wants of Rome. Pintadoes (sea-fowl) from Africa, rabbits and truffles from Spain, pheasants

\* *Glires farsi*.—*Glires iscio porcino*, item *pulpis ex omni glirium membro tritis*, cum *pipere*, *nucleis*, *lasero*, *liquamine*, *farcies glires*, et *sutos in tegulâ positos*, mittes in *furnum*, aut *farsos in clibaro coques*.

The Dormouse was considered a great luxury, sometimes scales were brought to the table to ascertain its weight. Everybody is familiar with Martial's epigram of the dormouse xiii, 59.

*Tota mihi dormitur hyems, et pinguior illo*

*Tempore sum, quo me nil nisi somnus alit.*

Lister, a physician and gastronomer of the reign of Queen Anne, when speaking of the advantage which cookery may derive from the use of scales, observes, that if twelve larks do not weigh twelve ounces, they are scarcely fit to be eaten; that they are passable if they weigh twelve ounces; but if they weigh thirteen ounces, they are plump and excellent. See also that glorious chapter (XLIV.,) in *Peregrine Pickle*, in which "The Doctor proposes an entertainment in the manner of the ancients."

from Greece, where they were brought from the banks of Phasis, and peacocks, from the extremities of Asia.

The greatest men in Rome boasted of having beautiful gardens, in which they cultivated not only the fruits already known, such as the pear, the apple, the fig, the grape, but even those which were brought from foreign countries, namely, the apricot, from Armenia, the peach, from Persia, quinces, from Sidon, the raspberry, from the valleys of Mount Ida, and cherries, which were introduced by Lucullus, after his conquest of the kingdom of Pontus.

These importations, which necessarily took place under very different circumstances, prove at least that the impulse was general, for all felt pride and pleasure in contributing to the enjoyments of the sovereign people.

Of all dishes, fish was considered one of the greatest luxuries. Some fish was preferred to others, and this preference increased according to the latitude in which it was taken. Fish from foreign countries was brought to Rome, packed in honey, and when grand entertainments were given, it was purchased at an immense price, owing to the competition amongst the consumers, some of whom were richer than kings.

Drinks were also an object of special care and attention. The wines of Greece, Sicily, and Italy, were the delight of the Romans ; and as they were prized according to the province, or the year in which they were produced, they always had a sort of certificate of their birth, written on the jar,—

O nata mecum consule Manlio.

This was not all. Owing to the spirit of advancement which we have already alluded to, they endeavoured to render the wine more pungent and odorous ; they put into it flowers, aromatics, and drugs of every kind, and those mixtures which contemporary writers have handed down to us under the name of *condita*, must have had the effect of inflaming the tongue, and strongly exciting the stomach.

And it is thus that already at this early period we see the Romans dreaming of Alcohol, which was not discovered for more than fifteen centuries afterwards.

But it was in the furniture of the banquet room that the Romans particularly showed their love of display.

Every article of furniture necessary for the banquet, was of the most superior materials, and workmanship. The number

of courses exceeded twenty, and as each course was served, everything previously in use was removed. Slaves were especially appointed to wait in the banquet-room, and every one had his duties assigned to him with the greatest care.

The hall was filled with the most exquisite perfume, and heralds proclaimed the qualities of those dishes which deserved special attention, and announced the claims they had to this sort of ovation; in fact nothing was omitted which could quicken the appetite, keep up the attention, or prolong the pleasures of the guests.

But this display of luxury had its whims as well as its extravagance. Such were those banquets where the fish and fowl served up could be counted by thousands, and those dishes which had no other merit but that of being dear, such for instance as the one composed of the brains of five hundred ostriches, and another consisting of the tongues of five thousand speaking birds.

Thus, we think we can easily account for those vast sums which Lucullus expended on his table, and form an idea of the enormous cost of those banquets which he gave in the hall of Apollo, where he was known to exhaust every means possible to gratify the appetites of his guests.

Those days might be revived amongst us, but to perform all those miracles over again, we would require another Lucullus. Let us suppose then a man known to be immensely rich wished to celebrate some financial or political triumph, and give on this occasion a magnificent entertainment without any regard to expense.

Let us suppose him to call in the assistance of the arts to ornament in all its departments, the place where the banquet is to be given, that he commands the purveyors to provide his guests with all that art and money can procure, and give them to drink the rarest and most costly wines.

That during this sumptuous repast, two plays are being performed by the most celebrated comedians.

That while the banquet lasts the most exquisite vocal and instrumental music is heard, performed by the most renowned artistes.

That, between the dinner and the coffee, he has prepared a ballet, danced after the most charming and captivating style of the opera.

That the entertainment concludes with a ball, where we



see two hundred women selected from among the most beautiful, and four hundred of the most elegant and accomplished gentlemen.

That they are constantly supplied with all that is most choice in the way of warm, cool, and iced drinks.

That in the middle of the night they are served with a magnificent supper which renovates their exhausted strength.

That the attendants be fine looking fellows, with splendid liveries, the illumination perfect, and, that nothing be omitted let the host take upon himself the office of sending for his guests, and seeing them all comfortably at home.

This idea being well conceived, well directed, well attended to, and properly carried out in all its details, all who know Paris will agree with us, that the bills of the next day would contain items that could make the cashier of Lucullus himself tremble.

In pointing out what we should do in order to imitate this magnificent Rome in her *fetes* and festivities, we have sufficiently apprized the reader of what, in those days, constituted a banquet, at which were alternately introduced comedians, minstrels, mimics and buffoons, and every thing that could contribute to the pleasure of those who were assembled for no other purpose but their amusement.

What was practised by the Athenians, subsequently by the Romans, and later by ourselves in the middle ages; what in fine, is the custom of the present day, has its origin in the nature of man himself, who anxiously looks forward to the end of the career in which he has entered, and to a certain uneasiness which he feels as long as the time which he may have at his disposal, is not wholly occupied.

Like the Athenians, the Romans ate in a reclining position, but they adopted this custom in a somewhat different manner.

They first made use of couches at the religious repasts, which they offered to their Gods; then the first magistrates of the city, and the most powerful and wealthy, adopted them: and in a little time they became in general use, and continued so to the commencement of the fourth century of the Christian era.

These couches which, at first, were but rude benches, covered with skins and stuffed with straw, soon assumed that appearance of elegance and luxury which characterized every-

thing connected with the banquets of the Romans. They were made of the most rare wood, inlaid with ivory, gold, and sometimes with precious stones; they consisted of very soft cushions, covered with ornamental tapestry, magnificently embroidered.

They reclined on the left side, supported by the elbow, and generally three persons lay on the same couch.

That this custom, which the Romans call, *lecti sternium*, was more convenient than that which we have adopted, or rather resumed, we do not believe.

Viewing it in a physical light, the reclining position requires a greater amount of strength to maintain the equilibrium; and we always feel pain in the arm when it is obliged to support any part of the body.

Taking a physiological view of it, there are also many things to be said; the process of digestion is not so naturally gone through, and the food has more difficulty in finding its way to the stomach, in which it is but imperfectly mixed.

It was still more difficult to drink in this position; great care and attention were necessary in order not to spill the wine which was contained in those large cups, that always glittered on the tables of the great; and it was, no doubt, to the reign of the *lecti sternium*, that we are indebted for the proverb, "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip."

It could not be easier to eat with propriety in a reclining position, when we remember that many of the guests wore long beards, and that they used their fingers, if not the knife, in conveying their food to the mouth; for the forks is a modern introduction. There were no forks found in the ruins of Herculaneum, although some spoons were discovered.

We must suppose that outrages were often offered to public decency and morality, at those banquets, where the guests often passed the bounds of sobriety, where both sexes reclined together on the same couches, and where it was quite a common thing to see some of them asleep.

*Nam pransus jaceo, et satur supinus*

*.. Pertundo tunicamque, pelliumque.*

As soon as the Christian religion, after having survived those persecutions which embued its cradle in blood, acquired any influence, its ministers at once raised their voices against the excesses of intemperance. They censured the length of those

repasts where all their precepts were violated by the protracted indulgence of every pleasure and luxury. Devoted by choice and profession to an austere life, they placed excess in eating and drinking amongst the capital sins; they condemned in no measured terms the promiscuous mingling of the sexes, and severely criticised the custom of eating in a reclined position, a custom which originated in culpable effeminacy, and which they looked upon as the cause of most of those abuses which they deplored.

Their threatening voice made itself heard; the couch no longer ornamented the banquet room, and the old custom of eating in a sitting position was resumed; and by a fortunate coincidence, this form, which was suggested by morality, was found in no way to lessen their enjoyment.

At the time we are writing about, festive or social poetry was considerably modified, and assumed in the mouths of Horace, Tibullus, and other authors, nearly contemporary, a languid and effeminate strain, which was not known to the Greek poets. For example:—

Dulce ridentum Lalagem amabo,  
Dulce loquentem.—*Horace.*

Quæris quot mihi batiationes  
Tuæ, Lesbia, sint satis superque.—*Catullus.*

Pande, puella, pande capillulos  
Flavos, lucentes ut aurum nitidum.  
Pande, puella, collum candidum  
Productum bene candidis humeris.—*Gallus.*

The five or six centuries we have just gone over in a few pages were the golden age of cooking, but the arrival, or rather the irruption, of the people from the North changed and overturned everything; and those gay days were followed by long and impenetrable darkness.

On the arrival of those strangers the art of cooking disappeared with all the other sciences of which it is the companion and perhaps the product. Most of the cooks were massacred in the palaces in the act of clearing away the tables; the others fled in order not to administer to the pleasures of the enemies of their country, and the few who offered their services had the mortification of contemptuous refusal.

Those savages, with coarse stomachs and burning throats, were insensible to the pleasures of delicate food.

Large quarters of meat and venison with immense quantities of the strongest drink sufficed for their repast, which was nothing but a continued scene of revels and debauchery ; and as the greater part of the usurpers were generally armed, the banquet-room was often covered with blood.

However, it is the nature of things, that what is carried to excess will not last. The conquerors became weary of their cruelty ; they united themselves with the vanquished, became somewhat more civilized, soon began to appreciate the charms of social life.

The effect of this refinement in their manners was quickly evident in their mode of living ; they invited their friends, not as heretofore, for the mere purpose of gratifying their appetites, but rather to regale them, and the latter perceived that the object was to amuse and entertain them ; they were now more refined in their pleasure, and more sincere and friendly in their entertainments.

These improvements, which took place towards the fifth century of our era, became still more remarkable under Charlemagne ; this great king, as we see by his Capitulars, was particularly anxious that his demesnes should produce all that was necessary for the luxury of his table.

Under this prince, and his successors, the fêtes took the form of gallantry and chivalry ; ladies came to ornament the court ; they distributed the prizes of valour ; pheasants with gilt-claws, and the peacock with outspread tail, were carried to the table of princes, by pages trimmed in gold lace, and by young girls of high birth who, notwithstanding their innocence, were desirous to please.

Let us not forget that this was the third time the ladies, who were excluded from society by the Greeks, the Romans and the Franks, were invited to ornament the banquet table. The Ottomans alone have resisted this appeal ; but frightful storms are gathering over this unsocial people, and thirty years shall not pass over our heads, before we hear the tremendous roar of the cannon proclaim the emancipation of the odalisques.

The move, once made, has been transmitted down to us, acquiring great progressive motion from the conflict of succeeding generations.

The most exalted ladies occupied themselves at home in pre-

paring food, which they considered as one of the most important duties of hospitality; this was still the custom in France at the end of the seventeenth century.

Under their pretty hands food was made to undergo the most singular transformations; the eel had the tongue of the serpent; the rabbit appeared to have the ears of a cat, with such other amusing contrivances.

They made great use of those spices which the Venetians had begun to import from the East, as well as of the perfumed waters which were provided by the Arabs, so much so, that fish was often prepared in rosewater. The luxury of the table consisted principally in the number of dishes; and this was carried to such an excess that kings thought it necessary to check it by a law which met with the same fate as those laws which were made for a like purpose, and under similar circumstances, by Greek and Roman legislators. They were laughed at, evaded and forgotten; and were only suffered to remain in books to serve as relics of the past.

Thus people continued to live well as long as they could, and particularly in abbeys, convents and monasteries, because the wealth belonging to those establishments was not exposed to the dangers and uncertainties of civil war, which frequently desolated France.

Convinced as we are that the ladies of France devoted a considerable portion of their time to the affairs of their kitchens, we may conclude that to them is due that indisputable pre-eminence which French cookery has always had in Europe, and which it has principally acquired by an immense number of exquisite, light and dainty dishes, which none but women could produce or fancy.

We have said that people lived well *as long as they could*, but they could not do so always.

The suppers of kings themselves were often left to chance. We know that during the civil wars Henry IV. was not always sure of his supper, and that he would have made but a very poor one a certain evening if he had not had the good sense to admit to his table the citizen who happened to have the only turkey in the town in which the king was to pass the night.

However, the art progressed imperceptibly; the crusaders enriched it with the scallion, taken from the plains of Ascalon; the parsley was brought from Italy; and long before the time of Louis IX. pork butchers and sausage makers had realized fortunes.

Pastry Cooks were in this reign equally successful, and the results of their industry held a conspicuous place on every festive board. From that time they became a very considerable body, and Louis IX. gave them statutes, in which was noticed the privilege of making altar breads.

Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, the Dutch introduced coffee into Europe.\* Soliman Aga, this wealthy Turk, who was such a favourite with our ancestors, treated them to the first cup, in 1660; an American sold it publicly at the fair of Saint Germain, in 1670; and the first *Café*, ornamented with plate glass and marble tables, such as we have them at the present day, was in the Rue Saint André des Arts.

Then also did sugar make its appearance,† and Scarron, in complaining of the avarice of his sister in wishing to lessen the size of his sugar basin, has led us to infer that in his time, at least, this article of table furniture was in use.

It was also in the seventeenth century that the use of brandy became known. Distillation, the first idea of which we have from the crusaders, was, up to that time, a secret which was only known to a few learned men. Towards the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. stills began to be generally used; but it was not until Louis XV. that brandy became a general favourite; and it is only very lately, that, after many attempts, we have succeeded in producing alcohol in one operation.

It was also about the same time that the general use of tobacco was introduced; so that sugar, coffee, brandy and tobacco, those four very important objects, whether we consider them in a commercial point of view, or as a source of fiscal wealth, are little more than two centuries in existence.

Thus things stood at the time of Louis XIV., and under this brilliant reign, the banqueting art yielded to the march of intellect, which caused all the other sciences to flourish.

\* Amongst the Europeans, the Dutch were the first who brought the coffee-plant from Arabia, and transported it to Batavia, and afterwards into Europe.

Mr. de Reissont, lieutenant general of artillery, brought a plant from Amsterdam, and presented it to the *Jardin du Roi*; it was the first that was seen in Paris. This coffee-tree of which M. de B. has given a description, was, in 1613, one inch in diameter, and five feet high; the fruit is very handsome, and somewhat like a cherry.

† Whatever Lucretius may appear to say, sugar was unknown to the ancients; sugar is the result of science; and without crystallization the cane gives but a worthless and insipid juice.

We yet read with pleasure those fêtes, which were the admiration of all Europe, and of those tournaments in which, for the last time, the lace glistened that has since been replaced by the bayonet, and the knights clad in shining armour, no longer of use against the fury of the cannon.

Those fêtes terminated with a banquet, which appeared to be the crowning of all, for such is the nature of man, that he can never be completely happy, as long as his taste is not wholly gratified; and this imperious want has brought even grammar under his subjection, so much so, that to say a thing is done in a superior manner, we say it was done with taste.

As a necessary consequence, those who presided over the preparations for those banquets, became men of much importance, and justly so, for they unite many different qualities, that is, genius to invent, knowledge to dispose, judgment in observing proportion, and sagacity to discover defect, firmness to have their orders carried out, and punctuality, in having all in due time.

It is on those great occasions, that the splendour of the *surtouts*, (*epergne*) began to be displayed, a new art, which unites painting and sculpture, and presents to the eye an agreeable picture, and sometimes a site appropriate to the circumstance or the hero of the fête.

It was here that the genius of the artist was required, and showed itself.

But soon, more select parties and more delicate repasts required much more accurate attention and greater care.

It was at the small dinner party at the *Favorites*, and the suppers of courtezans and the wealthy that the cooks displayed their talents, and animated by laudable ambition they sought to eclipse each other.

Towards the end of this reign the names of the most celebrated cooks were always associated with that of their patrons, who ever acknowledged them with pride; and the names of the most distinguished figured in books on cooking by the side of those dishes which they patronised, invented or created. This strange medley is not to be met with in our days; we are not less *gourmands* than our ancestors, on the contrary, but we give ourselves much less trouble about the name of the artiste who reigns no more above ground. The praise which we give through *the left ear* is the only tribute of admiration we accord to the artiste who contributes so much to our pleasures; and the

*restaurateurs*, that is, the public cooks, are those who receive the only praise which ranks them with great capitalists. *Utili dulci*.

It was for Louis XIV. that the summer thorn, which he called the *sweet pear*, was brought from the Levant; and it was in his old age that liqueurs were first used.

This prince suffered much from debility and those symptoms which people generally feel after the age of sixty; brandy was mixed with sugar and perfumes to make for him, what was called *cordial potions*. Such was the origin of the liqueur trade.

We may remark that nearly about this time cookery was in its highest state of perfection in England. Queen Anne was very fond of the pleasures of the table; she was often known even to converse with her cook; and the old English cookery-books contain several dishes designed after Queen Anne's taste.

This science, which remained stationary during the sway of Madame de Maintenon continued to progress under the regency.

The duke of Orleans, who was an enlightened prince, so far as regards the table, was well known for the elegance of his entertainments, which, as we know from authentic sources, consisted principally of the rarest and most delicate fowl, fish of various kinds and as fresh as when taken out of the water, and the finest turkeys, stuffed with truffles.

Truffled turkeys!!! the fame of which is increasing every day; blessed stars, whose apparition fills the heart of every lover of good cheer with delight.

The reign of Louis XV. was equally in favour of the science of cookery. Eighteen years' peace soon healed up the wounds inflicted by sixty years' war; wealth acquired by industry and diffused by commerce, together with the salaries of government officers, did away with the inequalities of fortune, and the spirit of conviviality was diffused through all classes of society.\*

It is very easy to entertain a large number when their

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\* From the information, writes Brillat-Savarin, which I have got from several inhabitants of the provinces, a dinner for ten persons, in 1740, consisted of as follows:—

1st Course.	{	Soup. Baked veal. Side dishes.
2nd Course.	{	Turkey. Vegetables. Salad. Cream (sometimes).
3rd Course.	{	Cheese. Fruit. Jam.



appetites are good ; with butchers' meat, fowl, venison, and a few well selected dishes of fish, you have a dinner for sixty persons.

But to gratify those who never open their mouths but to make pretty faces, to entice those flatulent women, to excite *papier mache* stomachs, or put life into those worn out thin flanked individuals of no appetite, would require more genius, more judgment, and perseverance than would be necessary to solve the most difficult problem of geometrical infinity.

Having now come to the reign of Louis XVI. and the days of the Revolution, we shall not dwell upon those changes which our fathers witnessed ; but shall merely notice the most remarkable of those improvements that have taken place since 1774 in the banqueting art.

Those improvements have had for their object the natural part of the art, and the customs and institutions of the people connected therewith ; and although these two orders of things are constantly acting upon each other, we have considered it advisable for the sake of clearness to treat each separately.

All professions connected with the preparing or selling of food, such as cooks, victuallers, pastry cooks, confectioners and provision dealers, &c., have multiplied and are steadily increasing : and what proves that this increase was really wanted is, that their numbers have not interfered with their prosperity.

The sciences of chemistry and physics have lent their aid to the elementary art. The most learned men have not thought it beneath them to occupy themselves about our daily wants, and have introduced improvements from the simplest dish of the artisan to the most costly and exquisite meats served up in gold and crystal.

New professions have sprung up ; for instance, those small pastry cooks, combining the pastry cook, properly speaking, and the confectioner. Their trade consists of all those preparations in which butter is mixed with sugar, eggs, lees, such as biscuits, macaroons, ornamented cakes, meringues, and other delicacies in pastry.

The art of preserving food has also become a distinct pro-

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The plates were changed but three times, after soup, at the second course and dessert ; coffee was seldom served up after dinner, but very often raspberry, or cherry brandy, which was then not long in use.

fession, the object of which is to supply us in every season with those things which are peculiar to a particular time of the year. Horticulture has made great progress, hot houses supply us with the fruits of the tropics; various kinds of vegetables that have been acquired by cultivation or from foreign countries, and amongst others that kind of musk melon which never produces bad fruit, give the lie to the proverb.\*

We have cultivated, imported and presented in regular order, the wine of every country, the Madeira which opens the trenches, the French wines that divide the duty between them, and the wines of Spain and Africa, which crown the work.

The French have adopted foreign dishes such as karik, beefsteak; sauces such as caviar, soy; drinks as punch, negus and others.

In England Coffee has become very popular, in the morning for breakfast, and after dinner, as a tonic and refreshing drink.

A great variety of vases and utensils have been invented with other necessities, which give the repast more or less an appearance of luxury and festivity; so that when strangers come to Paris, they find on the tables several objects of which they know neither the name nor the use.

From all those facts we may draw this general conclusion; that the order, system, and regularity observable before, during and after our banquets show a desire to please, which must be highly gratifying to our guests.

We have from the Greek the word gastronomy; it sounds pleasing to the educated ear, and although not well understood, it suffices to pronounce it to bring a smile on every countenance.

*La Gourmandise* has been distinguished from voracity or gluttony; it has been looked upon as merely a propensity which may be acknowledged as a social quality, agreeable to the host, profitable to the guest, and useful to science; and *gourmands* have been ranked beside all other amateurs who have also a known object in view.

A general spirit of conviviality has diffused itself through

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\* "You must try fifty to get one to your liking." It seems that the melon as we cultivate it was not known to the Romans: what they called *melo* and *pepo* was but a kind of cucumber which they eat with a very rich sauce. See Apicius, *De Re Culinaria*. Ed. Bernhold, Ansbach, 1800.

every class of society ; dinner parties are becoming more numerous, and each in entertaining his friends, endeavours to provide for them the best of whatever he has remarked in other more distinguished circles.

The pleasure that people feel in being thus together has led to more appropriate divisions of time, in devoting to business the time that elapses between day-break and sun-set, and the surplus to those pleasures that accompany and follow the banquet.

Cold breakfasts, *déjuneurs à la fourchette*, have been instituted, a repast remarkable as well for the class of meats of which it is composed, as the gaiety that always reigns there, together with the *négligée* it tolerates in dress.

Tea is now frequently introduced in the evening, a refreshment the more extraordinary, as it is intended for those who have dined sumptuously, and who are not supposed to be either hungry or thirsty ; its only object being to serve as a pastime, and is taken merely as a drawing-room dainty.

Political banquets have been instituted, and frequently given for the last sixty years whenever it has been found necessary to bring any influence to bear upon a large number of persons ; a repast which is always presided over by a chairman, who, however, attracts no particular attention, and where pleasure is only looked upon as a future memory.

At last restaurateurs have made their appearance, an institution altogether new, and which was quite unexpected, and such that any man who can command four or five shillings in London, or three or four francs in Paris, may in a moment, and without fail, or any other trouble but that of desiring it, supply himself with all those real enjoyments of which the taste is susceptible.

The restaurateur is a man whose business it is to supply the public with a banquet at a moment's notice, and whose dishes are retailed at a fixed price, to suit the convenience of his customers.

The establishment is called a *restaurant*, and he who directs it a *restaurateur*. The bill of fare contains a list of the different dishes with the price of each annexed ; and the pay-bill, which is furnished after dinner, is a list of those dishes that have been served, with the price of each marked opposite.

Amongst the crowds who frequent the restaurants, there are few who suspect that the man who founded the restaurant must have been a man of genius and a deep thinker.

We will follow up the course of those ideas, the succession of which must have led to the foundation of those establishments, now so general and so convenient.

About 1770, after the gay days of Louis XIV., the dissipation under the regency, and the long peace while Cardinal Fleury was minister, strangers had had as yet but very little opportunity in Paris of indulging in the pleasures of the table.

They were obliged to have recourse to the inn-keeper, whose cooking was generally very bad. There were a few hotels with an ordinary, which, with some exceptions, never afforded more than was absolutely necessary, and which had besides the inconvenience of being at a fixed hour

To be sure, the stranger could accommodate himself in the cook-shop, but here he could only procure a whole joint, and if he wished to invite a few friends to dinner, he should give directions beforehand, so that those who were not fortunate enough to have been invited by some wealthy family, left Paris without knowing anything of the resources or delicacies of its cookery.

This state of things, so injurious to Parisian interests and daily wants, could not continue, and already some improvements were suggested.

At last there was found a man of judgment, who foresaw that such a cause could not but produce its effect, that the same wants being felt every day, at the same hour, the customers would be sure to come to that place in crowds, where they would depend upon having those wants agreeably satisfied. That if the wing were cut off a fowl, in favour of the first comer, another would present himself who would be satisfied with the leg; that a cut of beef, taken off in the kitchen would not lessen the value of the joint, or render it unfit for further use; that people would not object to a slight increase in the charge, when they were promptly, neatly, and abundantly served; that there would be no end to a detail, in itself necessarily considerable, if the guests were to dispute about the price and quality of whatever dishes they might order; that besides, the variety of dishes, combined with fixed prices, would have the advantage of being adapted to men of all circumstances.

This man thought of many other things easily guessed at. He was the first *restaurateur*, and he created a profession by which a fortune can always be realized, through honesty, neatness, order and skill.

The introduction of restaurants, which after originating in France, have gone the rounds of all Europe, is of the greatest benefit to all classes of citizens, and is even of great importance to science.

By this means every man can dine at whatever hour suits his convenience, according to the circumstances in which he is placed by his business or his pleasure.

He is sure not to go beyond the sum which he intended to expend on his dinner, because he knows beforehand the price of each dish which he calls for.

Having once settled matters with his purse, he may, as he pleases, treat himself to a substantial, or a light and delicate repast, sprinkle it with the best of French and foreign wines, aromatize it with moka, and perfume it with the liqueurs of the two worlds, as long as his appetite or the capacity of his stomach will permit.

The dining-room of the restaurant is the paradise of the *Gourmand*.

The restaurant is also very convenient for travellers, for strangers, and those whose families have a temporary residence in the country—in a word for those who may happen to have no kitchen at home, or are deprived of it for a time.

Before this time, (1770,) the wealthy and powerful enjoyed almost exclusively two great advantages; they could travel with rapidity, and always fared sumptuously.

The present facilities of travelling have done away with the first privilege; the establishment of *restaurants* has destroyed the second; by their means the best fare has become popular.

Every man who can spend fifteen or twenty francs in a first class restaurant, is as well and better entertained than if he were at the table of a prince; for the dinner which is laid before him is as good, and having besides every dish at his command, he is not inconvenienced by any personal consideration.

The dining-room of a restaurant examined in detail presents to the searching eye of a philosopher, a picture well worthy his attention, by the variety of situations it develops.

The lower end is occupied by a crowd of solitary diners, giving their orders with a loud voice, waiting with impatience, eating in a hurry, and after having paid their bill departing.

You may see there families who are travelling for their amusement, who content with a frugal repast, to which, how-

ever, they add a few dishes that were before unknown to them, seem to look on with pleasure at a spectacle altogether strange.

Near them you may observe a married couple, who from their hat and shawl appear to be Parisians; it is evident that for some time they had nothing to say to each other: they have agreed to go to some small theatre, and you might lay a wager that one of them will fall asleep there.

Farther off are two lovers; they are recognized by the assiduous attention of the one; the affected airs of the other, and the *gourmandise* of both. Their eyes are sparkling with delight, and from the nature and style of their repast, you may judge the past by the present, and foresee the future.

In the centre is a table surrounded by old and regular customers, who most frequently get their dinner at a reduced and fixed price. They know each waiter by his name, the waiter will always privately point out to them what is best and most in season; they seem to be part of the establishment, as a common centre round which groups assemble, or rather like those tame birds that are used for the purpose of alluring wild pucks.

You might see there also certain individuals whose appearance every body knows, but no one can tell their names; they are as much at their ease as if at home, and they often endeavour to engage their neighbours in conversation. It is remarkable that several of this class, who are never met with but in Paris, having neither property, capital nor profession, yet are known nevertheless to go to great expense.

Again, here and there, strangers, and particularly English, are seen; these latter are regaling themselves with double portions of meat, calling for everything that is dearest, drink the strongest wines, and very often require to be helped out.

The correctness of this picture may be verified any day, and if it be intended to excite curiosity, it is also calculated to wound our feelings of decency and propriety.

No doubt the occasion, and the influence of objects around us, may seduce many persons into expenses far beyond their means. Perhaps this may account for so many with delicate stomachs suffering from indigestion.

But what is still more fatal to social order is that we know for certain that solitary dining begets egotism, accustoms the

individual to consider but himself, to isolate himself from everything around him, to dispense with the common rules and observances of society: and by his manner before, during and after dinner, in ordinary society, it is easy to recognise amongst the guests, those who live at the restaurants.\*

We have said that the introduction of restaurants has contributed much to the advancement of science.

For, as soon as it was known by experience that one savoury dish, well prepared, would make a fortune for the inventor, self-interest, this powerful stimulus, kindled every imagination, and set to work all those engaged in the cooking and preparation of food.

It has been discovered by analysis that some substances were good for food, which were before considered to be of no use; new dishes were then invented, old ones were improved, and both the old and the new were mixed up in a thousand different ways. Foreign inventions were imported, the whole universe was put under contribution; and French repasts are now so composed as to afford a complete course of alimentary geography.

While the culinary art was thus advancing both with regard to discoveries and expense (for novelties must be always paid for), the same motive, that is, the hope of gain, gave it a contrary turn, at least with regard to the expense.

It occurred to some restaurateurs that they could combine good fare with moderate charges, and that by adapting their prices to small incomes, which are always the most numerous, they would be sure of securing the greatest number of customers.

They selected from amongst those objects of low price such as, when well prepared, would be sure to please.

They found in butchers' meat, which is always good in Paris, and in fish, of which there is always an abundance, an inexhaustible resource, together with vegetables and fruit which, from the improvements in agriculture, could be had at a very low rate. They calculated what ought to satisfy an ordinary appetite, and appease the thirst of one who is not a cynic.

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\* When the dish is sent round with the meat cut up into small pieces, they serve themselves, then place the dish on the table before them without passing it to the person next them, not being accustomed to occupy themselves with their neighbour.

They observed that there were many objects that were only valued for their novelty, or the season, which could be procured somewhat later at a low price; in a word they arrived at such precision, by little and little, that in gaining 25 or 30 per cent., they have been able to give their customers, for two francs, and even less, a dinner fit for any gentleman, since it would require, at least, a thousand francs per month in a private house, to keep a table so well and so variously served.

The restaurateurs, considered in this latter point of view, have rendered a signal service to that interesting portion of the population of a large city, which is composed of strangers, military men, and officials; and they have succeeded, by studying their own interest, in solving a problem which seemed opposed to it, namely, to provide good fare at not only a moderate, but a cheap rate.

Those who have adopted this system have been as successful as their confrères; they have not experienced so many reverses as those who were at the other end of the ladder, and their fortune, though more slowly acquired, was surer; for if they gained less at a time, they gained every day; and it is a mathematical truth, that when an equal number of unities is collected in one point, their total is the same, whether they are united by tens, or collected one by one.

Amateurs have retained the names of several artistes who have distinguished themselves in Paris, since the establishment of restaurants. We may mention Beauvilliers, Méot, Robert, Rose, Legacque, the brothers Véry, Henneveu, and Baleine.

Some of those establishments have been indebted for their success to special causes, for instance:—the Sucking Calf (*Le Veau qui tette*) to its trotters; *Les Trois Frères Provençaux* to its cod with garlic; Véry, to its entrées of truffles; Robert, to his bespoke dinners; Baleine, to his excellent fish; and Henneveu, to the mysterious boudoirs of his fourth story. But of all those heroes of gastronomy, none has such claims to a biographical notice as Beauvilliers, whose death was announced in the papers in 1820.

Beauvilliers, who established himself in 1782, was, for more than fifteen years, the most distinguished restaurateur of Paris.

He was the first who had an elegant saloon, well dressed waiters, a well stocked wine-cellar, and a superior kitchen, and when several of those we have named wished to compete with



him, he sustained the contest with credit to himself, because he had but little difficulty in keeping pace with the progress of science.

During the two occupations of Paris, in 1814 and 1815, vehicles of all nations were constantly seen at his door; he knew all the foreign military commanders, and spoke all their languages, as well as was necessary for his business.

Beauvilliers published towards the end of his life a work in two volumes, in 8vo. called *L'Art du Cuisinier*. This work, the fruit of long experience, bears the mark of enlightened practice, and is still as popular as when first it appeared. Up to that period the art had not been treated with so much minuteness and system. This book, which has gone through several editions, prepared the way for those works that have followed it, but which have not surpassed it.

Beauvilliers had a prodigious memory; he recognized persons after twenty years, who had only dined with him once, or twice; he also had, in some cases, a system which was peculiar to himself. When he knew that a wealthy party had met in his saloons, he approached them with a courteous, obliging air, was all humility, and in fact, made them the objects of his special attention.

He pointed out such a dish that they should not take; another that they should lose no time in ordering, and send for a third which no body thought of. He had wine brought up from a cellar of which he alone had the key; in fine, his manner was so obliging and so amiable, that all those extras passed as so many civilities. But this role of an agreeable host lasted but a moment; he disappeared after having performed it; and shortly after the size of the bill, and the bitterness arising from this "quart d'heure de Rabelais" showed plainly that they had dined at a restaurant.

Beauvilliers had made, unmade and remade his fortune several times; we know not in which of those different states death overtook him; but to judge from his executors, we do not think the residuary legatee was much to be envied.

We find from an inspection of the bill of fare of first class restaurants, and particularly that of Véry, and the Trois Frères that he who takes his place in the saloon has at a moment's call, as materials for his dinner, at least

12 different Soups,  
24 side dishes,

15 or 20	dishes of Beef,
20	do. of Mutton,
30	do. of Fowl and Game,
19 or 20	do. Veal,
12	do. Pastry,
24	do. Fish,
15	Roast Joints,
50	dishes of First Course,
50	Desserts,

Besides, the fortunate gastronome can sprinkle all this with at least his choice of thirty different kinds of wine, from Burgundy to Tokay, or Cape, and with twenty or thirty different kinds of perfumed liqueurs, without counting coffee, and other mixtures, such as punch, negus, and many more.

Of all those various things which constitute an amateur's dinner, the principal are produced in France, such as butchers' meat, fowl, and fruit; others are an imitation of England, such as beefsteak, Welsh rabbit, punch, &c.; others come from Germany, as the sauer-kraut, Hambourg beef, chinees from the Black Forest; others from Spain, as olla-podrida, garbancos, dried grapes from Malaga, spiced hams from Xeres, wines and liqueurs; others from Italy, as macaroni, parmesan, Bologna sausages, polenta, ices and liqueurs; others from Russia, as dried meats, smoked eels and caviar; others from Holland, such as cod, cheese, dried or pickled herrings, curaçao, anisette; others from Asia, as Indian rice, sago, karik, soy. wine from Schiraz, and coffee; others from Africa, as Cape wine; others again from America, as sweet potatoes, kidney potatoes, pine apples, chocolate, vanilla, sugar &c., which furnishes abundant proof of what we have elsewhere advanced, namely, that a repast, such as can now be had in Paris, is in every respect cosmopolite, where every country of the world is represented by its productions.

Why is it that Frenchmen appear to have a natural taste for cooking? "Mr. Wadd," says *Tim Moore* in *The Irish Lion*, "I was'n't reared a tailor. My grandfather was a tailor, my father was a tailor, and I being the eldest son of my father, by all the rights of primogeniture was *born* a tailor." Is it that Frenchmen are "born" cooks. See them in camp or quarters; in the workshop or the factory they are still able to turn their hands to the saucepan. Try the Star and Garter,

try the Wellington, try any of our large noted dining places, or our clubs, and we find that the more perfect the dinner, the more certainly we may write the cook down a Frenchman, or one who has acquired his science from a Frenchman.

Then what must we say to our awful steam baths, the Strand, and Fleet-street dining rooms? Simpson's for example. In we rush from the roar of the Strand. A long, dark, sweltering room is before us; no bright-eyed *dame du comptoir*; no shining, flashing mirrors; no waiter to glide at your nod, hot roaring guests, shouting waiters, men in cotton coats shoving about large dishes of steaming meat on rolling tables, and you eat your dinner in an atmosphere full of gin, fat, steam, and gabble.

For our own part we always leave those Strand dining rooms in a state of astonishment that Englishmen should so generally visit Paris, and yet come back and endure, without complaint, such dens as Simpson's, or Anderton's, in Fleet-street, where you are choked by foul air, and are forced to select from a cuisine which in its incongruity reminds one of the opening lines of King's *Art of Cookery*:—

“Ingenious Lister,\* were a picture drawn  
 With Cynthia's farce, but with a neck like brawn;  
 With wings of Turkey, and with feet of calf;  
 Though drawn by Kneller, it would make you laugh!  
 Such is, good sir, the figure of a feast,  
 By some rich farmer's wife and sister drest;  
 Which were it not for plenty and for steam,  
 Might be resembled to a sick man's dream,  
 Where all ideas huddling run so fast,  
 That syllabubs come first, and soups the last.  
 Hence, mackarel seem delightful to the eyes,  
 Though dress'd with incoherent gooseberries.  
 Crabbs, salmon, lob-sters, are with fennel spread,  
 Who never touch'd that herb till they were dead;  
 Yet no man lards salt pork with orange peel,  
 Or garnishes his lamb with spitchcock'd eel.”

Perhaps, reader, we may have, next quarter, another talk with BRILLAT-SAVARIN.

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\* See ante, p. 471, note.

#### ART. IV.—JOHN HOGAN.

Many a time as we sit in the stillness and security of our chimney corner, and turn over the pages of a ponderous volume of universal history, or the hot-pressed leaves of some periodic Review—a less pretentious, but perhaps even more comprehensive world-picture—we pause and ponder, straying far from the mere narrative to touch the very limits of dream-land; and suffering imagination to clothe itself in the garb and spirit, as we fancy, of some earlier time, we are filled with the greatness and glory of what is gone, and in the ecstasy of our vision cry out—"Well, it must have been a grand thing to be alive in those days!"

The marvellous culture of heathen Greece, when poetry, art, and beauty, formed the ritual of its worship, the very daily bread of its existence, and the intellect, free for once of all moral and observant restraint, could do and dare all that living intelligence might dream of; the magnificence of Roman dominion, when the first Cæsars sat enthroned in the Capitol, and the resources, the manifold tribute of all known kingdoms, flowed in the wake of victorious legions to the feet of the world's mistress; the enthusiastic passion of mediæval ages, when Charlemagne defied Teutonic gods—or the Hermit Peter led the wayward hordes which a new enthusiasm stirred from the ease of a growing security, and hurried out to the fabulous East in search of adventure, renown, or the martyr's penalty and palm; the almost wild exultation which thrilled through men when a new world, a very universe as it seemed, was conquered for the nations by the faith and perseverance of one poor mariner; the *Te Deums* which echoed through delivered Europe when Sobieski overthrew the Moslem, and Don John of Austria won Lepanto:—the memory, in one word, of scenes and events so momentous, and so full of wonder, and their effect in the drama, as it is well called, of the world's history, so attract and enchain us, that

"Looking before and after, we sigh for what is not,"  
and with somewhat of a querulous outburst regret that our own days have fallen in so poor a time.

We are wrong, utterly. Imagination misleads us. If

we had lived in those desired times, even with our present boasted culture, and eager thirst for what is great, nay, with the power of appreciation we arrogate, no such fancied result of moral and intellectual exultation would have been our portion. Just as hundreds of years ago our ancestors whose fortune we so envy, being as it were "to the manner born," accepted with equanimity enough the "course of events," and regarded as quite accountable occurrences all the pageants, which in the mid distance sweep by with so thrilling a magnificence: so would it have likewise been with us too, if somewhat closer to the foot-lights we caught a glimpse of the side scenes, and gained a too familiar acquaintance with the science of stage effect.

"The past will always win  
A glory from its being far,  
And merge into the perfect star  
We saw not, when we moved therein."

To the thinking mind, no doubt, there is mystery and significance enough in every event, be its importance hidden or revealed at the moment; and no form of real greatness need escape the ken of the seeing eye. But oftentimes leisure, as we say, fails, or the faculty is altogether wanting for such wide and deep observance. Besides, it is an article of our own belief that after all, the hour of a country's most apparent prosperity, of what is supposed to be its highest upward progress, is not the moment when the moral life of its people has reached its climax; is not the moment when either the race is fullest of innate strength, or the individual best capable of receiving those marked influences, which result in the production of works which bear the stamp of genius, while preparing him to receive the impress of what is highest in the character of God-like human nature. Ultimate perfection, it now needs no prophet to tell us, is not to be expected in individuals or in nations; and long continuance in any circumstance of well-being is not to be counted on. And it does so happen, as if by some strange instinct, that in periods to all appearance of the greatest national success, there is a universal hurry, as if men sought to seize with avidity the good that is at hand; there is a predominant rapacity as if for immediate and unlimited possession; there is a haste in all things; and from the abundance of resources the very expansiveness of individual

power is contracted, so that men who in less affluent times might have been born to the inheritance of genius, become dwarfed, and are mere talented users of the ready appliances of advanced civilization. Any smart journeyman can design for us a goodly house, rain-proof and storm-proof, in which we can live comfortably with our family and dependents. Considerable knowledge is necessary to do so much ; we question not how it has been acquired ; we profit by it largely. But who shall venture to say, that there was not a quality far more akin to genius in the brain of the old Grecian, who planned and *invented* a way of making his little but impervious to bad weather, and lifted the roof of it on genuine Doric pillars ? A clever schoolboy can repeat problems in astronomy, and solve them too, never doubting ; and can map out the orbits of stars and systems, and explain laws, and make calculations, in a manner astounding indeed if one but think of it. Yet who will sit down by the young urchin, well crammed though he be, and fancy himself in the presence of a great intelligence ? Rather, if he want good company, and need communion with the highest intellect, he will go back a few centuries, and grapple with the thought of a Kepler or a Galileo, who in his day was certain of far less than our precocious schoolboy ; or he will travel back over weary thousands of years, until he find himself with the Chaldean Shepherds who named the Constellations.

We hold it, therefore, a more fortunate and a better thing to stand in the dawning of a great hope, watching the growth of some vital principle ; so that we feel, in every movement of the world about us, the stir of strong, fresh life, and catch, ever and anon, a glimpse of coming brightness, through the long shadows and partial obscurity of a morning slowly creeping into day. Now, all is hope and prophecy. Later, the meridian glory may overshadow the world ; but the next change must then be a gathering darkness. What if it really be the goodliest fate to live in such a dawning of new life ? What if we but open our eyes, and find that, by kind Providence, our own lot of life is cast even in so precious a moment ?

A certain benevolent individual, wishing well, no doubt, to Ireland, said, once upon a time, that the best thing that could happen would be a complete submersion of the island

for a few hours. To give the gentleman his due, when he set about wishing he did not stop at a trifle. Future commentators may dispute about the vocation of that prophet; it may be questioned whether he was not an accessary before the fact; we care not. Ireland has but risen from a very sea of tribulation. All that she has suffered for generations of oppression, opprobrious tyranny, degrading thralldom, and fiendish persecution, need not now be dwelt on. Friends she had in the days of her deepest sorrow; advocates in the moment of her lowest degradation; defenders in her sorest need; worthy sons, not a few, to lead the forlorn hope of her nationality. But martyrs they were as much as heroes; martyrs, alas! too often, "by the pang without the palm." Their labours have not yet borne the rich harvest of such a seed. There was not one, we fancy, of all those noble souls who, in his dying hour, could find any greater consolation than that which the recollection of a weary, heroic life could give; not one of all those could say that his work was accomplished, and all that gained for which he lived and worked, in such vicissitude of trial and circumstance.

To go but a short time back, Grattan fought hand to hand with systematised injustice, until there was no longer ground to stand on. The senator and the patriot sadly enough followed the remnant of an Irish Legislature, and witnessed its annihilation in the proud and unscrupulous majority of an Imperial Parliament. The fight was over—the field with the oppressor. Curran confronted corruption in the Senate, and the very demons of hate and injustice in the courts of law. Government, Acts of Parliament, unrighteous custom, dominant sectarianism, were all against him. He shook the Commons with the thunders of his denunciations, and made the unjust judge writhe upon the bench, and grow pale in the gaze of his victims. But to what good? Evil has had its way. The dispirited, worn out advocate lingered a few years, and died; still bereft of his great hope, in the company of strangers. Emmet and Fitzgerald are names of blood and tears: *non ragionam di lor*. O'Connell went through a life of labour, turmoil, pressing care, which would have broken the heart of a giant; and died at last, having conquered much, but not all; weary enough, we dare say, and sore, too, with the

Brutus stab of his own disciples. Then came famine, pestilence, the reign of terror and of death. No longer patriotic fury of Conciliation Hall, or the shouts of millions on the hill sides of Tara; but instead, the death moan of stricken households, the hurrying of despair and disease, and a nameless desolation to the swarming lazars of the poor-house. The *noyades* and massacres of a French Revolution destroyed the population of cities; the snows of a Russian campaign buried alive whole legions; earthquakes and plagues have desolated states. The victims of these are counted by thousands. By *millions* we reckon the multitudes whom the accursed misgovernment of a party left to die on the highways, and in the ditches of Ireland, while there were ships in England's harbours, and stores in her granaries, which would have fed three kingdoms. There was no Joseph in Egypt in those days.

A very night of sorrow darkened the land, and silence has reigned ever since. Those that wish to have it so, assert that there is now no patriotic feeling, no nationality in the country; that politics, and all that sort of thing, are at an end; that the people are minding their business, and will soon get comfortable, well fed, content. "You have no Dan O'Connell," say they, "to agitate for you; no one makes fine speeches about you now; your patriotism is dead; you are quelled utterly!"

But is it all over indeed, the blood and sweat of all these valiant men gone for nought? We say no; most assuredly, no. It is not the silence of despair that wraps the land, but the silence of the seed time, before the hurrying feet of the reapers, and the joyous gathering of the harvest, make a welcome inroad on the stillness. Yes, it is even so. The seed is scattered; the husbandmen are gone; there is no more talking. The people are left to themselves, and to—God. But is there nothing doing? Nothing! Pause a moment, and you may feel the grass grow under your feet, so instinct with life is the very ground you tread on. No agitation on the surface certainly; no passing show, but beneath a great, dumb, ever-growing power, which shall soon be a nationality the world may wonder at.

When we speak here of the people of Ireland, we mean not the few native-born hundreds who talk and write, make money and spend it; not the select circle whom people



meet in genteel society, dine with, dance with, and to go the devil with—who calculate the country's prosperity by the balance sheet of their rent-rolls, and its progress in civilization by the attendance at levees and drawingrooms, and the increased demand for fashionable country-houses—who, going to church, if they are orthodox by the law, piously detest all manner of Papists and Dissenters, affectionately recommending a friendly aggression on themselves and their doctrines; or who, if they be born "Papists," strain every point to observe an amiable conformity, and are so "liberal," so free from all rough corners, that in polite society no one would know them from unbelievers. This class, which may be called the upper branch of the middle order in Ireland, is thoroughly contemptible, and uneducated in every true sense. Their ambition is to ape the attitude of their masters; they have come in too close contact with a race alien in every way; they have touched what was to them contamination; they are neither sterling Saxon, nor honest Irish; they are a mongrel breed, and flunkeyism is their code of law, the profession and practice of their creed. When, therefore, there is question of the people of Ireland, we do not make allusion to those, but to the thousands of real men, who, far below them in the social scale, do the rough work of life, and toil hard for mere dry bread, but who have living souls for all that, and are the very heart of the nation.

It seems to us that it was because this great myriad race was left too much out of the calculations of former patriots, that so much good work was marred, or entirely wasted. Perhaps there was scarcely help for it. A nation of slaves may rise for revenge, but cannot stand up for freedom. Self-consciousness and self-reliance have first to be learnt, and O'Connell had not yet come to teach that lesson. Too much labour went in vain efforts to make the dry branch bud into life. Now let the dry branch wither; there is sap still at the root for healthy offshoots. For once, let us begin at the beginning.

And are the great mass of the people standing still in all that regards true progress? Are they following crooked roads, or travelling they know not whither? Very far from all that. There is more of hardy, earnest, eager life in this class in Ireland at the present day, than any one not

actually living among them could easily believe. There is a spirit of self-development among them, and a system of education at work, silently, it might be said unconsciously, moulding a very facile material into a most solid vigorous nationality. Since green grass first grew on the island there was never such hope as now. Thrice blessed those who outlive some few years more of toil and weary waiting, and witness the first grand outburst of a nation's self-assertion!

The immense educational power at work in Ireland, is the real preparation for this consummation, and forms the solid basis of the superstructure. Whatever may be said of the colleges and middle-class schools, there can be but one opinion of the training pursued by those who have charge of the great mass of the population. The mechanical part is excellent, and there is a very necessary vigilance exercised by those who have even a higher responsibility, than the schoolmaster. Mere intellectual culture is a poor provision for any class; without much in addition it is especially pernicious for the lower orders, who are not amenable to those influences, so subtle yet so powerful, which often act as a needful check upon the rank above them. The vexations and defects of the so-called "National System," which cause so much irritation, and hinder so materially the benefit which a system truly national would accomplish, are neutralized in a great measure, by the watchful care of the clergy and the religious orders, who so often are the guardians and correspondents of these schools. The objections urged against the system are to be traced, rather to a justifiable fear of the mischief, which surely would ensue, if the administration of the charge fell into unfit hands, than to any wrong that has actually been done. Fortunately there are vigilant eyes abroad—laborious hands and real energy at work; and, so controlled, the national system is a help, and to say the least, in the present state of affairs, a great convenience. The great advantage, however, is with the Christian Brothers. They reject the national system altogether, use their own method, and compose their own books; and let any one who visits their schools, and listens to an examination of their classes, say whether the fifteen thousand "monks' boys," as they are called, do not, with their ready answers, bright intelligent

eyes, and consummate discipline, represent a very phalanx of power, ready drilled for all purposes of good. Truly these fifteen thousand are an army of civilization. The steady march into manhood, every few years, of a generation so trained, will clear the ground of many obstructions. In these schools alone, there is a whole nation gaining intellectual power, and gathering vital strength. Let your gownsmen look to their honours, and your hitherto privileged classes make way. There is a new race ready even now to supplant them, and claim by right divine the inheritance of their forfeited birthright.

If we look to a higher, or at least older portion of the community, we find evidences of almost miraculous advance in refinement and intelligence. There is hardly a large town in Ireland which has not now its Catholic Young Men's Society, organized for purposes of self improvement, intellectual culture, and mutual support in faith and works. The strong bond is here of unity, and a fixed aim and principle; for the want of which Mechanics' Institutes, and such like fast and loose associations, fall away, after a hopeful beginning, and a more or less enduring play of spasmodic action. Here the tie is strong as love, for it is no other; powerful to fetter all base passions; and strong enough to keep in check even such characteristics of temperament and of race, as have hitherto proved fatal to social progress. The principal of self restraint is taught in these societies, by the example in daily life of each individual member. The real strength of will, the power of continuous self-denial, which the Irish, of all others, were supposed least capable of exercising, until Father Mathew proved the contrary, are no where better shown than in the existence and conduct of these societies. Sobriety reigns supreme in the midst of their pleasant meetings; works of edification, and the care of those less prosperous, in the world's sense, than even they themselves are, occupy the rare intervals of leisure, which break up the monotony of the working man's life. No angry debate disturbs their meetings; no word of politics is ever heard within the precincts of their halls and reading rooms. In the cities and towns of Ireland hundreds of poor, humble, toil weary artisans are congregated in these societies, maintaining most exact discipline. Their politics to keep themselves unspotted from the world; their propagandism

to disseminate all good fruits of Christianity; their aim above all, with God's blessing, to make Catholic truth a vital, practical, principle of action. Most astonishing it is to witness the attendance of these young men at the lectures which from time to time are addressed to them, either by members of their own body, qualified by position and education to become instructors, or by men of high attainments, who, taking a deep interest in their welfare, think it not beneath their talents to labor to advance so good a cause. We should boldly ask a stranger among the audience, to show us more real, innate civilization, in the same rank in any nation. Merely to sit, and listen patiently to certain lectures which we have heard delivered, would of itself give proof of surprising advancement. Not very popular subjects, we have heard treated, by men of first rate ability, and have watched with something of fear lest the audience should weary of "such high argument." But not a bit of it. They liked it well; and listened, not alone with decorum, but with marked attention; applauding where it was right to do so. We could no longer therefore wonder that men of such acquirements as we knew the lecturers to be, should deem they had "fit audience," and put out the full measure of their strength accordingly.

All this proves that we are at the turning point of Ireland's history, and shows in what direction the tide is to flow. Only a little while longer to wait, and we shall have a new face of things. No longer want and degradation, and all shapes of terror and unloveliness; but a better time of comfort and civilization, and the reign of peace and art.

Yes; all these go together. Without bread, even the bread that perisheth, no form of civilization can endure very long; and without peace, of a certain quality, we must not hope for the possession of those arts, which are essentially the arts of peace. For proof of this we need go no farther than our own experience. The Irish, it has often been remarked, ought, judging from internal evidence, to be a nation of Poets and Artists. They have quick vivid perceptions; an organism attuned to the very key note of melody; an imagination so glowing that no medium can resist its power, and even the unfigurative English becomes, in their mouth, oriental in its rich expressiveness; a facile hand, moreover, to give form to any conceivable idea. But

a people, no matter how rarely gifted, whose sensations are most frequently those of pain, and whose consciousness is of bitter wrong, are not the best prepared, either to produce great Artists, or to appreciate, and leisurely enjoy, the works of genius. In addition to certain natural gifts and tendencies, an amount of genial education is necessary, before art can have its true value; and opportunity for observation and self instruction must not fail. Hitherto the Irish people have not been able to put shoes on their feet, still less to travel forth in search of the artistic and picturesque; and those who by their position and wealth might have brought high art, with all its ennobling influences, within the reach of the masses, are even less up to the mark, less prepared to do good service in that line. They are, in fact, as little educated in such matters, as their social inferiors. Besides they want the heart; and if you will, the money; for our "aristocracy of the land," with their hounds and betting books; and our "aristocracy of the desk" with their castle-going wives and daughters, need, it must be owned, long purses; and the possession of pictures and statues, the patronage of struggling genius, if it be native born especially, are not recognised, in this state of things, as the best conductors of fortune's partial favors.

Presently there shall be an end to this, and the true Artist's appeal shall be, not to patrons, but the people. From them he shall take his commissions; it shall be his pride to work for them—to embellish their places of resort, with national memorials, and to make their churches instinct with the life of national, universal, religion.

Precisely in this marked interval between the barbarity and darkness of one period, and the ever-increasing enlightenment of another, JOHN HOGAN, the greatest of all Irish Artists, lived and worked; and,

"Standing thus between the glory and the dark,"

his name must ever live in the sad, yet grateful memory of his country.

Like all great men, he was somewhat before his age. He bore the burthen and heat of the day, and they paid him but scant wages. He passed through every phase of that transition period, had full experience of all. The ignorance of a population wronged him; the stupidity of a clique

wounded him : the patronage offered to him by individuals and associations, he was forced to accept, and wrung from their tardy, too often niggardly payments, enough of daily bread ; he toiled and slaved, and died in a hard life-battle. But with a true poet's faculty, he discerned the advent of a better time. He stood so high above the crowd, that his eyes were gladdened with an earlier sunrise ; and this hope, this promise, ever ran like a thread of gold through the sombreness of his own experience. Ireland has given birth to great talents, even to genius in art. But although we may claim native born artists, we can point to no IRISH ARTIST, in the full sense of the term, before Hogan's time. From the people he sprung, full of the vivacity, the enthusiastic temperament of the race—with a love of country which no neglect, ill treatment, or bitter wrong, could extinguish. His aim, his passionate desire, was to glorify by his genius, the country of his birth and his affections. His desire for a people's sympathy, outran that people's capacity to understand the richness of the gifts which he thirsted to lavish upon them. He would be—and he was—the Great Irish Sculptor. But over his untimely grave his people only now awake, and find that it was even so. They shall not see his like again. He was with them—a Heaven-sent true Artist—and they know it not !

Later, when the history of Irish art comes to be written, the story of Hogan's life, we trust, shall be worthily told ; its whole significance revealed ; and his example held up, as it well deserves to be, a beacon light for those whom a high destiny shall send upon a kindred mission. Later too, when we shall better understand how true art and true feeling form in reality one fellowship ; when we find at last, that he who would teach the million hearts, and lead them by beauty to truth, must himself be true to the pole star of duty, and faithful to the love of all excellence, the teaching of such a life shall not be lost. Few, indeed, who chronicle the meteor course of genius, have so noble a theme as this man's life affords. No need in this case to temporise, laboriously excuse, or frantically defend. The somewhat hackneyed, and most saddening plea so often put forth, that genius must be held excused from the following of principles, without which lower natures in the intellectual scale are not to be tolerated ; the audacious assertion, that

because a man's intellectual gifts surpass the common measure, he must needs in morals fall below the ordinary standard, are negatived by many worthy examples ; and to the credit of human nature, and for our own good fortune, we have inherited in Hogan another noble instance. In one word, John Hogan possessed surpassing genius ; he had the poet's temperament with the artist's expression ; to these were superadded those virtues which give value and dignity to common life—perseverance, sturdy independence, a most lofty integrity. In the midst of troubles, trials, temptations within and without, he kept himself unspotted from the world ; in childlike simplicity, following his noble and sometime weary way ; untiring, unwavering, faithful to the mission of his genius :—

“ True to the kindred points of heaven and home.”

A mere sketch in outline is all that need be given here of Hogan's life. The simple facts scarcely require a commentary, they speak for themselves. Somewhat discursively therefore, we shall speak of the artist and his works.

John Hogan was born in the month of October, 1800, in the town of Tallow, County Waterford. Cork has claimed him for her own ; a tacit plea for the distinction has been established, and somehow the honour has been given her. Though she certainly cannot glory in the accident of his birth, she may with justice claim to be the nursing mother of his genius. The gold medal of the Royal Dublin Society, awarded the artist in 1836, designates him “ John Hogan of *Cork* ;” and so let it stand. A few months after his birth, his parents, with two elder children, removed to Cork, and there the family remained until 1821, with what furtherance to young Hogan's genius we shall see. Before, however, the development of his rare gifts can well be said to have commenced, the kindly atmosphere of a frugal, well-ordered household, in which the proprieties of an humble estate were ever preserved, and the real home affections cultivated, had had its effect in cherishing the growth of manly, Christian principles, and the gentler influences of love and dutiful obedience.

Like all our great modern sculptors, Hogan sprang from the artisan class. Canova's father was a stone cutter ; Thorwaldsen's, a rude carver in wood ; Christian Rauch

stood behind a royal carriage; and Dannecker may have cleaned the stables of a duke. Schwanthaler claimed no high descent, though he brought up the rear of a line of artists. Tenerani and Benzoni, Flaxman and Chantrey were all of the people. Hogan's father, however, though he held no higher position than that of master builder, came of an old tribe, mentioned in the "Annals of the Four Masters," and once possessed of castle, chapel, and we may hope good rents in the County Tipperary. The artist's mother, if not of bluer blood, had notable ancestors in times less distant from our own. She was a Miss Frances Cox, of Dunmanway, Co. Cork, great grand-daughter of Sir Richard Cox, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland in the reign of William and Mary, and Lord Chancellor under Queen Anne. She was an orphan, and while living under the care of certain relations, whose family mansion was in the course of undergoing alterations according to the directions of the elder Hogan, met the young artisan at the table of his employer. She was evidently attracted by the manly carriage, and respectable manner of the young builder; and appears soon to have discovered, with a true woman's instinct, that he, with his pride of independence, and steady industry, was worthier of her hand and heart than any of the hereditary squirearchy of her own estate. At all events she responded in faith and generosity to his honourable suit. How good was the exchange is told in a word:—she left without one sigh of regret her aristocratic relations and guardians, whose indignation at the supposed *mesalliance* was made the excuse of refusing to pay the marriage portion of £2,000 she was entitled to, and chose for her own liege lord a man, who, valuing her for herself alone, declined to urge his claim to the money so dishonourably withheld. Through a long wedded life of some change and trial, the real communion of labour was exemplified in this worthy pair. The husband's part was more especially to provide for the daily wants of the household, to gain bread for his children, and means to give them fitting education. The wife's no less arduous task was to keep in peace, true affection, and all Christian virtue, the sons and daughters of their humble home.

How beautifully the fruits of this fine example, and blessed training, are shown in Hogan's feelings and ever



constant conduct! To his parents he was loyal and loving, and when he had begun to make a name, even in the Capital of Art, and the gifts of fortune visited his hand, he never failed to lay his laurels with pride at his parents' feet; and no matter what sum of money his hard work procured him, he invariably, as the good old ballad says, "cut it in twain" and sent the full half to his Cork home. His sisters found him a generous guardian when circumstances made them somewhat dependant on him. One sister, after a time, he took with him to Rome; to another, who chose a religious life, he gave £300 on entering the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, in Cork—at a time, too, when he had a wife and five children to support; and the two remaining sisters, who were married, and settled in the West Indies, he never allowed to feel the want of a brother's interest. In his only brother, Richard, whose early death was one of the severest blows the artist's loving heart ever received, he enjoyed not only the sympathy which true affection never fails to bestow, but likewise in his companionship he found nurture for his own rare talents. They were companions in everything; their aspirations were after the same excellence; their aim tended to a kindred object. Art was the ideal of each, and both were pledged to strive for excellence in true brotherhood of genius.

The home of the Hogan family was in Cove-street, a gone-down sort of place even then, with little more than memories of better times, but full enough of social character, and local peculiarity, to make it not quite unfit for the home of a young artist. The inhabitants of this southern portion of "the beautiful city" are a race apart, as distinct from the natives of the north, as if they were another people. Manufacturing industry remained with the latter, as well as all that we know of Cork vivacity and mercurial energy; but the former, with perhaps some of the absurd pride of old inhabitants, kept themselves to themselves, socially ignoring all mutuality of citizenship with the rest. So remarkable is this, that if one wanted to find out the locality of a new comer or settler of only some twenty years standing in that exclusive quarter, he would have no business to ask information of the next-door-neighbours of the stranger, supposing them to be of the pre-adamite settlers; he would be surely told there was nothing known of the man in that place. Moreover, the out-of-door habits of the peo-

ple, the somewhat southern aspect of their surroundings, were not without a certain picturesque effect.

The artist's temperament, as we well know, is sensitive beyond measure. The small every-day chances and appearances which, to common apprehension, possess nothing more than their material or arbitrary value, become invested to his imagination with strange importance; and, in reality, though perhaps without his cognizance, direct or check, or happily further his inborn pre-dispositions. Fortunately, the matured genius is more or less independent of externals; no longer yielding to them, accepting them, or bearing with them as others do, he has finally mastered them, and can take out of them what meaning he likes; since indeed to him, if to any,

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage."

True genius has thus much in common with true religion, that it gives the show of things and appearances only its true value, and looks through all outward and common things, to their inner, divine, significance.

The growth of a youth such as Hogan's, must have been peculiarly influenced by the world about him. We deem it therefore to be a notable fact, that he found himself in early life, not alone in a genial Christian home-circle, but settled down in a corner of the world, obscure enough, but for that no doubt, all the freer from the tame uniformity and last new fashions, of a quarter more in the gang way of busy prosperous life.

Then for beauties of scenery, and loving enjoyment of nature in manifold variety, there could be no better site than Cork itself, with its picturesque hill sides grown over with pleasant woods, varied with the abodes of men; and the river "winding at its own sweet will" close to the foot of these pleasant heights, or stretching out in long reaches through more level grounds—not a mud-pool either, such as sluggishly flows through other cities we might name—but a river of running water with life in it, and reminiscences of peaceful farms, tributary trout streams, and the mountain pastures of the Kerry borders. Again, the mingled quiet and busy routine of real, hearty, country life, to be enjoyed at no dearer rate than a few miles walk in any direction; and in addition "the far off sounding of the sea,"

and its freight, ever re-appearing, of ships well laden with the produce and the news of other lands. And to crown all, that we may not leave out, if not the glory, at least the peculiarity of our southern city, a most changeful, capricious, tantalizing climate, which gives to those many features of landscape and scenery, at least a thousand different aspects in a day. Well do we remember how, the first time we saw the Glanmire hills, it was through a medium so delusive to our unaccustomed eyes, that we fancied we beheld a beautiful cloud picture in the sky ; and it was only on the assurance to the contrary of our companion, a person of sense and experience, that we were satisfied to believe that what we looked on was not a pile of airy castles on a fancied hill of clouds, but only a mere commonplace view of Glanmire, "as seen through a mist." Such, and so varied, were the sights and sounds and semblances which everywhere met the quick senses of the young artist.

Social life in Cork, had, just at that period, much to boast of and profit by. It was a condition of unusual activity, and the current flowed in a way that affected the literature of England even yet more than the every-day-life of that one Celtic city. Though young Hogan mixed little, if indeed at all, with the notabilities of that lively population, it were absurd to conclude that so quick an intellect remained uninfluenced by the surrounding atmosphere. In Cork, more than in any city of the world, there is a sort of public interest or property in every species of private worth or genius. In other places circles and coteries keep apart. Dublin, for example, has its little artistic circle, its small literary society, its musical sets and scientific knots ; and so on. It is known that these subdivisions exist, but the limits being somewhat strongly marked, there is little egress or ingress ; and strange things may be said, and stranger things achieved within them, and the citizens at large be little the wiser. Cork society is better organised for some purposes. There is no doing anything there in secret. Cork society is a very broad highway. What is whispered on Patrick's Hill, will be published on the South Mall, and Blackpool will have its share of the glory or shame of Blarney lane. There exists in fact a certain communion of labour, we cannot always say of love, which makes the humbler and less gifted, partaker in some measure, of the

success and fame of the more richly dowered. The grand solo parts are all the more telling, thus relieved by the ever recurring sonority, of the many voiced chorus. The state of things in that stirring community, reminds one very forcibly of "La Sonnambula," where the chorus is ever on the *qui vive*, and the *dramatis personæ* can scarcely put on their night cap, or steal a march at any hour, without the entire population being notified of the fact. Just at that time there was so much talent among the leading men of the City, so much of the fire of genius poetising the hearts of youths yet unknown to fame, that we cannot believe the influence of proximity to have been inconsiderable, on a mind like that of our Artist.

Barry's name was fresh in the memory of his boastful countrymen, when Hogan's boyhood still kept the secret of his greatness. It was a name that might stir too deeply young aspirants to fame, who had not received high commission to dare and achieve as much. The strong, fierce man had gone forth some fifty years before, with a power of resistance, at least equal to his power of production. Academies and authorities, theories and formulas, were nothing to him who had the presumption to think for himself, defying presidents and precedents. There is much in Barry's course to deter from the following of such an example; much also to attract in the excitement, which, as we read his life, carries us away in sympathy with his scorn of such patronage, as may be had for a mellow manner and a cringing attitude; and makes us look up with something of admiration to the wild-eyed man, who, with his classic notions, flung grand thoughts on canvas like a young Angelo, in days when Reynolds reigned supreme, and genius was a delusion and a snare, unless a Dilettanti Society stamped it. He made a splendid fight of it; lived in a real London garret, sordid and uncared; went about almost in rags, to the disgust of prim academicians: but at a time when he had to work some fourteen hours a day, he contrived to provide materials for his profession, and subsistence for himself, out of an income of eighty pounds a year. So that it was said of him, that he was never known to borrow money, or want it. It may have been well that an early death saved one or two of Barry's fellow citizens, from issuing forth into the world with a like daring. More than talent

was wanted to do what Barry did:—an indomitable will, namely, and very rare strength of character. Young Hogan had much in common with this lion of the race, and we fancy, was not without a conscious sympathy with the famous Cork man.

We find no such hero as Barry on the stage just at the time we allude to. Yet the stage was not untrod by many notable figures. Maginn, an LL.D. in his twenty-fourth year, kept school in Marlborough-street; lectured young Southerners in science and classics; and made sport enough for the quick wits of the society about him, slyly stirring up the while, the readers of "Blackwood" to wonder and admiration at the marvellous resource, and endless frolic, of the genuine Phelim O'Doherty. Soon he was to be out in the throng of London literary life, no longer the nameless, though inimitable correspondent, but the acknowledged centre of as sprightly a race as ever congregated in the clubs and taverns, and chance gathering places, of poets, reviewers, editors, and contributors. In his exit from Cork—too small a world it was thought for such as he—the witty Doctor, he may have left some portion of his good fame behind him. "Poor Maginn!" we can never help saying when we think of him. Before long he had drank his last bottle, and laughed his last laugh; and there was soon a sad end to what a brother reviewer called, "*this singular mixture of classical erudition and Irish fun.*" Father Prout was then young Frank Mahony of Cork, home occasionally when college vacation permitted; a sprightly genial youth, with a deal of humour in all his sayings and doings, and talent in store, or as we natives say, in *galore*, behind that splendid forehead of his. By-and-by English literature, and the English press shall make profit of his fame, and Continental capitals shall have reason to know his whereabouts. Daniel Maclise, though a mere boy, haunted the hall of the Society of Arts, and desired to have this said to him by one of judgment and taste who marvelled at his assiduity: "My little friend, if you work hard and *think*, you will be a great man one of these days." The bright-eyed boy was not long in fulfilling the promise of his youth. Then "my nable young friend Scottowe," and Kelleher, "my early fellow student," to whom Hogan in after years used to send such pleasant messages and

hints about their art studies, were busy at work. And that wonderful Ford, whom his companions called "young Raphael," must have been even then haunted by the "Genius of Tragedy," and full of dreams of the "Fall of the Angels." While, in busier scenes of the world's life, Dr. England, later Lord Bishop of Charleston, drew a throng round the pulpit, and made his thundering voice heard, in the cause of patriotism, on the noisy platform of Irish politics.

To return, however, to Hogan. At eight years of age, he was sent, a fine, sturdy, quick-witted boy, to Mr. Cangle's school in Tallow. Why a Cork education in the vicinity of his home, was not preferred, we are unable to state. It has been suggested that the exclusiveness, or "snobbery" of Cork society, might have made the builder's son feel out of place, among the more aristocratic frequenters of a first class city school. Possibly, also, a little *roughing* might be essential, and a temporary removal from the charmed circle of home, not the worst preparation for entrance into the world of business and society. Hogan was soon an established favourite with his master; and among his school-fellows he kept his ground creditably, for he could box his corner right well, ever bravely standing up for his own. Classic studies, strange to say, seem to have had little attraction for him. Mathematics, and arithmetic, and history, were more to his taste, and in these he became a proficient. After six years absence, young Hogan was brought home; and with the idea, we suppose, of giving "our eldest," a fair start in life, and a chance of acquiring that much desired quality—respectability of position,—he was placed in an attorney's office, and expected to progress towards that wished-for object, under the guidance of a Mr. Michael Foote. Disappointment, however, was the lot in this case of both father and master. The artist's soul was already awake in the boy; and instead of assiduously pursuing his legal studies, and seeking distinction as an attorney's clerk, he thought of nothing but cutting figures in wood, drawing all the strange fancies that came into his head, and most industriously copying architectural designs, and such works of art as provincial shop windows in the early part of the century, gave him an opportunity of studying. Neither persuasion nor punishment, could

deter the young scapegrace from such provoking conduct. We may guess his brother Richard, and other young friends of the Society of Arts, were not backward in applauding his determination. Doubtless, they gave him the only thing eagerly coveted—encouragement in his erratic courses, and the meed of admiration, his assiduity, if not his achievements deserved. We are also told that\* :—

“A friend and client of Mr. Foote's, Dr. Coghlan, a physician in good practice, and not a little eccentric in his habits, accidentally discovered the young draughtsman one day at his desk absorbed in his labour of love, to the neglect of his proper business. He praised the sketches, faithfully kept the secret, and seldom afterwards visited the office without rewarding, with a bright crown piece, what he, doubtless, regarded as the innocent amusements of a clever wilful boy.”

Such little encouragement as he got, strengthened his own strong determination, to be an artist and nothing else. Yet we know not how he should ever have got free of the meshes of the law, if happy accident had not given him an opportunity of displaying, with considerable convenience to others, his self-acquired proficiency in outline drawing :—

“A new gaol was about to be built on the banks of the Lee; and the contract was taken by the eminent house of Deane, of which the principal was and is Mr. (now Sir Thomas) Deane. Hogan the elder was in the employment of the firm, as foreman, and the talents of the son were already known to Mr. Alexander Deane, brother of Sir Thomas. The Architect, (Mr. Robinson of Dublin,) having sent down his plans and specifications there was a difficulty about finding a competent person in Cork to copy them within the time, (not more than a fortnight,) when the works should be commenced. In this embarrassment young Hogan was sent for, on a Sunday evening; and the reader may guess with what trembling delight he half distrustingly consented to assume the responsibility pressed upon him by patrons, who could naturally have but a doubtful faith in powers yet but little developed, and wholly unacknowledged out of his own limited circle of confidants. He yielded at last to their solicitations, and working night and day, with a fixed resolve to succeed, executed his task within the allotted time in a manner to challenge the wonder and admiration of his employers.”

The first and best result of this timely trial and complete success, was the removal of young Hogan from the dreary

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\* This extract and the following are from an article entitled “John Hogan” in the Dublin University Magazine, January, 1850. The particulars given in that paper are, we believe, true as far as they go. We know the writer took notes from a conversation with Mr. Hogan in his Dublin studio.

office of Mr. Foote, where he had spent two hopeless years, to the more congenial workshop of Deane and Company. He was bound to the firm at once, and employed as draughts-man and carver of models. Hard work was no hardship to him now, he was ready for anything, drawing, carving, modelling; but so decided had his vocation become, that after a very short time, Mr. Deane, who looked with approbation on the persevering energy of his gifted apprentice, and had good feeling enough not to thwart the growth of so noble a talent, presented him with a set of chisels, and before very long, John Hogan was avowedly a sculptor.

What we admire very much in Hogan, is the steady good sense which ever accompanied him in all that regarded his profession; and the unceasing perseverance with which he laboriously gained every onward step of his progress. Accordingly, without any indiscreet zeal to achieve miracles, or any ambitious design of taking the world at once by storm and surprise, he knuckled down to the so necessary preliminary studies, and not only practised his hand in every style of drawing and carving, but for some years attended Dr. Woodroffe's anatomical lectures, with what profit his splendid modelling sufficiently shows. One of his first works was a carving in wood of a human skeleton, life size, which the doctor long after used in demonstrating to his pupils. The great Michael Angelo's zealous studies, come naturally here to mind, and we remember as a coincidence, the Crucifix in wood which the great Florentine made for the high altar of Santo Spirito, to please the prior, who had given him a room wherein to dissect dead bodies. While thus gaining the accurate knowledge of form and proportion, so indispensable to success in the art he had chosen, young Hogan busily employed himself modelling hands and feet—gaining every day in technical nicety of finish.

He was not very long employed in following this method when circumstances occurred, which must have filled the young artists of Cork with strange delight, by affording them a most unexpected opportunity of seeing, admiring, and studying the undying works of antique art. At the close of the great European war, in commemoration of the so grateful peace of 1815, His Holiness, Pope Pius VII., presented to the Prince Regent a magnificent selection of casts from the antique, which had been taken under the



superintendence of Canova. This gift, though it may seem at first inappropriate, considering the recipient, was in reality a very graceful acknowledgement of the good service rendered to art by the English government, which not only appointed persons to remove the *chefs d'œuvre* of Italian churches and galleries from their temporary location in the Louvre, but likewise paid the expense of the restoration. This was a prize which an art-loving community might long to possess. We know not how it escaped being seized on by certain metropolitan institutions, or the more grasping corporations of the English manufacturing towns. However, for the good luck of Cork, the casts were obtained for that wide-awake city, in the year 1818, through the interest of the Marquis of Conyngham, Lord Ennismore, or, as some will have it, John Wilson Croker, Reviewer-General of the Quarterly, and Irishman, as well, by birth and parentage. Indeed, it was a piece of good fortune not unmerited, for the citizens had just two years before, with most praiseworthy exertion, succeeded in establishing a Society of Arts, for the cultivation of taste, and the direct encouragement of native talent. Many no doubt, remember the sort of loft, which served in those early days of art, as the gallery of antiques. Gods and heroes, masks and groups, may now have fitter dwelling place, but we doubt if ever such devout worshippers gathered round so prized a shrine, since the Hogan brothers, those young artists we have mentioned, and lesser stars of a bright constellation, met in that old lumber-room, and the fire of genius was kindled in the light of those old-world gems. How much this same gallery had to do with Hogan's subsequent success; how untiringly he thought, and studied, and wrought in its dingy precincts; and how, as it seems natural, the same was the scene of his greatest triumph, shall now be briefly stated. The following passage is from a paper in the Irish Penny Journal, December 19th, 1840, and is, we believe, from the pen of Dr. Petrie:—

“The period, however, had now arrived when the eagle wing of Hogan was to try its strength; and most fortunately for him, an accident at this time brought to Cork a man more than ordinarily gifted with the power to assist him in its flight. The person we allude to was the late William Paulett Carey, an Irishman no less distinguished for his abilities as a critical writer on works of art, than for his ardent zeal in aiding the struggles of genius, by making their merit known to the world. In August, 1823, this gentleman, on the

occasion of paying a visit to the gallery of the Cork Society, "accidentally saw a small figure of a Torso, carved in pine timber, which had fallen down under one of the benches. On taking it up," to continue Mr. Carey's own interesting narrative, "he was struck by the correctness and good taste of the design, and the newness of the execution. He was surprised to find a piece of so much excellence, apparently fresh from the tool, in a place where the arts had been so recently introduced, and where he did not expect to meet anything but the crude essays of uninstructed beginners. On inquiry he was informed it was the work of a young native of Cork, named Hogan, who had been apprenticed to the trade of a carpenter under Mr. Deane, an eminent builder, and had at his leisure hours studied from the Papal casts, and practised carving and modelling with intense application. Hogan was then at work above stairs, in a small apartment in the Academy. The stranger immediately paid him a visit, and was astonished at the rich composition of a *Triumph of Silenus*, consisting of fifteen figures, about fourteen inches high, designed in an antique style, by this self-taught artist, and cut in bas-relief, in pine timber. He also saw various studies of hands and feet; a grand head of an Apostle, of a small size; a copy of Michael Angelo's mask; some groups in bas-relief after designs by Barry; and a female skeleton, the full size, after nature; all cut with delicacy and beauty, in the same material. A copy of the antique *Silenus* and *Satyrs*, in stone, was chiselled with great spirit; and the model of a Roman soldier, about two feet high, would have done credit to a veteran sculptor. A number of his drawings in black and white chalks, from the Papal casts, marked his progressive improvement and sense of ideal excellence. The defects in his performances were such as are inseparable from an early stage of untaught study, and were far overbalanced by their merits. When his work for his master was over for the day, he usually employed his hours in the evening in these performances. The female skeleton had been all executed during the long winter nights."

Becoming thus acquainted with Mr. Hogan's abilities, Mr. Carey, with that surprising prophetic judgment with which he was so eminently gifted, at once predicted the young sculptor's future fame, and proclaimed his genius in every quarter in which he hoped it might prove serviceable to him. He commenced by writing a series of letters, which were inserted in the Cork Advertiser, "addressed to the nobility, gentry, and opulent merchants, entreating them to raise a fund by subscription, to defray the expense of sending Hogan to Italy, and supporting him there for three or four years, to afford him the advantages of studying at Rome." But for some time these letters proved ineffectual, and would probably have failed totally in their object but for Mr. Carey's untiring zeal. Acting under his direction, Mr. Hogan was induced to address a letter to that noble patron of British genius, the late Lord de Tabley, then Sir John Fleming Leicester, and to send him at the same time two specimens of his carvings, "as the humble offering of a young self-taught artist." This letter, which was backed by one from Mr. Carey himself, was responded to at once in a letter written in the kindest spirit, and which contained an enclosure of twenty-five pounds as Sir John's

subscription to the proposed fund. This was the first money actually paid in, and subscriptions soon followed from others. Through Mr. Carey's enthusiastic representations, the Royal Irish Institution was induced to contribute the sum of one hundred pounds, and the Royal Dublin Society to vote twenty-five pounds for some specimens of his carvings which Mr. Hogan submitted to their notice. These acts of liberality were honourable to those public bodies; yet, as Mr. Carey well observed, it was to Lord de Tabley's generosity that Mr. Hogan's gratitude was most due. Here, as he said, "was a young man of genius in obscurity, and wholly unknown to his lordship, rescued from adversity in the unpromising morning of life—a self-taught artist built up to fame and fortune by his munificence—a torch lighted, which I hope will burn bright for ages, to the honour of the empire. HOGAN may receive thousands of pounds from future patrons, but it is to Lord de TABLEY's timely encouragement that he will be indebted for every thing."

The subscriptions collected for Mr. Hogan amounted in all to the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds.

Thus with fair prospects, that is to say, with a brave manly heart, a passionate desire to do something worthy of his friends' expectations, and a scarcely expressed hope to glorify old Ireland before long, young Hogan, with money in his pocket to keep the wolf from the door for a year or two, set forth to fight his way in the wide, unknown world. He had lost his mother not long before. Her whole life and her death, were worthy of a saint; and her loving, dutiful son, ever to his dying day, spoke of her as the worthiest, holiest of women. So great a loss only drew closer the ties, which bound the members of that obscure but exemplary home. Our noble spirited artist, seems even then to have adopted the whole family as his own, and to have undertaken a father's care for the whole household,—good old man, only brother "Dick," "the dear girls," and all. He would work hard, be faithful in that strange land, and make them all happy and comfortable one day.

Everything in the outward journey, was new; \* and had

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\* We are indebted, more than we can express, to Mrs Hogan for entrusting to us a most interesting collection of letters, written at different times by the artist, to his father and sisters. We were told that it would be in vain to look for any of Hogan's correspondence, as he was no letter writer. Truly he was no letter writer in the ordinary sense: he never wrote for the pleasure of writing, or for the sake of keeping up literary or artistic correspondence; but his love for his family was great enough to make a poet, much more a letter writer, of any man. In his desire to give them pleasure, and to describe accurately what befel him in the struggles and vicissitudes

to be judged by reference to the only standard known to him. Dublin is so fine a city, that he doubts "if the buildings are *even* equalled by those on any part of the Continent (except Rome)." The Dublin Society's House, "a beautiful building, almost as large as the new Barracks in Cork, with a fine large green to the rere." The Elgin marbles, of course, delighted the young sculptor, he thought them "sublime figures; but the Theseus does not, he thinks, come up to the style of the *Torso* of Hercules, among the Cork casts"—"it is not near so fleshy, soft or grand, although every bit as large." "Let the Cork boys," he adds, "look sharp, for they have no idea of the fellows here. Let Kelleher be on the alert, and assure him that he does not know the value of the casts in Cork. These are not to be compared to them, I would not know them to be taken from the same marbles."

The good friend Carey gave his protégé a friendly, kind reception—"lots of advice—a letter to General Cockburn requesting him to introduce me to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire—his blessing with an earnest wish for my welfare etc., and a happy return to my native country." Certain relations of his mother settled in Dublin received him with open arms, kept him with them, and even after the short intercourse of a few days, parted with him reluctantly, for he says, "I perceived tears in their eyes when they kissed me."

In London too he chanced upon kind friends. One lady, whom he knew, "a good little soul," had him every day to breakfast, and used often chide him for not dining also: but as he walked about, he thinks at the rate of twenty miles a day, and was usually miles from St. Paul's at the proper hour, that was not possible. He was not the least moved by the appearance of London, but was surprised to see such a collection of smoke and vapour, and somewhat put out of his way by the danger of crossing the streets, and the consequence, in going through the crowd, of being "shouldered

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of his banishment, he uses true nature's eloquence; and there is a frankness, an ease, and a *style* about his letters, which make them contrast favorably with the stiffness, affected dash, or premeditated carelessness, which we note in much of the literary correspondence we are acquainted with. Hogan's character comes out very nobly, as the reader shall find, in those stray leaves, which neither he nor his loved ones, ever thought should meet strange eyes.

and jostled about like a three-penny brick." Again, "the casts in the academy are quite inferior to those in Cork," but he highly approves the attendance and regularity in Somerset-house "fires, stoves, and servants in every part of the building." The students here, and at the academy, are "young men who dress and appear well; I saw among them some handsome, well looking chaps, but none so young as Dick. Some of them are very clever; it is reasonable to think that students who attend regularly with perseverance for years, and are admitted to every lecture given in that academy, must consequently draw well, let their capacity or genius be ever so trifling." Flaxman, "a mean looking, decrepid man," he did not admire, either in himself or his works, "although he is thought a great deal about by his countrymen." A lecture given by him was attended by most of the Royal Academicians, the president Sir Thomas Lawrence "wearing a cocked hat in the chair." In the Adelphi the young Irishman saw Barry's pictures, "a great sight no doubt;" and in the same hall was much struck with some figures by Bacon, which he took for antiques, so good was the execution; In Westminster Abbey he admired Roubiliac's monuments to the Duke of Argyle, and Lady Nightengale; and "two exquisitely beautiful children, with two female figures extremely graceful" on the pediment of Matthew Prior's monuments by Rysbrack: he adds:—

"At the other side of the Abbey there are five or six grand and sublime compositions by Bacon, Nollekens, Westmacott, etc. Bacon's especially is of the Earl of Chatham, who is at the top in a fine speaking attitude, and under his feet are very large and noble figures representing Ocean and Earth in great attitudes, with other allegories, &c.: it is about forty feet high, and the marble of it alone, I should suppose, cost £1000—a master-piece undoubtedly. I could not examine the rest because the ruffian of a guide hurried us from one to the other, and would not suffer any person to remain behind after the rest of the company had seen it."

In the hall of the British Museum he noticed "a most delightful and inimitable statue of Shakespeare by Roubiliac;" there are he thinks some very fine figures there, and a great number of indifferent ones. His remarks on the Elgin Marbles are noteworthy, proving how bold was his criticism, and how early he began to think for himself in all that regarded his art. "I do not think," he says, "the Elgin

Marbles deserve so much praise as is bestowed upon them by the English. I know if they were in my possession I should throw half of them into the Thames." Lord Listowel, to whom it appears young Hogan had an introduction, gave him a hearty and welcome reception, on the two occasions the artist visited him. "His lordship wanted me to breakfast with him, but I refused as I had done so before I left my lodgings; he is a very engaging, mild, and easy old man, fond of the arts, but no great encourager." In Lord Listowel's gallery he saw "some beautiful original pictures of the old masters; a choice collection of excellent landscapes, by the Dutch and Flemish, touched with the lightest and most delicate pencils; and a few portraits and figures said to be by (but rather after) Titian, Guido, Rembrandt and Parmegiano, and worth all of Lawrence's productions together." Sir John Leicester (Lord de Tabley) was still at his seat in Cheshire, but he left the letters of introduction for the artist, together with a very kind one from himself, and directions for admission to his gallery.

A former fellow student named Porter, who was staying in London, introduced Hogan to a certain Mr. Leahy, who informed him that Mr. Latham was hunting all over London to find him out, as he had some letters that might be of use in Paris and Rome.

"Accordingly I waited on him next morning, and found him to be a man of vast understanding, together with an obliging turn of mind: he handed me two letters to bankers on the continent, at the same time offering to get those which he saw in my possession, for Ireland, franked, saying that he would seal them and put them into the post office. After shaking hands, and wishing me every success, he gave me a five-pound note, hinting that it might be of service to me on the very long journey to Rome. This conduct from a gentleman I never saw before, is certainly very noble, but it is chiefly owing to the good opinion he had of me from seeing a few things of mine somewhere or other."

The said five pounds, be it noted, was not put in his pocket for travelling expenses, but was sent directly to the old home, with directions and advices not a few concerning the conduct of affairs in Cork. The old father is not to be uneasy about his boy, "for, thank God, I inherit an understanding and disposition, which I trust will never lead me into scrapes and difficulties." Then Dick is to be kept closely to his crayons, and the girls to take lots of exercise,

and to be kept regular, "that is to say to have them go to bed precisely at half-past nine o'clock every night, *no later.*"

Paris disgusted and disappointed our traveller. It sounds like some old-world history, to hear complaints of the narrow dirty streets, of that now elegant capital; and of the want of foot-ways, and the danger of being run over by coaches, which are driven quite close up to the shops. But the Louvre is there—and the pictures *are originals*—and the gallery is as long as the parade of Cork! Florence though out of the line is visited, many things seen and observed, the gates of Gioberti, as one might expect, visited five or six times. And at last on Palm Sunday, 1824, John Hogan entered the Eternal City.

Thus happily was realised what is ever to the artist the most glorious day-dream of his youth; thus was brought to certain practical result the kindly efforts of Hogan's early and most discerning friends. He was now in Rome—the very centre of Christianity and of art: his tools in his hands, the world of art encircling him. The one glorious path was open to him—the way by labour, and heroic constancy, to excellence, and an honourable fame. Thither came, as for hundreds of years had come, all who striving for renown and reward, worshipped at the inner shrine of art. In the academic halls, in the glorious galleries, in the studii of the Eternal City congregated native sons of Italy, and what of genius and promise lay in their hearts, sprung forth, bloomed and blossomed, in the quickening atmosphere of that heaven-favoured capital. The colder, duller north, transplanted thither rare exotics of genius, and in the magic circle of that influence, they grew strong and hardy, and flourished full of ripe luxuriance. The fatherland had sent many a worthy son to Rome, there to prove his title to immortality. Denmark had commissioned her young giant Thorwaldsen that he too might enter the list, and haply come forth a conqueror; and even out of England, anti-Roman though she be, the children of art had gathered round the common mother of their race.

Among the chosen out of thousands, our Irish Hogan was now to live in fellowship of toil and glory. With what rare assiduity he pursued his course, how he wrought and studied, how he haunted galleries and churches, may

well be imagined. In no city of the world has the very highest class of education been always so accessible as in Rome. There free lectures are not of recent introduction as in other countries : and as in all other branches of study, the most eminent men are appointed professors of the Roman University, and the pupils are all admitted gratuitously to their instructions, so in the Fine Arts are the lectures of the most distinguished artists of the day open to those, who are fortunate enough to be able to reside in Rome, and attend the Schools of St. Luke's.

For several months Hogan contented himself to pursue his studies, not alone in these schools, but also in the halls of the Vatican and Capitol, and the life academies of the French and English Artists. He would willingly have commenced modelling a figure for Sir John Leicester, but the impossibility of taking a studio prevented him. One that would be fit for such work could not, he says, be had "without paying a year's rent in hand, and also holding the same two or three years, as the Romans never let a painter's or sculptor's studio for less than this term." He consoles himself by thinking that after all "it is better not to begin in a hurry without previous study a figure for a noble patron of the arts, *comme Sir John*, on the success of which would in a great measure depend his future notice or esteem of the artist ;" meanwhile he adds, "I feel myself gaining ground rapidly, and say from conviction that I can finish the hands and extremities of the human figure, as well, if not better, than Gibson, Westmacott, Gott, or any other English sculptor, a quality very essential to an artist." Here is a passage deserving the attention of patrons as well as artists :—

"My pension is just sufficient for the maintenance of nature, and that in a moderate style. Provisions and wearing apparel are dear. Of the latter you may judge from my having a pair of their shoes every month which costs a crown each, owing to the bad stuff, or rather to the effect of the scorching sun in summer, which cracks and parches them up completely. I paid above seven shillings for soleing and heeling the remains of my old boots made by the old craftsman. To prevent my buying a new coat I had that old blue mantle, turned, which was so threadbare when I arrived here, it appeared pretty smooth when the blue bag was rubbed to the cuffs and button holes—had my cravat cut diagonally to make two. I see you all laughing at my saving a few *bajocchi*, therefore not a word more of what I have done. I live temperate as usual. You pay at the



Trattoria three *bejocchi*, (about two pence,) for a bit of boiled beef which would scarcely satisfy a tom-tit; and so of the other meats: to atone for which their *Piselli*, *Cipolette*, rice, *Cartina*, and other soups, are good and very cheap. Know then that to study, as I should like, it would be necessary to have at least £100 a-year, (if possible £200): this sum would enable me to take a studio, pay living models, cut marble, model in clay, cast in plaster, and at length arrive at excellence."

He sends word that Kelleher must visit Italy, by all means, if he wishes to become a painter; packs up for Dick's amusement about twenty studies from nature, and a few sketches from Raphael, done on white paper, "as I bought for economy a lot of that stuff together," and gives him excellent advice to use the pencil with courage and pick up some pence by portraits, nature being the true path to fame. "Stick close," he adds, "to your drawing and study with all your strength, as a student is not always advancing because he is employed. It is useless for me to say that labour is the only price of solid fame, and that whatever a man's force of genius may be, there is no easy method of becoming a great artist."

Our young sculptor had not only ample opportunity, but likewise plenty of time for the profoundest study. He was free from temptations and interruptions likely to beset other students, who might be deemed more fortunate. He was alone in that great world. The letter to the Duchess of Devonshire which Sir Thomas Lawrence had given him was of no use; her grace had died meanwhile. He could not boast a knowledge of the language which might have opened a way for him to the society of already distinguished men. It will doubtless interest many amongst us to know that the much revered, Father Gentili, was Hogan's instructor in Italian. The afterwards famous preacher, was then a young Roman barrister. The Artist used to tell with great humour, how coming home one day after a long study among the *chefs d'oeuvre* of the Vatican Museum, and finding his mild teacher in the midst of his books awaiting him, he made a spring at the table, gathered up the volumes, and flung them all right out of the window:—"There is nothing in the world but art," he cried, "so here goes!" The accomplished and saintly Italian, and our bold Irishman, continued always great friends; and the former when he was about to enter the church, came to take leave of his pupil.

The English and Scotch artists, whom Hogan met on his first arrival in Rome, seem to have been not by any means congenial spirits. They are, he says, familiar and civil with him, but he likes not their company. They are generally sneering and talking of the absurdity of the Catholic religion, misgovernment of Catholic countries, and so on. He all but curses "the rascals," but adds ;—"However as I am the only Catholic among them I take no notice, but pass it off in seemingly good humour ; to act contrary with such fellows would be to want sense." His countryman Heffernan he appears to have willingly fraternized with ; he says "he is a very pleasant man, and exceedingly clever."

Meanwhile, in the midst of his own struggles, he is very low-spirited when he thinks of his father being still at labor, "working like a carrier horse," and he is quite afflicted that he cannot send the girls necklaces and other trinkets on Christmas day. He does find means of sending one of them five *Luigi*, though where he got that sum we cannot make out. But he has his eyes open all the while, and sends them pleasant descriptions of the sights and occurrences which attract his attention. The events which marked the opening of the pontificate of Leo XII. are well known to the readers of Cardinal Wiseman's "Recollections of the Four Last Popes ;" here is another note of an eye-witness :—

"Rome, 18th August, 1824.

"On Ascension Thursday I have seen the Pope take possession of St. Giovanni di Laterano, the cathedral church of the Catholic world, in the greatest pomp and magnificence imaginable ; he was drawn in a chariot by six black horses, surrounded by cardinals, senators, and nobles of Rome and other Catholic countries ; he was very unwell, so much so that it was impossible for him to ride a snow-white beautiful horse, whose tail scattered the dust as he pranced along, presented to him on the occasion. After the usual ceremonies in the Church he ascended the balcony, where he gave his solemn benediction to the people, with his hands and heart lifted to Heaven. Although he was extremely weak and ill, he remained in the balcony for some time to satisfy the people, who gazed on him with rapturous delight and pleasure, during which time the lofty castle of St. Angelo kept up a continual fire of artillery. I have seen him also proclaim the holy year, preparatory to which he had ordered bishops to preach in the different *piazze* to the people for fifteen evenings ; they commenced the first and ended the fifteenth of this month. It has been the case for ages past with the popes to pardon criminals ; scarcely a man was put to death in Rome, but

imprisoned for a certain time according to the nature of his offence. When his present Holiness visited the prisons, the criminals cried out in one voice, "pardon, pardon, Holy Father!" to which he replied, those who were worthy of liberty should have it immediately, but others who were not should have justice administered fairly. He kept his word—the next day the guillotine, a dreadful instrument, was planted in one of the piazze of Rome, where half-a-dozen men lost their heads in one second. I have seen two myself guillotined, their heads are put on a dish and shewn round on the scaffold to the people, the eyes and mouth work for some time after the head is separated from the body. \* \* \* \* The last pope was a saint, passive and tranquil, but Leo is a man, active and determined, bearing a lofty mind with the greatest humility. I wish he might enjoy better health, as Italy would be for ever the better of his just government. \* \* Everything here is carried on in the grandest style, the Romans give such effect to the most trifling objects, they dress and dine splendidly; in every eating house you are served with silver forks, spoons, waiters, &c., a country rascal from the Sabine or *Kerry* mountains will receive the same sauce."

Just a year later we have further evidence of the remarkable change which took place in the health of his Holiness, and another testimony to the vigour of his government :

15th August, 1825.

"This day, at Santa Maria Maggiore, I have received the Pope's benediction; he is in right good health at present, is about my height, with broad shoulders, and fine proportioned frame, aged about sixty years, considered rather young for the head of the church. Five days ago he sentenced three very young men to death, the crime was robbery, not murder, but such is the justice of Leo, that after having them to hear mass and receive the Sacrament they were placed kneeling in the Piazza di Bocca della Verita, opposite the beautiful temple of Vesta, and in that posture they received the contents of the carabines of about forty soldiers; not a word, not a groan, not a kick, was heard or seen from them after. At the execution I saw but two women, and those were of the lowest class; by it you have an idea of the tenderness of the Roman dames; but when I reflect on a poor devil about to be hanged in Cork I see battalions of the sex posted on all sides of Gallows-green. O! my country."

In Hogan's letters are many passages showing his love of nature and quick eye for beauties of scenery. The first extract is of early date, the latter alludes to a better time when he was actually in possession of a studio.

"We remarked that the country about these villages was in one mass of verdure, thick with the olive trees, and the vines bending with the weight of the juicy grape, while the Campagna de Roma appeared like the desert of Arabia, the grass and herbage being

burnt and dried up by the heat. Italy is certainly the country of wine and oil, volcanoes, ruins of the elements—broken, sawn, and piled in sublime confusion: precipices crowned with old, gloomy, visionary views; black chasms in rocks where curiosity shudders to look down, infernal caverns where reign the terrible of nature, and, if we believe poets, the paradise of Europe."

"Since my arrival here I have paid at the rate of five crowns a-month for my lodging, but now I pay only two and a-half for a capital one in the Vicolo dei Greci in the Corso; there is a beautiful garden to the rear of the house, the fruit of which is excellent; until about one month ago three immense vines were groaning under the weight of ponderous bunches of rich, purple, Pergolese grapes; some were never clipped, but left to be picked by birds and fowls. Trees reaching up to my windows of the second floor bear delicious green figs, many a full score of which I eat. Now we are beginning to smell the lemons and oranges that are ripening fast. I have only to pass through this garden to my studio."

At last, after long and somewhat impatient waiting, we find signs of a move in the right direction, and Hogan begins to model in clay, the designs which have hitherto been only peopling his brain. He made a desperate venture and hired a studio. We rather think that this was done by the banker advancing a gale; for we find that he does not wish the committee at home to be made aware of the fact, lest they might think, that in this way his stay in Rome should be shortened, and what they supposed his opportunity of advancement somewhat lessened. But the move was a good one, and the sculptor having at last fair play, strode on to excellence with a rapidity, most astonishing even to the experienced artists about him. The following extracts from a letter dated August 15, 1825, are full of interest.

"Now for the main object, a subject which gives pleasure to my father. I therefore shall, in a few lines, give a brief but true account of all. A short time before Mr. Rice left this, I discovered that a studio was about to be let for twenty-four crowns a-year, in Vicolo degli Incurabili vicino al Corso, an excellent situation. Knowing that the English paid about fifty or sixty annually, I, without losing a moment, entered into an agreement with the *padrone*, paid twenty-two *scudi* for stands, benches, irons, clay, &c.; and, as it is expected that Rome shall be crowded with English nobility next year, I go *stop bang* on speculation, commence modelling, and finished a figure in plaster, that I might have something to show against that time: the subject a shepherd boy recumbent, with his pipe in one hand, and by his side a goat, which I understand forms an admirable pyramidal composition. My model was a stout Sabine lad: I had him employed for fifty hours, for which I paid him five crowns, and,

when done, wet his whistle with a jorum of wine: I paid a *formatore* twelve *scudi* to cast it in *gesso*. Cammucini, a first-rate Italian painter, Gibson, and all the English artists here, confess that it is very like nature, and modelled with a great deal of spirit, breadth, and force. One or two of my intimate friends say that some things I have done, particularly a bust, look as solid as stone, or appear more like casts from marble than from clay; but this I attribute to my practice in timber, which gave me a lightness in execution which few possess. Let no person read this as I puff myself. Who knows but some fellow would take a liking to it, and order it to be cut in marble; if so I finger the cash when finished. I am about to commence immediately Sir John Leicester's figure in clay, and am resolved to pay all due attention and application to the same. Although I have made several sketches for it, I am not yet determined on any particular one. My first intention was a dancing figure, but Canova and others have done so many of that class, that there scarcely remains an original attitude."

Marble was still out of the question. The artist was now on his last £40, and he seemed low enough in spirit also. In a letter, however, to Dick, dated Christmas day, 1825, we find the following fine passage:—

"But cheer up my old boy. Carey is still at work for me in London. He is stirring up the nobility and gentry with a long pole, and is *rising* more cash to enable me to prosecute my studies like a hero. As that independent spirit which I possessed previous to C.'s visit to the Cork academy no longer exists, I care not a pin who pays—all is fish that I catch in my net, being aware that it is not for my welfare that they are concerned—but, for the glory of *Ould Erin*. Artists make an honorable boast at Rome, when they are pensioners of their country—*perche non io pure?*"

He then goes on to tell of Mr. Carey's zealous efforts, who commenced by paying £10 himself. Sir John Leicester gave £25, and Mr Oliver Latham £25 also. In spite of the exertions of his indefatigable friend the subscription this time did not exceed £150.

The next work mentioned is a favourite and a famous subject. Hogan began to have hopes from Cork; he writes thus to the people at home:—

"There is one thing which you must set to work at immediately, it is to raise the wind about a famous *basso-relievo*, which I modelled a short time ago; the subject is a Dead Christ, laid simply at the foot of the cross, from which hang the crown and sceptre of insult. It is five feet long by twenty-two inches high, and is peculiarly adapted for the panel of an altar. In justice to myself all the artists say it is full of sentiment and character, and very like nature. I should be satisfied to cut it in marble for £50, (a third less than the expense of a wretched bust executed by any of the London artists,)

as I would be pleased to have my first original *basso-relievo* seen in Cork, to evince to the Committee that their encouragement has not been abused or mis-applied. Now if you could find a person who would relate the fact to Mr. Mathew, Mr. O'Keefe, Mr. England, or the Bishop himself, perhaps one of them might, out of a religious motive, wish to have it executed for his own chapel. All I want is an order on Torlonia & Co. for £30 to purchase the marble, and if not liked when finished and landed in Cork, my father forfeits the remaining £20. If you succeed I shall give you credit, and expect a letter from you by post on the strength of it."

Poor fellow ! that was doing it cheap with a vengeance. Cork *does* boast the possession of a Dead Christ by Hogan, not this one, but a later work, and a masterpiece. Under what circumstances it was obtained and *retained*, Cork knows well, to her disgrace.

At last the young sculptor took courage, and began to model a figure for Sir John Leicester, that noble patron having given him, not alone such timely help as we have seen, but what to the young artist is the most desired of all prizes—a commission for his first work. The subject chosen by Hogan was one, combining the simplicity and grace of ancient art, with the embodiment of a sentiment, more deep and tragic, than Athenian Phidias ever owned. From Gesner's beautiful Idyll, "The Death of Abel," he took the idea, and the work is known as "Eve startled at the sight of Death." It was greatly admired when done, shortly after, in marble. The English artists congratulated the young sculptor, on the purity of sentiment, and gracefulness of outline exhibited in the figure ; and the Italians, particularly Albighini and Rinaldi, were actually astonished at the execution, and the mastership of the chisel which he displayed—fully agreeing that he excelled all other English sculptors in that particular, and most essential, branch of the art.

It appears to have been cut in marble by his own hand. The block was unusually hard and beautiful, and he worked on it with great care and caution. The subsequent history of this lovely figure is curious, and may as well be told here. Though finished without delay, it was not completed in time to gladden the sight of the generous patron, and vindicate to him, what indeed he never seems to have doubted—Hogan's claim to distinction in his art. Just as it was receiving the final touches of the chisel, the news of Lord de Tabley's (Sir J. Leicester's) death, was brought to the artist. The latter was of opinion, that after all Sir John

had done for him, it would be "wrong and unmanly," to put in a claim on his successor, for the acceptance of the statue, "which his lordship had ordered for his advancement." He must therefore, look out for a purchaser—expecting to receive double the sum mentioned by his lordship; for it would appear, that a small figure was all that Sir John commissioned, though the poor artist, in his dashing, generous fashion, went far beyond the mark. Mr. Carey, however, settled the matter, and a polite letter was received from Mr. Lester Parker, informing the artist, that in consequence of his relative's engagements to him, Hammersley and Company should pay to his demand, £74—the bare cost we suppose, of the marble and rough workmanship. But the noble sculptor was in strange delight to get the money, no matter how dearly earned; and on the instant, an order for £30 was forwarded to the old home, with regrets that he could not remit more. But he adds:—

"I rejoice much, as I have said before, because it will enable you to live a little more comfortable and social some few evenings; and also add some *bombazines* to your stock of wearing apparel—perhaps a pair of boots and surtout to my father's wardrobe."

The figure was sent off at once, and will it be believed, that the case containing this beautiful work remained unopened some thirty years, and was only, on the occasion of the Manchester Exhibition 1857, rescued from the obscurity of wrappages and packing boxes, and placed before the critical and admiring eyes of British connoisseurs? There stood, among nymphs, and Venuses, and very human women, the graceful, modest, mourning form of our common mother. The sweet, sad mouth, the unconscious attitude, the self-forgetfulness of the whole expression, tell the tale of that new terror and grief. If we stand before this piece of art, and musingly say, "this indeed is no mere academic study; the idea is a true one, and the subject must have been well felt by the Sculptor,"—we speak rightly. That dead bird might testify to a bit of the artist's own experience. Hogan, who we know always studied from nature when it was at all possible, wanted a model for the bird in this group. He went out into the market-place, purchased a dove, placed it in his bosom, and carried it gently home to his studio. But how to kill that pretty fluttering creature! could a man do that? He looked at it in admiration, thought it a sad

thing, perhaps a wrong thing to take its life. At last, suddenly, with a hard grasp, he killed the bird, and flinging it from him, rushed into the street, with a real consciousness that he had done something wicked. In his haste, he struck against a messenger who was bringing him a letter. The seal was black, and the poor artist, so nervously excited, cried out, "I have done very wrong—I am punished—I am sure my brother is dead!"

That sad news, unexpected as it was in every way, had come indeed; and the poor artist has been heard to say that it was long before he could dissociate his grief for the loss of his brother, from a sense of personal guilt on his own part. How well is proved by this little incident the vitally intimate connection which exists, between the artist's own soul, and the work which is fashioned by his hand! It is no true work of art, if it do not give form and expression to what he has himself felt, and deeply understood.

The loss of the young brother was a terrible blow to Hogan's soft heart. In his sorrow he seems to upbraid himself as if he had been harsh and severe to the poor fellow: but he adds:

"None loved him more than I did. I had a secret pleasure in thinking of his *talents*, his drollery, his good nature, and his *innocence*. Yes, I pictured him by my side during my journey on the path of life, partaking of the same pleasures and pains, assisting one another mutually. But, alas! little did I think when I parted him at the coach-office that I would never see him more—may his soul and the soul of my dear mother rest in eternal peace."

And then, the deep religious feeling coming through all, he desires them let him know what time he was at communion before he died; whether he confessed and received regularly; improved in his drawing—and had grown taller; for "all these things would give me much pleasure." He says he has reconciled himself to his loss, being convinced it is all for the better, and can speak of him without emotion. As a proof of his fortitude, he tells them, he is going to attend his religious duties immediately.

From this date we find the sculptor thrown into continual difficulties in consequence of receiving commissions, or supposed commissions from home. A friend would write, saying that another friend would give him an order for a figure or a monument, and that a sum in advance would be forwarded without delay. On the strength of that, he would purchase marble, and set to work; in his impetuo-



sity never doubting that folks at home might not be in such haste to remit, as a poor artist would necessarily be to receive. Perfectly certain, on one occasion, of receiving an order for £60 from Cork, he paid 100 crowns for a block, and set a *scarpellino* to rough out the Shepherd Boy,\* while he employed himself modelling, and studying from nature. in the English Life Academy, which was splendidly kept up at that time by the nobility. After the work had gone on some time, to his dismay he found his bill dishonoured, and was obliged to dismiss the *scarpellino* to whom he had been paying 9 pauls a day, and take the rough work into his own hands. What further ill consequences would have ensued, we know not, if a timely gift of another £25 had not arrived from Mr. Latham. This made up a sum of £55 received from that generous friend—"princely encouragement" as the gratified artist says, who acknowledges he "would stand rather queer *senza quell ajuto*."

The next work in order is the famous Drunken Faun. In the letters we find him modelling "an active, light and strong figure of a Faun," which, he says, has gained him infinite honour, being considered perfectly original in composition and full of nature; and this we know to be true. Cammucini was delighted with it, and that artist's praise was a great stimulus to the young sculptor, and "acted in the same manner as the sound of a trumpet to the ears of a war horse." It was the same Cammucini we believe, who in Hogan's presence, at an evening party of artists, threw out the observation, that anything original in the classic style was now impossible, all attitudes, expressions and variety of forms, having been already done into marble by great masters. We can scarcely wonder that

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\* This work, some years later, was seen in Hogan's studio and purchased by Lord Powerscourt, who informed the sculptor that he intended to place it beside works of Thorwaldsen, and other distinguished sculptors. Hogan fought hard to be allowed to do it over again, as he did not think it fair to exhibit his first work, beside the later, and finished productions of those great artists. However, the nobleman resolved to have it as it was, and at once had it removed to Powerscourt House, where it may now be seen. The sum paid for it was £70; and, small as the payment was, the artist had to wait a considerable time for a settlement, cursing the while all aristocratic bad pays. A cast of the work was presented by the artist to his esteemed friend Lady Morgan.

Cammuccini should have said so, for there certainly has never been a more inveterate mannerist than the said clever Roman. Long indeed before he ceased painting he appears to have thought any original figure quite out of the question. The sense of the company on the occasion we allude to may be inferred from the fact that on Hogan boldly declaring that he could not believe any such thing, one of the party, Gibson it is said, addressing the young Irishman somewhat sneeringly, replied, "then, perhaps *you* sir can produce an original work!" The brave Hogan, who as we have seen had been but a few years devoted to his art, and who indeed was even then still occupied with his first work in marble, returned to his studio, and thought: and the Drunken Faun, which Cammuccini, and all the artists of Rome admitted to be original and perfect, and which Thorwaldson pronounced worthy of an Athenian studio, was the result of his thinking.\*

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\* No patron of art has as yet been found tasteful or liberal enough to commission this great work in marble. It made the name of Hogan famous but put no gold into his coffers. The original plaster cast lay for a great many years at the foot of the stairs in the College Street Institution, where it became familiar to the frequenters of the ever changing exhibitions, of which the large saloon above was the scene. Here it suffered some sad mutilations; and subsequently, when transferred to the care of the Royal Dublin Society, to which it was presented by Hogan, although rescued from a fate which seemed upon the point of reducing it to a *torso*, it was exposed to a danger of another kind, having been overlaid with some coatings of paint, which certainly were not calculated to improve the details. Some time after his return to Ireland, Hogan felt a strong wish to restore or re-model this work, but had much and very provoking difficulty to overcome, in the shape of official forms in order to get it removed, for that purpose, for a while to his studio. How great his desire was to save this precious production of his genius, is shewn in the fact of his deigning to ask for a loan of it at all: for, a few years before, he had applied for permission to remove it to Rome for the purpose of having it copied in marble, at his own expense; and although undertaking to return the original, or a cast of the new work, the favour, after a "bond" had been executed, on these terms, was finally refused. As soon, however, as the transfer of the work to his Dublin studio had been effected, and the artist's eye was brought freshly to bear on the work after so many years of absence, he determined that he would not content himself with a mere restoration, but set in earnest about re-modelling the figure—or rather upon the production of an entirely new work. There is scarcely any part of the figure in

In the Autumn of 1827, we find Hogan still at work in Rome, expecting the arrival of the Rev. Justin Foley MacNamara. This good friend made his appearance at last, and his coming was a great pleasure to his late fellow-citizen. They visited galleries, palaces, churches, and antiquities together, until the worthy father became a dilettante and connoisseur in art. He brought the young artist on a tour to Naples, and they spent three delightful weeks, inspecting the curiosities, and enjoying the beauties of Southern Italy.

Hogan complains of being quite lonesome after his companion left; he seems to have had great esteem and affection for the worthy priest. On the return of the latter to Cork, he began to exert himself, to get a good order for the sculptor, but without much success at first. Certain patrons at home suggested that Hogan should forward written opinions of artists, respecting his merit, and the progress he had recently made in his art. The proud sculptor liked not such a proposition, it seemed to him preposterous and inconsistent, and he thought such evidence would be a weak, and silly proof, of an artist's ability—"Yes, the only thing that is required from a sculptor (and in fact the only test he can produce) is his own work, which always, and in all places speaks for itself, *when possessing merit*."

Though he was longing to get home, he was determined not to leave Rome, until he had got an order to cut in marble some statue, worthy to be placed in Carey's Lane new Chapel! \* This sort of ambition sounds like something

which he did not introduce a decided improvement. A fine living model, which Hogan was fortunate enough to find in Dublin, greatly facilitated his efforts, and afforded him better nature to copy, for his subject, than what he had found in Rome for the original work. It had a somewhat odd effect on a casual visitor to Hogan's studio, to be told by rather a rough subject, with all the conceit imaginable, that *he* was the model of that splendid statue. All the accessories are likewise greatly improved in the new work, every portion of which evinces a much more matured eye, and a more experienced hand in the artist than does Hogan's early production.

\* The said chapel is not yet commenced. However, there is every certainty that the building will presently be, not only begun, but brought to a creditable completion; for the work has fallen into most excellent hands—those, namely, of the Rev. J. J. Murphy.

absurd ; but let no one laugh at it. The Capital of Italy, was less of the world to him than that Irish city, where still dwelt in peace, his own people, and his old patrons, and his merry fellowstudents. Meanwhile, he began to model another figure of the Dead Christ. He succeeded to admiration ; the form, proportion, dignity of character and expression, were universally admired ; the *head* has been pronounced one of the finest known in sculpture, and the Roman artists thronged to his studio, to congratulate him on his success. Thorwaldsen came among the rest, was astonished at his progress, and declared this figure to be his *capo d' opera*. There was now only one opinion that Hogan was on the true path to fame and glory. Speaking of Father MacNamara's efforts to get him an order for this work, he says :—

“ I hope in God he may succeed in his kind intentions towards me, as it is on his exertions my present fate depends ; if he could raise the wind so as to enable me to purchase a *fine block of marble*, and pay for the embossing, I should be content to live on macaroni al sugo and *polente*, until such a time as it would be finished : *e poi* he could take his own time as to the remainder of the remuneration, which *on no account would be unjust*. I am at present engaged on the *Cariatidi putti*, in the hands of which are to be seen the scourge, nails, &c., emblematic of the passion, and at the same time they serve as the chief supports of the table of the altar, forming a delightful contrast with the principal figure. It is said this work, (although only my fourth study from life,) *ranks me as a Sculptor*. I am raving to attack it in stone. All I want now is an order to execute it in marble ; when finished, I return with flying colours to Old Erin, and should not indeed be ashamed to exhibit this work.

“ I beg you will not show this letter to any person, as I write too much in my own praise.”

At last, in November, 1828, Father MacNamara writes the welcome intelligence, that he may begin the work ; that in about a week from the receipt of his letter, £100 shall be remitted to him ; that sum being actually lodged in Mr. O'Keefe's hands for the purpose. This seemed tolerably certain, and in spite of former experience, Hogan bought an immense block of marble, paid 91 dollars, at once, promising the remaining 91 in a week or fortnight, transported the marble from the wharf to his studio, and set two stout, *bravi Giovannetti*, to hew it out, promising to pay them about 74 crowns for the job. Months passed away, and no remittance came from Ireland. The marble-merchant, naturally con-

sidering Hogan a swindler, gave great annoyance, and if it had not been for the kindness of a friend named Jackson, who paid the two *scarpellini*, and took the artist continually to dine with him, the state of things would have been sad enough. Not till April following, was any order received, and then one to the amount only of £70. But after the terrible anxiety of the interval, the sight of any sum in hard cash, was a relief; so paying off all debts, and holding in hand some 80 crowns, the light-hearted artist was lively as ever, and worked away quite cheerily, trusting that something would turn up, to enable him to return to Cork.

In the midst of his troubles, he is alive to what is going on about him. The following passages are interesting. The expectations created in his mind by the passing of Catholic Emancipation are curious; the artist must have looked a good half century in advance.

"It was joy to my soul to hear of my being free from the Orange yoke, and I trust that the arts will now be pushed on gloriously in Ireland as the bill has passed. We have had many changes here these three months past, having lost our old Pope, and elected another, possessing talent and humility in the highest degree, with an inclination to do good to all. Immediately after he was created, he sent a considerable sum to the poor of the village he was born at—gave portions to fifty young women, clothed one thousand poor, released all pawns under five shillings, from the first of January to the day he was elected, and allowed the people to drink in the wine shops, a privilege denied in the last Pope's reign under pain of imprisonment and fine. He has done many other things, but this last has made him very popular."

June, 1829, saw the Dead Christ finished in marble. Even to his dear old father, the artist does not know how with propriety to tell that the Roman Artists considered it a grand and noble figure, full of grace and sentiment.—"Although my own work," he adds, and let the reader note this well—"it has once or twice affected myself." But the dollars had been growing every day "beautifully less," and the folk at home must get him somewhere or other twenty or thirty pounds to bring him home, and save him from a *camera* in the castle of St. Angelo.

Fortunately, the good people at Cork succeeded in borrowing £35, which they transmitted at once. When the welcome sum arrived, Hogan packed up his marble figure of the Dead Christ, his cast of the Drunken Faun, some

busts and a few studies in plaster ; and having seen the brig containing the precious cases safe down the Tiber, he stowed into a soldier's knapsack his small stock of wearing apparel, a guide-book, note-book, and passport, and set out by the cheapest route, on his homeward journey ; leaving, not without regret, it would appear, the charmed precincts of *Vecchia Roma*, where he acknowledges "a frank and familiar intercourse with professors of all nations opens a man's eyes" to many things, and where "there is felt a certain stimulus in the air which makes a person think and *fare* like an artist."

We have purposely dwelt long upon this early portion of the artist's career. The first years of trial, struggle, hope and expectation, are, in the life of a remarkable man, always the most interesting. With the triumph and vicissitude of a later time we feel less sympathy ; it delights us most of all to watch the beginning of greatness, the first spring into life and action of those characteristics, which in progress of time become more fully developed. We must now make more haste, and travel over a greater number of years in fewer pages.

November, 1829, found Hogan arrived in Dublin, the brig freighted with the three cases at anchor in the river. The promised supplies had not come from Cork ; the cases could not be released from the hands of captain, broker, and commissioners without the payment of £39 16s. The artist, naturally in a fever of anxiety to have his beautiful works exhibited, had to wait a good part of a month without news of the expected remittance. At last arrived a £10 note, instead of the £30 promised by the Cork patron. Meanwhile, however, Hogan received much courtesy and kindness. The good relatives who had so warmly entertained him on his first visit to Dublin, now once more offered him a home ; the members of the Royal Irish Institution, very generously placed at his disposal their fine board room, for the purpose of exhibition ; and Major Sirr, the notorious Major Sirr, did him still more substantial service by advancing the money necessary to redeem the precious cases. The Major indeed, who in spite of all, seems to have had some real knowledge of art, showed great interest in the sculptor, and was so enchanted with the statue that he was for ever hovering about it, as if it had

been the work of his own hands. All the Dublin artists spoke freely and generously of the extraordinary success of their countryman, and received him most warmly and hospitably. The Royal Dublin Society resolved to confer upon him the honor of a gold medal. The Lord Lieutenant and the Duchess of Northumberland visited the exhibition. And the money received for admission, a personal friend having undertaken to do duty at the door, amounted on an average to twenty shillings a day ; so that there was hope of soon paying the expenses of removal from Rome. The late venerable Archbishop of Dublin, the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, expressed the greatest anxiety to purchase the Dead Christ for his cathedral ; and an intention was expressed of setting on a subscription for that purpose. Finally, however, after the figure had been exhibited about two months to the citizens of Dublin, who as Hogan said " idolised the statue," it was purchased for Clarendon-street Chapel by the Rev. Mr. Lestrangle. Hogan valued the work at £500, the purchaser pleaded poverty, and offered £400, a large sum indeed for a poor Carmelite community to spare, and the artist, well pleased to be free of his debts, and in a position to help the family at home, accepted the offer, the purchase money being paid at once. The figure was placed, under the directions of the sculptor himself, beneath the high altar ; and so, having delighted the great ones of the city for a season, it was removed to its natural and fitting position, and is now in the sacred precincts of the Sanctuary, the well- prized treasure of a lowly Catholic congregation.

The best part of this triumph, we may safely conclude, was the satisfaction of proving to his Cork friends, among whom Sir Thomas Deane, as he well deserved to be, was the first in his regard, that their kindness had not been misapplied ; to say nothing of the joy of sharing his glory with his honest old father, and the well loved sisters. His visit to his family on this occasion was the first of many paid to their obscure abode, after he had become distinguished as the good man's " sculptor son." A friend well remembers scenes of these happy meetings, at which as an intimate friend he was privileged to be present. One pleasant evening a sister played on the piano some merry old Irish tune ; the old father elated by the strains of native music, started up and

danced about the room ; John immediately joined him, and after dancing with all their might for some minutes, the young man wrapped up in his arms and fondly embraced his old father. If he could only have shielded that dear household from poverty, care, and sorrow, he would have asked no greater blessing.

Once more in Rome, Hogan set to work manfully. He had brought from Ireland commissions for some busts, and the Dead Christ for Cork in marble; and an order for finished casts of two apostles, and a group for Francis-street chapel in Dublin. Without much delay he repaired to Carrara, and remained two months in the neighbourhood of the famous Caves, in search of an immaculate block for the Dead Christ. He completed an entirely new cast for this work, making several important alterations in details, and considerably improving the design.\* The two apostles he resolved to model on his return to Cork to save expense. He must not stay longer than was absolutely necessary ; he must come back to Ireland to receive payments for his works, and, with Heaven's blessing, new commissions. The money promised by his Cork patrons was not paid according to agreement to his poor people at home ; they were at this time not only in want of money, but in absolute distress ; and his own condition was most miserable, so far from them,

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\* The fate of the Dead Christ, or rather of Hogan, in regard to it is very lamentable. It was put up in St. Finbar's, commonly called the South Chapel, Cork. Small sums were at different times remitted in payment to the Sculptor—in all, we believe, not exceeding £272 10s. When Hogan, after a long interval, applied for the balance still due, not only was he received with discourtesy, but the statute of limitation was cast in his face. It might be well for those whom the matter concerns, to consider whether the said statute should hold good with regard to the artist's helpless family. Even on his death-bed he was made uneasy by the recollection of this grievous wrong, and he directed one of his family to search among his papers for memoranda relating to the transaction.

When the figure was about to be removed from its Sanctuary, for the purpose of being placed among the sculpture in the Cork Exhibition of 1852, Hogan was told that it was undergoing a process of scrubbing with freestone, or some such agent, to remove from it the hue of antiquity which it had already assumed. The artist's anxiety on the subject may be more easily imagined than described. For some days he was in the greatest pain, and we are not aware whether the impression was ever removed from his mind, that many of the finest touches in the work were spoiled for ever.



and without means to put an end to their trouble. Immediately on his arrival in Rome, he had commenced his group for Francis-street, and before many months had elapsed his famous, and surpassingly beautiful, *Pieta* was a finished work. Little our noble Hogan dwelt on the hard fact that he was to receive only the wretched sum of £150 for design, execution, freight and all, of the apostles and the group. If he had been a clever trader he would have manufactured works to the value of that amount, keeping the balance on the right side :—but he was a divinely inspired artist, and when designing a work had nothing in his mind's eye but the ideal of excellence. In a moment of happiest inspiration he imagined the tragic beauty of that glorious group. He got fame by it which crowned him with honour. It was the admiration of the Roman artists, who were of one opinion, that it had only to be seen in Ireland to secure him a commission to do it in marble—a commission which would suffice to immortalise him. Nothing more desirable could be wished for. Then indeed there should be a glorious monument to his name; his country might be proud of such a grand production of genius; it would be the making of them all, the poor artist thought, and he desired his nun-like sisters to pray that it might be so. He told them that before setting out on his homeward journey, with that precious freight, he would prepare *himself* by faithfully performing his religious duties in Rome. But it was not to be; their prayers were not to be heard in that form. Hogan with difficulty, and after tantalizing delays, received the stipulated sum for the group and figures; but no Irishman, no community, no committee, was found tasteful, or patriotic, or might we say it? religious enough to commission that magnificent work.

The original cast ever after continued to occupy the most prominent position in Hogan's Roman studio.\* The classic character of the composition always obtained for it enthusiastic admiration. A first-rate Roman artist

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\* The subject of this group was a great favourite with Hogan. Not long after, he modelled a half-size group in relieve, the composition differing entirely from the larger work, and at intervals got orders to execute the same for altar pannels. One is in possession of Mrs. Ball, Loretto Convent; one was ordered by N. Maher, Esq., M.P., for the chapel of Ross, Co. Wexford; and another, the last, for St. Saviour's, Dominick-street, remains unfinished in his studio.

was sent by the proprietors of the *Ape Italiana* to make a drawing of the group; and in that great artistic work, which circulates throughout Europe with a character of the highest authority, appeared a graceful outline engraving of our countryman's great ideal work. In this composition Hogan entered into competition with the greatest in art. The *Pieta* was the first great work in marble of the divine Michael Angelo. That *chef-d'œuvre*, smaller than life, is now to be seen in one of the chapels of St. Peter's:\* the composition is thus described in a few words by Mrs. Jameson:—"The Virgin is seated; the dead Saviour lies across the knees of his mother: she looks down on him with mingled sorrow and resignation, but the majestic resignation predominates."† It was also the great Florentine's last work. The unfinished *Pieta*, which is life size, and infinitely more beautiful than the former, is still in his native city. The maestro's treatment of the subject differs much from that of his latest disciple.

An accomplished connoisseur, Count Hawks le Grice, who resided the greater part of his life in Rome, and wrote a work on the productions of contemporary sculptors in that city,\* thus describes Hogan's affecting and magnificent group:—

\* "This *Pieta* is the only work wheron Michael Angelo inscribed his name, which he has carved distinctly on the girdle of the Virgin. The circumstance which induced him to do this is curious. Some time after the group was fixed in its place, he was standing before it considering its effect, when two strangers entered the church, and began, even in his hearing, to dispute concerning the author of the work, which they agreed in exalting to the skies as a masterpiece. One of them, who was a Bolognese, insisted that it was by a sculptor of Bologna, whom he named. Michael Angelo listened in silence, and the next night when all slept, he entered the church, and by the light of a lantern engraved his name, in deep indelible characters, where it might best be seen."—(See "*Early Italian Painters*.")

(Something worse in the same line happened to our own countryman. We know an instance in which the proprietors of one of Hogan's works in *alto-relievo* allowed it to be copied three times. The bitter indignation of the Sculptor may be imagined when a stranger visiting his studio, and casting his eye on the original cast of the said *relievo*, exclaimed, "Oh, I see you have got F——'s work here!"

† "*Legends of the Madonna*," p. 41.

‡ "*Walks through the Studii of the Sculptors at Rome*."

"The afflicted Mother is seated at the foot of the cross on the summit of Golgotha, contemplating with a countenance full of grief the lifeless body of her Divine Son, which lies stretched a little below her. This different locality of the figures has been judiciously chosen by the artist, to consult for the symmetry of the group, and develop the figures to greater advantage, the lines of which thus assume a pyramidal form. The ancient Christian sculptors placed the body on the knees of the Virgin, a precedent from which the present artist has boldly and judiciously departed; for it is neither dignified nor, perhaps, true to nature to suppose that a mother, exhausted by grief and suffering, could have sustained for any time the weight of a dead body. This departure from established usage we therefore look upon as creditable to the judgment and originality of the Irish sculptor. Mary is simply dressed in a modest tunic, with a large veil which descends from the head, and which, although covering a considerable part of the body, reveals, however, her figure seated on the bare ground near the sacred body of her Divine Son, in deepest contemplation and sorrow. To connect the group the Sculptor has made the Virgin take on her lap the left arm of the Saviour, supporting which with her left hand she extends the right in an attitude which eloquently speaks to the eyes and the heart of the beholder, whom she seems to call upon to wait and see 'if there be sorrow like unto her sorrow.' The body of the Saviour is naked, save, that part of the winding sheet beneath it, is partially brought over the figure, and as the drapery of the Virgin is on a large scale in accordance with her semi-colossal form, so also is that which is spread beneath and partially over the Redeemer, both draperies being in perfect accordance with nature. The countenance of the Redeemer is truly divine, although the expression is relaxed into the cold, placid sleep of death. The head drooping on the left shoulder gives a lifeless appearance to the body, and materially assists the composition. The gentle declivity on which the body is outstretched is also well calculated to display the lifeless form to the best advantage; whilst the dark shadow detaches the body from the ground, and a broad light, admirably contrasting, gives to the figure a most imposing appearance. The style is truly grand, and the execution is worthy of the style. This group is, in truth, a masterpiece, and reflects the highest honour on the artist."

We must not tarry on the way, to accompany Hogan on his many journeys between Ireland and Rome, during the next twenty years. In Ireland, he was always well received; fêted, praised, patronized, and commissioned with numerous works. They did everything but pay him what they owed and promised. If the gentlemen of Ireland had kept their engagements, his life would have been a tolerably comfortable one, and his mind would have been free from a multitude of distracting and vexatious cares. We must generalize more, and give a few sketches of his Italian and

artistic life. It was a life of the severest application and study, for even when engaged on his great works, he never neglected to pursue with industry and ardour his studies from life, and the great models of antiquity.

He seems to have early familiarised himself with the severest school of classic art. In fact, so exclusively did he do so, that he scarcely deigned to recognize anything in painting, sculpture, or architecture, that was not strictly according to that high standard. He would often favour a friend with his company to some of the museums or studii of the Eternal City, and on those occasions, his criticisms were generally so severe as to be scarcely palatable to an ordinary observer: for while one would wish to admire and dwell upon the beauty of a thousand objects, Hogan, whose eye took in their precise merits, and had often measured them before, would not allow him to indulge his unskilful wonder, but silenced each rising exclamation of delight with a remark rapid as lightning, and irrefragable by its truthfulness, exhibiting defects in a light which at once rendered them intolerable, and diverting the gaze away from those things to what was grand, beautiful, and perfect. He could not endure the unnatural style of the Bernini school, which found so many imitators all through Italy. Even the ponderous dignity of Michael Angelo, used, in his early days, to displease him, though at a later period the great Florentine was his grand ideal. He always expressed a marked disapprobation of the affectation of Canova, and of the sometimes cold conventionality of Thorwaldsen.

Such fearless avowals seem to have caused no bitterness in his intercourse with his gifted contemporaries. Though there are national cliques among them, the artists of Rome live for the most part on terms of intimacy and harmony together. Some of their principal resorts used to be the Caffè Greco, and the Belli Arti. Hogan had many particular friends among them, and frequently made excursions with some of them to the Alban or Sabine hills, or to Frascati, and other towns along the high ground which borders the Campagna. Among his more especial acquaintances, were Tadolini and Rinaldi, pupils and we may say, imitators of Canova; and Tenerani—the “Goliath of sculptors,” as he has been called among the Italians, the same to whom Gibson gives the palm among the moderns,

the "Christian Sculptor" in a word, whom Thorwaldsen loved, and whom as his favourite and favoured pupil he associated with himself in that world-famous work, the tomb of Eugene Beauharnais, in Munich. But before all of them in Hogan's friendship, was that justly-celebrated sculptor, Giovanni Maria Benzoni of Bergamo. The gentle simple nature of that most graceful and elegant artist, seems to have been very attractive to Hogan; he was on terms of the most intimate friendship with him to the last, and used often call him affectionately "poor old Benzoni." Theed\* shewed much friendliness to Hogan; we find him at one time modelling in the Englishman's studio, when he was not in possession of one of his own. With Gibson, Wyatt, and Macdonnell, Hogan was also on friendly terms. Their intercourse as artists seems to have been more than courteous; but there were points in their national characters, which could never harmonise. Gibson had a high respect for Hogan's talents. A friend was once present when Gibson was showing Hogan a statue of Queen Victoria, the modelling of which in clay he had then almost finished. Hogan frankly pointed out some egregious defects in the position of one of the feet, and in the main folds of the drapery, and in two days after, the eminent English sculptor had re-modelled his work on Hogan's suggestion. The same friend has also seen other artists in Rome adopt important hints thrown out freely, and after the first glance of the eye by our gifted countryman.

The giant of those days was Thorwaldsen. "A tall fair-haired boy, ill clad with unkempt hair;" he had fought his way to the modelling class in the academy of Copenhagen; had carried off the gold medal to which is attached a travelling pension for three years; and had been sent in a royal frigate, to pursue his studies in Rome. After years of labour and suspense, he had returned to his own country with a European reputation, and was received and treated as ever should be a great artist—the pride and glory of his country. A guard of honour always waited at his gate, and he was commissioned with great works—magnificent monuments to himself, his sovereign, and the nation. As we have seen, Hogan sometimes enjoyed his society.

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\* Mr Theed has just finished a statue of Edmund Burke for St. Stephen's Hall, New Palace, Westminster.

From his kingly seat among the famed in art, he appears to have early discerned the merits and high claims of the Irish Sculptor. One of their first interviews, perhaps we should say, encounters, was rather a trying one for our countryman. Hogan had just modelled a figure in clay ; with the timidity of a young artist, and we may suppose a nervous desire for the approval of so imperial a judgment, he asked Thorwaldsen to come see his model, and putting a stick into his hand, requested him to mark any defects he might perceive in the figure. The remorseless master actually cut the figure in pieces, to the terror and dismay of the poor sculptor, who, with such bitter feelings as we can imagine, rushed into the studio of a neighbouring fellow-artist, and told him his melancholy story. "Never mind," was the answer—"maybe Thorwaldsen is jealous—don't show him a clay model again." Hogan took the hint, and not until the cast was completed of the Drunken Fawn, requested Thorwaldsen's presence in his studio—not this time for the purpose of making corrections. "Ah!" said the Dane, striking the artist suddenly on the shoulder, "You are a real sculptor—*Avete fatto un miracolo!*" The other day, we held in our hand a bronze medal, which Thorwaldsen gave Hogan when he took leave of him on his return to his own land—"My son," said Thorwaldsen, embracing him warmly, "You are the best sculptor I leave after me in Rome!"

But in Rome it is not alone the studii of great artists, or the contemplation of the genius of past times, but the actual life about us which present the artist with studies for symmetry and beauty. Men, women and children in their figures, in their costume, and in their manners, exhibit the graceful or the picturesque, in a way of which we can have no idea, in the midst of the angularity to which we are accustomed in our own straitened society. Standing one day under a portico on the Campidoglio, Hogan was greatly struck with the appearance of a young mendicant who came up to importune him for a *mezzo bajocco*. Nothing could be more classic than the urchin's costume. The *toga* was perfect, and Horace could not have worn it more gracefully ; but then it was a wretched filthy rag, and Hogan could not help expressing to a friend some misgiving that it was often no better garment,

which his brother artists of antiquity had so identified with all that is most graceful and dignified in the drapery of the human figure. Chance studies thus offered to the quick eye of genius are worth as much as the still groups of the Vatican museum, and the streets of an European capital fill the brain of a true artist with ideas as manifold and as rich as the frieze of the Parthenon.

Hogan's studio in Rome was in the Vicolo di S. Giacomo, a small street running from the Corso to the Ripetta, under the walls of the great Hospital of S. Giacomo. It had been part of Canova's studio, vacated a short time before Hogan's arrival in Rome, by the death of the great Italian. The portion occupied by our countryman was extensive, consisting in fact of nos. 18, 18 A. and 19 in that street. Hogan resided for a long time in the Vicolo degli Incurabili, which is situated close to the opposite side of the Hospital just mentioned, and also leads from the Corso; but for some years before he left Rome he occupied a spacious house in the Via del Babuino, one of the three great streets which diverge from the Piazza del Popolo, the other extremity of that street being in the fashionable thoroughfare of the Piazza di Spagna. Hogan, who was always a hard working man, was to be found every morning in his studio at five o'clock, if there was light, and generally during the summer still earlier, and his *siesta* was never a long one. The men employed by him to rough out his works in marble, were frequently assisted by him in the operation of "taking the points," which according to the old method still used in Italy, and unaided by mechanism, required the nicest accuracy; and when the block of marble was reduced by them to a tolerable approximation to his model, he was in the constant habit of taking the chisel into his own hands, and bringing out himself all the fine developments of muscle, and all the critical details of the drapery, without waiting to content himself with giving merely the last touches. In this way he took upon him a great deal of additional labour—labour which few sculptors have the mechanical skill to undertake. Many sculptors are utterly unable to handle their own works except in the plastic clay in which the model is first produced, and for every subsequent operation are obliged to depend on the skill and expertness of tradesmen. But it was not so with

Hogan. He was generally his own *formatore*, making the waste-mold for the clay and casting the plaster model, and also, as we have said, when there was difficulty or nicety, he took upon himself the harder manual labour of the *scarpellino*. Thus to his own hands are to be attributed the delicate softness of the flesh, and the peculiar grace of many a fold in his works in the rigid marble.\* It is said of Michael Angelo that he chiselled a statue out of a block of marble, without the preliminary step of modelling it, and Hogan has often been known to deviate boldly from his model in transferring the work to marble; a thing which would be impossible unless he held the chisel in his own hand, and which must have required great skill in guiding it, and no little courage in attempting an alteration in such a material.

Hogan prided himself on his knowledge of anatomy, a study indispensable to the sculptor, and a deficiency in which has often made artists fall into most egregious errors. A muscle wrongly inserted, or unnaturally developed, was always inexcusable in his eyes. A human skeleton which he amused himself in carving when a young man, and which skilful anatomists have pronounced to be scientifically accurate, he generally kept by him in after life while modelling his figures. He was also an admirable draughtsman, his academy figures in crayons being beautiful specimens of drawing, both in outline and shadows, and consequently he was very quick in detecting incorrect drawing in a picture.

Hogan never spared trouble even in the minutest details. His casts are most beautiful, and have the hardness, and

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\* A critical writer in the Athenæum speaking of Thorwaldsen's works, and of their having suffered by that artist's practice of working only in the clay, makes the following excellent observations:—

"Their number would have been less, but their excellence enhanced, had the artist's own hand oftener impressed *con amore* their surface, like the finger of love dimpling the cheek of beauty. \* \* \* True, the chief merit of statuary lies in the model. Sculptors do not reflect enough, however, that if the clay inspire the marble, the marble inspires the clay; we mean that dealing with the stone itself has a reactive effect, suggests its capacities which nothing else can suggest, and thereby teaches how to deal with the clay for future sculptural enterprises. Hence, Michael Angelo obtained his miraculous glyptic power: he was a mighty workman in the material itself of his works." \* \* \* "England has manufacturing statuary enough."



often the appearance, of stone. Even to the last the modelling of the drapery for his figures was a most anxious work. We have known him after casting a piece of drapery, to stride up and down his room actually in a state of fever—"I know" he would say, "it is fine, but it won't do. I must begin it again." His pains were not in vain in this particular. His drapery is magnificent, and no living artist can compare with him in that essential department of his art. In the hand too—one of the most difficult of all forms—he defies competition. The most beautiful models are in his studio: and in his figures every man has his own hand—not a mere conventional or classic one, but his own absolutely—form, and sinews, and veins after nature, and the whole character expressed in the turn of a finger.

The artist himself made a fine appearance in his studio. His tall, lithe, powerful figure showed well among the groups and colossals: and his noble head and eagle look bespoke the artist. He was full of gesture, and his friends well remember the vivacity and expression of his action, his hands and eye speaking almost as much as words could. So remarkable was this that even when using a foreign language it was easy, even for one unacquainted with the idiom, to understand his meaning.

The ten years following 1838, were the busiest and most glorious of his life. In that year he married a young Roman lady to whom he had been some time attached. Want of sufficient means, and we rather think an intention of marrying and settling in Ireland, made him hesitate some time before taking the step, but his affection was great enough to conquer prudential motives, and turn him aside from earlier determinations. He might doubtless have looked to a rank higher than his own, if ambition had led him to such a wife among aristocratic connections; for the salons of many distinguished circles were open to him; and among the guests at the table of Torlonia the banker, and the frequenters of the soirees of the Shrewsbury and Borghese families, the Irish sculptor was not unnoticed. However his ambition was for none of the things which fashionable society values. He chose a wife rich in every virtue, and he had never cause to repent his choice. Their union was one of real affection; and the "*cara Cornelia*" of his later

correspondence, is now his mourning widow, round whom his orphaned children gather with a reverence, and dutiful affection, most touching indeed to those who witness it.

After his marriage he withdrew from the society of his brother artists; their dissipated style of living had always been distasteful to him; and he became more and more domestic in his habits, seldom going abroad for amusement except when accompanied by his family. "We are civil and strange," he says "to every person, and live in one *continued round of peace*." In many things Hogan had become a perfect Italian, and few Italians were more abstemious. About seven or eight o'clock in the morning he might be usually met at the large caffè near the church of San Carlo in the Corso. Here he came to sip a *tazza* of coffee, which, with about two mouthfuls of bread, constitutes the Roman breakfast, and to read Galignani where he met an occasional paragraph of Irish news. In the evening he never exceeded a glass or two of sober *Orvietto*, or of the bitter infusion which the Germans call beer. Sometimes he walked in the evening with his family on the Corso, and sometimes took them out for a holiday to Albano or some of the picturesque towns beyond the Campagna. He was hospitable to friends, and very frequently had young English or Irish artists at his table; but whether in society or otherwise no man could live more temperately. Throughout his married life we find just as remarkable as in his early years. the passionate love of the artist for his "dear, pious, honest old father," and for the well beloved sisterhood in Cork and beyond the seas. Some thoughtful soul, we think Jean Paul himself, has said "the human heart is like heaven—the more angels the more room"—and it was so with Hogan. He never deserted them, and we do think no anxiety weighed very heavily on him that did not affect them in their far off home.

Hogan's reputation both at home and abroad was greatly increased by his famous monumental group to the memory of Dr. Doyle. In April, 1837, he received the commission, carrying off the palm from ten competitors, and returned in triumph to the eternal city, where his brother artists received him with congratulations on his success in Ireland, and prophesied that he would make a glorious work of it. A block of purest Carrara marble was purchased for 500

dollars, and so heavy was the load that fifteen large buffaloes were yoked to draw it from the Tiber to his studio.

In the spring of 1839 the group was finished and gained him great applause. There was but one opinion of its rare excellence among artists of all nations. A writer in "The Pallade"\* October 8th, 1839, after alluding to the celebrity and acknowledged talents of Mr. Hogan as a sculptor, gives an elaborate description of the group, from which we extract the following passages:—

"In this work the sculptor has represented Ireland by personification, in an attitude of submission as one patiently supporting the burden of the unjust and oppressive laws which had been imposed upon her. She is plunged in profound, and yet dignified melancholy, but her countenance bent towards the earth closely indicates an inward feeling of doubtful hope, blended with gratification arising from the knowledge, that one of her own beloved children has undertaken with strenuous and powerful efforts the assertion of her cause before the empire. The bishop in a posture expressive of tenderness and emotion, his left hand approaching her back below the left shoulder, and his right raised in dignified and earnest supplication, with his face to heaven, stands by the drooping figure of his country, as it were to raise her from the anguish and distress in which for so many ages she had groaned: his confidence fixed above, thither he addresses the fervent aspiration of his soul for the welfare of his beloved Ireland. Such is the philosophical conception of the work—a conception which has an intimate connexion with the history of that fertile and unhappy land, so long the victim of political and religious dissensions.

These two figures of the size of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  English feet, constitute the monument which is raised on a large and elegant base of the Doric order. The bishop robed in the costume of his episcopal office in calm movement, (*movenza placida*), appears penetrated with a sense of the sufferings and despondence of his country; and his eyes turned towards heaven, whence he implores aid and assistance, and whither he also raises his extended arm, the spectator reads as it were in his soul the fervor with which his prayers inspire him. On his bosom, suspended by a cord, rests the episcopal cross wrought in gold, and by his side stands the mitre which adds a solidity to the breadth of the composition that helps to sustain the principal figure.

The figure of Ireland clothed in a rich tunic or *peplum*, closed on the left shoulder by a gilded fibula, is partly seated on volumes of Moore, the celebrated poet and historian of that country, and rests her left knee on the ground, raising herself gently on the right foot; with the left arm she holds close to her side the harp—a national emblem; and that instrument which is shaped after an ancient Irish model, is ornamented with olive branches, and has carved on its extremity the

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\* A Roman Journal dedicated to the arts.

head of the wolf dog, an animal so celebrated in that Island—thus completing the national arms. \* \* \* A wide cincture girds the waist of the figure of Ireland, and on it is carved in letters of gold the word *Erin*, being the ancient Celtic name for that country. The sweet expression of the bishop's countenance bears, nevertheless, the impress of that characteristic firmness and strength of mind for which among his other mental virtues he was distinguished. The features of Ireland display, as we have already mentioned, that elevated and undesponding sadness which the artist desired to express, and has so happily succeeded in indicating. The naked arms are well disposed, and the folds of the exterior portion of the drapey are simple and well contrasted; the rochet or surplice over the long and ample episcopal robes produces a good effect by the variety with which it is handled; and, in a word the whole group is finished with such attention to execution, so necessary to give to each detail its appropriate character, that all the artists in the city unite in giving it credit for this quality in a very high degree." \* \* \*

Some discussion arose at that time—the subject of the controversy was then newly started—about the propriety of using gold in the decoration of cord and cross, and the letters of Hibernia. The writer in the journal above quoted, alludes to the acknowledged use of the same medium by Phidias—the reference to its application in similar instances by Virgil—and M. Quatremaire's triumphant defence of the antient method of the Greeks. Critics nearer home have also objected to the mural crown, and to the shape of the harp introduced into the group. In answer to remonstrances on these points, Hogan himself wrote to Lord Cloncurry; and from the following extract from the letter we shall be able still more surely to conclude that our countryman knew very well what he was about, when he made choice of these accessories. He neither wrought carelessly, nor left the minutest detail to chance.

“ *Vicolo dei Greci, Roma, 14 October 1841.*

\* \* \* “With regard to the mural crown, I believe I am correct according to the authorities generally referred to. It was the usage of the antients to adopt a mural crown, (if any), on a figure personifying any country, province, or city, forming part of an empire; while the adjunct of other emblems especially belonging to that particular country—as the harp and wolf dog to Hibernia, unerringly declares its individuality.

“The kingdoms and provinces sculptured in bas relief, which adorned the Atrium of the Portico of Agrippa, and of Neptune, (adjacent to the Pantheon), were so personified, and wore the mural crown. There are two celebrated bas reliefs in the Museum at Naples, where the provinces are similarly represented. Also in the Capitol may be found another bas relief. The Vatican Museum contains a very celebrated statue. It is intended to personify Antiochia, and

is equally turretted. I have quoted some of the most remarkable, but examples, *ad infinitum* might be cited. The statues of Cybele may be considered the origin of all subsequent impersonation of nations, countries, provinces, and cities. The form is generally that of a female, and whether as a statue or bust, or in bas relief, or on monies, medals, or in gems, she is invariably represented with a mural crown, though they sometimes vary in shape. With regard to modern authorities, I name two of the greatest reputation. There is a most majestic figure of Italy, by Canova in the sepulchral monument to Alfieri in the Church of the Santa Croce at Florence. There is also in the same place, a statue of Italy placed over the tomb of Dante by Ricci—a Florentine sculptor of great eminence. In both cases Italy is portrayed with a turretted mural crown, notwithstanding that Italy has her own peculiar crown, *as remarkably distinct from all others as is that of Ireland*. Both of these works are situated in the centre of Florence, and could not be more exposed to the criticism of artists and antiquarians. I believe a *question never arose as to the propriety* of the ancient mural crown, and the non-adoption of the Italian. Yet Italy is supposed to have her special affections and predilections, and to be no less jealous of her individuality ; but in art, she is guided by art, and by classic usage : in a word the mural crown has a far more classical, solid, and imposing effect in sculpture than the sharp-pointed diadem, which very closely resembles the modern continental coronets of counts and marquises. When in Ireland I made a minute drawing of a harp from that preserved in the Museum of Trinity College, of the authenticity of which I apprehend there cannot be a doubt. From this it was my intention to work on any requisite occasion, its form being so extremely original and beautiful.”

To the unquestionable genius displayed in the design and execution of this magnificent group, Hogan owed the honour, which, of all he ever won, he prized the most—that, namely, of being elected a member of the Incorporated Society, or Congregation, as they call it in Rome, of the Virtuosi of the Pantheon. This society was founded in the year 1500, in the Chapel of St. Joseph, in the Pantheon, by a canon of that Church, and consists of forty-five members, chosen in equal numbers amongst the most eminent sculptors, painters, and architects ; the Pope himself being the head of the society. The honour of being enrolled among the Virtuosi, is the greatest an artist can enjoy. It was a distinction never dreamt of, nor sought for, by Hogan ; great, therefore, was his delight when the Secretary, an Archbishop, announced to him by letter, that he had been unanimously elected, not a black bean

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\* This important letter, which, with others from Hogan to Lord Cloncurry, hereafter quoted, and hitherto unpublished, we owe to the kindness of W. J. Fitzpatrick, Esq., author of “Life and Times of Cloncurry.”

being against him in the ballot. His diploma was presented to him by the celebrated Signor Fabris, the personal friend of Gregory XVI., and afterwards director of the Vatican, and of the Museum of the Capitol. The uniform worn by the members is a very splendid one. On the buttons are represented the compass, chisel, and pencil, with the motto, "*Florent in domo Domini*," and the wearer is entitled to carry "a true Toledo, silver mounted." No British subject had ever been enrolled amongst the members of this most select society. Our countryman also became a member, under equally flattering circumstances, of the Academy of St. Luke.\*

The magnificent group which had gained such honour for our countryman, was placed by him for exhibition, in the Royal Exchange, during the winter months of 1840. His fame had preceded him. The Roman correspondent of the Freeman's Journal,† had faithfully kept the art-loving public *au courant* with the success and glory of our great artist. Not only was this latest work of his hands praised and admired, and looked on almost with

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\* The Academy of St. Luke is part of the Roman University of La Sapienza, of which it is in fact the fine arts college, and a portion of the University Palace is occupied by its model gallery and lecture rooms. The professors gratuitously instruct in painting, sculpture, architecture, geometry, perspective, optics, anatomy, history, mythology, etc. And the premiums, for which foreigners of every creed and colour may compete, are distributed annually in the great hall of the Capitol. For a full account of the academy, its treasures and constitution, see Dr. Donovan's "Rome Ancient and Modern." Vol. III., p. 992.

His present Holiness Pius IX. has shown great interest in the academy. He has distributed gold medals to the most distinguished professors, and increased the treasures of the museum by some valuable additions. See "Rome and its Ruler," by J. F. Maguire, Esq., M.P.

† We hope we are not breaking faith in mentioning that the said correspondent was no other than our esteemed friend, Martin Haverty, Esq., author of "Wanderings in Spain." He was a valued friend of Hogan, and was worthy of the friendship of the great artist, whom he resembled in his love of country and love of art. It is touching to find many entries of this friend's name in a little diary in which the artist used to note memoranda on his many journeys. To this gentleman's own recollections of intercourse with his noble countryman, we are indebted for many of the most interesting paragraphs of this paper.

veneration by the crowds who visited the place of exhibition, but the artist himself had almost reason to complain of the personal interest excited in his favour. Invitations to viceregal banquets, and the continual re-appearance of "couriers booted and spurred, sweating with dispatch from the castle," together with similar attentions paid to him by other distinguished officials, nearly wore out our quiet-loving artist. He used to complain of all it cost him on these occasions for car hire, and other expenses, and concluded at last with a very hearty wish, "that they would send him, instead of a polite invitation, a ready boiled or roasted turkey, which he might eat at home in peace, with a pleasant friend or two." The only consolation he had, was the honest pride he felt in appearing among the great ones, in the full costume of the *Virtuosi* of the Pantheon, which was more than any other born British subject could do. Here is an extract from a letter to his sister, dated December 8th, 1840. It is extremely characteristic of the man:—

"I am become almost desperate when I think of three or four things which annoy me *even in my sleep*. There is my dearest father very ill—my dear Cornelia crying in my ears, *venite, venite*, and near her, *partorezza*; my child, crying papa, papa—*mia cara figlia*!—my works and engagements in Rome buzz in my ears—come and finish me or you will lose your reputation; and my own breast tells me, leave this country, you are not born for their dinner and gross supper parties; my heart within me beats for *quiet, solitude*, and study,—*e piu di tutto*, my dearest, *dearest* old father, according to your letter, on his last legs. In a word, I am become frantic because I cannot be with you all, see you all, direct you all at the same moment. And to crown the matter, can hear nothing from Carlow about the Doyle affair."

The matter last alluded to, was a cruel vexation. In the midst of the admiration excited by his beautiful group, Hogan was sadly worried by the incapacity, or neglect, of the Doyle Committee, to keep to their agreement with him. As Hogan had reason to complain of similar grievances on other occasions, we shall give some passages of the history of this transaction, as a specimen of what he had now and then to suffer.

When the order for Dr. Doyle's monument was given, in April, 1837, Hogan remarked that "They can or will not give more than £1,000, but I believe they intend to defray

expense of freight, &c., &c." An instalment of £300 was paid on that occasion, and an agreement entered into to pay him £200 more on completion of the model, and the remaining £500 when the group should be finished, and placed in Carlow Cathedral. The model was finished, and the work far advanced, when Hogan, fifteen months after the first date, complained that no second instalment had arrived, although he had applied for it by letter. On this occasion he made the following remark: "They do things d——d slovenly in Ireland, particularly in a public work, all being equally complicated, each of the Committee individually thinks it is not his business, and naturally leaves it to another, thereby leaving the poor artist to the mercy of wind and waves." Six different times he applied to the Committee—no longer mentioned as "the Doyle Committee," but "the *base* Committee"—without receiving even an answer, and more than two years after the first promise, no money had arrived. Torlonia advanced 200 crowns to go on with the group. At last in his distress and perplexity, the group being finished and ready for shipment, Hogan wrote to Lord Cloncurry, whom he supposed to have influence with the authorities, stating the terms of agreement which had been entered into, and the non-observance of which, he says, "well-nigh tends to overwhelm me with disaster." Lord Cloncurry, in his reply, lamented "the very shameful and unfeeling treatment" which Hogan had to complain of, and added, "My countrymen, warm and generous in their feelings, are bad calculators, and I fear, often name what they cannot afterwards perform. You seem to have been the victim of their want of principle, and I am sorry and ashamed for it."\* His lordship, however, who on all occasions, proved himself so good a friend to Hogan, had not power, it would appear, at this time, to help the artist as he desired. The remittance not appearing, the artist became nearly frantic: spoke (in private only) of taking an action "against half a dozen of the swindling and unprincipled scoundrels. I shall give it notoriety," he says, "as I have very little to expect in the way of patronage from the present race of Irishmen; a *dinner* or *feed*, either public or private, being the very summit of *their* glory."

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\* See Life and Times of Cloncurry: by W. J. Fitzpatrick.



Endless, indeed, was the torment caused to the artist by this affair. The fault, we rather think, lay not so much with the Committee, who *only* engaged to pay what they had not in their possession, as with the Irish gentlemen, who took several years to send in the subscriptions so liberally promised. When the account was finally settled, we cannot say just at this moment, but we know that in 1843, six years after the Commission was given, £420 remained still due to Hogan. And in addition we have the poor artist's own assertion, that, "The price of the Doyle monument only left him about £1 a week for his own time!" The one item alone of insurance, which Hogan expected would have been allowed for, amounted to nearly thirty pounds.

However, he did not return to Rome without a triumph, which consoled him for these annoyances. It was decided in high quarters, that without opening the subject for competition, the commission for a Statue of Mr. Drummond should be given to Hogan. In a few days after the above date, the affair was decided; and what was best of all, and a rare thing indeed in Hogan's experience, the terms offered were most liberal: £500 in hand; £200 to be paid in Rome when the work should be modelled and cast; and the remaining £500 on the arrival of the statue in Dublin, without any expense to the Sculptor, of freight, insurance, pedestal, etc. The terms were kept to the letter; and for this piece of good fortune we are quite certain he was indebted to Lord Morpeth—"The gentle and unassuming Lord Morpeth, whom I may lawfully call the king of Ireland." This nobleman has ever been a true friend to Hogan. The artist has often been heard to speak with grateful acknowledgment of the kindness he received from that quarter. He had no love for aristocrats, very much the contrary. He loved the aristocracy of talent, he said, and of goodness, and to such a class Lord Morpeth belonged. The following remarks are interesting: they refer to what took place at a meeting of the Drummond Committee:—

"Committees in general are dilatory and difficult to please; we all know that. Lord Morpeth at the head of them met on Monday to inspect my models of Drummond's monument. The bust they seem all to agree upon as like, with the exception that I have ennobled his character too much—which in their presence I brought down to its proper standard *by a few touches from me*, in a twinkling,

to their great surprise. His Lordship then expressed before me and committee, that the model for the single figure before them at that moment, was too graceful and too eloquent for the character of Drummond—a fault *pur troppo* complimentary to me. You must therefore infer, dear Bess, that I am a century or two before my time in this *benedetto paese ancora*. They are to meet next Thursday at three o'clock, to see that my productions are a little more to the taste of Ireland, (*ossia piu vulgare*), upon which occasion I trust the affair will be *finito*."

The colossal figure of Drummond was finished early in 1843. But in a letter to Lord Cloncurry the artist says, "I shall detain it in my studio until spring—particularly as it causes—even in Rome—somewhat of a sensation, alike for the spirit of the execution, and for the sentiment which it breathes."

Returning this time by London, Hogan found his old friend Scottowe "turned quite an Englishman," and Maclise he seems to conclude, has taken the same line completely; those Irish boys were wise no doubt in their generation. Of Maclise he made the remark several years, before on seeing him and his works in London, that he is "making lots of money apparently—is without doubt clever—but not in the grand style; he studies Wilkie and the Dutch school."

Immediately after his arrival in Rome, we find Hogan hard at work on several extensive commissions. This of Drummond's colossal;—Mr. Crawford's statue, on which he worked *con amore*, for he had both esteem and affection for that worthy citizen;—a splendid monument, typifying the resurrection, to the memory of Mr. Beamish, another distinguished Corkman;—a beautiful relievo to the memory of Miss Farrell, in which the principal figure reminds one of a sketch for an Etruscan Vase—so easy, graceful and flowing are the outlines of face and figure;—a basso relievo of the Nativity, for Mrs. Ball, Loretto Convent;—another relievo commissioned by J. Maher, M. P.—busts for Lord Berhaven, and Mrs. Aikenhead of the sisters of charity;—a group of the Blessed Virgin and St. Stanislaus for the convent of Villa Lante;—and lastly, Lord Cloncurry's Hibernia.

This last named, though one of Hogan's most admired ideal works, must be dismissed here without a word of description. It is well known in Ireland, having occupied a prominent position in the Exhibition of 1853. In the letter to Lord Cloncurry last quoted alluding to this great work then in progress, Hogan writes:—

"I have purchased a block of marble for your figure of Hibernia, so transparent and immaculate that one could almost see through it from one side to the other. I have been informed by many artists that a block superior to it never entered Rome. I have men roughing out Drummond's figure, the marble of which promises well, and am at present modelling the colossal statue to the memory of Mr. Crawford, after which I commence instantan our beloved Erin."

Writing to the sculptor, and alluding to his intended visit to Rome the noble Lord says, "we shall have no shuffling in my commission if I like the model;" and on his visit to the Irish artist's studio soon after, he liked the model so well, that in addition to the sum he had engaged to pay, he presented him with a free gift of fifty dollars. Later we find Lord Cloncurry directing Hogan to erect in the church of St. Isidore, a suitable monument to the memory of the esteemed and accomplished daughter of John Philpot Curran, who had lately died at Rome. Indeed, this worthy nobleman seems to have been ever on the look out for some means of doing good service to the great artist who had so immortalised him, in the beautiful group of Hibernia and Cloncurry. He sent the sculptor £20 to defray expenses of removal of group to the Exhibition building in 1853; and it is well known that he plainly signified to Hogan, his intention of having the magnificent Hibernia erected on a pedestal, and placed over his tomb, under the direction of his esteemed friend the artist, who should receive £300 for carrying his wishes into effect. Still further evidences of Lord Cloncurry's interest in the well being and honour of his distinguished countryman, shall be noticed as we proceed.

We must pass over many interesting details to come to one of Hogan's great works:—the colossal statue of O'Connell. It was a time of considerable excitement in Ireland, when the Repeal Association, in a moment of enthusiasm, determined that a full-length colossal statue of the Liberator, should be executed by Hogan, who was then in Dublin. On the 28th August, 1843, Hogan writes that he is busy making a small model for that great work, which is to be eight feet in height—the size was afterwards increased to ten feet. It was too busy a moment in the Liberator's life for an artist to expect to catch him easily for so tame an affair as a sitting; and accordingly we find Hogan delayed three weeks in Dublin, waiting in vain for an opportunity of modelling the bust. The Agitator was

always on the move. The artist, however, made the most of his opportunities. After referring to a meeting with the sub-committee, Hogan writes, 28th August, 1843:—

“I have been also a guest at a dinner given by Sir John Power, five miles out of Dublin, and was placed in a position at table, for the express purpose of seeing and studying the head and expression of our great Liberator, on which, ever and anon, I glanced, during that night, an eagle’s eye. His mouth and chin are really beautiful, but his eyes are small—the form of the face, on account of his age and morbid flesh, is by no means favourable for a sculptor. Yet, on the whole, if he can be prevailed upon to sit for me, I am confident of success, and of making a most perfect likeness; which I must in candour say has never yet been accomplished.”

And then the artist was with O’Connell at Mullaghmast. What a study! The great leader, with a nation at his beck, and a whole portentous future before him. In a little diary Hogan writes that he started for Mullaghmast on Sunday, 1st October, 1843, accompanied by certain members of the Repeal party, and arrived in Dublin about four o’clock on Monday morning—travelling by “coach and four greys.” Of what had happened in the interim there is no note whatever. But history records that “through the aid of MacManus, the Irish artist, *we* have obtained the Irish cap;” and that the form of the said “people’s cap, is that of the old Milesian crown, to which is added a wreath of sham-rocks, interwoven with a white band, etc., etc.”—and that it was determined that O’Connell should be “crowded” with this cap—and that O’Connell said that he would not wear it, unless Hogan put it on—and that Hogan, being present at the meeting, was fain obliged to place it on the Liberator’s head.

The excitement which followed this famous meeting seems to have made the peace-loving artist a little nervous: especially after the Clontarf proclamation he seems to have been apprehensive that the proceeding above alluded to might be the cause of trouble to himself. There may have been some grounds for uneasiness. We know, at all events, that he was always under the impression that good service had been done him, at this time, by a friend in high quarters, who drew his pen over Hogan’s name, when it appeared in the list of proscribed—knowing very well, he said, what business brought the artist to that meeting. Hogan had a great respect and sincere admiration for O’Connell; but

popular tumults, and all political commotions, were thoroughly distasteful to him. It would have been almost a comical thing (if one could overlook the consequences), to see the shy, almost timid, artist sentenced to durance vile, on accusation of having sought to disturb the public peace. Hogan, however, got safe to Rome; and while advancing many other works, occupied himself modelling the gigantic O'Connell. As soon as the model was completed, he undertook a journey to the famous marble quarries at Saravezza: here is his own account:—

"I have been last month at the caves of Saravezza, about 250 miles from Rome, for the purpose of choosing a block of statuary marble for my *Idol*, our illustrious Liberator. I have not done yet with that locality, as I have to return shortly to examine the block, previous to its shipment for the Eternal City, because I intend to have the marble of his colossal statue immaculate, to resemble more closely his own pure and noble heart."

And in a letter dated about a month later, we read:—

"I have been at the caves of Saravezza again, and have purchased a magnificent block of that costly marble for my *Idol's* colossal. I expect it here shortly; and shall work on it *con amore*."

It was indeed a magnificent block, of an immense *grosezza*: and Hogan has told how, the moment he saw it on the mountain side, he was able to perceive within the rough contour of the huge mass, his intended colossal figure of the Liberator. It seemed as if concealed from all eyes but his own, within the vast block, just hewn from the bowels of the mountain. When *purgato*, that is, cleaned from the worthless portions, it was shipped for Rome. The immense mass was dragged from the Ripa Grande, on the Tiber, through the city by a long train of oxen, and representations were actually made to Hogan about the danger of injuring the streets, by dragging over them so weighty a mass. Hogan had to make an addition to his studio, to enable him to execute this statue; he took another adjoining apartment of Canova's range of studii, broke open a door between it and his old quarters, and had to make a breach in the outer wall to get in the gigantic block.

The progress of the work was watched with great interest, both by Hogan's friends and by the lovers of art, at that time sojourning in the city of arts. The correspondent of the Art Journal, taking notes, which indeed may be truly

called notes of admiration, of the Hibernia just finished, alludes to the O'Connell, "a grand figure," then in progress; testifies that the likeness is striking, and that "as a work of art, it will add much to the artist's fame." The Reviewer then goes on to say, that, "The marble, for its size, is of most extraordinary quality; its colour is beautiful, and without a speck, and so hard, that, as they chisel it, it rings like a bell."

And here is the testimony of one who, though he loved not the hero, must for all that do ample justice to this triumph of art:—

"John Hogan's colossal statue of O'Connell is in a similar state of forwardness. This tremendous figure, twelve feet in vertical height, carved from a spotless block of white Saravezza marble produces an effect (spite of every reminiscence connected with the individual represented) of unmixed and unaffected grandeur. Dignity of attitude, consciousness of power, and indomitable energy are in the extended arm and protruded leg of the orator. There is a slight shadow of sadness with a half suppressed twinkle of roguery perceptible in the countenance. It is the very image of the man. The gigantic folds of the broadly flung mantle are in the boldest style of masterly art, and there stands no pedestal in the British Islands bearing a statue in marble of such dimensions at all approaching the merit of this work, a production of ununmistakeable native genius which is understood to be ordered by the managers of Conciliation Hall. If they thus expended all the funds levied from the duped multitude none would cavil at their extortion, for when all the brawlers will be silent in their graves and the follies of the present hour forgotten, this proud monument of well directed patriotism will yet gladden the eyes of millions."\*

There is no denying that this magnificent work, portrait and ideal at once, was greeted with its meed of admiration, when Hogan brought it over to his native land. Nevertheless, not knowing perhaps what to do with so *great* a treasure, they stowed it away into the obscurity of the now walled up Hall of the Royal Exchange—a proceeding somewhat like enshrining the Portland vase in one's dingy back pantry. The civic magnates ining and outing during office hours, and the worried clerks of the Paving Board in their reluctant morning entrance, and hurried evening retreat, may cast a glance that way, with a feeling, more or less appreciatory of art or patriotism. But the mass of the Dublin population never have their eyes rejoiced by so fine

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\* "Facts and figures from Italy," by Don Jeremy Savonarola.

a sight ; neither, if they do know anything of the existence, or local habitation of that great colossal, is it otherwise than in a traditionary sort of way. If Hogan, however, had forgot his hero, and his people, and had thought only of gratifying personal, not to say artistic vanity, he could not have managed better than to select just that situation for his two beautiful works. O'Connell and Drummond stand in company with productions of the chisels of Smith and Chantrey. The Englishman's "Grattan" is thrust into a corner, and looks more dead than alive—with hollow eyes, passionless attitude, a cold unmeaning hand laid flat upon a parchment, and a heavy, rigid, folded cloak, needlessly weighing him down. The figure of "Lucas" is full of animation, but it is the animation of the dancing Dervis—the face is puckered and wrinkled with excitement, the veins start out of the hands, every button is accurate, every ruffle is "made up" in the nicest style, and the whole figure is poised, with wonderful adroitness, on three toes.\* How different the two stately, noble, life-like figures in the opposite dark corners ! The grand sweep of O'Connell's arm, the nervous energetic *retenue* of Drummond's action, are testimony enough of Hogan's genius and success.

It is we think rather generally believed, that this colossal figure of O'Connell was not paid for. The impression is unfounded, in one sense. The statue was paid for according to the bond. Hogan received £1,600 for the commission. The price commonly received by English artists for a colossal figure is £2,000. As people here seem to have no idea whatever of the enormous expenses a sculptor has to undergo in bringing a work of the chisel to perfection, we shall give the items of expenditure incurred by Hogan, before that great colossus was placed, a perfect work of art, in the place of its (we should still hope, temporary) desti-

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\* A writer in the *The Citizen* (Dec. 1840), makes the following excellent remarks when alluding to this statue :—" Its defects belong to the style which was then in vogue everywhere, but especially in France ; its merits are the sculptor's own. It was daring enough in a mere Irishman, to think of modelling a statue at all ; but had Smith been guilty of the further insolence of forming a design upon his own pure ideas of what sculpture ought to be, he knew that he probably would have been openly reviled and scoffed down."

nation. The items are found in Hogan's book of receipts and expenditure, a book kept with a regularity and neatness worthy of a merchant's office.

	s.	d.
1845, 8th July.—The marble, including the carriage to Rome, cost ... ..	888	5
10th August to 5th April, 1846.—Labour in roughing out the block ... ..	422	23
1846, February 14th April.—Finer Work on the statue	208	11
February 10th.—Work on Plinth ... ..	25	24

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Scudi 1543 64

which is nearly £350

Expenses, Freight and Insurance £147 8s. 8d. in all about £500

#### RECEIVED.

1843, 3rd October ... ..	£250	0	0	
13th Do. ... ..	150	0	0	
1845, Feb. 13th ... ..	500	0	0	
1846, 3rd Nov. ... ..	700	0	0	for balance due in full.
	<hr/>			
	£1600	0	0	

When we consider therefore that this figure of the Liberator cost the artist two journeys from Rome to Ireland, one for the purpose of making the model, the other for placing the figure—two journeys to the caves of Saravezza, representing about a thousand miles, without aid of railway—an increased rent of studio—and his own labour of nearly three years, it is easy to perceive that the net profit of the commission can hardly have paid for bread for his family, while the work was in progress. We in Ireland think it a great thing to give some hundreds of pounds for a statue. Let us reflect a little on what it costs to create such, out of a rude block, hewn from the mountain side. Hogan seldom calculated nicely in his own favour. He set to work in a generous fashion, sparing no expense. His good fortune in these splendid blocks of marble, which should rather we think be put down to the account of his extreme care and scrutiny, was the wonder and envy of other artists. Dannecker's Ariadne is speckled over, as some one says, like a Stilton cheese : Canova's Venus has a black line across the bosom ; many of Thorwaldsen's statues are in a bluish grey marble, which gives them, we are told, a chilly, frost-bitten air.



But the material Hogan worked in is *immaculate* indeed. Finding that the enormous block for O'Connell would admit of it, the artist cut the figure fully two feet higher than was proposed. Certain friends of his, knowing well that every additional inch, cost something in the material itself, as well as in the workmanship, wished him to represent this fact. In what form the application was made for additional payment we are not aware, but it was completely unsuccessful. It was not inserted in the "bond" that the figure should be enlarged, consequently the fact of its being so was ignored in the settlement. Famine times had come too, and disposable resources were needed for other calls.

To show what a centre of attraction, to Irishmen as well as foreigners, Hogan's studio had now become, we take a fine passage from a work already quoted.—\*

"The rumoured demise of Mr. O'Connell raised a slight ripple on the surface of society here, and the principal effect was to attract visitors to Hogan's studio, for a glance at the colossal model of the statue, now placed in the Dublin Exchange. The *locale* which forms this sculptor's workshop, (once tenanted by Canova) presents just now what may be termed a sort of Hibernian Walhalla. There stands the sainted effigy of the late Bishop Doyle, imploring divine mercy on a suppliant figure of ill treated Erin, the right of whose children to legalized relief he argued in vain; the voice of hollow turbulence, alas! prevailed over the honest accents of him whose crozier whilom swayed "Kildare's holy shrine."—There stands the statue of Drummond, who first directed the energies of Dublin Castle to the amelioration of the neglected peasantry. There beams the mild and kindly countenance of Archbishop Murray, ever averse to ecclesiastical strife, and the unseemly exhibitions of political churchmen. Again the allegoric figure of Erin clasps in fond embrace the bust of her aged patriot, Cloncurry. Close at hand, in a spacious monumental bas-relief, Bishop Brinkley, of Cloyne, rests one hand on the celestial globe, while with the other he turns over the pages of holy writ. From another quarter the bust of Father Mathew looks forth redolent of Christian philanthropy; on the same shelf is seen the mirthful brow of Father Prout. Tom Steele himself has a niche in this Irish temple of celebrity, and truly somehow, the cranium of the "head pacificator," seems identified with the reading of the riot act. The late venerable Mr. Beamish, of Cork, as well as his meritorious partner, William Crawford, both models to any mercantile community, have their representatives here, with several Murphys from that city, worthy men and knowledgeable in their generation \* \* \* Just at present, the sculptor is engaged on a vast design, a sepulchral alto-relievo to the memory of

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\* "Facts and Figures from Italy."

the late Peter Purcell, the lamented founder of the Irish Agricultural Societies, who gave for the first time, a practical direction to the spirit of association, long applied in Ireland to mere moonshine purposes, or the selfish aggrandisement of individual ambitions. The form of the deceased worthy is accurately, yet ideally portrayed. He has fallen in the midst of his favorite pursuits. The plough is alongside the body of the departed husbandman; a shepherd's dog guarding his feet, while the genius of agriculture crowned with ears of corn, presents a palm branch from above to the votary of food-creating industry."

As the original casts of their works are always preserved by Sculptors, their studii are generally places of considerable interest. In Rome they are the common resort of all travellers, literary people, and persons of taste. Not much introduction is required, as respectable persons on presenting their cards are invariably admitted, the privilege being but rarely abused by idlers. If the artist himself be not occupied with his living models or sitters, he generally receives his visitors, and either accompanies them or, at least, gives them perfect liberty to inspect his works. Among the visitors at Hogan's studio were often to be seen a group of Irish students, from the celebrated National Franciscan College of St. Isidoro, or from the Irish Augustinian House of Santa Maria in Posterula; or of Irish Dominicans from San Clemente. Students from the Irish Secular College of St. Agatha also found an occasional moment from their harder application to drop into their countryman's studio, where the majestic figure of a Dr. Doyle, or of an O'Connell, or a beauteous representation in allegory of their beloved country, or the bust of a Mathew, or a Mac Namara, or of some countryman whose name was familiar, met their eyes. His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, when President of the Irish College, which attained so high a character and so important a position under his fostering care, sometimes endeavoured to steal a moment from his arduous duties to look in at Hogan's studio, and all the Irish prelates and clergy in their visits to the Threshold of the Apostles, the centre of Christianity and of art, honored the Irish artist's studio with more than a passing glance. Among the distinguished Irish Ecclesiastics who did not confine themselves to the friendly visit and the respectful salutation, but who endeavoured besides to encourage native art by whatever amount of patronage was within their power, we should

not omit to mention the Right Rev. Dr. Mullock, the present Bishop of Newfoundland. During his long residence in Rome, and repeated visits there, whether as an humble, bareheaded Franciscan friar, or as a mitred dignitary of the Church, this eminent man was a constant habitué of our countryman's studio. It is hard to say whether patriotism or love of art, both characteristic feelings of Dr. Mullock's mind, were uppermost in their influence on those occasions; but when raised to the Episcopal dignity, and with funds at his disposal, he gladly entrusted several valuable commissions to our artist.

Besides those already mentioned as friends and patrons of Hogan, we might mention a few more, who, in their dealings with Hogan, were considerate and liberal—among them the O'Farrell family of Dublin, Mrs. Redington and Mrs. Purcell.

But of all people on earth the Irish are—we will not say the least national—but, at all events, the least exclusive in their patronage of art. Hence, while Englishmen flocked to the studii of Gibson, or Theed, or Wyatt, with their commissions; and Scotchmen gathered round Macdonald; and Americans kept the chisel of their countryman Crawford occupied; and Frenchmen, Prussians, Spaniards, and Italians, were sure to bestow *all* their patronage on the representatives of their respective nations among the artists of Rome; Irishmen, generally stingy and circumspect in giving any patronage to an art so expensive as sculpture, very frequently carried their commissions to the more fashionable studii of the Englishmen, or the more economical ones of the Italians. With Hogan they too often drove a hard bargain; and too often, we fear, the hard labour with the chisel, which the scarpellino should have been performing for his couple of dollars a-week, was done by the artist himself, in those early mornings we have referred to, in Hogan's studio, more from pecuniary than from artistic necessity. It was often doubtful whether the artist or the tradesman were the better paid of the two on those works. We have already mentioned some of Hogan's public commissions in which this was more especially the case—in which, in fact, it was impossible for him to pay the common workmen that were necessary, and in which he was therefore obliged to perform the most slavish drudgery himself.

The complaint of being "infernally cut down" did not apply exclusively to Irishmen, for we come occasionally on a note which shows that certain rich English bankers and merchants were not over liberal. The many instances which have come under our notice of the way in which Hogan was defrauded by certain of his own countrymen in their "individual capacity," we forbear to mention. The chronicle would be a rather scandalous one—and, as it has been remarked, there is opportunity now afforded of making restitution.

In spite, however, of the serious drawbacks alluded to, Hogan's life in Rome was a happy one. He possessed, to use Thomas Carlyle's forcible expression, "perennial fire-proof joys, namely, employments:" he enjoyed an honourable reputation, and his family was growing up in health and peace about him. He has been heard to say that he wanted nothing in Rome. But the disastrous Revolution was at hand, and in the conflict and wrong doing of that time, the peaceful artist must be torn from his quiet and his work and suffer with the rest.

The Roman Revolution forms a gloomy epoch in the life of Hogan. Among the many evils of which it was the cause, we must ever reckon this one—that it drove Hogan to a home where he was neglected. There is no doubt that some people, perhaps through ill feeling, perhaps in mere idle talk, spread the rumour that Hogan had been implicated in the Revolution, and was, therefore, obliged to fly from Rome after the expulsion of the Triumvirate. Any one intimately acquainted with the artist's character would be apt to smile at such a statement, if its mischievous tendency had not been equal to its injustice; but it was unfortunately injurious to Hogan's interests as well as it was utterly devoid of truth. The Civic Guard was enrolled in 1847 by the Pope's own government. Hogan, a Roman citizen by his marriage, as well as by a residence of twenty-four years in the Eternal City, was enrolled with the rest. His talents had been employed in the service of religion, and of patriotism; it did not cost him much now to serve the Father of the Faithful, whose character he held in such reverential estimation. The following passages from a letter to Lord Cloncurry, explain his sentiments and his position at this time:—

156 Via de Babuino, Roma, October 12, 1847.

My Lord,

What a change has taken place in this once *e per sempre* quiet city; we are all turned soldiers. Nothing is heard or seen from morning 'till night but drums and trumpets, drilling, manœuvring and mounting guard. Their *montura* is peculiarly martial, and graceful withal, especially the helmet, which is essentially Roman. We muster a considerable force in the Eternal City, being upwards of 20,000 on the roll, I must say that Rome, during my *dimora*, was never so free from crime as it is at this period, owing perhaps to the vigilance of the civic guard. Pius the Ninth is most deservedly beloved by the people, for the many just acts of his public life, as well as for the countless judicious regulations enforced by him since the memorable day which placed the Pontifical Tiara on his brow.

In Hogan's account-book we find entered, December, 1847, the charges for "*Montura per la Guardia civile.*"

A year later we find a different and a most disastrous prospect. Hogan, though not unwilling to serve in the Civic Guard, had a very decided objection to take rank in the *Guardia Nazionale*. That was a very different affair, and was organised for a far other purpose. When, in the course of events it became likely that he was in danger of being enrolled, he left Rome with his wife, and retired to Carrara, there to wait until such a time as he might safely return to his busy artist life. Unfortunately he was obliged to leave his retreat too soon. It was hard to be patient when his studio was full of workmen, his daily bread depending upon the speedy completion of his numerous commissions, and his children hostages in the terror-stricken city. He had no sooner returned to Rome than he was seized and enrolled in the National Guard. In a later letter to Lord Cloncurry we find the following passage, in which allusion is likewise made to the direful condition of Ireland at that time:—

Rome, October 4th, 1848.

My Lord,

I feel that it would be quite unnecessary to mention to your Lordship anything relating to the state of Rome or Italy in general, as you probably will not only hear of the past, but *even forthcoming events* from the Rev. Dr. Ennis. One thing I must say, that throughout this land, although a prey to war, anarchy, and bloodshed, not a single human being has been known to die of want; bread having been carefully supplied by the different States to those in need of it. Alas! how different is the lot of Italy when placed in *juxta position* with our own distracted and impoverished country where millions now expire annually, for want of food and *mancanza* of labour; may God, in his mercy, send us better days, and better prospects.

Every man found within the walls of the city during the siege was of course compelled to bear arms in some shape or other; but while the fighting men were sent to the walls and the out-posts, the revolutionary government contented itself with thrusting muskets into the hands of unwarlike artists, and other professional men, and making them do police duty in the streets. Such was Hogan's fate in common with the rest of his fellow residents within the walls of Rome; and the half doleful, half comic looks which he must have exchanged with his friends Tenerani, or Fabris, and the rest of them—his fellow members of St. Luke's and the Pantheon—as they met on patrol in the Corso, must have afforded a kind of grim amusement. But who would call this dire necessity to which he was subjected, an implication in the revolution?

Among the scenes of the period which he used to describe was one in which he assisted to protect the Pope from the pressure of the multitude in one of those ebullitions of popular enthusiasm of which the benignant Pius IX. was the object previous to the outbreak of the revolution. The National Guards among whom Hogan was obliged to act, formed a line, and holding their muskets with fixed bayonets high against the wall near which they stood, they thus constructed a gallery through which the Sovereign Pontiff was obliged to pass in order to escape from the crowd of his too enthusiastic and too fickle subjects.

Our countryman used also to tell how during the siege a brother artist fled to him in the utmost dismay, telling him that a cannon ball had just perforated the wall of his apartment within a few inches of the bed in which he was lying. It is easy to conceive how little sense of security could have been felt in Rome under such circumstances. The guns thundered away almost incessantly, and it was difficult to obtain a few hours rest even during the night. The streets were entirely deserted except when parties of armed men marched by, or mobs of sanguinary Trasteverini passed along with frantic shouts and gestures.

To one of Hogan's character such scenes were simply appalling, quite unredeemed by any illusion. The inconvenience caused to himself was very serious. His men used to be called out of his studio, at first once in two or three weeks, but much oftener when the terror and confusion increased; and on these occasions he was obliged to

support them while on duty. He himself seems to have escaped on the whole very well, and not to have been very often required to mount guard in the streets, though the fear of being called out was always unpleasantly before him.

In spite of all, even the occasional withdrawal of his men, the work in his studio seems to have been scarcely interrupted for a day during this fearful time. From December 17th, 1847, to August 25th, 1849, he was busily and anxiously engaged on the following works:—Monuments to Rev. Justin Foley Mac Namara—Miss Curran—P. Purcell; a Bas relief of the Transfiguration; and two Angels for Mrs. Ball. Of the work done on all of these there is an entry in his account book almost every day between the dates quoted above. But it was impossible to work in peace in the midst of so thunder-charged an atmosphere, and Hogan being entirely without sympathy with the excitement and desperation of the time, found no relief on any side.

Our countryman was no politician. He loved his own country well, and his sentiments were those of a free and generous heart; but he knew nothing, and cared nothing about political systems. He was no republican. The plots, and schemes, and blood-sheddings of foreign revolutions were abhorrent to his really innocent mind. He had all the enthusiasm of genius, but his enthusiasm was confined to his art. Outside that he was timorous in the extreme. Beyond his art he scarcely ventured to form an opinion. Often while repudiating the idea that he was implicated in the Mazzini revolution has he exclaimed to friends;—"My God! I am a poor artist; I am no politician, and I never was!" But although none of the sin and blood of the revolution of 1848 has stained the soul of Hogan, that ill-omened event was a source of much misfortune to him and to his family. When that diabolical conspiracy against God and man broke out in Rome, the doom of the city seemed to have been sealed for ever. Art as well as religion was driven from its shrine. With the Papal government fled the patrons of art, and Vandalism and Atheism were the order of the day. The thunders of the French artillery, and the tumbling of houses

by cannon balls in the centre of the city, hardly made things better, at least to the mind of an artist.

For a long time after the siege the state of Rome was melancholy in the extreme. It was doubtful when the Pope could return; whether another outbreak would not take place; or whether the French republicans who had conquered could be relied on in the cause of order. Some thought they never would see a sculptor's studio again flourish in Rome. In all periods of public gloom we see people thus yielding to despondency, and Hogan was only one of many who felt so.

It is little wonder if in the midst of this infernal fracas and hopeless scene of strife and destruction, our Irish artist should turn his longing thoughts towards his native land—towards the country which ought to be his home. This was Hogan's misfortune. It was, however, no new thought with him. He had often expressed his determination to have his children educated in Ireland. They must not be foreign, not even Roman in character and manner, they must be thoroughly Irish, as their father was. Seven years earlier he had spoken of his resolution to settle ultimately in Dublin. Now many things made it convenient to make the contemplated change. But it was an evil day when he left a country to whose climate and manners he had long been naturalized; in which it is easier than elsewhere to support a family upon limited means; and where, as in questions of art the mind naturally turns to Rome, patronage would have more surely found him. In very truth it was an evil day when Hogan stowed away among the casts of his great works such articles of property as he did not care to remove from Rome, and giving the key of his studio to his good friend Giovanni Benzoni, turned his back on the beloved second home, and led his wife and young Italian children to that far off, cold, and cruel motherland.

Hogan came amongst us in the character of a great artist; and moreover with the distinction of being, as we said before, the great Irish artist. Among many who receive honour even now in other lands, and whose talents place them in the highest class of artists, are Irish names not a few; but it is curious that not one of them can be



designated an Irish artist. Why? For the very good reason we think, which made a French writer decline to number Roubiliac among French sculptors,—because he worked for another country, and had performed nothing for the decoration of his native land. They have all fattened on the bread of strangers, until they have fairly become strangers themselves. Ireland may boast of them in her chronicles because she gave them birth, not because they remembered or honored her. In their prosperity they have worshipped strange gods. We pass the painters—let us glance at the sculptors. Young Irish Foley is a splendid genius; there is grace, and a most natural beauty in his groups and single figures: he is native born in quickness and variety of talent. But nothing more congenial to the soil is to be found in his studio, than groups of Ino and Bacchus, bathers and nymphs, and fine manly statues of English Hampden and Hardinge. Mac Dowell, our Belfast man, can handle a chisel with the best; but he dips into Roman history for a theme, or haunts the outskirts of Olympus for studies of the godlike. The Kirk brothers too, are more at home with Homer and Shakspeare, than with the lights and shadows of Irish feeling and of Irish history. But in Hogan's studio we find no Venus, not a single Psyche, though a studio must look, one should say, somewhat lonesome without these divinities. He was as severely classic as any, but the antique grace we find in his Eve and Erin, and the very essence of classic tragedy in his Pieta and crouching Hibernia. His magnificent statues are the memorials of the greatness, the worth, and the glory of Ireland; and his studio, as we have seen, is her *Rheumshalle* or hall of Heroes. Even now, though the great artist himself be gone, the first object which catches the eye as we enter his studio, is the finished cast of Hibernia and Brian Borrumha,\*—the presiding deity is still the same.

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\* It would be a mistake to suppose that this noble group is a repetition of the Cloncurry Hibernia, or that the only change consists in the removal of the bust or *hermes* of Lord Cloncurry and the substitution of the figure representing Brian Borrumha in his boyhood. In fact little more than the idea of the large allegorical figure is retained, every detail in the *motivo* of the drapery and in the accessories, besides most important points of the attitude being altered, and, as we should say, most materially improved. The design of this new

This was Hogan's great characteristic that he went abroad, and lived abroad, and came home an Irishman. And of how few can this be said whether distinguished in arts, or arms, or literature! England is full of Irish talent in all these departments. Her press and periodic literature are rich with the fruits of the quick intellect and ready wit of Irishmen. Those who know London life well, know where to find the Irish element in that huge Babel. Year after year hundreds of quick witted sons of Erin are swallowed up in that huge wild vortex, corrupted, and destroyed. Where talent is required the clever children of Ireland are ever at hand, but unfortunately, where conduct and character are indispensable, they are not so surely to be found. As a rule there seems no medium for the expatriated Irishman. If he preserve his love of country, all well, but if he let that be taken from him, he becomes at the best, more English, or more French, or more American than the natives of these countries; or, which is a more frequent consummation, in becoming denationalised he becomes demoralized, and the very talent which he owed to his birth-right as an Irishman, he uses as the instrument of his hireling occupation—a sharp cutting weapon to wound the character and the interests of his country and his people. All honour to those who have fought the good fight, and gone through the trial, and come out unharmed!

Hogan was hero enough to go through any ordeal. But then to be sure Hogan's foreign home was in Rome: and it is the Irishman's privilege, more perhaps than that of the native of any other country, that he need never feel in

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group is as much a creation of the artist's imagination as the material work is that of his hands. History affords us no evidence that the early aspirations of Brian had any intimate connection with his crowning triumph over the enemies of his country; but Hogan imagined, and therefore insisted, that the hero of Clontarf must have been a patriot from his infancy, and hence the early resolution to defend his country against the invader which the symbolism of sculpture has found so beautiful a mode of expressing as we see done in this fine work of the Irish sculptor. The group was finished rather hastily for sending to the great Paris Exposition of 1855, but the place assigned to it in that exhibition was not the most favourable, as it stood between two pillars, which, although they contributed to its dignity, prevented some of the best points of view, and a close inspection of the details.

Rome the shame of banishment, the chill of exile. Going to Rome is to the Catholic like drawing nearer to the bosom of his mother. Rome is the true centre of Christianity, and every member of the Church rejoices in her greatness, sorrows in her passing trouble, and glories all the more in his own nationality that it is a part of her larger sovereignty. An Irishman meets hundreds of his compatriots in Rome. The life blood of his country flows to that beating heart. Ireland deserves a place of honour, there at least, in right of her sufferings, her sorrows, and her martyr-like fidelity.

With such claims on his country one would fancy that Hogan should have been met with a very cordial greeting, and should have been honoured in no mean measure. The coldness with which he was received in Ireland will by and by seem strangely difficult to account for. When he had come as a casual visitor, he was fêted, as we have seen, and made much of in their coarse fashion. Now he came to take up his abode in Ireland, not to be *lionised* but to be employed. There was a difference, however, between *feeding* a genius and commissioning a sculptor. To be sure if a man would only make himself agreeable, and give and take according to the custom of society one might now and then do something for him! Some little jobs might turn up from time to time; and if he only knew how to improve opportunities, and had tact enough to push himself on judiciously, he might not be so badly off in the end! But Hogan had no talent at all for getting on, in this sense. As he had said himself long before, he was "determined to get on by talent in spite of the Devil." Every kind of party work was distasteful to him: jobbery simply disgusting. He was a proud man too—there is no denying that. He knew that he possessed genius, as well as the prophet knew that his lips were touched with fire. His works proved that, he thought, sufficiently; he cared for no other mode of assertion. He was too disdainful, we grant—for his own interest. Mediocrity with pretension revolted him. He would associate himself with no clique. He wanted nothing but justice—common, even-handed justice: neither party favours, nor paltry honours. Those whom his high spirit stung were amply revenged. When Hogan would sometimes in a moment of confidence complain of the injury done him by the manœuvres of certain parties who should

have been friendly, we have known a friend endeavour to turn away the bitter thought, by playfully reminding him that he may have been the first to give offence, by the grand way he would draw himself to his full height when some professional honour was offered him, and with all the pride of a member of the Pantheon decline the proffered distinction. Doubtless many would have liked Hogan best at a comfortable distance: sham art, or sham anything, has a curious glare beside the true metal. And many, we are quite convinced, though they were not among Hogan's rivals, would have valued him more if he had made his home elsewhere, and they had had to send "abroad" for their statues. We know one laughable instance, in which serious remonstrances were made to the artist, because, having got an order to make plaster casts of two original figures, he thought well to execute the commission during a temporary stay in Ireland. His enlightened patron had no idea that having got a commission to work in Rome, he should take the liberty to do it in Ireland: and we more than suspect that the work, in consequence, was never fully paid for.

Perhaps the old evil had most to do with the disasters of Hogan's latter years. "Hogan," says the artist's true friend, Lady Morgan,\* "was a Catholic, but the Catholic

\* When the Athenæum, announcing the death of Hogan, dismissed him with a cold paragraph, Lady Morgan, mindful of the artist's claims, and of the honour of their common country, wrote the following letter, which appeared in the Athenæum, April 10, 1858. We omit the allusion to his early struggles at home, and to his later distinction in Rome, as well as mention of his figure of the Dead Christ:—

11, William-Street, Belgravia, April 8.

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"Other works of his found their way to public notice. One was presented to the writer of this note, a shepherd sleeping by his dog, which obtained the suffrages of all who were highest in the Irish metropolis—but his reputation fell into the sere and yellow leaf of utter neglect, from the want of patronage—the patronage of party, which he had no means, or did not seek to obtain. He worked on hopelessly and helplessly in that country, of all others in Europe, the one where native talent is least noticed and the last rewarded—where an Irish Lawrence would not have thriven, and an Irish Sheil could not remain. He worked, drooped, sickened, and died within the last few

gentry, high born, are poor patrons, and the Protestant supremacy has no sympathy with papist genius." It was wonderful how cool people grew about figures and monuments when they found the artist not a mere conventional, but a thorough Roman Catholic. On one such occasion, a gentleman who was actually in treaty about the execution of some work, being struck by an expression the artist used, said to him "why, is it possible you are a Catholic?" The answer was such as one would expect from Hogan—decided and to the point, with a gesture and an air of a man proud of the confession. But the treaty was at an end, and in some miraculous way the idea of the sculpture went quite out of the gentleman's head on the moment. And then the Church from which Hogan had a right to expect patronage was at the time of his return in no condition to commission great works. Famine had depopulated and impoverished the land, and the clergy, who have no unfailing tithes to count on, no comfortable perspective of quarter day to cheer them on to works of enterprise, found themselves in this state of things quite unable to think of, still less commission, works of art.

To crown all, many thought that because Hogan came fresh from Rome he must have been a red republican; and fancying our peaceful countryman, with the cap of Liberty on his head, and the sword of License in his hand, they doubtless thought it safest to have nothing to do with the bug-bear they had created for their own dismay. For a long time after his return Hogan was quite ignorant of the wretched slander alluded to, and could in no way account for the slight with which he was treated by former friends, whom nothing but a too credulous belief in that most mischievous lie, would have ever induced to turn away in coldness from the true-hearted artist. It is folly to say that no one need be uneasy about lies—that truth always conquers, and so on. Truth conquers too often with miserable slowness. It is terribly difficult to crush a lie. Those who

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weeks, leaving behind him a still young Italian wife, and eleven children unprovided for.

Hogan was a Catholic, but the Catholic gentry high born are poor patrons, and the Protestant supremacy has no sympathy with Papist genius. Still pity may give ere patronage begins, and both pity and love of Art are called on for one of Ireland's most eminent and most neglected children."

SIDNEY MORGAN.

knew Hogan well, know how wronged he was, and how deeply he felt the baseness of these imputations. It is very like Hogan—the proud, shy, sensitive nature, that he suffered these slanders in silence, at least as far as the public was concerned. In the seclusion of his home he poured out his heart freely, but he made no sigh before the world. At a time that it was propagated by his enemies, and fully credited by many, that he could not return to Italy, he actually went to Rome, about the affairs of his profession, and at a time too when the state of things was not fully re-established in that much afflicted city. In a letter, written at this time, and which never was seen by other eyes than those of his beloved wife, until after his death it became necessary to free his memory from evil insinuations, there is a most affecting and most characteristic allusion to the injury which had been done to his reputation by his cowardly enemies :—

*Roma, 26 Maggio, 1857.*

“ *Mia Cara Cornelia,*

It is a great satisfaction to be able to prove that the calumny spread by my enemies in Ireland, that I could not set foot within the States of the Church, is false and envious. It is an infamous slander, put into the heads of a certain class in Ireland, who, I believe, would be very well pleased if I were put in prison. \* \* \* I assure you, Cornelia, that I have been received, even by the police, with the greatest respect, and even on getting my passport, my trunk was not searched in Rome. \* \* \* Little I care for the atrocious remarks of my enemies. Integrity, in the end, always conquers. Blessed is he who in this world is unjustly accused and neglected !”

The great mass of the people knew neither Hogan nor his works. How could they ? If they had, rude though they be, the nation's artist would not have been cheated of his great reward—a people's love and gratitude. Doubtless many a poor forgotten wretch whose home is in the garrets of the Meath Liberties, and who can find in the whole world no spot of temporary refuge from noise, and suffering, and vice, but in the sanctuary of the ever open Church, knows very well those figures over the high altar of Francis-street. But he does not know them as a *Pieta*, as a “work of art ;” he only knows that there is some virtue about them which attracts his wandering eyes ; and that from the contemplation of so divine a representation he goes forth again into the struggling, miserable, hard world, with

some consolation and more strength. Doubtless it sometimes happens that a lonely stitcher from the fetid lanes round Clarendon-street, says her prayers all the more fervently because her eyes are fixed, not on the blank wall or the stuccoed ceiling, but on the figure of the Dead Saviour which rests within the sanctuary; and she too may go forth into the infected streets shielded from some nameless evil. Little they know how the grand thought, the efficacious comfort came—from Heaven—to the artist's soul—through the work of his hands—even to their hearts. Mount O'Connell as he should be, twenty feet high in our widest thoroughfare, and see if the people would understand that. Why, you could scarcely keep them from giving three cheers for the Liberator, and perhaps one cheer more for the wonderful man who cut such an august presence out of stone. None of the fine arts can speak to the people like sculpture; there is something solid and life-like about a statue, at the same time that there is a death-like solemnity and stillness; the sense of reality, and a feeling of awe combine in a way that affects the most ignorant as well as the most cultivated. But what can the people know or feel when there is nothing, we shall not say taught, but shown them?

It will always seem very strange that Hogan should have been passed over on so many occasions since he came to Ireland. The cases are too well known to be dwelt upon; suffice it to say that an order for a figure of the B. Virgin, for one of Ireland's fine new Cathedrals, was given quite gratuitously to Giovanni Benzoni, the Roman sculptor, though Hogan was at hand here with his genius, and his marble, and his tools. Our countryman often said that "poor old Benzoni," would never have taken the commission if he knew there had been a treaty with him about it. For another Church an ungainly figure of the Redeemer by some French sculptor was purchased, and a companion figure obtained which we fear causes more distraction than edification. Dr. Murray's committee, that is to say, the committee entrusted with the charge of erecting a monument to the memory of that revered prelate, preferred a copy of a well-known type to any one of the original models in Hogan's studio. And the Moore Testimonial!—

Hogan not liking the way things of this sort were managed in Ireland, when there was a question of a monument to Moore, did not think of sending in a model for competition. A friend, however, who could not believe that in an affair of so much trust and responsibility, there could be any jobbing, or tinkering, or avowed disregard of public honour, urged Hogan to make a model. "Oh!" said he, with that quick gesture peculiar to him, and which made a wave of the hand more significant than many words, "what use?—They know *me*, they know what I can do. If another man has interest in C—— House he will get the commission!" Lord Cloncurry, too, urged the artist to put in his claim. Here is a short note on the subject, which tells a great deal:—

LORD CLONCURRENCY TO JOHN HOGAN, ESQ.

"*Muretimo, 14th March.*

"DEAR MR. HOGAN.—Interest is making to erect some kind of Testimonial to Moore—perhaps a statue.

"His namesake has great influence with Sir Philip Crampton and others, and for a bust he is first-rate. I, however, think that no person but you could do justice to a statue for the Poet of Ireland; therefore stir yourself. I will give £100 if you get the job—only £50 for any one else.

"Yours—though I so seldom see or hear of you—

"CLONCURRENCY."

The model was sent in, and rejected. It was resolved in a Committee consisting of Irish noblemen, gentlemen, and artists, that Mr. Christopher Moore should get the commission. Now we think that in Mr. Moore's peculiar department none excel him. Hogan himself did not perhaps equal him. But then to put a sculptor of portrait busts to design and execute a grand monumental figure, would be like desiring Hogan himself to build up a Minster. It was absurd. They call that heap of metal in College-street a monument to Moore: we think it a monument to Hogan. Who ever passes it now, without a tacit act of homage to the real genius who would have placed upon that pedestal a poet in bronze:—the upturned gaze, and rapt expression bespeaking the singer of a nation's joys and sorrows: outline and attitude instinct with inspiration. In Hogan's Dublin studio are two models for a Moore Testimonial. In one the poet



holds a lyre, and seems to be pouring forth verse and music into the ears and hearts of a people. In the other he rests against a bank, and the listening, heaven-directed look makes it felt that the torrent of song is flooding his own soul. Poor Hogan! This was hard to bear. But he is avenged. The commonest mechanic wags his head as he passes that ungainly figure: and foreign nations laugh at this example of our patriotism, our judgment, and our art.

Such instances of stupid ignorance or wilful malevolence told with sad effect on the sensitive, anxious temperament of the artist. The disappointment caused by the decision of the Moore Testimonial (for, in spite of all, he did entertain hopes that one of his own beautiful models would have been selected) was something terrible. It looked so like a set plan to ruin him. His family were growing rapidly about him; all depended upon the work of his right hand; and the circle was narrowing. Was he to be left without work? His friends well remember the attack which he got about this time, and which is alluded to in William Carleton's terrible letter. The hemorrhage from the nose was something fearful; but it may have been the means of saving him at that moment.

In the evil day, when those about him were cold and forgetful, his faithful friend of better times, Dr. Mullock, now the Right Rev. Bishop of Newfoundland, was not unmindful of his gifted countryman. He entrusted to him the execution of two mural monuments, and gave him a commission for a figure of the Redeemer after death for the Cathedral of St. John's—commissions to the amount in all of £1150. Kilkenny gave Hogan a commission to execute a bust of Banim. In the Infirmary of Maryborough, he erected a monumental bust and tablet to the memory of the Hon. James Grattan. Cork, which seems to take an honorable pride in encouraging and commissioning native genius, employed no foreign or second-rate artist, when the living were to be honored or the dead commemorated; and Hogan was employed, since his return to Ireland, on several busts for natives of that city; and on a monument to the memory of the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy.—“the good Bishop,” whose name we found so often in his letters, and who deserved well of the

artist for the early and kindly encouragement he gave the young genius, and for the disinterested and ever constant kindness he showed to the members of Hogan's old home—the father and sisters—who without that faithful guardianship would have been forsaken indeed. And when there was question of a grand monument to O'Connell, for the city of Limerick, there was no hesitation about the man who was worthy to be entrusted with so national a memorial. There is no doubt that Hogan received great annoyance, while in treaty with the Committee about this statue. We are inclined, however, to exonerate from blame both the citizens of Limerick and the Committee, as a body, and to conclude that the letter or paragraph intimating that a statue of the Liberator could be got (just as one would speak of the second-hand wares of Mary's-lane,) for the much more reasonable sum of £600, was the spontaneous production of some individual, who thought, by a clever "dodge," to get a bargain of a priceless production of genius. The effect, however, was terrible on Hogan. The shock induced a fit of incipient paralysis, which it required all the skill of his devoted friend, Dr. Wilde, and the physicians whom he brought about him, to bring him through. For some months the artist's right hand was powerless, and his appearance became so changed, his whole frame so shaken, that old friends could scarcely recognise him. The Davis testimonial, and three busts were, we believe, the only works that Dublin could afford to give Ireland's greatest artist, during the nine years he had his home and his studio in the capital.

For all the works above enumerated Hogan was sufficiently and promptly paid. But how small was the profit, scattered over so many years! He might have borne injustice, neglect, and poverty, with a bold front if he had been alone. But his Roman wife, who, in a moment of mistaken trust, he had severed from her country and kindred, and his children, whom he worshipped, were all depending on him. A man so little vain we never knew, but he was proud even to excess; he would support his loved ones; he would not leave them to friends, or to charity, or to the nation—he would die rather. Some true and influential personal friends, who saw how hard the struggle was, thought it would be well worthy the government to grant a pension,

which would enable the sinking artist to keep his family in comfort, and educate his bright sons and lovely Italian daughters as became the children of such a father. When the matter was suggested to Hogan he would not hear of it. "I want nothing," he said, "but work." To us it has seemed a miracle that Hogan kept his family as he did. To think of a man so straitened supporting his household in comfort, meeting every engagement with punctuality and honour, and dying absolutely without debt. He found means, too, to be munificent, as only the prudent can be, and a glance into his books shows that he was ever ready to lend and to give. We know one case in which he directed parties who were to receive payment for one of his monumental works, to keep apart £20 for the poor of Cork.\* But with what rigidity of self-denial all this was accomplished, who shall tell? Soon after his arrival in Dublin, he built his fine studio in Wentworth-place, but until a short time before his death it was not boarded. When urged to do so, on account of the injury he was likely to suffer from standing all day on the clay floor, he used to say, "I cannot do it; I cannot bear to take the money from my children."

His wife and children were the whole world to him; the more his heart was wrung with anxiety and bitter care, the closer he drew them about him. "If I could only live to see my children settled in some way," he used to say to a very

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\* The following letter, written on the occasion, is too characteristic of Hogan's kindness of heart to be omitted:—

Roma, January 29, 1847.

My dear Sir,

Hearing such dreadful and awful accounts of the misery, and daily deaths by starvation of hundreds of my poor but honest fellow-countrymen, in the County of Cork, I hasten without further prelude to address these few lines to you, and beg that you will comply without loss of time, in this my most earnest and solemn request, which is— that you hand over, for my account, £20 to the Mayor, or apply it to the funds collecting for the relief of those poor famishing people, who are most in want, either in Skibbereen or Bantry, and you will oblige me everlastingly. The sum is small, and will be but as a drop of water in the ocean, in comparison to the thousands who are in need. However, to be conscious of saving only one poor soul from suffering the horrible death of starvation, will be a source of the greatest consolation to your sincere friend and well wisher,

JOHN HOGAN.

John J. Lacy, Esq., Cork.

dear friend, to whom his hopes and his sorrows were ever freely poured out, "If they were safe, for my own part I would be delighted to go to my God." To his children, even if he had left them thousands, he would be an infinite loss; he kept them so carefully, watched over them with such vigilance. They are children in years, but far more so in guileless bearing. They were kept apart from the world, as from all evil, by the jealous care of their father. He himself could not bear to be away from them. When he accepted an invitation, he was never at rest until he got back again. It was a very odd time indeed that he was to be met with in society. Occasionally he attended a soiree of the Provost of Trinity College, or was a guest of Dr. Wilde; but the latter, who all through Hogan's latter years showed him such constant and disinterested kindness, as we have seldom known, and Mrs. Wilde, who seems to love everything in the shape of talent, were trusted and valued friends of the artist. Lord Cloncurry, calling on Hogan one day, found him at dinner, seated, according to his custom, at the head of the table, with one of the younger children at each hand, and the rest ranged in order along the sides. The noble Cloncurry lifted up his hands in amazement, and said it was the finest sight he ever saw; and next day, how like him! he sent under some pretence £20 to Mrs. Hogan, rightly judging that the mother of such a race could be at no loss to know what to do with a gift of the kind. In the evening it was the artist's custom to sit with his family; and while the children were engaged with their studies, he would read some amusing book; now and then as some passage struck him, translating it into the sweet native Italian for his wife. At nine o'clock the whole simple household was dispersed for the night; unless when some special occasion, as one of the great festivals of the church, occurring, he would have more particular family devotions. During the school holidays he always occupied himself in his studio, in teaching his two eldest boys to draw from the round; and we may add that his pupils showed an aptness for their task not unworthy of an artist's sons.

After all we must not pity Hogan. He had joys which a prince might envy; and in his trials he knew where to turn for consolation. Many a sleepless, restless night the care-worn artist passed in his quiet little room. It was his

habit when he could not sleep to light a lamp and read a chapter of his favourite book *De Imitatione Christi*. Many a poor way-farer "in a desert place where there is no way and no water," has sought and found in that divine book more comfort and peace than all fortune's gifts could give him. He would often get up, and wander about the hushed house. On one occasion it was discovered by mere chance that he had left his room and had gone down in the middle of the night to his studio, where he was found kneeling in prayer before his own figure of the dead Saviour. What a picture ! And what a vindication of true art ! From the unseen world those inspirations had visited his soul, which in the vigour of his genius he had wrought out in the hard marble. He had been faithful to his ideal, making it take form—we had almost said take life ; and so, the spell still unbroken, in the day of his trial, his soul was once more led heavenward, even by the work of his own hands. It was this same work, which more than twenty years before, our readers may remember he told his father was greatly admired by the artists in Rome, and though his own work had sometimes affected himself.

But the artist was to have a splendid dream before he went. The installation of the O'Connell statue in Limerick was a bright spot in his latter years. He was there himself, and was received in a manner worthy of him. He had spoken to the people, and they had understood him. The poor country folk coming in on market days lifted up their hands in admiration, or sunk on their knees before the statue of the Liberator, and said, "he is not dead ! he is not dead !" The people of Limerick found what it was to make an appeal, and teach a lesson in that way. And they were determined to have a statue of Sarsfield, the hero of the Treaty :—and Hogan should make it. And there were intimations that other cities and towns were astir, and that Tipperary, Ennis, Kilkenny should also have their statues ; and there was no longer a doubt who should be their artist. The metropolis should at last inaugurate a statue of Oliver Goldsmith, and it was believed that no clique would, in this instance, be able to rob the writer or the artist of due honor. Cork sent an order to have models prepared in Hogan's studio for a statue of Father Mathew. Lord Carlisle took care that one of the works in bas relief

for the Wellington Testimonial should be entrusted to Hogan; the subject—the Duke's concession to civil and religious liberty. And—a great sign of the times—the Friars preachers are building a beautiful church in Lower Dominick-street, not for a fashionable congregation, or for the wealth and rank of Dublin, but for the poor, devout, toil-hardened population of Britain-street, and Liffey-street, and the nameless lanes and alleys that intersect those thoroughfares. And this church is to be no barn-like square building, with decorations of *ormolu* and tinsel; no tame, chilly, mock Grecian structure; but from the long line of pure stone pillars, arches spring aloft; and windows, and vaulted roof, are rich with intertwining traceries. An Irish architect has planned this worthy temple—and one\* whose munificence rivals the splendour of the Medicean era, has commissioned Hogan to execute a *Pieta* for the high altar of St. Saviour's!

The era which he had so longed for seemed at last to have dawned—what he foresaw nearly thirty years ago as the certain result of Emancipation was about to be accomplished, and the arts should now be “pushed on gloriously in Ireland.” He had often counted over with his friends the different cities, towns, churches and convents of Ireland which possessed works of his. He took a secret pleasure in this; presently the bead roll should be increased, and his country the richer of his works. Now indeed there is something like hope. “If I live but two or three years,” said Hogan, “with heaven's blessing I shall leave my family independent.” The very thought of Sarsfield was a joy to him. He had designed in sculpture some type of every other character of worth and value which Ireland had produced in these latter years. The patriot, the prelate, the apostle, the poet; the man of literature, the princely trader. Now he was to have the soldier with his chivalrous bearing, his action of command, and that magnificent Jacobite uniform! It was easy to know what was to be done. He would go to Rome where his studio was still undisturbed, and filled with the casts of his great works; and in the old ground where he had lived and toiled so many years, and near his dear good friend

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\* Mr. Iliggs of Abbey-street.

Benzoni, and with his bright-eyed boy—his sculptor son\*—he would work once more on noble themes, with noble aims, and a heart full of thankfulness and hope. He had a vision of the promised land—No more.

He may be said to have been dying during the last year. He was quite broken down; and the grandest light that ever shone on human eyes could not scare away the death shadow. In the latter end of March he lay down to die. The Sunday before his death he left his bed and stole down to his studio. He looked round on his unfinished works, and pausing before the *Pieta* for St. Saviour's, he said to his son, and to Mr. Cahill his assistant, "finish it well, boys, I shall never handle the chisel more!" He was done with art; and yet not quite. Its power, in its most spiritual and subtle influence, was still over him. When he lay down, he directed search to be made for an engraving which he had stowed away somewhere, and which they did not know he possessed, and he had it pinned to the wall, for it was not framed, in such a way that he could see it from the position in which he lay. The subject was Thorwaldsen's figure of the Redeemer. He said that figure alone would have immortalized a sculptor, and he was never tired looking at it—the gently outstretched arms and whole attitude so well expressed the idea—*Venite ad me omnes*. Without a murmur, without one appeal for life, he felt the last hours approaching. He had received the sacraments of the Church. There was nothing more

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\* How early Hogan dreamt that this son should inherit his genius with his name, is touchingly shown in a letter to one of the artist's sisters dated Rome Nov. 22, 1842. The citizens of Cork even so far back thought they ought to have some portrait or memorial of the great sculptor. Hogan was the least vain of men, and there is neither in painting nor in sculpture a representation of his noble head. A very fine photograph by Glukman is the only portrait to be found. However, when the wishes of his Cork friends were made known to him, he returned the following characteristic answer:—"It (the request) is certainly very complimentary, and would be highly gratifying to any one desirous of ambition. I hereby acknowledge my gratitude to him (Sir Thomas Deane) and my other friends who have been desirous of such an object. But at present I cannot spare time for such silly trifles. I must reserve that commission for my darling son and Roman boy Giovanni, when he is competent to undertake such a work, and when I am persuaded through the merits of my productions that I am worthy of sitting for my portrait."

to be done on earth. From time to time he spoke with the faithful friends who were around his bed of times long gone by, of those especially who were gone before him to Life Eternal. He talked of his father, of his saintly mother, of the only brother who died early, and of the sister who had given herself to God. He spoke of them as if they were not far from him. And then he would pray for his children, and taking his wife's hand assure her that he would "watch over her—most certainly watch over her." He knew not how to realise that anything could deprive her of that guardianship. For some hours he seemed insensible, except that when they read the prayers for the dying, he audibly made the responses; and for a long time the only words he uttered were—"beautiful! how beautiful!" Some recollection, or some blessed anticipation kept away the death chill; and without one struggle, one uneasy movement, he breathed his last—and the soul of the artist was with God.

Thus on the 27th March, 1858, Ireland lost one of the best and greatest of her sons. Three days after, the remains of Hogan were carried to Glasnevin Cemetery in a hearse open at the sides, so that as the procession passed through the city it was seen that on the coffin lay the hat and sword, scabbard and sword belt, worn by members of the *Virtuosi* of the *Pantheon*—the insignia of the honours which our countryman had won and worn with pride in the city of arts. His four sons followed, and a long train of men distinguished in every calling, members of the bar and the press, and the medical profession; literary men and artists—and representatives of the secular clergy, the Friars Preachers, and the Jesuit Fathers. For, as the *Europe Artiste* says:—"Genius has its triumph even in the vain, shallow city of Dublin, and the funeral car of Hogan, the great sculptor, who died poor as he had lived, was yet followed to the grave by a file of private carriages long enough to cover two of the Boulevards of Paris." The students of Trinity College, two hundred in number it is said, to their great honour be it remembered, without any orders from the superiors of the University, when the procession approached the college gates, issued two by two from the inner entrance, and wearing academic cap and gown, and headed by Professor Shaw, F. T. C. D., and



Professor Carmichael, F. T. C. D. took up their position in front of the procession, lifting their caps as they passed the hearse in respectful reverence for the dead, and headed the mournful cortege in its passage through the city. The Committee of the Glasnevin Cemetery had offered a plot of ground gratuitously in any part of the Cemetery which should be chosen for the grave of Hogan; and within the "O'Connell circle," and near the resting place of the Liberator, all that is mortal of the great sculptor awaits the Resurrection.

Where it will be asked were the Lord Mayor, and the Corporation? Where the organised and palpable body of the Royal Dublin Society? Where the Hibernian Academy. And the Royal Irish Academy? It is not here as in other countries where such associations think it one of their common duties to honour genius while living, and show the people that even its memory is the inheritance of a nation. When Rauch, the Berlin sculptor, died some few months since, we read how the Dresden artists decorated his coffin with flowers and laurel wreaths, accompanying it with honour to the railway station, and how the Berlin artists and members of the Royal Academy carried the remains to the "Trauerkapelle" where Professor Kiss (sculptor of the Amazon) had arranged a mournful decoration of candelabras, and tapers lighting the dead sculptor's statues of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and the winged Victories; and we said to ourselves, how *un-English*! We might not have crossed the channel for a word. When Schwanthaler died, the King of Bavaria had him laid in his own sepulchre side by side of a royal race, because the magnificent tomb he was building for his great sculptor was not yet finished. And when Thorwaldsen was carried to the grave, the streets of Copenhagen were lined with military, and the different companies of trades. All the members of the Academy of Fine Arts followed the hearse headed by their President the Crown Prince. And at the entry of the Church, his Majesty the king awaited the arrival of the corpse, and the Queen and Royal Princesses assisted at the funeral ceremony. We have something to learn yet.

But there is one thing we can do—and Heaven help us if we don't do it! We are a famous people they say at *post mortem* tributes. There is more now to be done than

a late regret might urge, or a vain shame compel. We have waited to honor Hogan till he died. Let us not delay to take his wife and children to our heart until we have to grieve for having deserted them.

If Hogan could have only thought that generous noble hearts would have taken these loved ones to their own, and that the Irish nation would have been proud of their adoption, his last earthly thought would have been a happier one. This consolation was not vouchsafed him. But let us do what he, even in the shadow of death, thought he must still be able to do. Let us protect his wife who is a stranger amongst us, and cherish, educate, and establish in life, his sons and daughters. It is scarcely to be believed that a government pension will not be obtained for Hogan's family. Lord Eglinton, our present respected Viceroy, the Lord Chancellor, and the Attorney General, have surely influence enough to have this, at least, secured. But why the delay? If Lord Carlisle were in office now we should not have to ask this question. But then he knew Hogan well; he knew his talents and his worth. The noblemen and gentlemen now in office have not perhaps had the like opportunities; but as this is no party question they would surely listen to representations properly made. Where are the Irish members? Why are they not united for once, to claim, or solicit, some provision for Hogan's eleven children?

While we await an answer to these questions, we must consider what more remains to be done. A government pension, according to our usage in this country, would go but a little way in such extremity. It would in fact be little more than an acknowledgment of a claim on the nation. Some men of public spirit, who well understand the necessity of freeing the country from an accusation of disgraceful supineness, have formed themselves into a committee for receiving in the City of Dublin subscriptions to the Hogan Fund. Thomas O'Hagan, Esq., Q.C., the eloquent advocate of many a good cause, and Dr. Wilde, who, a rare exception, finds time in the midst of a busy professional career to give aid when public good and national honor are concerned, hold the responsible office of secretaries; and members of many parties, and of every creed, have given valuable assistance, whether as subscribers or

as members of the committee. Suffice it to mention the names of His Grace the Most Rev. Doctor Cullen, the Lord Chancellor, the Provost of Trinity College, the President of Maynooth College. There are some who have not waited to join a public demonstration, but have at once commenced to do good service. Dr. Stokes has generously undertaken to educate Hogan's second son in the medical profession; Trinity College is to make him free of its course; and the Jesuit Fathers have two of the children attending their college, Great Denmark Street. It gives us great pleasure to add that Madame Croft, Superioress of the Convent of the Sacré Coeur, Roscrea, has most kindly intimated that the first vacancy which occurs in that establishment shall be assigned to one of Hogan's daughters. We trust these noble examples will speedily be followed by other institutions.

In spite of these individual instances, Dublin is tame enough in Hogan's cause. We are sure the provinces will do better. The City of the Treaty, the scene of the great sculptor's latest triumph, will not be backward. After honoring the father the citizens of Limerick will not forget to protect the children. Cork is working well in the cause, and her liberality takes not the air of a late restitution, but is only the continuance of an enlightened patronage. The first work of Hogan's son is now certain to be a monumental statue of Father Mathew for the great artist's early home. There is plenty of true Irish blood in the cities and towns of England; shall the cause be an alien one to them? We think, if the press try, it shall be found not so. And America—where we turn so sadly yet so trustingly when the hard-time presses—will the Irishmen, prosperous yet exiled, who labour in the wild plains of Canada, and toil so honorably in the cities of the States, will they, we say, turn a deaf ear when we speak of the sorrow and the need of the children of so great a countryman? Let the press, many-voiced and trumpet-tongued, try again. Hogan's family must be the wards and cherished children of the people, no matter where the Irish race be scattered—and another bright young genius must be sent to Rome, to study and to work, and to walk in his father's footsteps, that Ireland yet may boast she possesses, in her long line of great names, a second JOHN HOGAN.

#### ART. V.—LIFE IN A TUB.

1. *The Water Cure in Chronic Disease.* By James M. Gully, M. D., London: Churchill.
2. *The Water Cure.* By James Wilson, M. D. London: Trubner and Co.
3. *Hydropathy.* By Ed. Wm. Lane, M. D. London: Churchill.
4. *Confessions of a Water Patient.* By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton., Bart.
5. *A few Facts Forgotten by the Faculty.* By S. B. Birch, M. D., London. H. Baillière.

Perhaps there is nothing more characteristic of the march of intellect of the present day, or more indicative of a healthy tone of mind, than the suspicion with which the public in general, and many physicians in particular, are beginning to regard the use of drugs as curative agents—that chiefest engine of the allopathic physician for the relief of suffering humanity.

The freeing of the mind from old and preconceived ideas—from practices, with which we have been familiarized from childhood—the looking with distrust upon a system which since the times of *Æsculapius* and *Hippocrates* has held undisputed sway, arrogating to itself the name of *Orthodox*, and dubbing its opponents as *quacks*—such a change in public opinion is of good or evil omen, according to the causes from which it springs, whether from a calm investigation of the question presented for examination, in which strong arguments, based on scientific principles, and supported by ocular demonstration of effects, are found to preponderate in favor of a new system, or from a revolutionary love of novelty, indicative of versatility and want of faith in established institutions, a love of change which would espouse and propagate any doctrine irrespective of its merits, merely because it was new.

That this change of opinion to which we refer, viz., the want of confidence in drugs, is not altogether frivolous, would appear from the following confession of Dr. Forbes, a distinguished allopathic physician, who thus sums up the experience of a long professional career.

“Firstly. That in a large proportion of the cases treated by allopathic physicians, the disease is cured by nature and not by them. Secondly. That in a lesser, but still not a small proportion, the dis-

ease is cured by nature in *spite* of them ; in other words their interference opposing instead of assisting the cure, and Thirdly, that consequently in a considerable proportion of diseases it would fare as well or *better* with patients, if all remedies, especially drugs, were abandoned."

Again, one of the most eminent of living medical writers says,

"When healthy properties are impaired, we know of no agent by which they can be *directly* restored, when vital action is perverted or deranged, we possess no means of *immediately* rectifying it, but we must be satisfied with using those means under which it is most likely to RECTIFY ITSELF."

It is the knowledge of these facts that has produced discontent with the usual mode of medicinal treatment, and has encouraged the belief, that it does more harm than good in cases of disease. Dr. Gully states :—

"By it (the drug system) the body is placed in the most unnatural position, and its efforts at relief constantly *thwarted*. Disease, which is quite as natural a process as health, is not allowed to go on as nature would ; the internal organs whose morbid action alone can cause death, are made the arena for all sorts of conflicting and inflicting medical stimulants ; and between the action which these excite, and that which originally existed, their vitality fails, their efforts towards restoration flag, and their functions are at last extinguished."

The British and Foreign Quarterly Journal—the leading journal of drug medication—thus writes :—

"This mode of treating disease (Hydropathy) is unquestionably far from inert, and most opposed to the cure of diseases, by the undisturbed processes of nature. *It in fact perhaps affords the very best evidence we possess of the curative power of art, and is unquestionably when rationally regulated a most effective mode of treatment in many diseases.* Still it puts in a striking light, if not exactly the curative powers of nature, at least the possibility—nay, facility—with which all the ordinary instruments of medical cure, drugs, may be dispensed with. If so many and such various diseases get well entirely without drugs, under one special mode of treatment, is it not more than probable, that a treatment consisting almost exclusively of drugs may be often of non-effect—sometimes of injurious effect ?"

Dr. Headland, in his prize essay on the action of medicines on the system, thus writes :—

"On no question perhaps have scientific men differed more than on the theory of the action of medicines. Either facts, essentially opposed and incompatible, have been adduced by the disagreeing parties, or which is nearly as common, the same fact has received two distinct and opposite interpretations.

Such quotations as the above show that enquiry is abroad amongst the medical profession, and that some at least of its members are dissatisfied with the truth of the system which

would consider drug medication an essential instrument in the cure of disease.

As the mode of treating disease promulgated by the followers of Hydropathy, in consequence of the great success which has attended its practice, has perhaps mainly contributed to that change in the public mind to which we have alluded, we propose very briefly to direct the attention of our readers to its mode of action, and by investigating the principles which it advocates, inquire whether it can fairly lay claim to public support, and how far it can prove the title which it lays claim to of being a *true, rational, and natural mode of curing disease*.

The most eminent physiologists of the present day agree in regarding disease in general, as an effort of nature to relieve the system of matter injurious to its well-being: this being the case, the natural and common sense mode of *curing* disease, would obviously consist in assisting nature in its efforts to expel the morbid substance from the system, and thus relieve it from the danger which threatened it. Now this is exactly the principle on which Hydropathy proceeds; it aids, encourages, and strengthens the efforts of nature to heal herself, instead of irritating, thwarting, and weakening those efforts, by the pernicious administration of drugs.

To render the foregoing position intelligible to our readers, it is necessary to premise, that the action of all active medicines depends upon the principle, (admitted by all physiologists,) that nature ever makes a continued effort to cure herself, never ceasing in her attempts to relieve the body from whatever injurious matter may be present in it; and it is this effort of nature to expel the irritant matter from the system, which makes the drug produce its effect: thus when a preparation of sulphur is administered, as a medicine, nature in her effort to get rid of the sulphur, opens her pores to expel it. This is proved by the resulting perspiration, and by the circumstances that everything in contact with the patient is found on analysis to be largely impregnated with the constituents of the medicine;—the well known fact of all articles of silver about the person, being tarnished, being an illustration of this effect; in addition to this the stomach is weakened and irritated by the medicine which has been poured into it; and further, if the dose is repeated, nature getting gradually accustomed to the intruder, ceases from her inhospitable exertion to expel it, and as a consequence the medicine fails in producing

its intended effect. We have here referred to the *successful* administration of a drug, but in many instances it entirely fails to produce the desired result, acting injuriously upon other organs of the system, quite contrary to the effect intended. We will now compare this treatment with the hydropathic mode of producing the effects aimed at by sudorifics; their usual appliances consist of the lamp and Turkish baths, and the result is this, that by their method a most powerful effect is produced on the skin in the course of about half an hour, after which the patient feels lightened, strengthened and invigorated, no deleterious substances are passed into the stomach, irritating its membranes, and the process may be *repeated* as often as may be necessary with undiminished effect. Who ever saw a patient recovering from the perspiratory process according to the orthodox allopathic mode of treatment, who was not weakened and somewhat dejected, whilst buoyancy of spirits and invigoration of the system, are the usual accompaniments of the hydropathic process. Take another example from the process of wet-sheet packing, and examine its effects in subduing inflammatory and febrile affections; by this simple process the pulse is often reduced from 120 pulsations per minute to 65, in the short period of three-quarters of an hour, the circulation equalized throughout the body, and a soothing effect produced on the patient, which it is almost impossible to describe: what no drug or combination of drugs in the whole of the pharmacopeia, is capable of producing; in this case again little lowering of strength is produced, and the stomach is again saved from the injurious and irritating effects of Tartar emetic and other drugs; instead of the fever raging for a period of three *weeks*, it is generally subdued in as many *days*, when the patient goes forth, but little reduced in strength, instead of being weak, miserable, and emaciated with the prospect of some six weeks elapsing before he is restored to his wonted strength. Sir Lytton Bulwer thus describes from personal experience the process of wet-sheet packing:—"The sheet after being well saturated is well wrung-out,—the patient quickly wrapped in it—several blankets bandaged round, a down coverlet tucked over all; thus, especially where there is the least fever, the first momentary chill is promptly succeeded by a gradual and vivifying warmth perfectly free from the irritation of dry heat,—a delicious sense of ease is usually followed by a sleep more agreeable than anodyne ever produced. It seems a positive cruelty to be taken out of this magic girdle in which pain is lulled and fever cooled, and watchfulness lapped in slum-

ber." In the effect of wet-sheet packing in cases of congestion of the liver and other internal viscera, we fear an unfavourable comparison must again be drawn between the effects of the allopathic and hydropathic modes of treatment; in these cases the object to be effected is to relieve the oppressed and congested organs from the superabundance of blood with which they are gorged, and it appears to us that this effect is produced more certainly, more quickly and more permanently, without subsequent injurious effects, by the wet-sheet packing, and other hydropathic appliances, sitz baths amongst the rest, than could possibly be effected by all the drugs in the Apothecary's Hall: in fact hydropathy appears to possess greater power in *controlling the circulation and regulating the currents of the blood* than any other system of therapeutics at present revealed to us; it can stimulate the circulation when low, reduce it when excited and disordered, determine it from the head in cases of apoplexy and cold feet, and drive it to the surface of the body in cases of visceral congestion; an engine capable of producing these effects *without weakening* the constitution, and possessing in addition the power of bracing and stimulating the nervous system when weakened, and of soothing and allaying irritation wherever it may exist, more effectually than any opiate; such a system we say, must ever occupy a high, if not the foremost place amongst all existing systems of Hygiene. The physiological effects of wet-sheet packing are thus described by Dr. Wilson:—

"It fulfils many indications according to the various phases of disease; if you revert to what I have said of the specific actions and effects of the packing process, you will see sufficient ground for our using the invaluable aid of the wet sheet in chronic disease. We often want heat to be abstracted in these diseases, we want the nerves soothed, the circulation equalized, muscles rested, fatigue removed, a movement of the fluids to be determined to the surface, interior congestions to be disgorged, the equilibrium of the fluids established, secretions and exhalations to be promoted, ill-conditioned solids to be broken up and eliminated, the tissues of the skin to be soaked, its capillaries to be emptied and cleansed, its sentient extremities to be soothed, and through them the brain to be quieted on the one hand, and the ganglionic\* system to be roused on the other."

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\* The ganglionic nerves are those which cover the stomach, and regulate the digestive organs: they are also called the "*Iolar Plexus*."



How many lives have been sacrificed by the practice of bleeding in feverish and inflammatory cases, from the non-adoption of wet sheet packing, which causes no loss of strength, and leaves behind none of the debility and consequent long convalescence, which bleeding and strong medicines necessarily occasion; it is to us indeed inexplicable how so insane a process as bleeding can still be resorted to in this 19th century, a process which deprives nature of her vital fluid, and lets flow the stream on which our *very existence* depends.\* How can this cutting of the strings of life be defended when an expedient for lowering inflammation without reducing the strength, presents itself for adoption by the physician, one which by its action purifies the blood, reducing fever by the abstraction of heat and by the removal of the serum or watery constituent of the blood, which contains all its impurities. Will the public any longer place confidence in the physician who when invited to cure them, would weaken them by bleeding, and assist the operations of nature by depriving her of that vital stream on the existence of which her self-restoring properties depend? will they prefer a system which ensures a long convalescence to the patient, to that in which he recovers from his disease without any sensible diminution of his strength, or injury to his constitution? The system of wet sheet packing is so extraordinary, and satisfactory in its results, that he who refuses to make use of it must lag behind, whilst success will attend the efforts of him who judiciously applies it in the cases to which it is suited.

The compress and hot stupe, next demand our attention; both are usually applied to the stomach; the latter consisting of a vulcanized India-rubber bag filled with hot water which is laid over a towel, the under folds of which are moistened and placed next the body, a most efficient and convenient form of fomentation; these remedies are applied in the treatment of nearly all chronic diseases, where there is morbid action of the stomach, liver, or kidneys; this form of stupe, Dr. Wilson calls the "*ne plus ultra*" of poulticing, soothing and derivation being by it most perfectly obtained, and in the greatest degree. Each operation has on deep seated chronic

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\* The late melancholy case of Mr. Stafford O'Brien is an instance of this injurious practice; that gentleman was copiously bled, doubtless that he might be the better enabled, in his so enfeebled condition, to resist the action of a powerful poison (opium) afterwards administered with deadly effect.

irritation, as one of its qualities, the advantageous effect of a mild blister or mustard plaster, without any of its drawbacks, and in acute inflammations, in all nervous or neuralgic pains, in the sufferings of colic, biliousness, or sickness of the stomach, or other digestive derangements from dietetic errors, and in the malaise ushering in fevers and inflammations, in sore throat, &c., or affections of the lungs and air tubes, it is then found to be the most agreeable and potent anodyne and equalizer of the circulation." It in effect accomplishes the most salutary operations of opiates, without any risk of congesting the liver, or producing that sickness and atony of the stomach, and all but paralysis of the lower bowels which result from the use of narcotic drugs. "No nervous irritations," says Dr. Wilson, "no visceral congestions, especially if of recent formation, but are soon relieved by this powerful *retulsive rubefacient* and *anodyne*. With the dissipation of those interior congestions comes the solution of pains and spasms, or flatulence which may have risen to a severe state of suffering, the release of bilious and nervous headaches, neuralgic pains, asthmatic fits, &c. These have all their origin near or remote in visceral obstructions, congestions, &c. In most cases where for a longer or shorter time any organic action has been embarrassed, sleep banished or disquieted, and the patient irritated and exhausted to the last degree; by aid of the fomentations, in a brief time organic calm takes the place of organic tumult, ease succeeds to agitation, and the whole apparatus feels to work normally and with renewed alacrity. What I have just described, you may frequently hear repeated and descanted upon in the same strain by my patients."

The effect of hot-stupe in the removal of irritation from the viscera, the immediate cause of dysentery, &c., is very remarkable, and from our knowledge of its effects, we have often regretted, that so simple and rational an expedient was not resorted to, in the treatment of those diseases by which our noble army was more than decimated in the late Crimean Campaign. On this subject Dr. Wilson, remarks, "so strong was my conviction, that I wrote to my good friend Lord Rokeby, requesting him to offer my service through Mr. Sidney Herbert. I offered to go and remain there (at Scutari,) entirely at my own expense, not as a "water doctor," but as an ordinary medical practitioner, willing to lend a hand, and make himself generally useful. I stated that I had almost lived in hospitals

for seven years, had afterwards witnessed the practice of nearly every great hospital in Europe, and could undertake simple operations, and any amputations with little preparation: had been twenty-five years in practice. After some weeks I received a polite letter thanking me, but fearing it could not be done, not being quite the custom. About this time there was an outcry for medical men, those at the hospitals were too few for the work, they were worn out with fatigue."—Further on he adds—"I have had a great many patients suffering under Chronic diseases from climate, exposure, and want of care, &c., patients from India, Ceylon, and the Antipodes, with long continued diarrhoea, dysentery, and intractable fever of an intermittent character. From the success of this simple treatment in those cases, I have not ceased to regret that I did not go to Scutari on my own account without permit or introduction. I might have introduced the practice gradually, being sure that it only required a trial to have been adopted by the medical staff with great satisfaction."

We join Dr. Wilson, heartily in this regret, as it would have led to the introduction of this remedy if proved efficient, and silenced its advocates if it proved a failure. Nowhere could the two systems have been more severely and satisfactorily tested, and we should all have benefitted by the result; the relative merits of the two systems would have been decided, and the public no longer left to hang in doubt between them.

The sitz bath and foot bath next claim our attention, the former acting with marked effect in cases of congestion of the liver and other internal organs; by abstracting heat from the surface of the body submitted to its influence, a transference of fluids takes place from the centre to the exterior, and the congested organs are relieved from their excess of blood by its being thus determined to the surface; this effect, at first temporary becomes *permanent*, when the use of the bath has been persevered in for some time. Let us now compare the effects of this bath, in the cases of congestion of the liver, with the treatment usually pursued by the orthodox physicians; their remedies consist in dosing with Calomel, or Taraxicum, or in the application of leeches to the affected region; the two former stimulate the action of the liver, in spite of the congested blood which oppresses it, but they do not attempt to deal with the causes of this congestion, the result of which is that the liver being weakened by its unnatural exertions consequent on the unnatural stimulants which have been administered to it, sinks—

after the effect of the unnatural stimulus has worn away,—into a more enfeebled and exhausted state, and the original cause of the congestion remaining unremoved, matters become worse than at first; in the case of leeching the topical bleeding relieves the affection *for a time*, but this is a remedy which cannot be REPEATED in consequence of the weakness it engenders, and when the bleeding is given up, how do matters stand?—the *disease* remains in statu quo; not so, however, the constitution, for this has been weakened by the bleeding, and nature being consequently less able to cure herself *chronic* disease of the liver results. On the other hand the hydropathic treatment necessary to determine the blood from the congested organ to the surface, and so remove the disease, can be repeated as often as desirable, with renewed effect, until permanent relief is afforded by a perseverance in the treatment, and the patient improves in general health, *pari passu*, with the cure of his particular disease. The effects of the sitz bath, are it appears either tonic or relaxing according to the length of time during which it is administered; if a tonic effect is desired, a period varying from 10 to 15 minutes is prescribed—if a relaxing or derivative effect is to be produced, the period is extended to half an hour or 45 minutes.

As regards the use of the foot bath, we may observe that the theory of its administration subverts all our preconceived ideas as to the proper mode of treating those affections for which it is usually prescribed; for instance the old mode of proceeding in affections of blood to the head, or in cases of cold feet, was to apply cold to the head and warmth to the feet in the shape of hot flannels, hot bricks, and stupes; now the modern mode of proceeding is the very reverse of this, viz. to bathe the head in tepid, and place the feet in cold water to about the depth of three inches, up to the ankles: friction of the feet should accompany their immersion, the whole being continued for about ten minutes. Let any person suffering from cold feet try this remedy, and they will satisfy themselves of the truth of the practice which enjoins it: its rationale is as follows. The application of warm water to the head of the same temperature as the body, does not increase the flow of blood to it, whilst the subsequent evaporation from the moist and warm surface of the head cools it gradually, and so diminishes the flow of blood to it, whilst the cold application to the feet, has “for a secondary result the attraction and retention in those parts of great quantity of blood, and consequently of increased temperature there. In fact,” continues Dr.

Gully, "a cold foot bath of 12 or 15 minutes *followed* by a walk of *half-an-hour*, is the most certain way to warm the feet that can be devised; just as per contra, the most certain way to *ensure cold feet*, is to soak them in *hot* water. The same applies to the hands. When the patient is in a condition to take it, a walk is necessary to obtain the circulating reaction alluded to:" he adds, "the warmth remains for several hours. Very frequently I have heard persons say that they have not known cold feet since they began to take cold foot baths."

We would next make some observations on the different modes of treating that fatal and mysterious disease, which has so long baffled the curative efforts of the most eminent physicians of their day, we mean pulmonary consumption, and it is gratifying to find that a great step towards a rational and successful mode of treatment based on sound physiological principles has lately obtained in the case of this disease, which mode of treatment we hope soon to see generally adopted by the medical profession.\* The unsuccessful treatment of this disease has hitherto cast a slur on medical science, and it is not to be wondered at, that little success should have attended on the old mode of treatment, since recent observation, and matured experience have shown, on physiological principles, that no *worse* mode could have been devised for curing it, nor a surer one adopted for producing an aggravation of its symptoms. This new view of the matter is very ably set forth in Dr. Lane's work, which we heartily recommend to the perusal of our readers, as a sensible and modest statement of the benefits resulting from Hydropathic treatment in cases of this description. Dr. Lane looks upon consumption as essentially a *blood* disease, in which opinion he is confirmed by the first physiologists of the day, and by those physicians who have had most experience in the treatment of that particular disease, Sir James Clarke, Professor Bennett, Dr. Balbyrnie, and others. These physicians all agree in stating that indigestion or derangement of the stomach and digestive organs is a universal forerunner of pulmonary consumption, and without this derangement, consumption cannot exist; consequent on this diseased state of the digestive organs, imperfect blood is assimilated, *defi-*

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\* We do not pretend to assert, that consumption is curable when ORGANIC disease of the lungs has actually been established, but we maintain that the disease is *perfectly curable* in its incipient stages, though not by drugs, nor banishment to a foreign clime. The latter may somewhat prolong the disease, but will not cure it unless by *accident*, when of a very mild form.

*cient* in its oleaginous elements, and containing an *undue* amount of albuminous materials, that in consequence of this deficiency of oleaginous elements, the blood is incapable of being converted into true cellular tissue to replace the effete material of the lungs, and the superabundant quantity of albumen has a tendency to exude upon the lungs on their exposure to cold in the form of tubercles, which process is unaccompanied by inflammatory action; these facts are based on long observations and direct chemical analysis of the substance composing the tubercles, which consist of almost pure albumen, and on this theory the wonderful effects of cod liver oil in consumptive cases, and the great emaciation of body which results from the disease are satisfactorily explained; in the one case, the cod liver oil supplies in a light and digestible form the oleaginous element in which the blood is deficient; in the other the system has recourse to the fatty or adipose matter of the body to supply the oleaginous principle, but now the question arises, supposing that indigestion is the universal precursor of consumption, from what does this indigestion, and consequent imperfect assimilation of the blood proceed? this question Dr. Lane does not touch upon, but we believe that Dr. Barter, the well-known Hydropathic physician of Blarney, considers that it arises from defective vitality\* in the blood, caused by deficiency of oxygen in the system, more immediately proceeding from defective capacity of the lungs and imperfect action of the skin. The skin and lungs, it must be remembered, are supplementary organs—stop the action of *either*, and death inevitably ensues, and on their perfect or imperfect action, perfect or imperfect health depends. This view of the disease is illustrated by the history of the monkey; in its wild state, the best authorities state, it never gets consumption, but domesticate the animal, so inducing bad action of the lungs from want of sufficient exercise, and wholesome air, and imperfect action of the skin arising from the same cause, and it usually dies of this disease; these observations equally apply to all cases of scrofulous degeneration, which physicians estimate as carrying off prematurely 1-6th of the whole human family.† Of this terrible

\* The temperature and vitality of our bodies depend upon the continued and rapid combination of oxygen with the oxydizable products of the blood; if the necessary supply of oxygen be interfered with, the vitality of the system flags, and disease results.

† The very name of scrofula points to the origin of the disease, it being derived from the Latin *Scrofa*, a pig, in allusion to the condition of the skin in those persons in whom a scrofulous habit has been engendered.

disease, the scourge of the human race, we may here observe, that consumption is merely a form of it, and that it is moreover *hereditary*, thus showing it to be a true *blood* disease.

Having referred to the fact of the lungs and skin being supplementary organs, the principal duty of both being to aerate the blood, it may be interesting to lay before our readers the following extracts from the results of experiments bearing on this point, which have been made by Monsieur Fourcault with the view of ascertaining the effect of the suppression of transpiration by the skin, in animals, by coating their bodies with an impermeable varnish. The committee of the French Institute thus describes these experiments.

"The substances which he used were givet-glue, dextrine, pitch and tar, and several plastic compounds, sometimes the varnish was made to cover the whole of the animal's body; at other times only a more or less extensive part of it. The accidents which follow this proceeding, are more or less complete or incomplete, general or partial. In every case the health of the animals is soon much impaired and their life in danger. Those which have been submitted to those experiments, under our observation, have died in one or two days, and in some cases *in a few hours only*."

"In the opinion of the committee, these experiments are full of interest for the future,\* \* \* the experiments of M. Fourcault cannot fail to throw a new light upon the physiological and pathological phenomena, depending upon the double function of *inhalation* and exhalation of the cutaneous system."

Monsieur Fourcault himself, thus writes:—

"The mucous membranes were not the only parts affected by the artificial suppression of the insensible perspiration. We also observed the production of serous effusions in the pericardium, and even in the pleurae. These effusions thus demonstrate that dropsies are found in the same body as mucous discharges. Several dogs died with paraplegia, and could only drag themselves along on their forepaws; some died *atrophied* and their lungs contained miliary *tubercules*, which appeared to me from their whiteness, and softness to be of *recent* formation. It was therefore, now impossible to doubt the influence of the suppression of the insensible perspiration of the skin upon the changes in the blood, the mucous and serous exudations, and finally upon the development of local lesions.

"But the results of these experiments differ *in toto* according as the plastering is partial or general, or as it suspends the action of the skin incompletely or completely. In the first case the alteration of the blood is not carried so far, as to cause the dissolution of its organic elements; it can coagulate, and present, in some few cases, a buffy coat of little consistency, bearing some resemblance to that which is found in inflammatory blood. As to the tissues affected, they however appear to me to present the anatomical characteristics of the consequences of local inflammation.

"But when the application of very adhesive substances upon the whole of the body quickly suppresses the cutaneous exhalation, and consequently prevents the action of the air upon the skin, death takes place much more speedily, and appears to be the result of *true asphyxia*. The breathing of the animals experimented upon is difficult, they take deep inspirations in order to inhale a larger quantity of air than usual; their death is violent, and is often accompanied by convulsive movements. On dissection, we find in the veins, and the right cavities of the heart, sometimes also in the left, but very rarely in the arteries, a black diffuent blood, forming sometimes into soft and diffuent coagula, and coagulating very imperfectly when exposed to atmospherical air. This dissolution of the blood from the formation of large ecchymoses and of effusions into the lungs and other organs; the capillary vessels are usually injected. One can see that the alteration of the blood has been the true cause of the stagnation of the circulation in this order of vessels.\* \* \* \*

"It is important to state that man, in the same way as animals, dies from *cutaneous asphyxia* when his body is covered by impermeable applications. I shall detail, in another work, the results of my researches upon this subject, and facts which still belong to general history will enter into the province of medicine. Thus at Florence, when Leo X., was raised to the pontificate, a child was gilt all over, in order to represent the golden age. This unfortunate child soon died, the victim of a physiological experiment of a novel kind. I have gilded, silvered and tinned several guinea-pigs, and all have died like the child at Florence."

Monsieur Fourcault in summing up his researches remarks as follows:—

"Nasal catarrh, diarrhoea, paralysis, marasmus, convulsive



movements, and finally the phenomena of *asphyxia* are also the results of the same experiments. Cutaneous asphyxia may cause the death of man and animals ; in this affection the blood presents, in the highest degree, the refrigerant, and stupefying qualities of *VENOUS\** blood."

The above extracts are our answer to those superficial medical objectors, who would argue, that death is not occasioned in the above cases by the exclusion of atmospheric air from the system, but by the suppression of poisonous salts secreted in the skin ; the effects of the suppression of the most poisonous and irritating of these is well known to the physician, but the phenomena which they present bear no analogy to those presented in the case before us, which exhibit all the symptoms and appearance of true suffocation ; if however the evidence of these experiments be not sufficient to convince him, we will be prepared to meet him, on a more convenient battle field, where arguments which would only prove tedious and unintelligible to the non-professionable reader, may be adduced without reserve, in support of our position.

Now if it be conceded that the main cause of consumption (tracing the disease back to its earliest stage) is to be found in an insufficient supply of oxygen to the system (which certainly the success attendant on the treatment, based upon this theory would lead one to suppose) we would ask our readers seriously to reflect how can consumption be cured by drugging, and how can the much required oxygen be supplied to the system by any such proceeding ? We think that the results of such a system afford a satisfactory answer to this question ; failure marking its course wherever it has been tried. Again as regards the fashionable remedy of going abroad, how are we likely to get more oxygen supplied to us abroad than at home ? A mild climate may certainly prove less irritating than our native air to a diseased and disordered lung and the suffering and uneasiness consequent on the irritation may be thereby allayed, but we are not a whit nearer being cured, nor have we properly gone to work† to remove the main spring and origin of the disease.

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\* When blood is overloaded with carbon, and deprived of its necessary supply of oxygen, the term " Venous" is applied to it.

† Where consumption has been relieved by residence abroad, the benefit derived must be attributed to the action on the skin produced by the hot climates to which the patient is usually ordered, but recovery in this way has been confined to very mild forms of the disease, and cannot be looked upon, as a scientific mode of treatment ; the

Let our readers bear in mind the following aphorism of Dr. Hall; "Close bedrooms make the graves of multitudes;" let them recollect that impure blood is the origin of consumption, and that *impure* air, causes *impure* blood.

Acting on these principles, in curing consumption, Dr. Barter would use all means to place the system in a favourable condition to receive a full supply of oxygen, first by a direct inhalation of a mixture of oxygen and atmospheric air through the lungs, secondly by enjoining a large amount of active exercise in the open air, when practicable, and sleeping at night with open windows, and thirdly by inducing a healthy action of the skin,\* and consequent supply through it, of oxygen to the blood, by the intervention of the Turkish bath; this mode of treatment has, we believe, proved most successful, whilst the old mode of treatment, of which it is the very antipodes, viz., keeping the patient in a heated and impure atmosphere, and applying a respirator to the mouth, has proved most unsuccessful and fatal: how it could ever have entered into the brain of a physician to recommend the use of a respirator as a cure for consumption we are at a loss to imagine, a more ingenious mode of shutting out the pure atmosphere essential to our existence, and exchanging it for one loaded with carbonic acid, (thus aggravating the disease which it seeks to cure,) could not possibly be devised. Man in a state of health requires pure air as a condition of his existence, and can it be supposed that in a state of *disease*, he will be able *more successfully* to resist the effects of poison on his system, than when in a state of health. Will he in a state of disease be strengthened and improved by the loss of that, on a due supply of which, when well, the continuance of his health and strength would depend? Does the experience of our readers furnish them

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improved action of the skin deserving to be considered rather as induced *accidentally* than by design; as otherwise more attention would have been paid to so important a matter, and there would have been no necessity for ordering the patient abroad, as similar results could have been obtained much more easily and effectually, by keeping him at home; the use of the Turkish Bath conferring all the benefits of increased temperature, followed by the tonic effects of cool air and water, by which the debilitating effects of *continual* residence in a warm climate are obviated.

\* Dr. Hufeland remarks—"The more active and open the skin is the more secure will the people be against obstructions and diseases of the lungs, intestines, and lower stomach; and the less tendency will they have to gastric (bilious) fevers, hypochondriasis, gout, asthma, catarrh and varicose veins."

with a single case of recovery from consumption caused by the use of a respirator, or does it not, on the contrary, supply them in every case where it has been resorted to with instances of the bad effects attendant upon its use?

In support of the view taken by Dr. Barter, we would observe that *narrow and contracted lungs, an impure atmosphere, uncleanly habits, sedentary occupation, indulgence in alcoholic liquors, and over eating*, all directly tend to the overloading of the blood with carbon, and they are also the most frequent causes of consumption; but the success attending this treatment is the argument which will have most weight with the public, and tend to its extension and adoption by the profession at large; when this takes place we shall not have consumptive patients sent abroad to seek restoration of their health,—“to Nice, where more *native* persons die of consumption than in any English town of equal population,—to Madeira, where no local disease is more prevalent than consumption,—to Malta, where one-third of the deaths amongst our troops are caused by consumption,—to Naples, whose hospitals record a mortality from consumption of one in two and one-third of the patients,—nor finally to Florence, where pneumonia is said to be marked by a suffocating character, and a rapid progress towards its final stage. Sir James Clarke has assailed with much force the doctrine that change of climate is beneficial in cases of consumption. M. Carriere, a French physician, has written strongly against it. Dr. Burgess, an eminent Scotch physician, also contends that climate has little or nothing to do with the cure of consumption, and that if it had, the curative effects would be produced through the skin and not the lungs, by opening the pores, and promoting a better aeration of the blood.”

Before leaving this subject we would entreat our readers seriously to consider the observations here addressed to them, and the facts which have been adduced in support of the mode of treatment which we have advocated. The subject is one of fearful moment, as on this disease being rightly understood, the lives of millions of our countrymen depend: if a rational mode of treatment be adopted, its fearful ravages may be successfully encountered and stayed, but if not, the pallid spectre will stalk, as it has hitherto done, unchecked, through the length and breadth of our island, bearing death to millions of her sons.

With regard to water drinking, an important part of the hydropathic process, and against which much prejudice exists,

the following extracts from the pen of the justly celebrated allopathic physician, Sir Henry Holland, will not, we hope, be considered out of place. In his work styled "Medical Notes and Reflections," treating of "Diluents," he thus writes:—

"Though there may seem little reason for considering these as a separate class of remedies, yet I doubt whether the principles of treatment implied in the name is sufficiently regarded in modern practice. On the Continent, indeed, the use of diluents is much more extensive than in England; and, under the form of mineral waters especially, makes up in some countries a considerable part of general practice. But putting aside all question as to mineral ingredients in water, the consideration more expressly occurs, to what extent and with what effects this great diluent, the only one which really concerns the animal economy, may be introduced into the system as a remedy? Looking at the definite proportion which in healthy state exists in all parts of the body between the aqueous, saline, and animal ingredients—at the various organs destined directly or indirectly, to regulate the proportion—and at the morbid results occurring whenever it is materially altered—we must admit the question as one very important in the animal economy, and having various relation to the causes and treatment of disease. Keeping in mind then this reference to the use of water as an internal remedy, diluents may be viewed under three conditions of probable usefulness;—first, the mere mechanical effect of quantity of liquid in diluting and washing away matters, excrementitious or noxious, from the alimentary canal;—Secondly, their influence in modifying certain morbid conditions of the blood;—and thirdly, their effect upon various functions of secretion and excretion, and especially upon those of the kidneys and skin. . . . The first is an obvious benefit in many cases, and not to be disdained from any notion of its vulgar simplicity. It is certain, there are many states of the alimentary canal, in which the free use of water at stated times produces good, which cannot be attained by other or stronger remedies. I have often known the action of the bowels to be maintained with regularity for a long period, simply by a tumbler of water, warm or cold, on an empty stomach, in cases where medicine had almost lost its effect, or become a source only of distressing irritation. The advantage of such treatment is still more strongly attested, where the secretions taking place into the intestines, or the products formed there during digestion, become vitiated in kind. Here dilution lessens that irritation to the membranes, which we cannot so readily obviate by other means, and aids in removing the cause from the body with less distress than any other remedy. In some cases where *often* and *largely* used, its effect goes farther in actually altering the state of the secreting surfaces by direct application to them. I mention these circumstances upon experience, having often obtained much good from resorting to them in practice, when stronger medicines and ordinary methods had proved of little avail. Dilution thus used, for example, so as to act on the contents of the bowels, is beneficial in many dyspeptic cases,

where it is especially an object to avoid needless irritation to the system. Half-a-pint or more of water taken when fasting at the temperature most agreeable to the patient, will often be found to give singular relief to his morbid sensations \* \* \* In reference to the foregoing uses of diluents, it is to be kept in mind, that the lining of the alimentary canal is, to all intents, a surface, as well as the skin, pretty nearly equal in extent; exercising some similar functions, with others more appropriate to itself, and capable in many respects of being acted upon in a similar manner. As respects the subject before us, it is both expedient and correct in many cases to regard diluents as acting on this internal surface analogously to liquids on the skin. And I would apply this remark not only to the mechanical effects of the remedy, but also to their use as the medium for conveying cold to internal parts;—a point of practice which either the simplicity of the means, or the false alarms besetting it, have hitherto prevented from being duly regarded."

Again he writes :—

"Without reference, however, to these extreme cases, it must be repeated, that the use of water, simply as a diluent, scarcely receives attention and discrimination enough in our English practice."

And again :—

"As I have been treating of this remedy only in its simplest form, I do not advert to the use of the different mineral waters farther than to state, that they confirm these general views, separating as far as can be done, their effect as diluents from that of the ingredients they contain. The copious employment of some of them in continental practice gives room for observation, which is wanting under our more limited use. I have often seen five or six pints taken daily for some weeks together, (a great part of it in the morning while fasting,) with singular benefit in many cases to the general health and most obviously to the state of the secretions. \* \* \*

These courses, however, were always conjoined with ample *exercise* and regular habits of life; doubtless influencing much the action of the waters, and aiding their salutary effect."

With this quotation we take leave of Sir Henry Holland, merely observing, that no hydropathist could say more on the subject than he has done, and that the continental practice referred to, of drinking large quantities of water conjoined with ample exercise and regular habits of life, is precisely that practice which hydropathy enjoins.

It may not be uninteresting to observe, that under Hydropathic treatment, chronic disease frequently becomes acute, for as the body improves in strength the more acutely will any existing disease develope itself, and for the following reason: pain is caused by an effort of nature to relieve the system of some morbid influence residing in it, and the stronger the constitution, the

greater efforts will it make to remove that morbid influence, and therefore the greater will be the pain; but on the other hand, when the body is enfeebled, its efforts to relieve itself, though continual, are weak and inefficient, and the disease remaining in the system, assumes the chronic and less painful form. Now with these facts before them, we have been amused at hearing physicians observe, in their efforts to decry the "Water System," "Oh it is good for the general health, but nothing more." When speaking thus they do not however reflect, that they are affording the strongest possible testimony in support of the system which they seek to decry, inasmuch as every physiologist, from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, admits the principle, that the cure of disease is to be sought for in the powers of the living organism *alone*, and it must be evident that the more you strengthen that organism, the more you increase its powers to cure itself, and diminish its liability to future disease.

Having trespassed thus far on the attention of our readers, we would conclude by inviting them and the medical profession generally, to a calm and dispassionate investigation, as far as their opportunities allow, of the relative merits of the allopathic and hydropathic modes of treating disease, approaching the investigation with a mind devoid of prejudice and bigotry. Their duty to themselves and to society demands this enquiry from them—two antagonistic systems (we use the term advisedly) are presented for their acceptance, which will they lay hold of? To assist them in determining this point we would recommend for their quiet perusal, either or all of the works alluded to in this article, the study of which will be found interesting and profitable. If they conclude that drugs are wholesome let them by all means be swallowed, but if they are proved to be injurious, deleterious and unnecessary, then away with them; if opiates are innocuous let them be retained, but if they congest the liver, sicken the stomach, and paralyse the actions of the vital organs, the sooner they are erased for ever from the Hygienic Pharmacopeia the better—let them gracefully retire in favor of the improved system of hot stupes, fomentations, and the abdominal compress.

We would ask the medical profession of Ireland to reflect on the fact, that Dr. Barter's establishment at Blarney contains at this moment upwards of 120 patients, with many more frequently seeking for admission within its walls, most of whom leave the estab-

lishment ardent converts to Hydropathy; determined for the rest of their lives to "throw physio to the dogs," fleeing from it as from some poisonous thing. It will not do for them to pooh pooh the system, and tell their patients, as many of them do, that it will kill them; such language only betrays ignorance on their part, and will not put down a system which daily gives the lie to their predictions by affording ocular demonstration of its efficacy, in the restored health and blooming cheek of many an emaciated friend. Men are too sensible now-a-days to pin their faith on the dictum of a medical man, who runs down a system without fairly investigating it, and examining the principles on which it acts, to say nothing of the prejudice he must feel in favor of his own particular system; but if a mode of treatment be rational, producing cures when every other system of treatment has failed, and recommend itself to the common sense and reason of mankind, we believe such a principle will make its way despite of all the opposition it may encounter, and this very progress the water cure is at present making.

The very simplicity of the processes of the water cure, which people cannot believe capable of producing the effects ascribed to them, has chiefly militated against its more universal reception, by the lay public, together with the belief (ingrained by long habit,) in the absolute necessity for drugs, in curing disease; but this belief, if not rationally founded, will soon give way: were the condition, however, of affairs reversed, and Hydropathy become as old a system as the Allopathic, this belief, in the efficacy of an old school, might be securely entertained; for no one would think for a moment of exchanging a system, fixed, intelligible and certain in its action, as based on scientific principles, and consonant with the laws of physiology, for the uncertain, groping, empirical, and injurious practice of drug medication.

*Δορυμένη.*

ART. VI.—“WIGS ON THE GREEN.”

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

If it be true that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, there may yet be hope for the Board of Trinity College. Their next step may possibly raise them to the sublime, for their last has made them supremely ridiculous. Having been exposed to the fire of formidable batteries on all sides from north and south, English and Irish, daily, weekly, and monthly, they in solemn conclave resolve to open fire in return and thereupon they plant with mighty preparation, a pop-gun. But we fear, though

“ ——— Facilis descensus Averni,  
Sed revocare gradum,—  
Hic labor, hoc opus est—”

A brief narrative of events will introduce our remarks. Since Dr. Shaw's questions on the hustings in April last, drew public attention to the affairs of the college, the newspapers of Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Liverpool, and other places, have kept up and increased that attention by a continuous series of articles. The public and the board were equally amazed, the former at the state of things now discovered for the first time, the latter at the revolutionary audacity which was not overawed by the venerable aspect of the sacrosanct seven. In their dimes they cast about what to do. Oh, that they could trace some of those sharp missiles and a collegiate hand! the arrow marked specially “for Alexander's eye,” should be returned with envenomed barb. At last they hit upon a grand move which should, as they hoped, crush the rebellion in the bud. They remembered that two of the Fellows had actually written and signed two letters in the newspapers. To be sure the letters were of the most innocent kind, but that would only render the example more telling. These gentlemen, therefore, were summoned before the board and censured. They were informed that the statutes forbid any one member of the college from prosecuting another in an external court, *on pain of expulsion*. It was inconsistent with the spirit of this statute, they were told, to write on College affairs in the public papers. This smells of casuistry. It was



at all events, as the *Saturday Review* justly remarked, the queerest recognition on record of the jurisdiction of the press. The Board were ill-advised when they resolved to strain an ancient restriction on the side of strictness. These rusty fetters have a trick of snapping, if screwed too tightly. The fact is, that just as an old woman of eighty will call her grandson a boy after he has passed two score, the worthy seniors are accustomed to regard the non-tutors as mere schoolboys whose youth, in fact, excludes them from tutorships, and who will be frightened out of their wits, and come down on their knees at an angry look from a senior, glad to get off without a whipping. These schoolboys, however, are old enough to be bishops, and many of them are not younger than senior fellows themselves used to be in olden times. So the Board found they had caught a couple of Tartars. The fellows censured appealed to the visitors, and presently after, an article was announced to appear in the *Dublin University Magazine*, which would at once carry the question into the London press. Here was a pretty pickle! what on earth was to be done? The first move was to establish a censorship of the press. The publishers were requested to cancel the article. This of course they could not do. Perhaps, however, the Lord Lieutenant would do them the favor to require the author's signature to every article published, in which case collegiate discipline might be brought to bear again. All in vain. The article appeared, sharp and decisive, and as was expected, the London papers immediately took up the question. New plans were mooted from day to day. Should they reply? To do so in their own names, would make matters worse. Should they prosecute some one paper for libel? Some member of the Board better acquainted than the rest with modern facts and ideas, reminded them that the law of libel had been changed. At last a move was actually adopted, that the supposed author should be summoned, and required to confess. We will not venture to affirm that a rack was obtained from the museum to have its persuading powers tried. Fortunately accident prevented the monstrous scheme from being carried out immediately, and the following day (which was Sunday,) brought with it wiser counsels. But something must be done to shew that the Board is not to be trifled with with impunity. Εὐρηκα! the publisher of the Magazine being also bookseller to the University, was informed that he could not retain both

offices ; no senior Fellow could be expected to enter a shop, in which the first object to meet his senses would be that nasty Magazine with the shocking mass of corruption, which had been stirred in its pages. Thus the only sufferer from the vengeance of the Board hitherto has been a bookseller. With respect to the censure of Messrs. Shaw and Carmichael, the visitors will probably decide before this is published, whether it was justified by the statutes. They will of course make every allowance for the Board, who as a plain matter-of-fact body, could not understand that the phrases "tribunal of public opinion," "verdict of the press," &c., were not to be taken literally as implying a recognised court. It will be a strong temptation to the Archbishop of Dublin, one of the visitors, to read them a lecture on the influence of words on thought. We shall expect to see this notable instance exposed in the next edition of his Grace's Logic. As the Board, however, have recognised the existence of a public tribunal, we hope they will feel bound to respect its decisions.

If the visitors should decide that writing in the newspapers is within the meaning of the statute what will be the result ? First it is to be observed that the punishment enacted by the statute is, academically speaking, *capital*, nothing short in fact of expulsion. And we may note that if the board believed two of the fellows to have been guilty of such an offence, they might have told them plainly that the next offence committed after warning would be visited with expulsion. Would the tribunal of public opinion tolerate such a punishment for such an offence ? The Board in fact have been endeavouring in their usual antiquated fashion to follow the example of some of the Grecian States, who used occasionally to fortify a law by making it capital to propose its repeal. They have chosen an unlucky precedent, and an unlucky occasion for its imitation. Their attempt must utterly fail. There is no need to sign letters in the newspapers, and the Board will gain little by changing avowed into anonymous publications. They will talk of course of "anonymous scribblers" but with little effect, as long as they make it penal to quit the anonymous. They must then revive the "question" to compel authors to confess, and this they have shown they are at least prepared to attempt. But moreover, one can surely plead in any court by word of mouth, as well as by writing ; and that no less in that court which the Board have just recognised than in the Queen's Bench ; the

Board must therefore either shut up the fellows in cells to prevent communication with the outer world, or must have its system of espionage, its Dionysius' Ear which will convey to its august presence the murmurs of the whole city.

The nearest approach to a violation of this now noted statute which we can call to mind occurred in 1852, before the University Commission, which had some claim to be regarded as a Royal Court, though not judicial, and the authority of which in respect to collegiate matters, the Provost and Senior Fellows expressly declined to acknowledge. Before that court, however, the Provost brought against the whole class of non tutor Fellows, the charge of being useless and a "nursery of discontent."\*

The Board might have had some ground for their censure if they had charged the two fellows with a violation of that clause in the fellow's oath, which binds them to promote the health, peace, dignity and comfort of the Senior Fellows. Were they silly enough to imagine that the dignity and comfort of the Senior Fellows would be promoted by the publication of their college affairs? They know the Board long enough to be aware that publicity is the last thing it desires. Now that the proceedings of former years are being raked up, doubtless the next step will be to demand the regular publication of all proceedings of the Board for the future: alarming foreboding! Why, how could those nice little arrangements of which Senior Fellows now reap the fruits ever have been adopted if publicity had been necessary? The Board have a vested right to secrecy.† Without it their power is incomplete, even in cases

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\* About two hundred years ago, the Irish Parliament found it necessary to inquire into the conduct of Provost Chappels, and issued a commission for the purpose. The scholars alleged that the statute bound them not to give information, but the Parliament made short work of the objection, by suspending the statute. We mention this partly to show that a commission such as that of 1852, would according to precedent be understood to come within the meaning of the statute.

† This line of argument suggested in jest, has been actually adopted by the Counsel for the Board. If he had read the oath he would see that the clause cited binds every fellow to promote the welfare, &c. of the College, and of every member thereof, especially the Provost and Senior Fellows. It therefore binds the Senior Fellows to promote the welfare and dignity of the non tutors or scholars. Have *they* (to borrow Mr. Brewster's polite phrase) forgotten their oath?

with which the authority of the Board alone is competent to deal, a sharp watch would be kept upon their innovations by the other members of the College, if their proceedings were known. This would of itself serve as a check. There are other cases, however, in which the intervention of the visitors or of the crown is necessary to give validity to the measures of the Board. With the help of secrecy this little obstacle is easily surmounted. An apparently innocent resolution comes before the visitors or the government, for their assent; it is not opposed by any members of the College, for its existence is unknown to them, but of course this silence appears to the visitors or the crown, to imply consent, and consequently the resolution becomes law. It may not be discovered until it is too late to be easily remedied. Probably it may only be the small end of a wedge, the pressure of which is not felt until the sanction of immemorial usage is alleged against those who complain of being crushed. The remedy is publicity.\*

Do these remarks seem in any degree exaggerated? we would ask our readers to recollect that it is only a few years since the Board of Trinity College, concocted a statute intended to be a sop to the members of the University who were beginning to ask for a constitution. This statute affected the rights and privileges of some two thousand persons, now masters of arts, besides all future graduates, yet not a hint of its preparation, much less of its contents, was conveyed to any of those persons or to their parliamentary representatives. It was discovered quite accidentally by one of the fellows, as our readers may remember, in the printing office, where it had lain printed and undergoing corrections from time to time for two years, and it finally obtained the Royal sanction, without an opportunity being offered to any member of the University to examine or to discuss its merits, or to suggest amendment.

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\* It may be worth while to notice the argument put forward on behalf of the Board, that the candour with which they offered every information to the Royal Commissioners proves that they do not shrink from publicity, and contrasts favorably with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Now many of the Colleges in these Universities *did* give full information to the Commissioners; and those which refused did so on the ground that they were private foundations, and forbidden by their founder's statutes to acknowledge the Commissioners authority. Trinity College, Dublin, is a royal foundation, governed by royal statutes, and wholly subject to the royal authority, to refuse information asked by the founder would be absurd.

No; that would interfere with the object of the Board which was, seeing that the University was likely to obtain some constitution, to secure for themselves alone the power of framing it, and thereby of neutralizing by subtle clauses, any apparent privileges which might be granted. The measure which resulted from this notable policy, was characterized by the clearness and exactness familiar to all students, of board-room literature. As to the grammar of it, we should like to know whether the Civil Service Commissioners would consider a man qualified to be secretary to an important board, who after two years devoted to preparation of his exercise, should write of "all such power as to the Provost, Fellows and Scholars, have been given granted or possessed." But there is a more serious fault. In the opinion of a great lawyer, the letters patent, if understood in the only sense which the words naturally can bear, would be of necessity *wholly void*. The words must be taken in a non-natural sense, if they are to have any force at all. In this a device intended to familiarize the Dublin Students with "non-natural" construction? But in whatever sense the words are taken, the letters patent, according to high legal authority, do not accomplish what they were intended to do, but something wholly different, and what they have done has been executed in such a manner as to leave unsettled the most important practical points of detail. To complete the insolence (we can call it no less) of this proceeding of the Board the letters patent when obtained were not communicated to those concerned; we dare say the Junior Fellows of Trinity College were favored with a copy, but the members of the University Senate or those entitled to become such, were left in ignorance of the new law affecting them.

Another instance less noticed is the Queen's letter of 1851, giving compensation for renewal fines. It is probable that the renewal fines were divided by the Provost and senior fellows, at an early period; the fact is, the amount was formerly too small to cause any dispute, and moreover, from the secrecy of the Board, no one else could know what estates were leased, or what fines were received. We cannot discover in the statutes any justification for this distribution, other than the negative one that it is not prohibited. The Statutes provide "in order that the intention of increasing the salaries, may be carried into effect," that in all College leases, "the Statutes of

Ireland in such cases made and provided be fully observed, namely, that one half of the annual value be reserved as rent. Now the statute of Charles I., here referred to was enacted with regard to all colleges, hospitals, ecclesiastical corporations, and bishops, for its intention is expressly stated to be, to prevent the future revenues of such corporations from being anticipated; to prevent, for example, a bishop from leasing the see lands in such a manner as to leave to his successor only an insignificant annual rent. It was not implied so far as we can judge, that governors of hospitals, or of colleges, had the right of appropriating the fines to their own private use. If it had been so, the intention expressed would have been, to preserve a sufficient revenue for the general purposes of the respective corporations. And the very same observation applies to the intention expressed in the college statute, which is to provide for future increase, and to prevent the Senior Fellows from absorbing the entire of the College revenues. The reader may naturally ask, how is it in other foundation. In Trinity College, Cambridge, which in many respects resembles Trinity College, Dublin, the fines are divided according to a fixed proportion among all the fellows. In Brasenose, Oxford, the senior fellows \* divide the fines, but the commissioners state that they do not consider the arrangement justified by the statutes. The Dublin statutes make no special mention of fines, but they provide that if the revenues of the College should admit of an increase in the salaries then enacted, the same proportion should be preserved. Whether this clause determines the distribution of the fines, as well as the rents, let the reader judge. However, that may be the Board put the matter, as they supposed, beyond question, by obtaining in 1851, (*while the University Commissioners were sitting in England,*) a Queen's letter, granting them £800 per annum each in lieu of the fines which they resigned to the common chest. Of course, nobody stepped forward to say to the Government, Let not the question of the legality of the distribution of the fines, be prejudiced by this commutation,† for the whole matter was arranged

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\* It may be worth notice that the Senior Fellows of Brasenose, are, at least some of them, actually junior in College standing to the non-tutors of T.C.D.

† We of course, have not seen the letters patent, but we suppose that legally they do not prejudice the previous question.

privately. Now we do not want to have this part of the Senior Fellows' revenue disturbed; they ought to have a pretty good salary, and this is now the most unobjectionable part of their income. But there are one or two points to which we would direct attention; first, we have here a manifest confession, that the revenues of the College have admitted a very large increase in the original statutable salaries; but in violation of the statute, that increase has been, since 1758, wholly given to the Senior Fellows. Their fixed income has increased nine fold since that date, while that of all other officers in the College has remained the same. That increase, however, does not by any means represent the augmentation of their whole income. There are sundry other sources of revenue not yet sanctioned by Royal Letter. There are the Degree Fees, of which a good deal has been heard lately. There are the Decrements, under which head the Senior Fellows receive an amount which, doubtless to suggest its insignificance, they reduce in their answer to the Commissioners to a weekly sum. Each Senior Fellow, say they, is paid three farthings a week by each pensioner. They might, one would think, have done the thing respectably when they were about it, and made it a penny a week, with the customary sod of turf. Then there is an additional fee paid to each Senior Fellow in turn as Senior Lecturer, and passing over the minor fees, there is lastly, an income tax of five per cent. on the whole College revenues paid to each Senior Fellow in turn, as Receiver's Fees. All these fees are alike unsupported by the statutes, all alike were introduced, no one knows how, and all were condemned by the Commissioners. How soon it may please the Board to obtain a royal letter, granting them a fixed annual compensation in lieu of these fees, we cannot tell; perhaps they have done so already. We rather think, however, that the publicity which has been given to College affairs lately, will interfere with any comfortable settlement of this kind. A royal letter will hardly be granted, without some little inquiry; and if the compensation for renewal fines, had not been obtained by an able stroke of policy, before the Dublin Commission sat, it is probable that it would not have been tacitly submitted to, without some stipulation as to the other items to which we have referred.

We have observed that the period at which these several fees were introduced, is unknown, but unless we are mistaken,

we can point out at least, a limit, and not only so, but the event which probably led to the adoption of these innovations. The documents accessible to the public are but few, so that we are obliged to pick out and follow up the slightest traces, as much as if we were investigating the early history of Rome. It is not necessary, however, go back much more than a century.

We need not remind the reader of the clauses in the Caroline Statutes directing that when the College revenues should admit of it, an augmentation of the salaries of fellows, &c., should be made in the same proportion as was thereby assigned; the Board, with consent of the Lord Lieutenant and Visitors, having power to make such augmentation. Now the first recorded increase is that to which the Prince of Wales, as Chancellor, gave his assent in 1721. We should expect, therefore, that the salaries recited in his letter as then existing, should be the same, or at least, in the same proportion as those enacted by Charles I., or else that allusion should be made to some former augmentation. Not so: a reader of the letter would indeed necessarily conclude that it contained the very first augmentation, and that the salaries were those originally fixed, but on a comparison, we find that at some previous period, an increase had taken place doubtless by decree of the Board, in consequence of which the salaries of the Fellows now appear tripled, while those of the native scholars were not increased at all. Further, the salary of the Senior Lecturer had now reached four times its original amount, while that of the Sub-lecturers at first equal to it, had been only doubled. The Chancellor's letter augments all these salaries in such a manner, as to restore exactly (except in the case of the Provost,) the original proportion.\* In order to do this, it was necessary to add two pounds here; twenty-three pounds, six shillings, and eight pence there; twenty-five shillings to a third, and so on. That this shews a desire to restore the old proportion, is manifest, yet this intention is not stated. This rather looks as if the statute had been violated before, but that it was better to remedy the mischief quietly, than to take any notice of the illegality. But who took the pains to have it remedied?

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\* Most of the salaries of the officers had been doubled, except those of the Senior Lecturer, and the of Deans, which had been quadrupled; those of the Fellows, tripled; of the scholars, not natives, increased two and a-half times. The letter of the Prince of Wales, made all the salaries five times the original amount.



In the first place the scholars were the party chiefly aggrieved, but without help from those in authority, they could do little. The Senior Fellows were not likely to give them this help of their own mere motion. But in the second place the Provost was Dr. Baldwin, then but recently (four years before) appointed, and his character is better known than that of almost any other Provost of former times. He is known to have been constantly in opposition to the Senior Fellows; he nominated Fellows more than once, and scholars once, against the will of the majority of the Board; and on one occasion even procured the expulsion of a Senior Fellow. This Provost, Baldwin, is traditionally reported to have been a kind governor to the scholars and students generally, and of his popularity with them, after the period now referred to, we have a lasting proof in his portrait which to-day hangs in the dining-hall; and which was procured "by voluntary subscription of the scholars as a mark of their respect;" such an honor was never paid to any other Provost, and we think it goes far to prove that to him the scholars were indebted for the recognition and assertion of their claims.

The next and last augmentation took place in 1758, also in the Provostship of Dr. Baldwin, and only a few months previous to his death. He fixed the salaries of the Senior Fellows at £100, of the Juniors at £40, and of the Native Scholars at £20. Although the value of money has fallen considerably since that date, the nominal salaries remain the same. It was probably after this time that the method of augmentation by fees was adopted, for it does not seem probable that any trouble would be taken to increase the Bursar's salary from twenty to fifty pounds, if he were in receipt of five per cent in the College Revenues, or that a paltry sum of four pounds would be added to the salary of the Senior Lecturer, if the salary formed an insignificant part of his income. But as long as all the Junior Fellows were Tutors, deriving the greatest part of their income from the fees of their pupils, there was no sufficient motive for objecting to the fees which the board might resolve to exact for the improvement of their own incomes. The scholars in fact were then the only party who had reason to complain, and that solely on the grounds which we shall presently mention. The foundation of Non-Tutor fellowships altered this. On the impolicy of that act we shall not dwell. But we may observe that the object at which it aimed was of itself sufficient to condemn it. That object we are informed

was to induce the junior men by the pressure of poverty to accept the college livings, and thus to ensure a succession of vacancies. No means of securing the acceptance of livings could well be more objectional; and supposing it to succeed the only circulation resulting in the body of Fellows would be in the tail, the motion in the upper members being as sluggish as ever. The proper means to have adopted would have been as diminution of the great inequalities of a Fellow's income in the different stages through which he passes. At present every ten years added to a Fellow's life actually increases considerably the value of his life interest in his Fellowship, the nearer approach to the great prizes much more than counterbalancing the diminished expectation of life. On the contrary the value of any office with a fixed salary is of course continually lessened, and by this double action the Fellows become more and more permanently fixed, the higher they rise in the list. Moreover, this inequality is in fact increasing, and therefore we may expect a still smaller number of vacancies in future, and a still slower promotion (on an average of many years) of Non Tutors. Then gentlemen will of course devote their energies to some non-Collegiate occupation, and the best years of their lives will be wholly lost to the College. They cannot apply themselves to study and research such as would make them, as they are well qualified to become, distinguished ornaments of the university. No; if some reform is not effected the existence of this body of ill paid Non-Tutors through the six steps of which every Fellow must pass, will ruin the efficiency of the College. This is no exaggerated statement; we are sure of this, that the more the reader reflects upon it the more will he be amazed that such a monstrous arrangement should be allowed to continue, the effect of which is in short to prevent the College from obtaining any benefit from ten or more of the best years of each Fellow's life. Even this does not represent the whole evil, for it must be remembered that teachers are required in subjects not studied for the Fellowship examination, but when is the future lecturer to prepare himself for these? While he is a Non-Tutor, his time is occupied in making a livelihood by means of the knowledge he has already acquired, and when he becomes a Tutor at middle-age, is he then in favourable circumstances for commencing the study of a new subject? Is he even likely to commence at that late period, to apply himself to original research in the subjects of which he is already master?

Those who are most experienced in the work of private tuition will be best able to answer. Who can say what would be the result of a contrary system, one which would enable every fellow for the year or two following his election, to improve himself by foreign travel (as Bishop Berkeley did), or by the study of some special branch for which he might have some taste? It is needless at present to dwell further on this point. The Scholars' case demands a brief notice.

The case of the scholars as we would put it, is briefly this. It is desirable that a clever and industrious young man should be able to obtain for himself a maintenance at the College expense during his preparation for the business of his profession, if not during the whole of his undergraduate course. But it is not desirable that by a single success early in his career, he should secure such a maintenance for any lengthened period, as this would in most cases tend only to encourage him in indolence ever after. The latter proposition will not we presume be denied; with respect to the former it is sufficient to observe, that in every College in the realm, except Trinity College, an able student may by his own exertion in the pursuit of his ordinary collegiate studies, obtain an income sufficient at least to render resort to school teaching or the like unnecessary. In Trinity College, Dublin, a scholar on the foundation of one of the royal schools may do the like; but students from other schools, however industrious or accomplished, will not be rewarded by the College with a public maintenance. We shall not argue that philosophically speaking it is desirable, especially in a poor country like this, that ample provision should be made for such students. We are mistaken if the country will not think itself entitled to demand it.

But for those few persons who approve of leaving things as they are we would observe, that other Colleges, as we have shown, do make such provision; and multitudes of students who are not rich, but give good promise of future distinction, will be infallibly attracted to those Colleges where whatever merit they have is sure to be recognised, not by a piece of parchment but by the more satisfactory honor of one or more scholarships, worth from five to one hundred pounds a-year, which will both encourage and enable them to apply themselves to their studies with increased diligence, so that they may throw lustre on their College, and thus give it a new attraction for future students. This is the manner in which the existence

of such prizes promotes the prosperity, and, therefore, again increases the revenues of the College which is liberal enough to found them. It is a most short-sighted policy which cuts down the prizes in a great place of education, such as Trinity College. But it is said, the present scholarships are good enough for the class of men who obtain them, considering the moderate attainments which the examination requires. A manufacturer might as reasonably decline to introduce an improved article into the market on the ground that the existing article was fully equivalent to the price paid for it, and satisfied the demand. But he knows that a better article may command a better price and bring a better custom to his own establishment. And one would think it equally plain that the nature of the competition must be determined by the nature of the prize. It will not be long before the Fellowship Examination furnishes an illustration of this obvious principle. True, reply the Board in 1843, but increased competition is much to be deprecated ; a greater number of students than at present would be drawn off from their ordinary studies to read for scholarships, and would be seriously injured thereby. We protest we are amazed at this statement proceeding from the heads of the College. Reading for scholarships has positively, they tell us, an injurious effect on the education of the students, and of course it follows that the only benefit to the successful candidate is the small pecuniary emolument. If this be true, the sooner all examinations for College prizes are swept away the better. But in accordance with the second principle mentioned above we think it would be very unwise to raise all the seventy scholarships to a value much larger than the present. If the old distinction of native and other scholars had been retained, the salary of both classes being increased, if not exactly in their original proportion as provided by the statute, yet so as to preserve a considerable advantage to the native scholar, then these more profitable places might very well be disposed of by appointing to them those scholars who were most distinguished at their Degree Examination. This distinction was abolished, indeed, in 1828 ; but there is no reason why some measure should not now be adopted which would have a similar effect. It is not necessary to found new Scholarships, it is sufficient to carry out the principles laid down in the Statutes themselves, and make thirty of the existing Scholarships of much higher value than the rest. Scholars who distinguished

themselves at the Degree Examination or at the Theological Examination should be eligible to these places, and should hold for a period to be fixed by the Board. And we are not sure that the Board might not adopt a hint of another kind given by the ancient practice of the College. It was formerly the custom, before each examination for Scholarships, to read over the list of the existing scholars in the higher classes, and remove those who had been most neglectful of their studies, so as to increase the number of vacancies. Now we do not wish to leave such a very arbitrary power in the hands of the Board. We know that in former times it was much abused; but it is not very difficult to fix some definite standard of the distinction which every scholar should be required to attain in order to be entitled to retain his Scholarship. A provision of this kind is actually enforced with regard to the Bell's scholars in the English Universities, and with respect to Queen's scholars (elected from the Royal schools) in our own. These last are required to obtain a certain amount of distinction every year, but in the case of the University scholars we should enforce this rule only in connection with the Degree Examination. We would make a scholar's salary after that period depend wholly on the distinction he had obtained. But in the case of Undergraduates also there ought to be a sufficient number of exhibitions or other prizes to raise the income of the most distinguished and meritorious students to £50 a-year. An Exhibitioner from the Royal schools may have £50 in addition to his Scholarship and other offices, and in many cases may enjoy an income of £80 or £90, but this is a peculiar privilege of the students from those schools. It may be said that the foundation of Exhibitions may be left to private munificence. We regret indeed that Dublin College has not enjoyed to a greater extent the benefits of private foundation. But if the funds of the College itself are adequate, as we believe they are, let a portion of them be devoted to this purpose. No better investment could be made, for a tenfold return will accrue to the College in the way already suggested, and through the College to every member of it. A liberal and judicious distribution of rewards, fitted to attract men of first-rate abilities, to develop their powers and to retain them in the College, will do more for its prosperity by a thousand times than a few paltry successes in lists which a great University ought not to condescend to enter.

But we are often told the Scholarships and Fellowships of Trinity College are really superior in value to those in the English Colleges. This is an example of the fallacy of averages. By a similar fallacy it might be inferred that if one hundred new scholarships of ten pounds a-year, and ten of fifty pounds, were formed the College would, on the whole, be worse provided than it is. It is true that the average salary of each scholarship in Oxford is about £15, and in Cambridge about £17, but in the Colleges of the former University there are altogether about four hundred scholarships, and in the latter nearly eight hundred. The low average value is caused by the vast number of foundations of small value. But it does not follow that the average income of each scholar is as above stated. On looking at the Cambridge University Calendar, we find that in one College alone (Pembroke) chosen at random, one student holds three scholarships worth, together £90, another four worth £108, and so on. Thus, even places of small value being held simultaneously, may make up an important prize. But there are also scholarships of large value. There are some of £60, £70, £100, and upwards. The College (Brasenose; Oxen) has 15 exhibitions of £120 each, with £35 worth of books. But without multiplying particular examples, we may observe that in Oxford there are at least fifty scholarships worth on an average £78 per annum,\* and at Cambridge, there are 116, worth on an average nearly £50. These sums are exclusive of free commons. As to the fellowships, a similar observation may be made. If the average salary is low (about 220) it is partly because their number is great, 557 in Oxford, and 431 in Cambridge. They are given without examination (except in two Colleges) generally as the reward of merit, which when the total number of vacancies is fifty or sixty yearly, is not, except in the great Colleges, required to be very high; the reward being, in fact, proportioned to the merit. They entail no duties, not even residence; they may be held with remote benefices, schools, or other preferments, and they entitle the holder in his turn to the valuable College livinga.† A fellowship in

\* Not including the Eldon Law Scholarship, which is £200 a-year for three years, or the Snell foundation at Balliol.

† Here again to anticipate the fallacy of averages, it is necessary to mention that each University has between 70 and 80 livings, whose nett value (given in the Calendar) is over £600, and a proportionate number above £400.

Dublin, in similar circumstances, is worth exactly £40 Irish. The fellowship in Dublin is made valuable only when combined with a Tutorship. And as most of the fellows are Tutors, it is common to compare the income of a Tutor in Dublin, with that of a non-resident fellow without duties elsewhere. The fact is, that the Tutors in Cambridge have very large incomes, in some of the Colleges, we believe, £800 or £1000.

Now see what a prospect is open before a man of ability in one of these Universities; from the very year of his matriculation, he may obtain as the reward of his diligence and attention, prizes amounting to over £100 a-year; this enables him to apply without interruption to his University studies; he obtains, perhaps in addition to his College prizes, a University Scholarship worth £75 a-year; he distinguishes himself at his degree examinations, and obtains a further increase of income besides the certainty of election without further examination to a Fellowship worth from £200 a-year upwards. If he chooses to devote himself to any professional occupation he is unfettered by any Collegiate restrictions; if on the contrary he should prefer remaining within his College, he has no duties to interfere with his pursuit of literary studies, or if he choose, he may in various ways increase his income, a Tutorship, for example, if he should be appointed to it giving him a very large income indeed. And lastly there is a large number of more or less valuable livings,\* of which he has, in his rotation, the refusal. He may be elected Head of his College, there are nearly as many heads in Oxford as Junior Fellows in Dublin, or University Professor; in short a man of ability has himself to blame if he is not in a position to choose the occupation most congenial to him.

Contrast with this the circumstance of the Fellowship's candidate in Dublin, the most distinguished man of his year, who nevertheless has never been provided by his *alma mater* with a sufficient maintenance, pursuing his studies under difficulties, obliged perhaps to take pupils by day, and read for Fellowship by night, ultimately, perhaps, after years of toil, disappointed in his aim, not for want of merit, but because no vacancy has

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\* Besides the livings in the patronage of the College, those in the neighbourhood of Oxford and Cambridge, are usually as a matter of courtesy supplied from men of distinction in the respective Universities.

occurred for him, failing, when it is too late to commence studying for a different profession, and then perhaps settling down as assistant in a school. Or if he does succeed finding himself fixed for several years in a position in which he feels his energies cramped, and his efforts for self-improvement checked ; a position which precludes him from taking professional employment out of College, and yet does not provide him with regular occupation within, at least not on terms which would render it prudent for him to accept it. If the value of a fellowship is diminishing and the opportunities of obtaining it becoming rarer, while the path to success in all other professions is being made more open to men of ability, we may, without Beranger's magic glass, see the future Fellows gradually becoming *Les Infiniment Petits*.



## ART. VII.—STEPHEN COPPINGER.

Within the last five months have passed away three veteran soldiers in the ranks of the old Catholic Association which, organised by the great leader, O'Connell, fought and won the glorious battle of civil and religious liberty. Without aiming to emulate the diamond wit and showy flowers of Sheil, or the vehement eloquence of "Honest Jack Lawless," the names of Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman, Eneas M'Donell, and Stephen Coppinger, formed at one time an important engine of concentrated oratorical strength which accomplished some very remarkable cases of political conversion, and no doubt had considerable effect in breaking down the hostile policy of our rulers.

In the midst of life, and of health, and of happiness, we are in death. On Friday, May 28th, we met Mr. Coppinger, and while the sensations of heart and hand, produced by the hearty "shake" with which he usually greeted his friends, were still vibrating, we heard of his sadly sudden death. Mr. Coppinger departed this life on Saturday morning, May 29th.

As Coppinger may be regarded as the last of an important national band, we may, perhaps, be permitted to indulge in a few words of tribute to his memory.

Born in 1795, of an old and respectable family in the County Cork, of which the patriot prelate, Dr. Coppinger of Cloyne, was a member, Mr. Coppinger received the advantages of a sound early education, and a subsequently successful course through Trinity College, Dublin. His father, Thomas Stephen Coppinger, of Leemount, in the County Cork, observed some indications of talent in the boy, and spared neither pains nor expense in developing it.

Mr. Coppinger was an alumnus of Alma Mater during the struggle between John Wilson Croker and William Conyngham Plunket for the representation of the University; and Mr. Coppinger was stored with interesting anecdotes illustrative of that exciting contest. Amongst the number, we have heard him tell the following. Croker, although a high Tory, advocated the question of Emancipation as warmly as Plunket himself; and Dr. Sands, the Provost, (afterwards successively Bishop of Killaloe and Cashel), a man of liberal and enlarged

ideas, wavered as to whether he should support Plunket or his conservative rival. A recollection of the very virulent tone of Plunket's speech on the trial of Robert Emmet, gave Dr. Sands a personal distaste towards Plunket, and the Provost finally decided upon giving his vote and interest to Croker. Plunket heard some rumours of the operating cause of Dr. Sand's dislike towards him, and relying upon his great powers of logic and persuasion, he sought and obtained an interview with the Provost in order to explain his conduct on the memorable state prosecution in question. "Here," said Plunket, drawing a document from his pocket, "here is the report of my speech, *verbatim* : read it, and test by ocular demonstration, whether the language expressed by me upon that occasion has not been grossly exaggerated." "Sir," replied Sands, "I HEARD it, and that is enough!"\*

Early in 1823 the plan of the Catholic Association was struck out by O'Connell and Sheil at Glancullen, the residence of the late Christopher Fitzsimon, Esq., Clerk of the Hanaper. This powerful confederation soon assumed a decided shape, attitude, and tone ; and amongst its first adherents we find the name of Stephen Coppinger. He had only a short time previously been called to the bar—namely, in Hillary Term, 1819—and he well knew that in openly joining what the government of the day regarded as a treasonable convention he bade adieu to all hope of professional advancement. Mr., afterwards the Right Hon. Anthony Richard Blake, a Catholic barrister, had just been appointed to the high office of Chief Remembrancer of the Exchequer, an event which had no small effect in fanning the flame of ambition in the Catholic bar, especially among the young and ardent members of that body.

It was not, however, until the year 1824, that Mr. Coppinger became a frequent and a fluent speaker at the meetings of the Catholic Association ; and from that date until the achievement of Emancipation his name is continually met with in the

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\* It is right to add that Mr. Charles Phillips, in his interesting anecdotal work, "Curran and his Contemporaries," mentions that Plunket remonstrated with Dr. Sands in language of such force and eloquence that the Provost at length relented, and eventually became one of his most devoted partisans. No version of Mr. Coppinger's anecdote on the subject has ever been published before the present occasion.

records of their proceedings. To render the popular organization if possible still more irresistible, O'Connell devised a series of aggregate and fourteen days meetings which he kept constantly working in connection with the Catholic Association at the more advanced period of its existence; and of this important adjunct Mr. Coppinger always acted as secretary. He also discharged the duties of this office at the principal provincial Catholic meetings of the period, as the following extract from Mr. William John Fitzpatrick's "Life and Times of Cloncurry" shews:—

"The reader will be amused to see that Lord Cloncurry's 'unalterable conviction' at this period was, that emancipation never could be obtained, nor would it be worth obtaining, save from an Irish Parliament. As the following extract from a letter of Mr. Coppinger's to the author is introductory to his lordship's communication, we subjoin it:—'In the Autumn of 1827, a great provincial meeting of the Catholics of Munster was held in Cork, to which I was appointed secretary, and subsequently a grand public dinner at which the present British ambassador at Athens, Mr. Wyse, presided. As secretary, I sent invitations for the meeting and dinner to several Protestant noblemen and gentlemen, Members of Parliament and others, who were most distinguished for their support of Catholic emancipation; and, foremost among those friends of civil and religious liberty, was the late patriotic and lamented subject of your forthcoming memoir, to whom I addressed a warm invitation, and received in reply the letter which I now enclose.'

LORD CLONCURRY TO S. COPPINGER, ESQ., BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

*"Lyons, Celbridge, 28th August, 1827.*

"DEAR SIR—I am sorry to be so circumstanced that I cannot avail myself of the kind invitation of the Catholics of Munster for the 30th inst. Pray make my most grateful acknowledgements to them, and assure them of my unalterable devotion to their cause as founded in justice, and vitally essential to the best interests of my country.

"Ireland can no longer be despised; she can no longer be plundered with impunity of her wealth and her rights. Her voice will be heard, and her cause respected, in every quarter of the globe. How glorious will it be to the Catholics, if to them their country shall owe her restored prosperity! if, forgetting whatever is personal, they demand their own rights as

*part only* of what is due to Ireland. Does any man doubt that a resident legislature would long since have emancipated the Catholics? Does any man recollect famine, contagion, or death by starvation in the midst of superabundance, whilst we had to resist Parliament, corrupt as it was?\*

"I am an enemy to half measures. That they are not only dishonorable but useless is, I am certain, at this moment felt, and will be so by the great statesmen of England, who have lately sacrificed so much to the hope of doing good. Much as I love my Catholic countrymen, I would not have voted for the Union as the price of emancipation; and I am strongly of opinion that emancipation never can be obtained, or be worth obtaining, but from an Irish Parliament.

"These, my unalterable opinions, have, under every circumstance, given me the comfort of an approving conscience, and have gained me what I value above all earthly possessions, the love of my countrymen.

"I beg leave, my dear sir, to return very many thanks for your most obliging letter, and remain, with great respect, &c.,  
"CLONCURRY."

Mr. Coppinger's speeches read well; but he had too strong a Cork accent to render his oratory pleasing. His articulation however was distinct, and his voice sonorous, which always made him heard and understood with ease. Before closing this paper it may interest some of our readers to quote as a specimen of Mr. Coppinger's style and matter, one of his speeches at the Catholic Association. We have opened the file of the *Freeman's Journal*, for 1828, and merely select the following at random. It by no means merits to be regarded as Mr. Coppinger's best speech, but, most assuredly, it is not his worst.

After long and anxious watching on the part of the Catholic body, for some relaxation of the Penal disabilities under which they labored, a glimmer of light and hope at length, in 1828, radiated for an instant the clouded horizon of Ireland's destiny. Many able speeches, and some remarkable conversions, were made in the Houses of Lords and Commons,

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\* This phrase must, we think, include some typographical error. Ought not "to resist Parliament" be "*a native Parliament*"? And yet we find no notice of this obvious inaccuracy in the errata of the work.—Ed. I. Q. R.

and as an indication of the improved tone of the public pulse in England, the *Courier* newspaper, which for twenty years had labored with virulent and unflinching perseverance, to retard the Catholic cause, of a sudden changed its tone, and sought to qualify what it had so long been saying.

England it will be remembered was, at this time, threatened with the ambitious fury of the Czar.

Mr. Coppinger rose and said :—

“ When the official account of the Battle of Waterloo, and the subsequent surrender of the late Emperor Napoleon, first reached London, the organ of the English Government, the *Courier* newspaper, in the insolence of its triumph, vauntingly exclaimed, in the words of the French officer on seeing Charles the Twelfth dead in the trenches before Frederickshall, ‘ the play is over, let us go to supper.’ (Hear.) Was this announcement hailed by the Catholics of Ireland with similar feelings of exultation and of joy? No, my Lord, and with good reason; they felt that England was after obtaining a great victory, but not a glorious one, for it was a victory over public virtue, a victory over a people’s liberty; and they felt and foresaw it was a victory over their own. For thirteen years has the *Courier* been enjoying its blood-stained repast; for thirteen years has it been waving the oriflame of despotism over the ruins of European liberty; for thirteen years has it been incessantly proclaiming to the Catholic people of Ireland that the term of their bondage is to be eternal—that for them no ray of hope shall ever break in upon the political horizon; in a word, that they must for ever lie down as slaves in their native land; that hope, which comes to all, shall never come to them, while their only motto must be—

‘ *Unu salus victis, nullam sperare salutem.*’

But, my Lord, when the *Courier* thus announced that ‘ the play was over,’ it forgot altogether that the *afterpiece* was yet to come. (Hear.) It forgot that although the curtain was dropped for a while, the theatre was still open—it forgot that although the great performer was removed from the stage, other actors may appear from behind the scenes—it forgot that there was a spirit and an elasticity in the hearts of Irishmen that no pressure could break down, no length of suffering abate or destroy. (Cheers.) At length the curtain has been raised once more—the note of preparation has been sounded—and, ere long, we shall doubtless see the different performers in their respective places; nay, the very trumpet of war has already blown, the sword is drawn—the Rubicon has been past—and from the banks of the Neva to the Guadalquiver, all eyes are now fixed upon the operations of the Russian army. In this state of foreign relations, the genius of Ireland stands forth, waving her green banner aloft, and proclaiming, in accents of joy and congratulation, that the cause of Civil and Religious Liberty has gained another triumph in the last vote of the British House of Commons, which, after a long and protracted debate (if that can, in truth, be called a debate in which

all the reasoning, justice, and eloquence, were exclusively on the side of Ireland) has agreed to take our sufferings into consideration. (Hear.) To celebrate, as it were this triumph in a manner worthy of a great people, have we assembled upon the present occasion, and although, my Lord, I am not among the number of those who indulge in any very sanguine hopes of success in the present session—although I cannot bring myself to think that the citidal of bigotry and corruption will at once surrender, merely because we have succeeded in carrying one of the outworks, yet I am not the less rejoiced that the first assault has been successful : and, trusting in the swelling tide of events, aided by the eternal and immutable justice of our cause, I am convinced the day is not far distant when Ireland must be free. (Cheers.) Indeed it is impossible to read the different speeches reported to have been made during the discussion on Sir Francis Burdett's motion, without feeling satisfied of this, and at once perceiving the high and commanding position on which we now stand, and from which, to use a metaphor of the late Lord Castlereagh, unless 'we turn our backs upon ourselves'—unless we desert our posts, or meanly make a surrender or compromise of one iota of our rights, not all the power of our enemies will be able effectually to dislodge us. Nothing could be more irresistible or convincing than the eloquent and powerful reasoning of our advocates ; nothing more flimsy or miserable than the sophistry employed against us ; and here, of course, I am only speaking of what appears in the London newspapers—as we are presumed not to be acquainted with what passes in the honourable House, and it would be well for the fame of some of its members, if this fiction of law was well founded in point of fact. The campaign was opened against us the first night by the English Solicitor General, Sir Nicholas Tyndal, with no better supporter to sustain him than the member for this City, or, more correctly speaking, the representative of all that is illiberal in Dublin, Mr. George Ogle Moore, '*par nobile fratrum*,' twin brothers in eloquence and liberality of sentiment. But, perhaps we should not be surprised at the conduct on this occasion of Sir Nicholas Tyndal, for, having himself ratted to each successive Administration that was formed during the last twelve months, he concluded he could not better atone in certain quarters for his repeated desertion of his friends and colleagues, than by pronouncing a tirade against Catholic Emancipation. But his special pleading about the Union and the Treaty of Limerick, was so completely blown into the air by the stubborn facts, so eloquently and forcibly put forward by the Knight of Kerry, that it would be a waste of time to say a single word upon the subject, and, as to poor Mr. Ogle Moore, whom some wag in the *Evening Mail* describes as a 'leading speaker' in the House of Commons, '*lucet a non lucendo*,' his speech was only remarkable for the colours in which he held forth the late King, George the Third ; for he assures us that his Majesty consented to the Union in the hope that it would put an extinguisher for ever upon the prospects of the Catholics, although, at the very same time, his Minister was secretly pointing to it as the *avant courier* of Catholic Emancipation ; so that Mr. Moore was holding up George the Third,

not merely as a stupid bigot, but also as a finished hypocrite—and this I suppose he would call backing his friends.

The enemies of Catholic Ireland were not more successful in their plan of operations on the second night of the debate than they had been on the first; for, although Sir Robert Inglis, and Mr. Leslie Foster, true to his unvarying principles of intolerance as the magnet to the pole, endeavoured to make a rally, they were successively driven from all their positions, and compelled to quit the field discomfited and defeated. (Hear, hear.) Even all the artillery of reasoning that Mr. Peel himself could bring to bear upon the question, made no better impression upon the house, although he was as determined as ever in his oppositions to our claims.\*

The third night of the debate exhibited our opponents in no better plight than either of the preceding ones had left them; and although the Attorney-General, Sir Charles Wetherell, attempted to cover the retreat of the no-papery combatants the roars of continued laughter with which he is reported to have been received, prove the little value set upon his arguments or assertions. But, to turn to a more pleasing theme—‘look on this picture, and on that’—how gratifying is it to reflect upon that brilliant array of talent that was so generously marshalled on the side of civil and religious liberty, and which triumphantly sustained a well fought day. (Hear.) Sir Francis Burdett led the way in a powerful and impressive speech, judiciously bearing in mind that the first onset was half the battle; and ably was he sustained by the Knight of Kerry, the Solicitor-General for Ireland Mr. Doherty,† whose speech Mr. Brougham describes as a masterly production; by Lord Leveson Gower,‡ Mr. Lamb,§ Mr. Charles Grant,|| Mr. Brownlow¶—by such men as a Horton, and a North, a Wallace, and a Brougham, not forgetting the spirited eloquence of a Stuart—the honest and powerful arguments of that real representative of Dublin, Mr. Grattan (loud cheers)—the reasoning of a Huskisson—the youthful liberality of an Ennismore, or the masterly and unrivalled eloquence of a Mackintosh (cheers), whose vast and comprehensive mind, richly stored with philosophic lore, brings to his subject all the penetration and foresight of a statesman; while, whatever he touches, he is sure to delight and instruct all around him. (Hear.)

With such a host of talent on our side, were the question of Emancipation to be decided by fair reasoning, justice, and argument, it must have been at once carried in our favour by an overwhelming

\* It is a remarkable but notorious fact that in exactly a year from that date he succumbed to the thunder of the Catholic claims.

† The late Chief Justice Doherty, whom O’Connell so often ridiculed and reviled as “Long Jack Doherty from Borrisokane.” Though a staunch advocate for Emancipation Mr. Doherty was one of O’Connell’s most formidable and implacable political foes.

‡ The late Earl of Ellesmere.

§ Afterwards Lord Melbourne.

|| Now Lord Glenelg.

¶ The late Lord Lurgan.

majority ; but, such is the hostility still existing against us, such the infatuation of our opponents, that the motion of Sir Francis Burdett, which was merely to take our sufferings into consideration, was only carried by a majority of six—and, even this majority, small in itself as it was, I have no doubt, on my own mind, was caused by the intelligence which arrived in London the morning of the deviation, and which was nothing less than a declaration of war against Turkey by the Emperor of Russia. (Hear.) That declaration, although long expected, came like a heavy blow upon the English cabinet—it placed England in a dilemma out of which she will find it difficult, if not impracticable, to escape at least with honour or security to herself. Well may the battle of Navarino be described as an ‘untoward event,’ in the King’s speech to Parliament, drawn up by his Grace of Wellington ; for ‘untoward’ it certainly was in the eyes of those who hoped to be able to perpetuate the degradation and slavery of Catholic Ireland. (Hear.) But, my Lord, it was something more ; the first cannon fired on that glorious day by the gallant Codrington, blew for ever into the air the flimsy structure of the ‘Holy Alliance ;’ it threw the game which she so long desired completely into the hands of Russia ; it gave an opening to the young and ambitious Nicholas to carry into execution the favourite project of aggrandisement, so long cherished by the great Catherine the Second. And who is there so short sighted as to suppose that he will now stop short in the middle of his course—that he will be satisfied with anything short of the possession of Constantinople—that he will allow the crescent to wave in triumph over its four hundred mosques—in a word, that he will be so weak as to enter into a treaty with the Porte, which declares that it only enters into treaties in order, like other countries, to break them when it has the power ? England, he well knows, is too crippled in her finances, too broken in her internal resources, to be able to offer him any effectual opposition. The time is gone by when she might say, ‘thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.’ Remonstrate and complain she may ; but, beyond this the Russian Emperor may exclaim to her Ministers, ‘*ulterius tentare veto*’—by the by, my Lord, these vetos are sometimes very dangerous things to meddle with. (Hear.) But this is not all—for, not content with the subjugation of Russia, the ambitious Nicholas, flushed with the European conquest, may be induced to turn his eyes from the Bosphorus to the Ganges ; and, perhaps, ere long, England, stripped of her oriental dominions, the spell of that power which she long exercised over seventy millions of Asiatic subjects being broken and dissolved for ever, she may at length see verified in the person of the Russian Emperor, the words which the Roman poet applied to another Emperor, the great Augustus—

—“*Super et Garamantos, et Indos,  
Proferet imperium.*”

Nor is the prospect, my Lord, for England more cheering and encouraging in the West ; Canada is full of discontent, is already ripe for revolt, and only pants for an opportunity to be admitted under the fostering wings of the Republican Eagle. (Hear.) To what, then, has England to look to as her last resource ; to sustain and



stand by her in the hour of difficulty and of danger which has now come upon her? To Catholic Ireland, and to Catholic Ireland alone. How may she secure her fidelity and support, even at the eleventh hour? Simply and solely, my Lord, by an act of strict justice, by granting unqualified and unconditional emancipation. This, and nothing short of this, can, or, I trust, ever well satisfy or content the Catholic people of Ireland. (Hear, hear.) Since the first moment of their connection with England, the hour of her difficulty and distress has been to them the only one of hope and relief. The first relaxations of the penal code, 1778, followed the glorious struggle that terminated in the triumph of American independence; while it is well known that the concessions of 1793 were only extorted through the fears of the French revolution. England has not less reason to indulge in fears at the present moment than at either of the periods to which I have referred; and unless her councils are really guided by 'worse than madmen,' she will listen, before it is perhaps too late, to the voice of Ireland, which exclaims to her, in these emphatic words, 'be just and fear not.' (Cheers.) But whether success or defeat shall now attend us, the people of Ireland have one consolation to sustain them; they have born: persecution for centuries; they have clung to their holy and venerable religion with a desperate fidelity, 'through evil report as well as through good report.' This religion is doubly dear to them, as being the only remaining monument of their former greatness and prosperity. Let no considerations induce them to have what the sword and gibbet could not destroy, filched away from them by the wolf in sheep's clothing. And while the second duty of every true Irishman is to achieve the liberty of his country, let him never forget that the first and most sacred obligation imposed upon him from above, is to preserve and maintain inviolate the purity and independence of his religion.—Mr. Coppinger sat down amid loud and continued cheering.

O'Connell felt it necessary as leader of the great organization to assume at the National Council, perhaps more of the demeanour of a dictator than was calculated to make him a favorite with the minor labourers in the cause. Hence his split with Jack Lawless, Eneas McDonell, Lord Cloncurry, and in the subsequent agitation for Repeal, with Smith O'Brien, Meagher, and others. Coppinger appears to have been one of those who assumed an independent attitude whether rightly or wrongly, we shall not now pause to discuss. We have heard him say that in 1827, O'Connell requested him to give up "the Washington Motion," in the Catholic Association—a move upon which Coppinger had set his heart, and already given notice. "In fact," said the great Tribune, "His Excellency, Lord Wellesley particularly desires that you should: and if you persist, Lord Killeen, Sir Edward Bellevue, and the whole of the

Catholic aristocracy will desert us." Coppinger argued the point with O'Connell, but was unable to convince him. Nothing deterred however by antagonism so influential, he made "the Washington Motion," and prefaced it by a very unequivocal speech.

A few other differences of opinion as to policy occurred between O'Connell and Coppinger, until at last they burst into open battle on the question of Catholic burial grounds. Coppinger objected to some points insisted upon by O'Connell, who revenged himself by sallies of that retaliative vituperation for which the great man was remarkable. "Boys," he said, addressing an auditory which was plentifully sprinkled with coal porters—boys did you ever see such an ugly, or a more hungry looking fellow? Stingy Stephen refuses to give us the light of his countenance—*oh wirrasthrue*." And, following up this line of retaliation, O'Connell subsequently nick-named him "the Knight of the Rueful Countenance."

We have heard Mr. Coppinger say that immediately after the achievement of emancipation, O'Connell met him and exclaimed, "well Coppinger you see I have emancipated you." "Rather," replied Coppinger half in joke, and half in earnest, "rather say that notwithstanding all your efforts to the contrary we succeeded in obtaining the blessings of emancipation."

Mr. Coppinger was stored with anecdotes of an exclusive character, and the writer of this paper thought it worth while, a few years ago, to note a few of his conversations. Speaking of Dr. England, the late Bishop of Charleston, he said that he possessed a greater fluency in writing than almost any man he knew. He had been editor of an influential Cork paper, and conducted it with great patriotic spirit, and ability. The hierarchy rather feared his influence,—which was decidedly democratic—and a memorial signed by nearly all the Bishops in Ireland, was sent to Rome praying His Holiness to appoint Dr. England to some vacant foreign See. Some of the episcopal body seemed to fear that on the death of the Bishops of Cork, or Cloyne, Dr. England might be elected to the dignity, and whether true or false he was suspected to have been tinged with revolutionary principles. Dr. Coppinger, the venerable Patriot Prelate of Cloyne, entertained a great regard for Dr. England, as well as a hearty appreciation of his talents, and refused to sign the memorial to Rome. This fact was

communicated to the subject of this paper by Dr. Coppinger himself.\*

The following anecdote throws some light on the precipitate conversion of the Duke of Wellington to the Catholic cause in 1828, which a short time previously he had vowed to oppose to the death. The Right Rev. Dr. England, Bishop

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\* Mr. Fagan, M.P., in his *Life and Times of Daniel O'Connell*, thus refers to Dr. England :—

“He was a man of great powers of mind, amazing intellectual energy ; possessing, too a masculine eloquence, and a stern, unflinching determination, well suited to a popular leader. He had all the qualities that contribute to the influence, and are necessary to the office, of an agitator. No literary labour was too great for him ; no opposition was too powerful. He was, from the first, a decided anti-Vetoist. Indeed, we may affirm, he was the guiding genius of the anti-Quarantotti movement. He was, at the time we write of, Editor of the *Cork Mercantile Chronicle*, an honest, well-conducted paper ; the downfall of which is a lasting stigma on the patriotism of the South. He worked up the movement against the local Catholic Board ; and at last forced the members to publish their proceedings. Why was it Ireland afterwards lost the services of that distinguished man ? Why was his lot ultimately cast in a foreign land—in the Southern States of Republican America, where his genius burned out, amidst a race of uncivilized slave-owners ? He sacrificed himself to the service of religion ; but would he not have rendered it more service as a Prelate, in his native land, co-operating with such able and exalted men as Doctor Doyle, in improving the condition of the people, and making Catholicity respected even by its enemies ? The endowments of a mind like his, were partly lost in the semi-barbarous sphere of Charleston, and those Southern States of America, of which he became Bishop. The boundless regions of the Far West, presented opportunities too few for the exercise of those accomplishments and gifts, with which he was enriched. Religion might be propagated by intellectual inferior agencies. Amongst the busy, money-loving, pre-occupied, and scattered sojourners in those wild, half-settled territories, one mind, however masculine and energetic, could accomplish little. His profound learning—his theological acquirements fell upon a barren soil—though, as the result has proved, from their intrinsic vigour, they took root and flourished.

It was, therefore, always a source of deep regret, in after days, that circumstances, we believe of a private nature suggested his appointment to the Episcopacy in America.—He who broke down the *veto* spirit in Cork, would have rendered invaluable services in the various subsequent struggles for civil liberty, and social and political amelioration. For his was a master mind ; and it was on such a stage, as society in Ireland afforded, that his noble and various attributes would have found material and room for action.”

of Charleston, North Carolina, informed Stephen Coppinger in presence of Dr. Miley, and "honest Jack Lawless," that he almost personally organized, in 1828, a force of forty thousand men, which, headed by General Montgomery, the son of an Irish Refugee, was intended for the invasion of Ireland, had Catholic Emancipation continued to have been withheld. Mr. Coppinger added that the Right Hon. Sir T. Wyse, author of the *History of the Catholic Association*, was aware of this fact; and made an indirect allusion to it in that work: and further, that the Duke of Wellington was in full possession of the Bishop of Carolina's scheme; and to its impending influence, and not to the dread of internal civil war, his Grace mainly succumbed. "This is a very important historical fact," observed Mr. Coppinger, "and not at all known. Even O'Connell himself knew very little about it, although some of his tail did; but the rumour was always hushed up as calculated to lower O'Connell's influence and prestige as the emancipator of Catholic Ireland."

Mr. Coppinger believed Dr. England to have been the spiritual director of O'Connell. \* \* \* \*

Speaking of Thomas Wyse, he said that he rattled over the History of the Catholic Association with too much rapidity to do anything like justice to the work. Report went abroad early in 1829, that Maurice O'Connell was writing it, and would shortly publish. Wyse and Purcell O'Gorman respectively resolved to have the start of him. O'Gorman obtained the key of the archives of the Association, and carried home with him, without leave or license, the papers necessary for the effective production of such a work. But he was naturally lazy. He procrastinated until his death, near thirty years after, and the work has still to be written. Mr. Wyse corresponded frequently with Coppinger during the progress of his book; and sent him a presentation copy. Mr. Coppinger noted several inaccuracies, and enclosed them to Wyse, who courteously acknowledged the letter, by saying that he valued them more than all the praise he had received from the public press.

Mr. Coppinger was always an intense admirer of the first Napoleon, and occasionally wore a locket, in which some of the great man's hair had been tenderly preserved. Mr. Coppinger could not help ejaculating, "*Et tu Brute*," when he read in Mr. Wyse's work a fierce attack on Buonaparte. Wyse, it will be remembered, is connected by marriage with the Buonaparte family.

At a public meeting in Dublin, in honor of the Bard of Erin, Moore referred in very complimentary terms to Sheil. Sheil

got upon his legs soon after, and made a very brilliant rhetorical speech, but carefully avoided all allusion to Moore. Many persons present thought it had an odd appearance. "I differ with you," said Coppinger, "Moore might speak of Sheil, but Sheil could not afford to speak of Moore."

Some of the rising generation who have seen the great colossal statue to Moore, in College-street, bent and stooped like the top-heavy frame of an enormous old man, may have been inspired with a false notion of Moore's real altitude, which in point of fact was exceedingly diminutive. Coppinger having been invited to an evening party, at Moore's mother's in Abbey-street, sat down on a low footstool to converse with "Bessie" and her caro sposo. Moore was standing, and his face, though in close proximity, was barely on a level with Coppinger's.

Coppinger had some amusing Bar anecdotes, of which he had personal knowledge. Everybody is tired hearing of the jokes of Lord Norbury; but Standish O'Grady, afterwards Lord Guillamore, was quite as much a wit. A well-known Dublin attorney, having practised in early life in the police courts, he contracted, to some extent, the phraseology usually heard before—what a London cockney would designate, "Beaks." Sometime about the year 1820, he became engaged in a suit, tried before Chief Baron O'Grady, in the Court of Exchequer, and addressed the Bench as "your worship," repeatedly during the day. The Chief first smiled at the misnomer, but afterwards waxed testy, and in a burst of irritation exclaimed, "Sir, you have been *worshipping* me all day." The attorney bowed, and sat down, but having occasion again to address the Bench, observed, "My Lord Chief Baron, if I might presume—" "Sir," roared O'Grady, cutting him quite short, "You have been presuming since 11 this morning."

O'Grady once asked Jack Ryan, a well-known solicitor, to dine with him. Ryan paid very marked and continued attentions to the claret. At length the Chief asked him if he would like punch. "No thank you Chief," responded Ryan, "Not being particular, I'll stick to the claret."

But enough of the cap and bells. Some short obituary notices of Mr. Coppinger have recently appeared in the newspapers, the tone of which cannot but be gratifying to his family and admirers. The *Dublin Evening Post* said:—

"Mr. Coppinger was one of the steadiest labourers in the great national movement for religious freedom; and to the last hour of his life, he was sincere, consistent, and really patriotic."

The *Freeman's Journal* said :—

He was secretary to the Catholics of the great County of Cork, and acquired considerable distinction by the ability and the energy with which he worked the Catholic question in that fine county. Nor was his name unknown in the greater meetings on Burgh Quay, where he occupied a prominent position among the more distinguished Catholic chiefs. Since then, however, Mr. Coppinger withdrew from public life and lived quietly, and unostentatiously, a simple and worthy citizen content to discharge less stormy duties than those which were incident to a more youthful period of his life. He had a great fund of anecdote respecting the public men with whom he was associated in early life, and by his information could supply many a link in the chain of events which have been unchronicled by the few writers conversant with that interesting period of our history.

Mr. Coppinger was an accomplished letter-writer : but it does not come within the objects of this paper to publish any selection from his correspondence. There is one letter, however, written not long before Mr. Coppinger's death, which, as it adverts in touching language to a domestic calamity that no doubt accelerated his end, and embittered his last moments, it may prove interesting to subjoin. The letter is addressed to the author of "*The Life, Times and Contemporaries of Lord Cloncurry.*"

58, Amiens-street, Dublin.

Wednesday.

"My Dear Sir,—I was favored at a late hour last night with your most kind and esteemed letter of condolence on the death of my beloved child, conveying in terms at once feeling, and consoling, and such *only* as could flow from the pen of *one* whose writings are so universally prized, the expression of that sympathy, which you, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick so tenderly entertain at the afflicting bereavement it has pleased Providence to visit me with. For this sympathy I feel, be assured, as indeed I ought to do, deeply, and sensibly grateful. That you should think of me at such a moment, when the angel of death had struck my darling child, who was the *pride* of my family, and whose cherished memory can never be effaced from my sorrowing heart, is such a proof of kindness, that I know not how to express my acknowledgements sufficiently. I beg to assure you that I sincerely appreciate this generous sympathy, conveyed in words at once so touching and so

true, and at the same time, so calculated to impart the balm of consolation in the hour of affliction. It was of Gastric fever of fourteen days duration my sweet child died; and for the last two or three days, we had but slender hopes of her recovery.

"Requesting you will present my sincerest regards to your good lady, and again thanking you for your very kind sympathy,

I remain with grateful esteem,

My Dear Sir,

Ever yours most faithfully,

STEPHEN COPPINGER.

To William John Fitzpatrick, Esq.,  
Stillorgan."

Mr. Coppinger is reported by the *Freeman* as having been amongst those who paid the last tribute of respect to the remains of Mr. John O'Connell at Glasnevin Cemetery on Friday, May 28th. On the same day he attended the meeting of the Prospect and Golden Bridge Cemetery Board at 17, Usher's quay, and the expression of his face betokened such internal decay and debility that Mr. Matthias J. O'Kelly hired a covered car in which he brought his suffering friend home. In a few hours after he was dead. *Diabetes*—the wasting disease which so suddenly carried off the late Judge Jackson—had been fatally at work.

Mr. Coppinger having been through life a practical religionist there was no need for a hurried death-bed repentance, and he died calmly and happily. How expressively true are Landor's words: "Heaven is not to be won by short hard work at the last, as some of us take a degree at the University after much irregularity and negligence. I prefer a steady pace from the outset to the end, coming in cool, and dismounting quietly."

## ART. VIII.—POETS AND POETRY OF GERMANY.

*Poets and Poetry of Germany—Biographical and Critical Notices, by Madame L. Davéziès De Pontés.—2 Vols.*  
London, Chapman and Hall, 1858.

The poetry of every people undergoes with the nation to which it belongs, certain changes or phases dependant on the growth of taste, intellect, wealth or power. At first the rudeness of barbarism or tribe-life, produces war songs, or metrical accounts of the achievements of heroes, sung perhaps extemporaneously to excite the followers of chiefs to glorious deeds in battle. Mingled with these, the superstitions of heathenism, whose influence on the mind of man in a savage state is greater than that of any earthly power, are introduced to terrify the wavering or cowardly into the observance of the duties they owe their fellow men, by the idea of unseen agents watching their actions. When the nation has settled down to pastoral life, and abandoned the roving, marauding, or conquering phase, the bucolic era arises, when the delights of country life are sung, the woodland deities are invoked, and a host of kind, beneficent fairies, elves, and nymphs, who protect and watch over the husbandman, are invented. The gathering of men into towns, the building of fortalices, and the consequent strife for dominion, give rise to romances, songs celebrating feats of arms, ladies' love, and a more advanced form of religious superstition, founded on the more agreeable part of the creed of the nation. These forms of poetry alternate with each other until the popular element has gained the upper hand, when songs of the affections, high class lyrics, epics and dramas, in varied order, bring the language to its highest state of perfection.

Among some people the first phase partakes more of the heroic than of the mythological, as among the Greeks and Romans, whose mortals were kept separate and inferior to the deities. In others, as the Scandinavians and Teutons, mythology prevails almost exclusively, or the heroes themselves are turned into Gods. Odin, originally a mere mortal, peoples the Walhalla with his paladins and followers. Thor, the god of battles, seems to have been originally conceived as a blacksmith, with his huge hammer by which he vanquished giants. The second phase is almost completely wanting among the relics of



the Teutonic tribes, the only evidence of its having once existed being the legendary lays of gnomes, cobolds, nixes, dwarfs, and other inhabitants of the woods and fields, who play a very large part in the pages of early German romance. The third phase is by far the most prolific, reproduced at various intervals from the 8th to the 16th century, alternating with the lyrics of minne-singers, the songs and hymns of the *meister-sänger*, and the legendary tales of wizards, witches, and goblins. When all these had died out, and the wars engendered by the reformation had spent their strength throughout the land, the revival of letters in the rest of Europe produced a chastening influence on the literature of Germany. Bodmer and others, by their influence as professors in many of the universities, fashioned taste of the people and them to a due appreciation of the merits of composition. They commenced the era of modern poetry, which has been brought on by various stages of perfection to the writings of Lessing, Klopstock, Wieland, Schiller and Goethe. Whether the German language has yet attained its greatest degree of perfectibility, is a question not yet decided, and probably will not be finally settled for another half century. But the most reasonable theory is, that it being a language, which in its present form has not been fashioned and shaped into general use, for a long time after the principal tongues of Europe had been so, it may still require a vast deal of developement. Certain it is that its literature within very recent times has advanced with giant strides.

German writers generally distinguish three marked periods of their national poetry. The first or heathen extends from the earliest times, when the achievements of Odin and his fellow deities were celebrated in the Edda, down to the twelfth century, when the Hohenstauffen dynasty ascended the imperial throne. The second or Schwabian period comes down to the times of Wieland and Goethe, whose age formed the third epoch, sometimes called after Charles Augustus, Duke of Weimar, a celebrated revivor and patron of letters. The heathen division cannot be said to be properly named, as it includes not only many Saga, dating from before the spread of Christianity in the north, but also many metrical ballads and poems of the middle ages, in which are introduced the superstitions and chivalry of the new religion. This classification is however very convenient, as the poetic power of the German people did not during that great lapse of time, undergo any considerable increase of strength or perfection.

The earliest recorded writer in German prose or verse is Ovid, who states that when he was exiled among the Getae, he attempted to compose a book in their barbarous language.

Ah! pudet! et Getico scripsi sermone libellum.  
Structaque sunt nostris barbara verba modis.

It does not appear however what was the nature of the tongue in which he composed, most probably Gothic, resembling very little in structure the modern German. He chose for subject the decease and apotheosis of Augustus, no doubt in order to gain some favor with the emperor and shorten his exile.

From what period the Edda dates cannot at present be satisfactorily ascertained. No doubt it has been added to, and enlarged at various times. The collection of the present poems under that name is chiefly due to Charlemagne. They treat of the achievements of Odin or Wodin, and his heroes of the Walhalla, and indicate a great analogy between the ancient mythology of Greece and Rome, and that of Scandinavia or the Teutonic races. Some doubt has been thrown upon the identity of the divinities of the Scandinavians and Teutons, but we find that the Anglo-Saxons of Britain had the very same deities and traditions respecting them, before the introduction of Christianity, as are mentioned in the Edda. Odin appears to be the Jove although some consider him more resembling Mercury; Thor's "giant strength and redoubtable hammer" have a great affinity with the attributes of Hercules. Balder suggests the idea of the gentle Apollo; and Hertha, who drives through the land in a car drawn by white oxen, disarming warriors, causing the flowers and fruits of the earth to spring forth at her touch, recalls at once the benignant reign of Ceres. Mixed up with the actions of these deities are many legends concerning remarkable personages, the most striking of which, that of Wieland or Veland Smith, brings to mind at once certain superstitions formerly existing in parts of England, and the Grecian fable of Icarus, the Cretan, who gave his name to a part of the sea. Wieland was a cunning forger of metal, who having married one of the *Valkyres*, or maidens presiding over the carnage of battle, is deserted by her at the sound of a trumpet. She flies away from him by means of a robe of feathers which he endeavours to imitate. The King of Sweden seizes him, and compels him to work night and day, having cut his ham-strings in order to prevent his escape. Wieland revenges

himself by slaying the king's two sons, making drinking-cups of their skulls, and breast-clasps of their teeth, as a present for the parents. He flies away afterwards with the king's daughter, having discovered the secret of the robe of feathers, and mocks the king in the distance with an account of his revenge.

Attached to this mythology is a goodly array of spirits of a minor order, Elves, Dwarfs, Gnomes, Cobolds, and Nixes, who peopled the woods, fields, and rocky caverns, in the same manner as the Fauns, and Nymphs did among the Greeks and Romans, and interfered in the affairs of men. The stories of them and their good or evil propensities are innumerable, but the most remarkable are those of the white women, denoting a transition from Paganism to the rites of Christianity.

There are the white women who often appear at early dawn, or dewy evening, with their pale sad faces and shadowy forms; these are the goddesses of ancient Paganism condemned to wander through ages to expiate the guilt of having received divine worship, and sentenced at length to eternal punishment unless redeemed by mortal aid. At certain times they are permitted to appear to human view to seek that which alone can procure them salvation. A fisherman in the neighbourhood of Fieben, suddenly beheld a white woman standing before him; "Home, home!" she cried, "thy wife has brought a boy into the world, carry it hither, let me kiss it that I may be redeemed." The fisherman amazed, hastened to his cottage and found all as the white woman had said; but fearing very naturally to trust his new born infant into the hands of this unearthly being till protected by the holy rite of baptism, he had this ceremony performed, and then bore it to the sea shore where he found the white woman weeping bitterly, for the condition attached to her salvation was, that the child should not be baptized! and still at times does she appear upon the sea shore sighing and lamenting.

The goddess Hertha, mentioned by Tacitus, designated in the middle ages by the name of Perchta, plays a most conspicuous part in these legends. She had been spouse to Odin, and watched over certain districts of the country with beneficent sway, having the privilege of appearing on the feast of the three kings to the inhabitants of upper earth. In consequence however of a slight put upon her and her attendant dwarfs, she withdrew from the neighbourhood, which soon lost its fertility, and became lone and desolate. Some of those fables indicate the influence which the first seeds of Christianity had among the people, and the way in which the priests endeavoured to turn these superstitions to the advantage of the new creed.

The translation of the Scriptures in the Mæso Gothic tongue, done by Ulphilas, Bishop of the Visigoths, in the middle of the fourth century, may be looked upon as the earliest specimen of German literature extant. It is still preserved in the Cathedral at Upsal under the title of the "silver codex," having been brought from Prague by Count Königsmark. It is partially written in metre, and adheres in many passages to the rhythm of the Greek version. Thus in Matthew, chap. xi. verse xvii, the original runs thus:—

Ἦυλησαμεν ὑμῖν, καὶ οὐκ ὤρχησασθε  
Ἐθρηνησαμεν ὑμῖν, καὶ οὐκ ἐκο-ψασθε.

The meaning of which is ; "*we have piped to you and you have not danced ; we have lamented and you have not mourned.*" The Mæso Gothic version of Ulphilas is as follows :—

Swiglodedum izwis, jah ni plinsideduth,  
Gaunodedum izwis, jah ni gaigeroduth.

The words of this passage do not seem to have much affinity with modern German, except those "jah ni," which are evidently the first forms of the "ja nicht" of the present day.

After Ulphilas a great hiatus of nearly four hundred years occurs, during which there does not appear to have been any noted lay produced among the German nations. No doubt they had their warlike chaunts and songs celebrating achievements of their heroes, but the first signs of revival are in the eight century, when the Northmen began to form their piratical excursions. One of these "Ragnar the sea king," the terror of the coasts, who was taken prisoner while invading the territories of Ella, King of Northumberland, and perished stung to death by serpents in a loathsome dungeon, has left behind him an ode sung in the midst of tortures. It is composed of short strophes, without rhyme, each commencing with the refrain "we fought with the sword." A series of similar lays, in which may be reckoned the Weissbrunnen Gebet, Hildebrand lied, Walter of Aquitaine and Beowulf, form the Frankish period of German poetry, in which a certain number of characters are constantly reproduced in different views and adventures. They are rhymeless, the measure consisting of a species of alliteration, formed by the accentuation of the principal words in each line commencing with the same consonants. The hero Siegfried, Etzel, or Attila, King of the Huns, Theodoric the Great under the name of Dietrich of Berne or

Verona, Günther, King of the Burgundians, and his vassals Hagan and Hildebrand, are the principal personages running through the whole.

Walter of Aquitaine appears to be the most complete of the series, although the only manuscripts now extant of it are in the Latin tongue. It commences with an account of an expedition by Etzel and his Hunnish army, in which he takes Hagan and Walter, then mere youths, as captives from the Burgundians. When they grow up the former escapes from his servitude, and the other having made Etzel and his court drunk, flies off with the king's daughter Hildegunda and two boxes of treasures. They arrive in the territories of Günther, the King of Burgandy, who sends out Hagan and twelve picked men to seize the maiden and jewels. They are vanquished by Walter and Hagan's son Patafred slain. Gunther and Hagan afterwards attacked Walter together, and fight until one has lost a hand, another an eye, and the third a foot, when they consider it right to make up the quarrel, become good friends, and return to Worms in company. This lay is attributed to a monk of St. Gall, Eckard, who lived in the ninth century. A manuscript copy dating from about that period is still preserved in the library at Carlsruhe. From some passages translated by Madame Pontés it would appear to have been written in a discursive ballad style, and gives a good idea of the manners of that strange age. Walter's declaration of love to Hildegunda, when he persuades her to fly with him, would not disgrace some of the more finished romances of the present day. He finds Hildegunda pensive and alone in the royal apartment, and the following scene takes place :—

Upon the maiden's lips he prest a tender kiss, the first.  
Give me a draught of wine, he cried, or I must die of thirst.  
Not long the maiden tarried, she loved the hero bold;  
She filled with rich and sparkling wine the cup of ruddy gold.

She gave it to the warrior; he crossed himself and drank;  
Then clasped in his the maiden's hand, her gentle zeal to thank.  
She did not draw her hand away; but fixed on her his eye,  
Sir Walter drained the generous draught and laid the goblet by.

I was destined for thy husband; thou wert chosen for my bride;  
How often, lovely maiden, has the youth stood by thy side!  
And never has a single word those lips of coral passed,  
And never e'en a single glance thou hast deigned on him to cast.

But why deny each other in this sad and foreign land,  
The only consolation which we can yet command?  
But she did not dare to trust him, that fair and timid maid,  
Awile she kept her peace, and then looked full at him and said;

"Thy tongue affects a language which is foreign to thy heart;  
It is but bitter mockery, in which love has no part;  
Young queens of radiant beauty thy hand and homage crave:  
How canst thou think of Hildegand, the captive and the slave?"

Then thus the prudent hero to the damsel made reply;  
"Nay, speak to me without deceit, lay empty phrases by;  
I have spoken to thee frankly, from my very heart, believe.  
It is the truth, sweet maiden, Walter knows not to deceive."

Then at his feet the maiden sank, and cried with trembling tone,  
"Command whate'er thou listest, I am thine and thine alone,  
No power on earth shall hinder me thy bidding to fulfill;  
For Hildegand lives only to do her Walter's will."

We now enter upon the cycle of the Niebelungen, containing several lays all relating to the same personages under different phases, and forming such a train of extraordinary encounters as are read of in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. The first is that of the Horny Siegfried, who may be styled the Achilles of the North, for he owes his extraordinary power to a bath of dragon's blood, which changes the surface of his body into horn, and makes him invulnerable. He delivers Chriemhild, a princess of Burgundy, from the jaws of a monstrous giant, and is married to her at Worms to be stabbed by Hagan, Günther's fierce vassal, in the only spot where he is vulnerable. Thus the termination of the poem is anti-classical, ending in the slaughter of the hero himself.

The Niebelungen lay itself, the crowning effort of ancient German chivalrous poetry, is of such a truculent nature that it is very difficult to conceive how it can have formed the delight of the ladies' bower of those ages of romance. The characters are nearly the same as before; Siegfried is introduced winning Chriemhild, the sister of Günther, by his prowess. The Burgundian king, seeking to obtain the hand of Brunhild, a warlike princess of Isenland, employs Siegfried to overcome her in the combat. A rivalry ensues between the two ladies, and Brunhild obtains the assassination of Siegfried. Chriemhild, for the sake of revenge, marries Etzel, the king of the Huns, and having invited her brother Günther and his wife to a banquet, procures them to be murdered. A general slaughter ensues, only three of the characters being left alive at the end of the poem. The action of the epic extends over a great period of years, nearly thirty, and by some has been regarded as proceeding from several hands, not put together by one composer. There are many passages of great power and beauty, impossible to give in a translation, which have caused

it to be compared with the great Greek and Roman heroic poems, but its unartistic arrangement, prolixity, and truculent termination, depreciate very much its merits as a production of human genius.

Another lay of this cycle, the Gudrune, may be considered to have more interest for our readers, as one of the principal personages is Siegbert, king of Ireland, and Hagan, his son. Hilda, the daughter of the latter, is persecuted by three royal suitors, who carry her off at various times, but she is at length married to her real lover, Herwig. The construction of the poem and verse is said to be much superior to the other lays, while many tender and artistic touches soften the harsher manners of the age portrayed. This, along with the other Niebelungen, was preserved in the Castle Ambras, near Innspruck in the Tyrol, by the Emperor Maximilian the First in 1517. It contains some 4,700 verses, of a gentle, melodious kind, well calculated to draw the reader on to a full appreciation of its beauties.

Another cycle, that of Dietrich of Berne, or Theodoric of Verona, contains the Ecken Ausfahrt, Battle of Ravenna, Dwarf Laurin, and the Rosengarten. The principal hero throughout is Dietrich, but in the last poem several of the characters of the Niebelungen are introduced. It begins thus in ballad style :—

Upon the lordly Rhine, there lies a fair and goodly town,  
An antique city and well known to knight of high renown.  
Here dwelt a gallant hero, all both knew and feared his sword ;  
His name was Giebig, and he reigned, a mighty prince and lord.

His gentle wife had given him three sons both fair and brave ;  
The fourth child was a girl, who brought unto a bloody grave  
Full many a noble warrior, as the old tale hath said.  
Her name was Chriemhild ; never yet was seen a lovelier maid.

A garden of sweet roses was the beauteous virgin's pride ;  
A mile at least it was in length, and half a mile 'twas wide.  
Around, instead of walls of stone, was a silken thread so fine.  
No bower on earth, Chriemhild exclaimed, is like this bower of mine.

The bower is guarded by twelve knights, whom Dietrich and his followers engage to overcome. All are conquered except the horny Siegfried, husband to Chriemhild, whom on account of his early friendship Dietrich does not wish to fight. He is induced to do so, however, by a stratagem of one of his own warriors, old Hildebrand, and comes off victorious. There is more of chivalry and knightly bearing in this poem than in the others. It remained a favorite romance in Germany up

to the 17th century, and is the last of the extraordinary ballads celebrating the half barbarian heroes of the middle ages.

The era of Charlemagne from the 9th to the 12th century, did not produce much original composition in the vernacular German, although the conqueror and lawgiver of the Saxons established schools and universities in every direction, to foster the growing desire for learning in Europe. The chief productions were in the Latin tongue, except some few of a religious character in the native dialect, Heliand's Evangelical Harmonies, and the Ludwig's lied, which celebrated the victory of Louis III. over the Normans at Salcourt. The latter was written by a monk named Herschell, who may have wielded the sword and lance, as well as coned his breviary, in the troublous times. There existed however a cultivator of the drama in the person of Hroswitha, a nun of the convent of Gandersheim, founded by Ludolf of Saxony in 859. She imitated Terence, wrote six plays as she said herself "to the glorification of female chastity," six legends on saintly subjects and a panegyric on the Othos. This was the age of mysteries and farces, in which sacred events were represented according to holy writ for the edification of the people.

During the reigns of the Othos, Henry IV. and Henry VI. there does not appear to have been any advance made in literature or poetry by the German race. Their language still partook very much of the Frankish and Gothic dialects, in which almost the only remaining song, the Anno Lied in praise of Anno, Archbishop of Cologne, is written. There succeeded however shortly after a new cycle, or series of poems, similar to those of the Niebelungan, called the Lombard, evincing a more advanced state of civilization, more exclusively Christian belief, and more knightly manners in the heroes. These were Duke Ernest of Swabia, Count Rudolph, King Ruother, Orendel, &c. The last is the legend of the holy coat of Treves, and commences with a detailed account of the Saviour's death. It tells how the coat is thrown into the sea, swallowed by a fish, and found inside the animal. It relates the adventures of Orendel, in searching for it, how he rescues a princess from her rebellious vassals, and is rescued in turn by her, with the aid of a dwarf. The whole is evidently of a piece with the extravagant romances of the middle ages, brought to such perfection in Italy.

With Conrad III., of the Hohenstauffen dynasty, there arose a new spirit of poetry throughout Germany. The cru-



sades had been carried on for some time, blending together the different nations of Europe, and importing the manners of one into the other. The Troubadours and Trouvères of France carried with them a prevailing influence, which changed the habits of the German courts from their semi-barbarous roughness, to an excess of chivalrous and almost effeminate luxury. The minne-singers imitated the minstrels of the other side of the Rhine, almost deified their lady loves. "Frau minne," (love) became the divinity of the age, her favourite haunt being settled in Horselberg, a mountain near Eisenach in Thuringia, and called the Venusberg.

The Minne-singers with rare exceptions belonged to the order of knighthood. Their duty was to protect the feeble, to defend the oppressed. Every knight had his lady-love, who was in most cases, the wife of another. So universally indeed was this usage recognised, that the husbands generally acquiesced without any difficulty, and in their turn benefitted by the privilege. In a Provençal romance, *Philomena*, composed in the 12th century by a monk whose name has not come down to us, *Oriunde*, the wife of the King *Matran*, besieged in *Narbonne* by the army of *Charlemagne*, chances to see the Paladin *Roland*, and they become enamoured of each other. In consequence *Oriunde* most unpatriotically rejoices in the success of the foe, and to the just reproaches of her husband, that her delight is the result of her love for *Roland*, and that one day she will be punished for it, she replies, "Seigneur, occupy yourself with your wars, and leave me and my love. It does not dishonour you since I love so noble a chevalier as *Roland*, nephew to *Charlemagne*, and with chaste affection." *Matran* having heard this, retired quite discomfited and abashed.

All husbands, however, were not quite so accommodating. The Count de *Limousin* for instance, not only banished *Bernard* Count de *Ventadour* from his court and kingdom, on discovering his amorous devotion to his wife, though we are assured it was perfectly innocent, but actually shut up the poor lady in her chamber, where he kept her a close prisoner for a considerable time. But such instances of exaggerated scruples seem to have been the exception not the rule. That the choice of a knight or a lady-love was regarded as an affair of no ordinary importance, is attested by the ceremonies, with which it was everywhere accompanied. The knight kneeling down before his lady, swore to serve her faithfully until death, while the fair one accepted his services, vowed truth and devotion, presented him a ring, and then raising him, imprinted a chaste kiss on his forehead. Although it was in France, and above all in Provence, that those singular customs took their rise, the Germans as we shall see, were not long behind their neighbours in romantic gallantry.

Of course marriage was reduced to a mere material necessity, with which love was deemed absolutely incompatible. To what

strange anomalies this system gave rise may be imagined; a lady promised one of her adorers to accept him for her knight, if the other to whom she was sincerely attached, was lost to her. Having, however, married the object of her affection, and happening to love him still although he had become her husband, she was somewhat embarrassed when his rival claimed the fulfilment of her engagement, and refused to listen to his suit. But Eleanor of Poitiers, to whom the case was referred, decided it against her, alleging that she had really lost her lover, by accepting him as her lord.

This curious system was not however carried so far in Germany; the minne-singers who were all noblemen attached themselves to the courts of particular princes, by whom they were held in great respect. The dialect in which their lays were written was principally Swabian, from the native country of the reigning family. The first lyric in the German language is referred to Henry VI., son of the great Barbarossa. Spervogel and Wernher von Tegernsee produced devotional verses, and Henry von Veldeke, the most famous of all, wrote a new *Æneid*, in a low dialect of German. Frederick von Haiszen was so engrossed by the devotion for his lady-love, that he continually said "good night" for "good morning," and turned his doublet wrong side outwards. He died in the Holy Land in 1190, having rendered his name and that of his lady-love famous by his deeds of valour. The reign of the Emperor Frederick II. may be looked upon as the golden age of poetry in the middle ages. The lays of 160 minne-singers of the period have been collected by Roger Manesse of Zurich, himself a member of the craft in 1300, of which Walter von der Vogelweide, Gottfried von Strasbourg, Wolfram von Eschenboch Hartmann von der Aue, Ulrich von Lichtenstein, and Jacob von der Warte were certainly the most superior. The last has left the following delicate little lay.

## I.

Hark, the little birds are singing,  
Merrily o'er mead and vale;  
Lays of grateful praise are ringing,  
From the dainty nightingale.  
Look upon the dewy braid,  
On the heath with wild flowers bright,  
See how gaily they're bedight,  
By the bounteous hand of May.

## II.

Many a pretty little flower  
Laughs out from the sweet May dew;  
In the sunshine, hill and bower  
Den their very gayest hue,  
What shall soothe my bosom's care!  
What shall comfort me I trow!  
She with whom I fain were now,  
Will not listen to my prayer!

A version of the poems of Walter von der Vogelweide was brought out in the modern German tongue in 1832, by Dr. Carl Simrock, and some by Tieck. The following will give some idea of his style.

## I.

To me it chanced, as to a wayward boy,  
 Who seeks in vain the charming face to  
 clasp  
 Which in the glass he sees, with eager joy,  
 Until the mirror breaks within his grasp;  
 Then all his joy is turned to woe and pain.  
 E'en so I dreamed that bliss would be  
 mine own.

When I sought my sweet lady, but in vain;  
 Much grief from that fond love,  
 And only grief I've known.

## II.

Both pure and beauteous is my lady fair,  
 And chaste and lovely as the lily white;  
 Her breath is balmy as the perfumed air,  
 Her eyes are like the sky on summer's  
 night:

The strawberry is not redder than her lip,  
 Would I were but a bee, its dewy sweet  
 to sip!

## 2.

When in her bower, to lyre or lute she  
 sings,

The nightingale doth hush her wonted  
 strain;

The falcon rests upon his outstretched wings  
 And hovers listening o'er the grassy plains,  
 In all she does, there is so much of grace,  
 I know not which most sweet,  
 Her music or her face.

## 3.

Her beauty thaws my heart, e'en as the sun  
 Thaws ice or snow; but oh! not unto me  
 Doth she show forth her beams! she is not  
 won

By sigh, or pray'r, or tuneful melody;  
 And yet I've loved her from a little child,  
 And sum up ev'ry hour that she on me  
 hath smiled.

## 4.

What boots it that all others greet my lays  
 With loud applause! that ladies fair and  
 bright

List to my song! I only seek her praise,  
 I only seek to shine in her dear sight:  
 Star of my solitary heart! look down,  
 And soothe my bitter woe, or kill me with  
 thy frown.

Ulrich von Lichtenstein was a wealthy Austrian noble, who pursued his lady with the most unremitting gallantry. He was disfigured by a deformity of three lips, of which he got one cut off for her sake; then he lost a finger in a tournament in her honor; afterwards he assumed female attire and having obtained an interview with his mistress, she caused him to be truss out of the castle window into the moat for his devotion. At length he was cured of his love at the age of forty-five by being maimed at the command of the cruel fair one.

Conrad von Würtzburg, Henry von Ofterdingen and Klingsohr of Hungary, were the last most celebrated minne-singers. The two latter are said to have defeated all the other minstrels of Germany at the "minstrel war on the Wartburg," which was made the subject of a poem in the year 1207. The contest is said to have taken place at the court of Hermann von Thuringen, the most polished in Germany, and was decided by the lady of the castle, as a tournament. The executioner did the duty of his office on the unsuccessful party, a barbarous practice not to be found in the other annals of provençal or German lyrics.

To the minne-singers succeeded a number of romance writers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Their favorite subject was that of the Saint Graal, or vase in which the water was turned into wine at the marriage feast of Cannab. Another founded on Arthur and the Knights of the round table, was called the *Pereival*, composed by Wolfram of Eschenbach, who along with Godfrey of Strasbourgh and Hartmann von der

Aue, my be considered the novel writers of their age. Their dimensions however are altogether too large for our space.

Another cycle followed, that of the romance, whose heroes were taken from ancient history. The Alexander-lied and Pseudo Callisthenes are specimens of this. Charlemagne and his Paladins furnished also subjects for the rhymers of the day in the Roland-lied, Flos and Blankflos, and several of a like nature. These however all declined at the accession of Rudolph of Hapsburg in the end of the thirteenth century. This emperor being wholly engrossed in the improvement of the commerce and wellbeing of his subjects, discouraged to a great extent the minstrelsy, which had been supported by his predecessors. It died away for a long period, to be reproduced in another form among the lower classes, the artizans of some of the most considerable towns of Southern Germany, Mainz, Augsburg, Ulm and Nurnberg, who obtained the appellation of *meister sänger*. Their songs have generally a religious or moral character, such as those of Rosenblut, and Michael Beeheim. Fables became also a favorite form of poetry, those of Bona and Hugo of Trimberg being the most celebrated. The *Narrenschiff*, or vessel of fools by Sebastian Brant must be considered an able satire on the absurd manners of the age. At this period arose the sanguinary wars of the Hussites in Bohemia, which so disturbed the centre of Germany, that very few traces of poetic composition during their continuance have been left.

The drama however began now to shew some signs of cultivation. As in the rest of Europe it commenced by mysteries taken from subjects of Holy Writ. The devil was a favorite character, on whom all sorts of tricks were played by cunning mortals. Dr. Paracelsus especially was often pitted against his satanic majesty on the stage. The character of these productions is of too scurrilous and doggrel a character to merit a place among the literature of a nation.

The French fable of Benard the fox, was successfully imitated in Germany at different times. Goethe has given since a delightful version of it, but the earliest "*Reinecke fuchs*" dates from the thirteenth century, and is supposed to have contained a covert satire on a certain Duke of Lorraine. Its subject is well known as representing a meeting of the animals, at which the lion presides, the pranks and subtleties of the fox forming the main interest of the piece. The wit or incident is not at

all equal to that of the French original, although it remained a popular favorite up to the middle of the last century. The *Narren Beschworung*, or *Exorcism of Fools*, and the *Schilburghers*, were satirical poems of the same class, levelled against some of the religious fanatics of the day, or the assumed airs of grandeur of some of the wealthy burghers of the towns.

The writings of Luther in the commencement of the sixteenth century, his translation of the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue, and the invention of printing, had a great effect in hastening on the perfection of German literature. Between his language and that of Bona two centuries before, there is as much difference, as between Chaucer and the English writers of the sixteenth century. His studies were not confined to Theology; he delighted in poetry and music, and influenced very much in these matters the spirit of his times. The Reformation produced many men of independent genius in all ranks of life, warriors, poets and theologians. Ulrich von Hutten was one of these adventurous men whom that age brought forth. He had been destined for the cloister but fled from it in disgust. His mishaps and those of his cousin Johann, who was murdered by Ulrich, Duke of Wurtemberg, on account of too handsome a wife, would form a good tale of romance. He has left various sonnets and small poems commemorating many of them. Germany at this time was troubled with the horrors of the war of the peasants, who had risen against the burthens imposed upon them and the coercion of their religion. Luther at first was the main cause in rousing them, but subsequently he declared that they ought to be exterminated. The sect of the Anabaptists renewed the contest and relighted the flames of civil war: In other countries the arts of peace, literature, sculpture, painting, &c., were being carried to the highest perfection, while Germany could only produce Hans Sach, Hans Holz, Fischart, and a few of less note. The first was a shoemaker, but of a most prolific vein in composition. Before he was sixty years of age, he had written some sixty thousand verses, besides three hundred comedies. Many of the former are hymns, others fables and satires full of humour and naiveté, which notwithstanding their rudeness, have elicited the praise of Goethe himself.

The benightedness of this period is no better evinced than in the persecution which was practised on many unfortunate old women and men on the plea of witchcraft, and the general

belief in the power of certain men, such as Paracelsus and Cornelius Agrippa, to control the elements. The legends of women changed into wolves, and witches assuming various forms, became so multiplied as to form the staple romance for nearly a century. The persecution of the unfortunate victims reached such a height that between the middle of the 16th and the end of the 17th century, it is calculated not less than 100,000 persons perished by fire. In the Bishopric of Bamberg in the space of three years, 225 women were committed to the flames. No wonder that the story of Dr. Faustus became one of the favourite themes of poetry and the drama. The subject was not always such as it is represented by Goethe, and it was frequently brought out in puppet shows and marionettes to the delight of the vulgar. In one piece 'tis by means of a ring that he recovers his youth, when he travels to Venice, Athens, and other luxurious cities. The ring is stolen from his finger by a lady that he loves; he loses his youth, and is carried off by the demon. In another play he has the power of evoking the heroes and heroines of Homer, and brings up Helen of Greece for some of his boon companions at a tavern. That such a person as Dr. Faustus really existed there can be no doubt, as he is mentioned personally by several writers of the age. Johannes Manlius knew him, and says that he was born at the village of Kundlingen in Wurtemberg, and studied magic at Cracow. He seems to have resided a considerable time at Leipsic, where many of his exploits are depicted on the walls of Auerbach's cellar. Here it was that he played the trick upon the students, who asked him to cause to grow from the table a vine covered with bunches of grapes. He did so, but when they stretched forth their hands to seize the bunches, the tree vanished, and each man found his neighbour pulling his nose with one hand, with a knife in the other as if about to sever it. The doctor's ride out of the cellar on a cask is also commemorated there, and other feats, which at one time formed the subject of many a ballad or farce in the middle ages.

The calamities of the thirty years' war retarded for a considerable time the growth of letters in Germany; it was not until near the end of the 17th century, that they began to revive from the prostration state. Gradually, however, certain schools of poetry began to arise, which though humble at first, laid the way for the great blaze of genius afterwards displayed. The

Silesian school of which Opitz was the leader; that of Konigsberg whose chiefs were Dach and Albert, that of Nuremberg ruled by Philip von Lezen and Holstein, with the second Silesian of Hoffmannswaldau and Lohenstein were the academies, in which the rising taste was fostered. The greater number of these however are mere versifiers, much inferior to Paul Fleming, who has left many gems of sacred poetry. Andreas Gryphius composed several successful tragedies, as well as hymns. Paul Gerhardt too, a preacher at the Nicolair Church in Berlin, delighted his age by various effusions on moral and sacred subjects. All these however were only as preludes to the opening of the modern vein of poetry.

In the midst of the thirty years war, Gottsched published his poems, and was at once "hailed as a star of the first magnitude." He has been since reduced very much in public estimation on account of his want of invention, stiffness and dearth of imagination. But great thanks must be due to him, as a professor in the university of Leipsic for asserting the rights of the German tongue against the Latin, and his improvements in dramatic composition. Frederick the Great, who had a contempt for German poetry, permitted his verses to be recited before him.

But the real regenerator of letters was Jacob Bodmer of Zurich; he stands in the very gate of the temple of the modern Germanic muses. He was at first sent to Bergamo in Italy to prepare himself for mercantile pursuits. He threw these up, returned to Berlin, applied himself to attending lectures, studying English, and at length was appointed professor of literature at Berlin. He admired Addison and Sir Roger de Coverly, published a journal on the model of the Spectator, and produced a translation of Milton's Paradise Lost. These created a paper war between him and Gottsched, who then reigned supreme, and served to open the eyes of his fellow countrymen to the defects in their national letters. His two comedies "The Triumph of the good Wife," and "Mute Beauty" were acted with great applause, causing a revolution in public taste. To him is due the collection of the lays of the minne-singers, the discovery of the Niebelungen Lied and the Parcival. Several of his school, Kestner, Professor Rammner, Hagedorn, Von Haller, the two Schlegels and Gleim, contributed very much to improve the public taste, and to soften down the rough method of composition of the old schools.

The last writer, Gleim, was principally inspired by the heroism of Frederick the Great contending against nearly all the power of Europe. His war songs and hymns were chaunted by the Prussian soldiers, and contributed not a little to the discomfiture of the warriors of Maria Theresa. He produced also several fables, which gained a great reputation at Berlin. His desire was to form a complete German Academy of literature at Halberstadt, by drawing there together the first men of the country; but the public mind was not ripe for such a consummation. He lived until the first era of the French Revolution, and predicted a dictatorship among the French people.

This period produced four other names, once the reigning monarchs of their day, Kleist, Gellert, Gessner, and Uz. The first was an officer in the Prussian army during the seven years' war, and gained great favour with Frederick on account of the hymns and chaunts, by means of which he inspired the courage of the soldiery. His poem of "Spring," raised him to a great height in the estimation of his countrymen, although it contained much of the rhapsody of the times about shepherds and shepherdesses. At the battle of Kunersdorf, he led his battalion as major against a battery, and had his leg and arm smashed. The Cossacks then stripped and rifled him, leaving him helpless on a heap of rubbish. He was carried off prisoner to Frankfort on the Oder, where he died from hardship.

Gellert filled the post of professor of literature at Leipsic, where he produced many hymns, fables and dramas, very few of which are above mediocrity. Yet he was very famous in his time, and rendered essential service to German literature, by his defence of it against Frederick the Great, who held the *Belles Lettres* of his countrymen in contempt. He delivered also moral lectures in the Oratorium of the University, which had a very beneficial influence upon the youth of his age. Gessner is well known in this country for his *Idyls* and the death of Abel, the characters in which are of such a pure, simple style, as not to belong to this earth at all. His effusions are very pleasing, but convey no feeling of reality. Uz enjoyed a large reputation during his life, and was even styled the *Anacreon of Germany*; but he is now considered as wholly unworthy of the crown of laurels.

We have now arrived at a very striking era in German poetry, that of Klopstock's *Messiah*. He was the son of a farmer, but having received a good education in his native



town, and at the University of Schulpforte, he was able to appreciate the translation of the "Paradise Lost" by Bodmer, and to see how much his countrymen were inferior in the cultivation of the muses to the English and French. He undertook the composition of an original poem, the Messiah, and having first prepared matter for three cantos in prose, selected the hexameter verse after the ancient model, as most suiting the sublimity of the subject. The first part appeared in a paper named "Bremen Contributions," and produced at once a burst of enthusiasm in its favour. The new metre was rapturously applauded as being peculiarly suited for the German tongue, on account of its involved construction similar to that of ancient Greek and Latin. This however may be questioned, from the difficulty of producing dactyls and spondees, long and short syllables, where the words are composed of so many consecutive consonants. It procured for him, however, the admiration of his countrymen and the patronage of the King of Denmark, who settled on him a pension of 150 thalers, or about 24 pounds a-year.

He was not at first so successful with the fair sex. A young lady, named Fanny, to whom he had devoted himself heart and soul, listened to his proposals and ended by marrying another gentleman. He was introduced, however, by his friend Giessecker to a second, Margaretha Mollar, who had criticised his poem in a favourable style, and consoled him for his lost love. She corresponded with him under the name of Meta, and they were finally united in 1754. Unfortunately he lost her in four years afterwards, when giving birth to a child, shortly after his father had been carried to the grave. The image of domestic happiness was not entirely lost to his mind, although he mourned for a long time over the wife of his youth. After 33 years of widowhood, in a green old age, he was again married to Frau von Wideman, who kindly tended his declining years.

His great poem was not completed until the year 1773, after 27 years of labour. The subject of it is so well-known, that it is needless to set it forth here. There are, however, some strange characters in it, such as the lovers, Selmar and Sidli, who are resuscitated beings, constantly engaged in contemplation and praise. Where their mutual affection, or worldly feeling comes from, it is difficult to discover. Abaddon, a fallen seraph, who had been induced by Satan to rebel,

is filled with unceasing remorse and repentance. After being reduced to despair on the day of Judgment, he is finally pardoned and received into Heaven, contrary to the creed of the Christian. The tone of the composition is kept at such a height, that it requires a religiously enthusiastic mind, to be able to follow the poet. Or as Madame de Stael says ; " a certain degree of monotony results from a subject so continually elevated ; the soul is fatigued by too much contemplation ; the author occasionally requires readers already resuscitated like Sidli and Selmar."

We will give the following specimens of his composition in order that the reader may have some idea, both of the new style of metre and versification, which he introduced into the German, and be able at the same time to understand a little of the spirit of the original. The commencement of the Messiah in the vernacular, is in these words :

Sing, unsterbliche Seele, der sündigen menschen Erlösung,  
Die der Messias auf Erden in seiner Menschheit vollendet,  
Und durch die er Adams Geschlecht zu der Liebe der Gottheit,  
Leidend getödtet und verherrlichtet, wieder erhöht hat.  
Also geschah des Ewigen Wille, Vergebens erhob sich  
Satan gegen den göttlichen sohn ; umsonst stand Juda  
Gegen ihn auf ; er that's und vollbrachte die Grosse Versöhnung.

Which have been translated by the celebrated Lessing into the following Latin hexameters.

Quam sub carne Deus lustrans terrena novavit  
Crimine depressis, cane, mens æterna, salutem,  
Infelicis Adæ generi dum foderis icti,  
Sanguine reclusit fontem cœlestis amoris.  
Hoc fatum æterni: Frustra se opponere tentat  
Divinæ proli Satanas ; Judæque frustra  
Nititur. Est aggressus opus, totumque peregit.

The passage where Abbadona is pardoned and received into eternal bliss is thus rendered by Madame Pontés.

" Abbadona bows down in mute despair, when after a long and solemn silence he hears the joyful words.

Come ! Abbadona ! come to thy Redeemer :

Then swift as borne upon the tempest's wings,  
The seraph soared on high. Scarce had he breathed  
Celestial air, when once again his form  
Assumed angelic beauty, and his eyes  
Resting on God, beamed forth with light divine.  
No longer could Abdiel restrain his joy ;

With arms outstretch'd, he rushed towards the being  
 He loved so well ; his cheeks glowed with delight,  
 Trembling with bliss he sank upon the breast  
 Of the forgiven ; but from that glad embrace  
 The seraph tore himself, and lowly sunk  
 Before the Judge's throne. On every side  
 Arose the sound of weeping—blissful sound.

Klopstock carried his love of the ancient metre and style of composition into his minor poems. He composed a great number of odes in various forms of construction to be found in Horace, Iambic, Trochaic, Cataleptic, &c. One example will be sufficient to shew the effect in German.

Sie schläft, oh, giess ihr, Schlummer, geflügeltes  
 Balsamisch Leben über ihr sanftes Herz !  
 Aus Edens ungetrübter Quelle  
 Schöpfe den lichten, krystallinen Tropfen.

Und lass ihn wo der Wange die Röth, entfloß,  
 Dort duftig hinthaun ! Und du, oh bessere,  
 Der Tugend und der Liebe Ruhe,  
 Grazie deines Olymps, bedecke

Mit deinem Fittig Cidli ! wie schlummert sie,  
 Wie Stille ! Schweig ! oh leisere saite selbst,  
 Es welket dir dein Lorbersprössling,  
 Wenn aus dem Schlummer du Cidli lispelt.

Which Mme. Pontés translates thus :

#### HER SLUMBER.

She sleeps ! oh slumber, from thy dewy wings,  
 Distil thy sweetest balm on that pure heart,  
 And let her draw from Eden's silvery springs,  
 Those crystal drops that bid all pain depart.  
 Where the Red rose that virgin cheek has fled,  
 There gently print thy fragrant touch : and thou,  
 Peace, holy peace, which love and virtue shed,  
 Inmate of Heaven, but rarely found below.  
 With thy soft wings, my best loved Cidly shade,  
 How calm her rest ! Then let thy harp strings sleep,  
 Thy budding laurel wreath will surely fade,  
 If with thy song thou break'st that slumber deep.

Klopstock's great work is certainly, as Herder says, " beautiful in parts, but faulty as a whole." His leading traits, religion and patriotism, strike the reader very boldly, but it is at once perceived, that he adheres too servilely to the ancient models he had placed before his mind's eye. He stands one of the first who relieved his fellow-countrymen from a mania

for imitating French authors and styles of composition, but he caused to a certain extent another extreme, that of the Græco-mania.

Klopstock lived until the period of the French Revolution, and evinced great admiration for the efforts of France to free herself from tyranny. He celebrated the states general in an ode, and was elected a member of the French National Institute in 1802.

Contemporary with him was another writer, of a more vigorous mind, who in a different direction, chastened and purified the taste of Germany. This was Lessing, the son of a Protestant clergyman of Saxony. He at first applied himself to the stage, but at the request of his family gave it up. Attaching himself then to literature, he met at Berlin Mendelsohn, Nicolai, and De Louvaine, secretary to Voltaire. At Berlin he brought out his plays, *Miss Sara Sampson*, and the *Laocoon*, which astonished his countrymen from their novelty and vivacity of style. Shortly after he was appointed theatrical manager at Hamburg, where the German drama was beginning to establish an independent existence. Here also he commenced publishing a weekly journal, named "*Dramaturgie*," in which he attacked the French style of writing for the stage, the ultra classicalities of Racine, Corneille, Voltaire &c. He shewed how much the observance of the poetic unities of time and place and action hampered the composition of a piece, and pointed out how the range of the drama could be extended, by not confining it exclusively to high class personages, kings, princes &c. Shakespeare appeared to him the purest model, whose historical plays, he said, when "contrasted with the tragedies of French taste, are something like an enormous fresco painting in comparison with a miniature."

Lessing's writings are thoroughly German; he rejects with disdain the Frenchification introduced by Frederick the Great. His "*Minna von Bornhelm*" which appeared in 1763, was superior to his two former plays. The interest of the piece turns on the fact, that the hero who is disgraced, thinks himself unworthy of the heroine, who is wealthy. Before the end of the play their respective situations are reversed, and they see the folly of their former ideas. Two other dramas followed. "*Emilia Gallotti*," once esteemed beyond price in Germany, and *Nathan the Wise*," without doubt his master piece. He got into a quarrel with Klotz and some of the French school, which compelled him to give up his post at the theatre at

Hamburg. He fell into bad habits, gambling, &c. notwithstanding that he had married a Mme. König, who however died in a year after, while giving birth to a son. He died from the effects of a paralytic stroke in the year 1781, leaving behind him more celebrity as a critic, than as a poet.

Wieland was neither so lofty in his fancy and sentiments as Klopstock, or so correct in his taste and vigorous in his judgment as Lessing. He had been intended for the study of Theology by his father, but being obliged to relinquish it on account of ill health, he returned to his native town, where he fell in love with a young lady named Sophia. She at first requited his passion; her parents however opposed their union, and she married another. This mischance seems to have influenced very much the rest of his life. He commenced writing many minor pieces, none of which except "Agathon," the hero of which is a young Athenian Epicurean, seem to be of any value. Of another piece, "Musarion," on a somewhat similar subject, Mme. Pontés gives the following sketch:—

"We must agree with Gervinus that 'Musarion' scarcely deserves the admiration Goethe expresses for it. The subject possesses no very absorbing interest, and the moral is anything but commendable. The young Athenian Phantias, having dissipated his patrimony, has retired to a little farm on the sea shore, resolved to fly for ever a world of which he fancies he has exhausted the enjoyments, and where, at all events, he can no longer shine. He received no one save his two most intimate friends, Theosophron and Cleanthes; the former is a disciple of Plato, the latter of Diogenes. Musarion, a young courtesan, whom in the days of his splendour he had loved, but who had refused to listen to his suit, now moved by his sorrows comes to visit him. Ashamed to be seen in his present humble condition, Phantias refuses an interview; but Musarion persists, and at last prevails. The friends arrive. They order a supper, of which they force the recluse to partake. While at table Musarion victoriously defends the doctrines of Epicurus against his assailants. The hours pass on unheeded. The disciple of Diogenes falls dead drunk under the table. The Platonist makes love, in no very Platonic form, to one of Musarion's female slaves, and in short Phantias, convinced of the folly alike of his misanthropy, and of his high-flown expectations, yields to Musarion's generous affection, and permits her to share his retreat.

In justice to Wieland we subjoin a translation of a few of the verses, premising that if their grace and melody do not answer the reader's expectation, the fault lies in our version, not in the original:—

Wearied upon the grass he sinks again,  
Unmoved he gazes on the landscape fair,  
Unmoved he hears the nightingale's sweet strain,  
Her tender lay soothes not his bosom's care.

The gloomy night of inward grief and pain,  
 Hangs o'er his soul, and darkens all things there  
 Since the last obole from his purse has fled  
 His friends have disappeared, and flattery's self is dead.

Yes! false and fleeting as the wind, are all,  
 Friendship's fond vows, and love's deceitful smile,  
 Soon as the golden showers no longer fall,  
 Cold is the heart that lures us with its wile,  
 Soon as the goblet's dry, in vain we call  
 On our Patroclus! yes; that metal vile  
 Is stronger still than virtue, wit or beauty,  
 That gone—the swarm goes too, and *Lais* talks of duty.

Now thrill'd and saddened by the mournful truth,  
 How vain those dreams so transient, tho' so bright  
 Which lull us in the rosy days of youth,  
 As in an atmosphere of life and light  
 When man's a God unto himself in sooth,  
 Phœnix resolved this time to choose aright;  
 To tear himself, although 'twas somewhat late,  
 From the delusive past, and brave the storms of fate.

The poet soon consoled himself for his lost love, by marrying the daughter of a merchant at Augsburg, but seems to have still kept up a species of Platonic attachment for Sophia, then *Mme. de la Roche*. He had several interviews with her, even in the presence of her husband, when she still shewed a very warm affection for him. He was appointed by the elector of Mainz to the directorship of the university of Erfurth, which he endeavoured to regenerate, and succeeded in attracting crowds of students to his lectures. The professors were annoyed with him on account of certain innovations, that he had introduced into the old system, and they and the clergy attacked him on account of the too great freedom of his poetic compositions. He gave up his directorship and repaired to Weimar at the solicitation of the duchess, as tutor to the young Duke. Here he brought out a journal, the "*Mercury*," in which he criticized the tastes of the day, and published various satirical pieces against the imitations of the French school. "*Oberon*" was also commenced here. It is founded on a story of French chivalry. "*Huon de Bordeaux*," and introduces the *Oberon* and *Titania* of Shakespeare. It is well known in these countries by the translation done by Sotheby. This was the last of his romantic works.

He purchased a small estate called *Osmanstadt*, with his accumulated savings, and retired there with his family. His

mother shortly joined him, as also *Mme. de la Roche*, who had lost her husband through political discomfitures. He was destined, however, to misfortune in his declining years. His wife, mother, and several children died; his property became reduced in value on account of the French wars; he was obliged to sell it, and retire to Weimar. After the battle of Jena, his house was sacked, notwithstanding the orders of Napoleon to the contrary. Marshal Ney visited him, and remedied, to a certain extent, his distress. At the conferences in Erfurth, during 1809, Napoleon expressed great desire to see, and conversed with him in the most cordial manner on the subject of Cæsar, who, Napoleon said, should have forestalled his assassins, as he had known them long before.

Wieland, at the age of eighty, translated "*Cicero's Letters*," and though he had suffered a severe illness, after which he broke his collar bone, he lingered on to January, 1813, when paralysis put an end to his existence. He was buried beside his wife at Osmanstadt, where a pyramid of white marble covers their remains, with the following inscription by Wieland himself: "Three souls who loved each other during life. Their mortal relics sleep within the same sepulchre." The inhabitants of Weimar have appreciated his talents so much, that they inaugurated his statue, along with those of Goethe and Schiller, in the month of last September, when the following tribute was paid to his name:—"Wieland was the first German author whose works were translated and admired by our neighbours, and by means of whom our poetry was replaced amid the ranks of European literature. Goethe expressly called him his master. His whole existence flowed on like a source, fructifying and cheering the spirit of the nation, and our latest posterity will hail him, even as we hail him now, as the immortal Wieland!"

The poet and the critic were joined together in Lessing, the latter perhaps in a greater degree than the former. The converse was the fact with respect to Herder, the incidents of whose life, as related by *Mde. Pontés*, possess much quiet interest. His passionate love of study when young; the admiration he excited when a preacher at Riga; his travels with the Prince of Holstein; his meeting, and subsequent marriage, with Caroline Flachsland, are all told with feeling. Herder did not produce much poetry, his compositions being chiefly translations, some from Scotch ballads, lyrics called "*Lays of the People*,"

and the "Cid," a free version of the Spanish romance. In his "Fragments for German Literature," and "Critische Wälder," he drew a very truthful contrast between the writings of the ancients and those of his fellow-countrymen poets. The philosophy of the age, Kant and Fichte, did not escape his criticism, by which he showed its tendency to destroy all true religion. He visited Italy late in life, where he met the celebrated Angelica Kauffman, whose misfortunes and virtues excited a great deal of interest in his mind. His acquaintance with Goethe and Schiller lasted for a great number of years; by both was he esteemed as a man of great worth. "I come from Herder," writes Schiller to his friend Körner; "If you have seen his picture at Graff, you can represent him perfectly to yourself; only that his countenance is not sufficiently stern. He has pleased me much; his conversation is full of vigour, intellect, and fire; but all his sensations consist of love and hate. Goethe he loves with passion, a sort of adoration. I must be quite unknown to him, for he asked if I were married. He treated me like a person of whom he had seen nothing, but who possessed the reputation of being somebody. Herder is amazingly polite. One feels one's self at ease in his presence." He died in 1803, having contributed much to elevate the taste of Germany in literature and poetry.

Schubart's life was much more extraordinary, combining reckless extravagance with the most fearless patriotic feeling, and great love of the muses. His follies obliged his wife to fly from him. He then set up a paper at Augsburg, in which he attacked the tyranny of the nobles, and the luxury of many of the German courts. Driven from thence, he took refuge at Ulm, where he became partially reformed, and was joined by his wife and children. The enmity of the Duke of Würtemberg pursued him; he was suddenly seized and thrown into prison at the fortress of Hohenasperg, where he lingered, sometimes between life and death, during a period of ten years. It was during this confinement that he wrote some of his best pieces, though unable for a long time to procure paper or ink, on account of the jealousy of the governor. A pair of snuffers was his stylus, and the wooden table of his apartment the tablet, on which he inscribed many touching lines. His mind was constantly occupied with his misfortunes, the miseries of the wretched subjects of the prince who held him in durance vile, and many romantic subjects. When he was released, he



resumed the publishing of his journal with great vigour, but having unfortunately broken his arm, his health failed, and he died in 1791. To his talents as a writer and poet, he united those of a good musician, having filled the post of organist at Ludwigsberg during some period with much distinction.

Voss commenced his classical studies by joining a Greek club of twelve students, each of whom took, in turn, the mastership, and lectured his fellows. From Klopstock and Ramler he learned to versify in hexameters, and commenced sending contributions to the "Göttingen Almanack of the Muses." He obtained a post of professor in the Philological Seminary from his friend Heyne, whom, notwithstanding, he attacked in a low, improper tone, and in consequence lost his post again. With a number of young men he formed a society named the "Gottingen Friends," which furnished materials for the "Almanack of the Muses." In this club were a number of poets of the day, Bürger, Boie, the Stolbergs, Hoeltz, Miller, and Klopstock himself; they called themselves the "Gottingen, or Hainbund," and often celebrated by songs and verses, under wide-spreading oaks, the names of their favorite poets. Voss describes one of these festivals:—"On either side of the table sat the children of the bards. Boie at the head, leaning back in his arm chair. Toasts were drunk, first Klopstock's. Boie stood up, took the glass and exclaimed "Klopstock!" Every one followed his example, raised his glass, uttered the sacred name, and, after a reverential silence, drank. Then were proposed other healths, but not so solemnly, Lessing, Ramler, Gleim, Gessner, Gerstenberg, &c. Some one, Boie I think, named Wieland. We sprang up with full glasses, and exclaimed, "Death to the destroyer of morality, death to Wieland!"

The taste and freedom in versification, which Lessing and Herder introduced became so general, that each of the members of this society conceived himself to be a poet, and wrote verses, which were criticised and commented on by the others. Voss, who on account of his straitened circumstances was barely able to get an education at the college at New Brandenburg, and afterwards saved some money as tutor in a gentleman's family, became a member of the bund, through the kind friendship of Boie. Some of his fugitive verses were published in the "Almanack of the Muses," the organ of the "Gottingen Friends." Klopstock even encouraged him to

pursue the path of poetry, and he gave up his vocation of a clergyman, for which he had been educated. He proceeded to Hamburg to visit the author of the "Messiah," whom he looked on as little less than an Apostle. A short illness afterwards confined him to bed in Boie's house, where he was attended by Ernestine, the daughter of his friend, and fell in love with her accordingly. He settled down afterwards at the village of Wandsbeck, with his friend Mathias Claudius, and though he missed the directorship of a school, which he had solicited, yet his income from the "Musen Almanach" was about 500 thalers, or £65 per annum, at that time a reasonable stipend and sum to live on in Germany. This income was not, however, considered sufficient by the mother of Ernestine to allow of her marrying her lover; they were obliged to wait until Voss obtained the directorship of the "Musen Almanach," and an increased salary of £70 a year. The life of the young couple on this pittance must have been very constrained indeed; still they did not despair of better days. He hired a small garden pavillion in addition to the room he had occupied as a bachelor; a table, a few chairs, sofa, foot-stool, and curtains, were all their furniture, yet they were happy.

Here he composed several original poems, the "Evening Walk," "The Penitent Damsel," and worked heavily through a versified translation of Homer. This is one of the most surprising productions ever brought forth by man. It follows line for line, almost word for word, and in hexameter verse, the original Greek. He was obliged, however, to publish it at Hamburg, in 1781, by subscription, on account of his limited means. This translation had a most important effect on the literature of the time, and the German language. It brought the German hexameter almost to its greatest perfection, and rendered it ready and pliable for the master-hand of Goethe. Though Menzel accuses Voss of "Plunging all the worthy poets of old into his witches' cauldron fresh and healthy, whence they come out little Vosses, all marching in buckram," yet a great meed of praise must be awarded to him, for the lucidity and fidelity with which he has transposed Homer and Virgil from the old languages into his own modern tongue.

He continued still struggling with his pecuniary difficulties; one of his boys died, his wife became ill, but he obtained a good situation at Eutin, through the friendship of Count Stolberg. Having completed his translations, he turned his

mind to an original poem, "Louise," which for a long time was very popular in Germany. It was very much admired by Schiller, who declares in his "Essay on Naive and Sentimental Poetry," that "it resembles the antique in its purity and simplicity;" yet it has lost all its charms for the taste of the present day. His "Idyls" are much in the same character, and gained also a great reputation for their author.

The translations of Horace, Hesiod, and Theocritus were not so good as his first, and did not serve in any way to increase his fame. He obtained the office of Principal of the College at Heidelberg, just founded by the Grand Duke of Baden, and ended his days quietly in that town at the age of seventy-five years.

Voss's excellence lies in the peculiar faithfulness of his translations, and the perfection to which he brought the German hexameters. His other principal poem, the "Louise," though now thought very little of beyond the Rhine, yet enjoyed in its time a large reputation.

The Hainbund produced three other remarkable poets of the second order, Stolberg, Hoelty, and Claudius. The first, who was the son of the Chamberlain to the Queen of Denmark, has been rendered chiefly famous by his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. His friends, Voss, Gleim, Jacobi, and others, looked upon this "apostacy" with the utmost horror, and certainly used no very measured terms towards their former associate, when he was about changing his form of religion. His second wife, Sophia, Countess Dinadra, and the Princess Galitzin used a very strong influence on the mind of Stolberg, in producing the revolution of belief; but it cannot be said, on that account, that he was of weak mind, or not capable of forming a satisfactory judgment on the subject. That he was a true poet, his ballads, still very popular in Germany, attest to the fullest extent. The following will serve as an example:

#### LAY OF THE SWABIAN KNIGHT TO HIS SON.

Take, my son, thy father's spear,  
This weak arm no more can bear;  
Take the shield to guard at need,  
Mount henceforth my gallant steed.

Fifty years upon my head  
Has this iron helmet weighed.  
Every year, my sword, my life,  
Have I risked in war and strife.

Duke Rudolph, my honoured lord,  
Gave this spear, and shield, and sword,  
For his cause I still maintained.  
And proud Henry's pay disclaimed.

Staunch in freedom's cause he stood,  
Shed for it his noble blood,  
And despite full many a wound,  
Gallantly he held his ground.

Hasten to the war's alarms,  
Emperor Conrad calls to arms;  
Son, thine aid I should not seek,  
Were this hand less old or weak.

Never draw in vain the brand  
For thy dear, thy native land,  
Vigilant in watch by night,  
And by day the first in fight.

Every peril swift to meet,  
Always seek the conflict's heat,  
Spare the unresisting breast,  
Strike down every haughty crest.

If in vain thy standard wave  
O'er thy faltering troop, then brave,  
Firm as some unshaken tower,  
All the foe's advancing power.

Seven loved sons, brave spirits all,  
Have I seen before me fall,

And thy mother, broken-hearted,  
Faded, pined, and then departed.

Lonely am I now and old,  
But thy shame were hundredfold  
Heavier to this aged breast,  
Than the loss of all the rest.

Dread not death, for die we must,  
In the Almighty place thy trust,  
Fight as fought thy sires of yore,  
And rejoice this heart once more.

Hoelty was a native of Hanover. In his youth, being very studious, he acquired a competent knowledge of the principal European languages, by teaching which he was afterwards able to gain his livelihood. This, alternating with his poetical compositions, rambles in the country, and evenings passed with his friends of the Hainbund, constituted the even tenor of his life. He has left several pleasant poems and songs, generally of a melancholy character. The following, of another description, is still sung in Germany with enthusiasm :—

#### DRINKING SONG.

A very paradise of bliss  
We owe to father Rhine.  
Sweet I confess a gentle kiss,  
But sweeter rosy wine.  
When I but see the table spread,  
And glasses brightly gleam,  
As lightsome as a fawn I tread  
That dances by the stream.  
  
What matters all the world to me  
When bright the bowl is gleaming,  
And the rich juice I love to see  
Ripe at my lip is streaming?  
Then, like the gods, the flask I drain,  
With purple mantling o'er;  
The fire runs swift through every vein;  
I drink and ask for more.

This world were but a vale of woe,  
Of whim and gout and grief,  
If noble Rhine wine did not flow  
A source of sure relief;

That lifts the beggar to the throne,  
Annuls both Heaven and Earth,  
Gives an Elysium of its own  
To all of mortal birth.

'Tis the true panacea, 'tis plain;  
The old man's blood it fires;  
It frights away each ache and pain,  
And hope and youth inspires.  
Long live the fair and blissful land  
That grows the rosy wine,  
And long live he whose skilful hand  
Planted and propp'd the vine.

And every pretty little lass  
Who plucked the grape I ween,  
To her a full and brimming glass  
I dedicate as queen!  
So long live every German bold  
Who still his Rhine wine drinks  
So long as the glass can hold;  
Then down to earth he sinks!

A spitting of blood and consequent consummation carried off this gentle poet in his twenty-eighth year. His verses, which usually appeared in the "Musen Almanach," are light and melodious, have been frequently set to music, and are still great favorites with his countrymen. Claudius, another of the associates, called the "Wandsbecker Messenger," from the village in which he resided, has left poems of the same style and character of those of Hoelty, and may be classed in the same school.

Another member of the Hainbund is still better known in this country than any of the former by the translations of Sir

Walter Scott. Bürger, the incidents of whose life are of a most romantic description, was in his youth of very dissipated habits until somewhat reclaimed by the influence of his friend Boie, who made him a contributor to the *Musen Almanach*. In this he published a well-known song, "Herr Bacchus ist ein braver mann," (Bacchus is a gallant fellow,) which resounded throughout Germany, and became a favorite chaunt of the Göttingen students. His "Wild Huntsman" and "Leonore" may be found in Scott's works, so that it is unnecessary to re-produce them here.

He married a young lady named Dora —, although at the time deeply in love with her sister, a girl of sixteen. This produced the most baneful effects upon the poet's happiness and that of his wife. During ten long years Molly the sister lived in his house, a constant cause of jealousy and misery to Dora, yet she bore it all with the calmest resignation, until a consumption relieved her for ever from the troubles of this life. Shortly after her death Bürger married the sister Molly, whom he has celebrated in many sonnets and minor poems, but lost her again within a year on giving birth to a son. This event threw him into a dreadful state of despair, which was relieved by a very curious incident. A young Swabian lady, named Eliza, fell in love with him merely from perusing his poetry, and published in a newspaper called the "Examiner" the following lines as a challenge to the man she adored:—

Oh ! Bürger, Bürger ! noble man,  
Who pours forth lays as no one can  
Save thee, replete with fire  
And passion, lend me, to impart  
The thoughts that fill my glowing heart,  
Thy poet's lyre.

The verses continued in the same strain, and thus concluded :

For if a thousand suitors came  
Laden with gold—to press their flame,  
And Bürger too were there,  
I'd give him modestly my hand,  
And gladly change my fatherland  
For thee ! no matter where.

Then if again inclined to woo,  
Seek thee a Swabian maiden true,  
And choose me, I implore,  
With German soul and Swabian truth,  
And all the generous warmth of youth,  
I'll love thee evermore.

Bürger's answer to this was a long letter, in which he gave a full account of his own peccadilloes, and warned the young lady against deciding to marry him. She, however, was resolute ; they were united, and the natural result followed. Eliza began to live in the most extravagant style, beyond the means of her husband, and finally treated him as he had done his first wife. A separation followed, which along with a law-

suit brought against him by his patron Count Ulten, soon brought him to the grave. His poems, principally consisting of sonnets to Molly, during his first wife's lifetime and after her death, have been done into English by various hands, and must be familiar to many of our readers. The following little piece gives a charming description of rural scenery :—

## MY VILLAGE.

I claim a name  
For my hamlet's fame;  
For meads so green  
Are no where seen  
As charms us here;  
Here rocks arise,  
A pasture there,  
While yonder lies  
The meadow fair.  
Here groves extend  
Their shadowy gloom,  
And lime-trees lend  
Their sweet perfume.  
The sheep-cotes stand  
On yonder height,  
A mead at hand,  
My "calm delight,"  
For thus I call  
That lowly spot  
Where stands my all,  
My own sweet cot  
Where elm and vine  
Their leaves entwine,  
And form above  
The shade I love.

A silver brook  
With murmuring sound  
From yonder nook  
Its way has found,  
And flows on singing  
Its joyous hymn,  
Mid tall trees flinging  
Their shadows dim.  
In its clear fountain  
Reflecting still  
The grove, the mountain,  
The lambs, the hill,  
The sunlight dancing  
Across the stream,  
The fishes glancing  
With silvery gleam,  
Now upwards dashing,  
Now diving low,  
Their gay fires flashing  
With radiant glow.  
Oh! all is fair;  
But loveliest, thou,  
Givest it the air  
Of Heaven below.

The earliest dawn  
Of rosy morn,  
Awakes us both,  
While, nothing loathe,  
My steps she leads  
Where morning's queen  
The flowery meads  
And pastures green  
With dew is sprinkling,  
Where pearls are glittering  
And dew-drops twinkling,  
And birds are twittering.  
The bud uncloses  
Its hidden bloom,  
And blushing roses  
Shed sweet perfume.  
They blossom bright, love,  
But not more bright  
Than thy sweet form, love,  
My life, my light!  
And now we spread  
Our frugal meal,  
Where o'er our head  
The sunbeams steal  
Through leaves embowering  
And branches flowering.

Thus in full measure  
Still abound  
Mirth and pleasure  
In joyful sound,  
Oh! blissful lot!  
If time be kind  
And blight thee not,  
But leave my mind  
Untainted still  
And firm my will,  
Nor change the form  
And heart so warm,  
Then fortune go  
To East or West,  
Thy gifts bestow  
As thou deem'st best  
I still shall gaze  
From envy clear,  
And sing thy praise,  
My village dear!

The Hambund produced another school of poets, which bid fair to carry the German taste into an extreme opposite to that of Voss, Goethe, and Schiller, into whose era we are now arriving, the romantic as opposed to the classical school. These were the two Schlegels, Tieck, de la Motte

Fouqué, Novalis, and Schulze, who revived the taste for old Gothic manners, chivalrous poems, and a despoliation of the unities in composition. The taste of the old school in Gothic architecture, and paintings of the middle ages, was renewed; old cathedrals crumbling to ruins were repaired, and the works of Hemming and Lucas Cranach were drawn forth from obscurity. The two first, William and Frederick Schlegel, are more celebrated as philologists and critics than as poets. William wrote at Jena in a periodical called the "Horen," afterwards lectured at Berlin, accompanied Madame de Stael to Coppet as tutor to her son, and finally ended his career at Vienna. His works on "Dramatic Art and Literature" are well known in this country; not so his translation of Shakespeare, which is the most perfect in German, rendering the sense and spirit of our great dramatist in a very accurate manner. He did not finish it completely. Tieck undertook the remainder with an equal degree of success. Frederick Schlegel was intended for a commercial life, married the daughter of the famous philosophic Jew Mendelssohn, and became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. He followed the Archduke Charles in his campaign of 1800, and was appointed Secretary of Legation to the Austrian Embassy at Frankfort, and died in 1829. His work "On the Wisdom and Language of the Indians" and his "History of Ancient and Modern Literature" will render him famous to all ages as a critic; but he attempted poems, particularly one called "Lucinde," which were complete failures, from want of passion or imagination. He supported, however, very strenuously the school of romance, and wrote down the strictness of classicism.

The followers of the Romantics did not long observe moderation in their principles or ideas. They fell into the most grievous absurdities, producing the most extravagant romances and effusions, which threatened to destroy all true poetic feeling in Germany. This was very much owing to the writings of Tieck, who though he did not himself wander very far into the regions of wild fancy, yet his influence led many others who were not able to restrain their imaginations. He was the son of an honest rope-maker, but from the early perusal of "Götz von Berlichingen" and Schiller's "Robbers" he worked up his mind to a high pitch of excitement. At the Universities of Halle and Göttingen, he studied very vigorously, translating while at the latter Shakespeare's *Tempest* and other plays, and writing a variety of novels. He threw himself into

the mystic philosophy of Böhme, Kant, Fichte and Schelling, for a time, only to abandon altogether as ridiculous the doctrines of transcendentalism. He visited London in 1810, paying the greatest reverence for every reminiscence of Shakespeare, and died at Berlin in 1843. His "Volksmärchen" or Popular Tales, and "Novellen," are his principal claims to celebrity. They are pretty well known here by Carlyle's translations.

Novalis was one of those strange minds, who now and then appear on the surface of the earth, and of whom it is very difficult to pronounce whether a strain of madness does not run through their composition. He united an extraordinary religious fervour and desire to fathom the attributes of the Eternal, and the mysteries of religion, a wild species of mysticism, which caused him to be nearly idolized by his youthful contemporaries, with a fantastic imagination bordering on extravagance. He fell in love with a young lady of thirteen, who died in his arms from consumption, and he died himself almost in the arms of another young lady, his affianced bride, at the early age of twenty-eight years. His "Henry von Ofterdingen," "Aphorisms" and other pieces carry romanticism to a most incomprehensible extent.

The author of "Undine," so familiar with all readers of literature in this country, De la Motte Fouqué, was well acquainted with many of the associates of the Hainbund, and contributed much to propagate the doctrines of the romantic school. His fame chiefly rests on the fairy prose poem above mentioned; but he has also left many minor pieces of considerable excellence. Schülze was of another order of mind; his ballads and songs are still very popular. He commenced when only eighteen "Psyche," which displays a fertile and lively imagination, but is spoiled by diffuseness and affectation. In 1811, he commenced another poem "Cecilia," which was interrupted by the war of liberation in 1813, when he joined the rising of his countrymen. He composed several martial songs, which roused his fellow patriots. Amongst them is one very well rendered as follows by Mme. Pontés:—

#### THE BLACK JAGER.

What is gleaming so gaily on bush and on bae,  
What is shining in greenwood so bright,  
Who comes forth from the wood in such gallant array,  
Who are rushing from mountain and height?  
'Tis the Jägers! on, on in a torrent we flow,  
And rush to the combat and pounce on the foe,  
To battle, to vict'ry—to triumph we go.



We come from the Hartz and its forests so old,  
 Full, they tell us, of glittering store;  
 But what do we care or for silver or gold?  
 Give us freedom—we ask for no more!  
 To others we leave it—more nobly we feel;  
 We don our bright armour, our cuirass of steel;  
 For us upon earth the sword only has worth,  
 And we care for nought save our fatherland's weal!

To drink and to love and be loved has its charms;  
 In the shade it is pleasant to dream;  
 But nobler to rush 'mid the battle's alarms,  
 When the sword and the bayonet gleam.  
 Love's torch is not brighter than glory's proud hue,  
 And where thousands are sleeping, why we may sleep too;  
 As heroes we'll fall 'neath the sword or the bell,  
 And pour forth our heart's blood so gallant and true.

Full oft in the darkness, in forest and glen,  
 Or high on the storm-beaten rock,  
 We have lingered to track the fierce wolf to his den,  
 Nor dreaded the hurricane's shock.  
 And now the bright sunshine is streaming above us;  
 We go to defend all we love! all who love us!  
 Be it battle or chase—in the enemy's face—  
 To us it is one; for no peril can move us.

Schülze entered a battalion of Jägers as a volunteer in 1814, and entered Hamburg with his corps when Davoust evacuated that town, on the reverse of fortune of the French emperor. When peace ensued he returned to the composition of his "Cecilia," a story founded on the introduction of Christianity among the rites and paganism of the Odin Theology. The wife of a Northern Monarch has secretly embraced the new religion. An angel is sent down from heaven to watch over her and her twin children, and presents her with a rose of gems, on the possession of which depends their safety. A wily sorceress, representing the ancient superstition, contrives to possess herself of the flower, and the most horrible misfortunes overwhelm the unfortunate princess. This plot and the heroic actions of a son of the queen carry the poem through ten very poetic, but somewhat wearisome cantos, any extract from which would be too lengthy for these pages. Another poem, the "Enchanted Rose," for which he gained a prize at Leipsic, is in a lighter and gayer style, but wanders off into the most remote regions of fairy land. He died of the same disease as Novalis, and very nearly at the same age.

Mme. Pontés has left out of her record of German poets the most remarkable names of the series, Schiller and Goethe, partly because they have been so ably written upon by other authors before, and also because she seems to intend to dedicate a separate volume to an examination of their lives and works. This will be an arduous task, when we consider that

some of the first literary men of our own age have already nearly completed the same labour. We do not mean either for the same reason to dwell much on their history, except so far as they form a link in the chain of German poets. Their merits are principally founded on their dramatic productions, although many minor pieces have issued from their pens, especially from that of Schiller.

Goethe cannot be said to belong strictly, either to the purely classic or purely romantic, but he is decidedly very much in favour of the classical. He may be called the Sophocles of Germany; yet his greatest work, the "Faust," must be classed among the productions of the opposite school. He was born at Frankfort in 1749, and studied law at Leipsic. He established himself at Wetzlar, where he practised, and there the principal incidents of the "Sorrows of Werter," fell under his notice. They were formed into a species of novel, which produced an immense impression in Germany at the time. The attention of the young Duke of Weimar was called to the author, who became shortly after Privy-Councillor, and accompanied the duke on a journey into Switzerland. In 1782, he obtained a patent of nobility, visited Italy in 1786, and on his return established himself at Weimar, where Wieland, Schiller, and a host of other celebrated men, combined to adorn what might be then called the Athens of Germany. He made a second voyage into Italy in 1789, and then accepted the post of director of the Theatre at Weimar. His productions were not confined to dramas, poetry or novels, but extended to various subjects of natural science, the metamorphoses of plants, theories of colours, and many principles of optics. During Napoleon's sojourn at Erfurth in 1807, he shewed great consideration for the poet, who seems not to have entirely forgotten the condescension, as he kept himself altogether aloof in the great national struggle against France, a main subject of accusation against him by his fellow-countrymen. His only son, the almost only remaining link of friendship or family which held him to life, died at Rome in 1830. This had a strong effect on him, and he departed in the year 1882 under the weight of years and isolation. His ashes rest near those of two of his greatest friends, Charles Augustus, Duke of Weimar, and his rival Schiller.

His two earliest works were, "Götz von Berlichingen" and the "Sorrows of Werter." They produced an immense influ-

ence on the character of literature at the time, the first leading it towards extreme romance, and the second to sentimentalism. One of Sir Walter Scott's earliest efforts was a translation of the first; it very probably gave rise in his mind to the ideas of *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*. The "*Apprenticeship of Wilhelm Meister*," written some twenty years after, may be regarded as a truer index of the poet's character. It was brought out at a second and sounder period of his life, and was marked out with due forethought during a period of nearly ten years. Concerning this work Carlyle has the following remarkable passage.

"It is wonderful to see with what softness the scepticism of Jarno, the commercial spirit of Werner, the reposing polished manhood of Lothario and the uncle, the unearthly enthusiasm of the harper, the gay animal vivacity of Philina, the mystic, ethereal, almost spiritual nature of Mignon, are blended together in this work; how justice is done to each, how each lives freely in his proper element, in his proper form; and how as Wilhelm himself, the mild-hearted, all-hoping, all-believing Wilhelm, struggles forward towards his world of art, through these curiously complexed influences, all this unites itself into a multifarious, yet so harmonious whole, as into a clear poetic mirror, where man's life and business in this age, his passions and purposes, the highest equally with the lowest, are imaged back to us in beautiful significance."

It is impossible in this limited space to give a complete idea of the works of this greatest of the German poets. They have been so often criticized and translated by various hands in this country, that anyone who has any acquaintance with German literature, must have some idea of the immense field of imagination over which he ranged, and the influence he possessed on the spirit of his age; his period of triumph extends from that of Lessing down to our time; his effect on letters in his native land was somewhat opposed to the free national boldness and independence of Lessing. It is strange that in those among his works, which are the most novel and striking, his *Wilhelm Meister*, *Werter*, *Faust*, and *Fact and Fiction concerning my Life*, the principal interest is concentrated on facts relating to his own actions, and a certain amount of self portraiture. *Faust* is undoubtedly his greatest poem, and also the greatest reflection of himself, in which his deepest feelings and views of the world are depicted in various characters. We would recommend

Dr. Anster's translation to our readers, as one which gives the most faithful idea of the original. It has not been hitherto at all sufficiently appreciated in this country.

Goethe had a very strong inclination for supporting the aristocratic tendencies of his age, and also for regarding as nought the necessity for observing a strictness of morality among his female characters. There are very few of his pieces which on that account have not an injurious effect upon the mind of youth. By this means he has gained a great ascendancy over the feelings and tastes of the rising generation in the fatherland. His great excellence consists in the supremacy of talent which he displays, independent of the subject treated by him, in representing, adorning and delivering his scenes and feelings. Menzel says of him "Goethe is altogether a practical poet. He is in his works what the English are in their manufactories, extremely simple, neat, convenient, yet withal durable. He has done in German literature what Wedgwood did among English artists." It must however be admitted that many of the poet's characters are not of that description which ought to be made examples worthy of imitations; there are many of them weak and dishonorable, bearing no proportion to the magnificence of composition which is thrown about them. His beauty of language and euphony of verse cannot be surpassed, but when we come to consider several of his works in the entire, their influence, object and tendency seems to be completely unworthy of the form in which they are set. Each part is conceived with great spirit and exquisitely drawn, but combines to form a dangerous compound.

The secret of his popularity among his fellow-countrymen is this, that he wrote to describe modern society, its external propriety, politeness of fashion, and social refinement. Therefore he reigned supreme in his period. He is chiefly remarkable however for his difference of styles, and the manner in which he succeeded in producing pieces very much resembling the works of other authors in different forms of letters and language. His "Werter" has been regarded as approaching Rousseau's *Nouvelle Heloise* in visionary sentimentalism; his minor comedies copy considerably Molière and Beaumarchais; his tragedies are formed very much on the model of Shakespeare and Lessing; his lyrics imitate the old popular songs, and are subject very much to the influence of Herder. In his other compositions he is original because he holds himself forward as the

model. But he endeavoured also to mix up all the tastes of different ages and countries, Grecian, Roman, classical, romantic, Chinese, French, Indian, Christian and Heathen in one heterogeneous whole. This produces such a dashing of elements, that the charm of unity and the force of poetry is lost, and a modern tasteless style, without enthusiasm or fancy has been the consequence.

The drama in Germany had been freed by Lessing from the servile imitation, which his predecessors had given to the productions of the French stage. It had been relieved from the strict rules of the unities, and allowed to range freely into the realms of imagination. The other extreme was very soon afterwards reached; all sorts of extravagancies and absurdities were brought upon the stage, whose dignity was often outraged by scenes of low life, and vulgar representations. In this state of corruption Goethe found it; he undertook to remedy the defects and to exalt the national theatre. His "*Goetz von Berlichingen*," a drama of the 16th century in the time of Maximilian, a picture of true chivalrous manner and nobility, had a strong effect in improving the taste of the age; "*Egmont*" had a like tendency. To bring back the spirit of the period from the extravagances of romanticism he composed the "*Iphigenie en Taunide*," a tragedy of the purest classicality. Herein consists his great superiority over the compositions of Kotzebue and Schiller, who surpass him in other pieces of modern subjects, such as "*The Death of Rolla*" of the former and the "*Robbers*" of the latter. Goethe's pieces intended for the stage are not in fact of nearly as great an excellence as those which cannot be represented. The bounds which were put to the exercise of his talents in the one case seem to have weighed on and depressed them much below those of inferior minds. One of his strangest productions is the "*Natural Daughter*," in which the personages are designated under general names such as the king, the father, daughter &c. without any personal appellation. "*Faust*," his masterpiece, may be said to contain within itself every species of poetry, dramatic, lyric, romantic &c.; the variety of its subjects is endless, but its moral is bad, and as has been before said a sneering contempt for female virtue, reigns throughout it. This is the main evil tendency of Goethe's poems.

Schiller in his youth had been destined for the church, but his ideas were turned from it by some theatrical representation,

which produced a prodigious effect on him. He afterwards attempted the military life and the study of the law with the same effect. The works of Klopstock, Goethe and Lessing, had at this time somewhat purified the taste of Germany in literature. He commenced his career of letters in the University of Stuttgart, where he also took a medical degree and shewed a great taste for the study of psychology. In 1781, he published his "Robbers," the electrical effect of which rung throughout Germany. This is one of the most remarkable dramas in the language. The rapidity of the dialogue, the horror of the scenes, the dreadful character of the hero, raised the excitement of the piece to the highest pitch. But there are many defects in it,—improbable situations, confusion of scenes, extravagant often gross language, and manners of the eighteenth century carried into the 16th century. The moral tendency of the piece was so bad that it was forbidden in many of the states in Germany. His "Conspiracy of Fiesco" and "Love and Intrigue" are open to nearly the same objections, and do not possess the same stirring interest as the former tragedy. At Dresden he wrote "Don Carlos," and made the acquaintance of Wieland, Goethe and others at Weimar, where he was appointed professor extraordinary of history. Shortly after appeared his "History of the Insurrection of the Netherlands" and many historical treatises. He married in 1790 a Mlle. de Lengefeld, whom he had often seen at Rudolstadt, and the same year brought out his "History of the Thirty Years' War," which has more scope, development, description and freedom than his former work. He received pensions from the hereditary prince and from the Prime Minister of Denmark, which enabled him to carry on his literary labors without interruption. The Duke of Weimar also favored and supported him, he commenced the drama of Wallenstein in 1792, and published the magazine, called "die Horen" "The Hours" in 1795, and a series of epigrammatic distichs in common with Goethe in the "Musen Almanack" of 1797. His constant study and weakness of constitution brought on a disease of the chest which never was entirely cured. This prevented him from following up his writings as he desired. Many princes and states endeavoured to secure his presence, but the Duke of Weimar who obtained for him patents of nobility and lucrative offices fixed him at his capital, where he enjoyed the society of his friend Goethe, and an opportunity of superintending the

theatre there. His last pieces were for the stage, "Mary Queen of Scots," "Joan of Arc," "William Tell," and the "Bride of Mesina." He expired in 1805 in the 46th year of his age of a malignant fever.

Schiller is accused of having given to his plays a romantic coarseness, which does not distinguish between the elegance of literature and of common life. But it must be said of him, that he represented nothing but great and noble characters, that the dignity of his pieces is well sustained, without the immoral tendency of Goethe's writing, or the mysticism of Kotzebue and Werner. Schiller was more popular with the lower classes, Goethe with the higher, because the first delineated the true German character from its originals, the latter only from an ideal perfection of aristocracy and fashion. The minor poetry of Schiller is also full of a youthful, energetic spirit, which purified and invigorated the taste of his fellow-countrymen. There are so many, and so good translations from his works, that it would be waste of space to give any of them here. They contain so much of the philosophy of life, that they work upon the consciences of men, opposing everything evil and commonplace. His ideal characters are particularly distinguished by their purity, nobleness, and the fire of passion which they contain. Schiller may be called the Euripides of the German drama. He is not so varied, so vast in his conceptions, or so striking in his characters as Goethe, but the generosity and nobleness of his own soul pervades all his productions, and engender an enthusiasm for virtue, liberty and greatness in his readers and audience.

During nearly a period of fifty years the popularity of these two great dramatists, Goethe and Schiller, was eclipsed by that of a much inferior writer Kotzebue. His merits were at one time most ridiculously exaggerated, and since have been as unjustly depreciated. Many of his pieces are certainly open to the charge of frivolity and tediousness, but it must be also allowed that they possess several passages of great power and beauty. The greater number of them, "The Two Brothers," "Misanthropy and Repentance," "The Hussites," "The Death of Rolla, or Pizarro," have been translated into English and other languages, so that it is unnecessary to do more than allude to them here. His greatest faults are these, a morbid sensibility and straining after effect, not sufficient attention to the morals, manners, and national characters of his personages,

but a lively interest pervades all his pieces, and has made them be very popular wherever they have been represented.

Romanticism had a very powerful effect upon the drama, as well as upon lyric poetry in Germany. It tended to produce an exaggerated and absurd style of performance, full of strong and exciting incidents mixed up with mysterious and supernatural horrors scarcely fit for the stage. The principal authors of this style were Müllner, Werner, Grillparzer, and Kleist. The first began his career in an extraordinary manner, by rivalling his elder brother for the hand of a young lady, against the will of his own mother. It was not until the brother and mother died, that he obtained the accomplishment of his wishes. This however did not give him continued happiness. His wife was more inclined to dance, than to listen to his verses or enjoy his conversation, so that the union turned out to be anything but well assorted. In 1812 he brought out a dramatic poem, "*Schuld*," (*Crime*), in which there is great melody of verse and vivid imagery, but the extravagant idea of a presiding fate, or overpowering destiny, something like the "*Deus ex Machina*" of the Greek tragedies, reigns throughout the action. The interest of the piece turns on the fulfilment of a fearful prophecy, by which the hero kills his brother; then torn with remorse destroys himself, which example the heroine imitates, producing a horrible fascination on the mind of the reader. The reputation of this drama was so great, that the Empress Elizabeth of Russia had it played before her, and presented the author with a diamond ring in token of her admiration. Müllner did not long survive the breach of his domestic happiness; he died rather suddenly in the year 1829.

After Schiller and Goethe, no man's plays have been so popular in Germany, as those of Werner. His life was one of extraordinary vicissitudes, beginning by the bed-side of his insane mother. He married three wives, the two first of which are altogether lost sight of; the third a Polish girl named Maria, was obliged to get a divorce from him on account of his extravagance and licentiousness, but strange to say, she and her second husband lived on terms of intimacy with him for a long period afterwards. He also was a companion of Mme. de Staël at Coppet, along with Schlegel, Chamisso, &c. Suddenly he went to Rome, joined the Roman Catholic Church, studied Theology, was made priest at Aschaffenburg, and for



a series of years preached to admiring audiences in Vienna. As an author he has shown great boldness and richness of fancy, strong and abundant fluency of language, kindness of feeling, and appreciation of all that is excellent. He has certainly some confusion of thought, mingling the romantic with the real, a confusion of the offspring of imagination with the facts of everyday life. His drama "Luther," was hailed through Germany with a burst of enthusiasm, although the characters are too ideal and fantastic. "Attila" is not so much darkened by mysticism, the personages approach nearer to those of actual history. It is founded on the tale of Hildegunda, Attila's last wife, whose father and brothers he had caused to be murdered. He then forced the maiden to become his wife, but the next morning the conqueror was found weltering in his blood, his bride seated beside his bed, bathed in tears and wrapt in her long veil. The "29th of February," the most striking and popular of Werner's dramas, is constructed from very simple but horrible materials. The scene is laid in an Alpine cottage between the cotter, his wife, and his son. The old man had slain his father in his youth, and the curse of Cain followed him. His own son slew his young sister, then fled into foreign service, and now returns to his father's roof without being recognised. The father, who has made a practice of murdering strangers under his roof, stabs his son while asleep for some gold he carried about him, and learns from his dying lips the relationship which exists between them. The plot and incidents are of the most distressing character, heightened very much by the situation and mode of life of the personages who enact it.

Another member of the romantic school of a visionary, though powerful mind, was Kleist. He began his career in the army, then studied at Frankfort for a professorship, then repaired to Berlin to endeavour to advance himself in life. He met successively with two young ladies, who returned his affection, but his wayward and extravagant procrastination and absurd ideas about domestic happiness, compelled them to give up their engagements with him. He met Wieland's son in Switzerland, through whom he obtained an intimacy with the father, and afterwards with Goethe and Schiller. At Kouigsberg where he settled for some time he composed several tales, and dramas, the "Schroffenstein Family," in which two fathers kill their own children, and a comedy, "The Broken Jug," on ac-

count of the failure of which at Weimar he challenged Goethe, under whose direction it had been brought out. In 1807 he was arrested by the French at the gates of Berlin as a spy, and sent to Fort de Joux and afterwards to Chalons-sur-Seine. He afterwards settled at Dresden, where he produced his "Katchen von Heilbunn," and "Prince of Homburg," the first a drama of the middle ages, the second dating in the 30 years war. The crowning tragedy of his life arose from his intimacy with a young lady, Henrietta —, who imagined that she had some incurable disease, which preyed on her mind. This produced a morbid melancholy, chiming in with the temper of the poet, and ending in the following dreadful scene as related by Mme. de Pontés:—

Kleist was passionately fond of music, and Henrietta had a voice of unusual power and sweetness. One day when she had sung more enchantingly than usual, Kleist exclaimed: "That is beautiful enough to shoot one's self for." "*Schön zum Todtschiessen.*" She looked at him earnestly, but made no reply. Some little time afterwards she enquired if he remembered a promise he had made to render her a great service if she desired it? He replied in the affirmative. "Well then," she exclaimed impetuously, "fulfil it now. Kill me; my sufferings render life insupportable. But no, you will not. There are no more men of honour on earth." "You are mistaken," replied Kleist, "I am a man of honour, and will do as I have said."

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

Everything was arranged between the unhappy pair with a calmness, a deliberation which would make us doubt the fact of the insanity which darkened the intellects of both, did we not know that madness, too, has its method. On the morning of the 20th November, 1811, they set off together from Berlin, without, it seems, attracting any particular attention, and drove for a while on the road to Potsdam. They stopped at a little country inn, where they spent the rest of the day and the following morn in apparent cheerfulness. Towards the afternoon they set out on foot for a walk, as they said, and proceeded towards a wood some little distance from the inn. A few hours later a forester heard two shots following each other with strange rapidity. He hastened to the spot whence they came, and found Henrietta lying lifeless beneath an old and blasted tree, her hands clasped on her bosom, whilst Kleist knelt before her—his head had fallen on his shoulder—he had shot himself through the temple. Such was the terrible end of this gifted and ill-fated man.

Grillparzer has become famous in Germany by his play of the "Ahnfrau," or "Ancestress," more wild and extravagant in fancy and language than any of Werner's or the "Robbers"

of Schiller. The plot consists in the heroine being compelled to wander over the earth, on account of an early crime, until the last scion of her race is extinct. This occurs by a robber chief stabbing his own father to the heart, and his sister and himself then immolating themselves. "Sappho," by the same author, is a poem of considerable lyric beauty, much admired by Lord Byron, when translated into Italian.

Bauppach had endeavoured to produce on the stage some of the historical glories of the ancient rulers of Germany. The "Hohenstauffen" relates the principal events in the career of that noble house. The "Nibelungen Hort," is a representation of the principal passages of the celebrated romance of that name. They are however sadly deficient in rapid action, distinctness of character, and harmony of arrangement. He spent the greater part of his life in some of the most dreary parts of Russia, and died in 1829. Since that period have arisen numerous dramatic authors, Grabbe, Kebbél, Mosen, &c., all of whom belong to the romantic school. Their productions, however, are such a mass of "extraordinary situations, exaggerated sentiments, or physiological curiosities," that confusion alone is their distinguishing feature. The romantic school has now run into the wildest extreme, and requires a Lessing or Goethe to start up, in order to reduce it to some of the rules or order of classicality.

There remains to be considered a class of lyric poets of the romantic school, the varied subjects of whose muse were not confined to ancient classicality, or modern romanticism. They brought out songs of sentiment, convivial, martial and patriotic lays, stirring the hearts of the German people, and making their authors almost the idols of the people. This phase denotes the rise of the democratic element, not yet brought to its perfection, but ere long calculated to produce its full effect.

Hoelderlin was one of those poets who endeavoured to mingle the spirit of classicality with the fancy of romanticism, the rules of antiquity with the wild fancy of the middle ages. His life was one of mental misfortune, notwithstanding the great friendship which Schiller conceived for him on account of his amiable manners. He was a tutor in the family of Mme. von Kalb, with whom Schiller had been in the same capacity, and afterwards in that of a wealthy banker at Frankfurt. He was obliged however to leave this place on account of the jealousy of the husband, who was stimulated thereto by

a young companion of his wife. This event threw a strong shade of melancholy over his character, which ended by making it necessary to place him under medical restraint. In this state he lingered during six and thirty years, with a few lucid intervals, until he died in 1843. He was a great favourite with Goethe, Schiller, and other contemporaries. The following verses will give a good idea of his style.

## GREECE.

Had we met on Athens' sacred ground,  
Where ambition fired the soul of youth,  
Where mid clustering flowers the Ilyssus  
wound,  
Where Socrates won all hearts to truth,  
Where Aspasia roved mid myrtle bow'rs,  
Where the blithesome sounds of joy and  
mirth  
From the Agora, marked the rapid hours,  
Where Plato formed a Paradise on earth;  
Where from Inspiration's sparkling fountain  
Flowed the hymn of harmony divine,  
Where on blue-eyed Pallas sacred mountain  
Pilgrims bent before the goddess' shrine,  
Where the hours unheeded gilded by  
Wrapt in dreams so beautiful, so fair.  
In those realms of bliss to live—to die—  
Ah! my friend, had I but met thee there!  
Nobler themes had then thy song inspired,  
Marathon—its heroes—they alone—  
And my soul with kindred ardour fired,  
Had been a worthy minstrel of thine own.  
Then all burning from the glorious strife,  
With the laurel round thy youthful brow,  
Ne'er beneath the weary load of life  
Had I seen that lofty spirit bow!  
Is the star of love for ever banished  
To a fairer sky, a brighter clime?  
And those golden hours are they too vanished  
Whose soft wings concealed the flight of  
time?

Ah! in Athens, like the immortal fire,  
Hope and joy still dwell in every breast,  
Like the golden fruit, youth's sweet desire  
Still was fresh and beautiful and blest.  
If amid those proud and happy plains  
Destiny had placed thy proud career,—  
She was worthy thy inspiring strains,  
They are useless, worse than useless, here.  
In those better days so bright, so fleet,  
We had formed a proud and patriot band,  
Not in vain that noble heart had beat  
For the freedom of thy native land.  
Pause awhile—methinks the hour arrives,  
When the ethereal spark may burn anew—  
Perish not a single hope survives;  
This is not thy sphere, thou brave and true:  
Attica! alas! the giant falls,  
Where the sons of gods and heroes sleep;  
Rent and ruined are the marble halls;  
Silence broods there, silence—etern and  
deep.  
Smiling spring descends with balmy gale,  
But finds neither flower, nor leaf, nor tree.  
Cold and barren is that sacred vale  
Where the Ilyssus once flowed bright and  
free.  
Oh! I long to quit this land of gloom  
For Alcma or Anacreon.  
Gladly would I sleep within the tomb,  
With the holy ones of Marathon.  
Be these tears my eyes so often shed  
For thy land, oh! sacred Greece! the last.  
Fates, in mercy, cut my mingled thread;  
For my heart belongeth to the past.

A simpler, less imaginative, but at the same time, less transcendental writer than the Romancist before mentioned was Chamisso, a Frenchman by birth, from the plains of Champagne. Two of his brothers were in the Gardes du Corps of Louis XVI., and one of them received a sword from the unfortunate monarch after the eventful 10th August. The family was obliged to emigrate into Germany, where young Chamisso pursued his studies at Würzburg, and became more than half a German. He joined in the war of Prussia against France, but afterwards returned to his native country, where he made the acquaintance of Mde. de Staël, whom he praises very highly, and to whom he attached himself even during her exile at Coppet. His first work which brought him into notice, was the strange, fantastic story of "Peter Schlemihl; or, the Man who had

lost his Shadow." This has been translated three or four times into English, and into every language in Europe. In 1815 he joined an expedition to the North Pole, which lasted during a good portion of three years, and gave him ample opportunity for developing his talent for poetry, up to that time dormant. On his return he married, and shortly after received an indemnity as an old emigrant from the restored Bourbons, of 100,000 francs. His poems, collected by himself in 1827, caused a considerable sensation in Germany, and earned for him a membership of the Academy of Sciences, at Berlin. Notwithstanding his former emigration he rejoiced in 1830, at the expulsion of the elder Bourbons. Mme. Pontés gives translations from three of his best pieces, "The Three Sisters," "Abdallah," and "The Old Washerwoman," which last was the final effort of poetic fire. Written for the subject of it, the proceeds were sufficient to insure her some comfort in her old age. His style is pure and clear, neither partaking of the romantic fancies of Tieck, or the classicalities of Hoelderlin.

Descriptive poetry in German has been the peculiar province of Matthiesson, Salis, and Kosegarten. There is nothing very striking or bold in their works; they consist rather of simple delineations of scenery, natural descriptions, and the soft emotions and feelings which those are calculated to produce.

The martial and patriotic school is represented by Körner and Arndt, whose verses served most powerfully to rouse the Prussian population to resist France, in the war of freedom. The former was stricken down upon the battle field, and has had a monument erected to his poetic genius and courage by his fellow-countrymen. The greater number of their songs have been translated into English; the most celebrated, "Lyre and Sword," "The Prussian Eagle," and "Where is the German fatherland," are too well known to need reproduction here. Mde. Pontés' version of the "Song of the black Jäger" is so spirited, that it deserves to be put before our readers.

#### SONG OF THE BLACK JAGER.

On to the field! spirits of vengeance move us,  
On Germans bold and free!  
On to the field—our standard waves above us,  
On—death or victory!

Small is our band; but strong is our reliance  
Upon a righteous Lord.  
To every art of Hell we bid defiance;  
He is our shield and sword.

No quarter, friends! High wield your  
weapons! cheerily!  
Death be the invader's doom,

And every drop of blood! oh! sell it dearly,  
There's freedom in the tomb.

Still do we wear the funeral garb of sorrow,  
For our departed fame,  
And do ye ask what means the hue we borrow  
Vengeance, that is its name.

God to our side—our righteous cause  
victorious,  
The star of peace shall shine,  
And we will plant the standard proud and  
glorious  
Beside our own free Rhine!

The list of Poets and Poetry given here, is by no means complete, especially among the modern and contemporary, whom we do not at present mean to criticize further than this, that idealism, mysticism, and the extreme of the romantic, is their prevailing characteristic. Many of their names are well known, and famous; those of Uhland, Freiligrath, Rückart, Kerner, Geibel, &c., are very popular in the Fatherland. It is very strange, that from the days of the nun Hroswitha, before recorded, until the present time, there has been no striking instance of a female German writer of verses. Many have distinguished themselves in the province of prose fiction, but scarcely any attempted to invoke the muse.

The prevailing feature of German poetry in all ages, has been the romantic. In fact this species of composition, as opposed to the classical, may be said to have originated, like the Gothic architecture, among the Teutonic races, and from them propagated to the rest of Europe. After the Edda, the ballad epics of the Nibelungen, Gudrune, Walter of Aquitaine, &c., directed the taste of the middle ages, towards tales of chivalry, and heroes ancient and modern. Then came the minne-singers, whose lyrics tended towards the same end. The meister-sänger only fill up a hiatus, after which the influence of the Reformation changed for a time, the public taste of the age. Hymns, serious, patriotic, and martial songs, came into vogue, poetry declined into a transition state, to be revived by Opitz, Bodmer, &c. Several schools with various tendencies, were now originated; the Silesian, Königsberg, Nuremburg, and Zurich. Bodmer's admiration for the "Paradise Lost," originated the last, and opened the way to a complete regeneration. Here commences the real era of Modern Poetry, which has been said by Menzel to have gone from the lyric, through the dramatic to the epic. In this, we cannot at all agree; on the contrary, it commenced with a species of epic by Bodmer, imitations of pieces in other languages, Hymns of Gellert, and Idyls of Gessner; through the higher epic of Klopstock to the dramas of Lessing, the romances of Wieland, Herder, &c., to the mixture of all tastes, in our own day. After the revival consequent on the Reformation, imitations of the French masters were considered the most perfect; this may be called the period of Gallomania, which extended to the time of Klopstock. He united a certain taste for following English authors and subjects, along with a mixture of classicity; he thought also, that the highest perfection was in

attiring Christian or German incidents and manners, with the garb of Greece and Rome. Ramler formed a transition between the love of French models, and the imitation of Grecian classics. He summoned gods and goddesses to his aid in unravelling the intricacies of modern situations. Wieland was overcome by the "plastic beauty" of Grecian forms, the purity of her philosophy, and the graces of Athenian manners. This amiable, refined, and witty nature, allowed itself to be decoyed into a heterogeneous species of romanticism, wherein the epicurean philosophy reigned supreme. Vo's had an extravagant idea of the plasticity of the German language; he imagined that it might be made to follow the Greek, almost syllable for syllable, in metre and verse. This led him into the strangest absurdities of poetry; his translations, though curious specimens of labour, are not intelligible, on account of their involved nature. All those various tastes combined together to form the mixed talent of Goethe and Schiller, who rendered themselves superior to all the other poets of their country, by not confining themselves to any particular form, imitating all, and yet being original in their new Romanticism. The most recent authors have plunged into an abyss of mysticism, and transcendentalism, combining the philosophy of Kant, Böhme, with the extravagance of sentimentalism. Unfortunately, all true simplicity and symmetry, is lost sight of in these wild fancies; nothing but vagueness, unsubstantial forms of visionary beings, reign throughout their airy pages.

We will say a few words about Mme. Pontés' performance. It is a work of considerable merit, and shews a large acquaintance, not only with the numerous authors treated of, but also with the various critical works, which have teemed in Germany for a series of years, on this subject. Many of her translations are well worthy of the originals, reproducing faithfully their fire or pathos. We do not, however, mean to praise her undeservedly, this would be unworthy and suspicious. She is somewhat given to the romantic in her biographies, the poet's wives are all lovely, angelic beings; she is not sufficiently severe on many of the authors themselves. Her criticisms are not always sufficiently particular, nor are her extracts always long enough to cause the poet's style to be properly understood; with these slight defects, we think this book which is written with ease and grace, to be very entertaining and instructive.

## ART. IX—THE ADULT AND YOUNG OF THE POOR-HOUSE.

*Irish Waste Land Settlements, versus Emigration and Foreign Wild Land Settlements. Specially addressed to the Poor Law Guardians of Ireland.* By James Hayes, C.E.  
Dublin: W. B. Kelly, 1858.

Forty years ago Sir Walter Scott wrote—"The time will come when the whole land will be hypothecated to the poor, and by the strangest and most unexpected of revolutions, the labourers in the country will be substantially in possession of the whole rental of that soil in which participation is now refused them."—And now, after this lapse of time, we find that in this instance, as in many others, Sir Walter was truly "The Wizard of the North." The whole land is "hypothecated to the poor;" the whole social state of Ireland is altered, and through the results of the famine, and under the cruel confiscations of the Incumbered Estates' Court, this generation has witnessed "the strangest and most unexpected of revolutions," and it sees the labourers and paupers of the country "in possession of the whole rental of that soil in which participation was refused them." In the old days of potatoes and pigs, the pig was "the gentleman that paid the rent;" things are now changed; the rate-payer is the pig, who not alone pays the rent of the poor-house, but supplies board and clothing into the bargain.

That the poor of a country have the first claim upon its resources, none will deny; but unfortunately, in Ireland, it is considered a matter about which there can be no question or dispute, that because a man or a woman is a pauper, he or she has a consequent right to rot out life in idleness, in sloth, and, too often, in vice. One rarely hears the term Workhouse, in Ireland; in ordinary conversation the Union Mansion is invariably called the Poor-house, and with great propriety; it is certainly a house for the poor, a house at which boards meet and squabble, occasionally job, and sometimes "cook the elective franchise:" but it is not a house in which steady, useful, and continuous work is made a portion of the every-day duty of the lives of all able-bodied, or healthy inmates; it is not a house in which self-dependence and self-respect are shown to spring from honest labor.



Whence this awful state of facts arises, is one of those questions about which men cannot agree. Some attribute it to the red tape of the Poor Law Commissioners' office; others will have it that all the evils spring from the grasping avarice of the ex-officio guardians; others proclaim that no matter whence the mischiefs have their origin, all are perpetuated and increased, through the stupidity, stolidity and pennywise schemes of the elected guardians. That all those who may be considered accountable for the evils of our Poor Law system should be somewhat unwilling to accept the responsibility of being the authors of these abuses, is not to be wondered at. Who would acknowledge himself the supporter of a system which results in crowding our streets with prostitutes, the Lock wards of our hospitals with patients, our police offices with rogues, our Convict gaols with prisoners, our colonies with worthless, because idle, and ignorant, and unskilled labour; a system which trains the poor-house-reared child to consider that house as his home, because it destroys energy and self-reliance, by a permitted idleness, producing in time, a torpor of every worthy faculty of mind and body.

But, it is often asked, what can we do with them? To this our answer always is, do not teach them that emigration is the object of life; do not let them fancy that all the people of Ireland, not guardians or poorhouse officials, are born for the sole purpose of going to America—teach them that we must all labor, wherever we may be—in a word, keep them at home and work them.

Mr. Hayes, whose valuable pamphlet we have placed at the head of this paper, is a man evidently able to observe and reason for himself. He is, beyond all doubt, a genuine and thorough Irishman, and being neither a bucolic ex-officio, nor a shipping agent, he has been able to convince himself that emigration is not so good a thing for our labouring population as useful employment at home here in Ireland; and in proving this somewhat unfashionable doctrine he gives to the nationalist and to the capitalist one of the most useful and instructive essays it has been our good fortune to read for many a day.

Mr. Hayes addresses his pamphlet to the Poor Law Guardians of Ireland, and we shall here endeavour to condense his arguments. He laments the decline of the small farm system which once prevailed in this country, and he writes:—

“Nothing, as I apprehend, can be more unreasonable or more

unjust than to expect to find in a country like ours—differing so remarkably from England in essential characteristics—equal results from a given system; and those who advocate the adoption of that peculiar English practice, must do so in complete ignorance of the conditions of the two countries, forgetting that what may be beneficial to the one, might prove fatal to the other.

England—a peculiarly manufacturing country with numerous cities and towns, actively engaged in some branch or other of industrial art manufactures, capable of absorbing the labour of the rural immigration—cannot feel *immediately* the evil results arising out of the system “which has peopled cities at the expense of villages.” But can this be said of Ireland? On the contrary, ours being essentially an agricultural country, the rural population, driven into the cities and towns, only become a source of trouble, and eventually a burthen; for as we possess no manufactures of any extent, and have no prospect of acquiring them, while watched by the jealous eye of England; so our civic districts can hardly be expected to afford any expansion of their present limited powers of employing labour.

In truth it may be inserted that the more the consolidation of farms takes place, the worse off the towns become; for not only will they have to bear a disproportionate share of taxation, but they must also endure a considerable loss of business, since no person can reasonably maintain that the custom of the family of a farmer, occupying 500 acres, will be an equivalent to that of fifty families, each holding ten acre farms.

You cannot be insensible to the fact that the population of Ireland, instead of increasing, is still decreasing, that the deaths and emigration considerably exceed the births, and that the estimated total loss of population from 1841 to 1857 is nearly 3,000,000; so that our population in place of being over 9,000,000 in 1851, was actually found to be only 6,552,285! Is it not then our duty to endeavour by some means to check this immense stream of emigration which drains our country of the best of her population?

I find that in the year 1851, the sum of £21,075 was contributed by seventy-nine Unions of Ireland, for the purpose of sending to the colonies and to the United States of America some 4,386 emigrants; how much more money since or before that year may have been devoted to the same object, I am not at present in a position to say; but no doubt a very considerable sum has been sent out of the country in this way, by the several Unions which you represent; and it appears to me that such means of affording relief to the rate-payers does not redound to the permanent advantage of the country. I conceive that, at best, you only resort to such a system as a transient and wretched expedient, and that emigration manifestly does not prevent pauperism.”

With the absorption of the small farms came the epoch of wholesale emigration, or as it used to be called, the Irish Exodus. Referring to this subject, Mr. Hayes writes:—

“We have now arrived at a point when it becomes a serious duty

to discountenance any extensive system of emigration; for emigration both *forced* and *voluntary*, has been too extensive of late years not to have been prejudicial to the true interests of the country.

In the six years from 1851 to 1857, the emigration from Irish ports amounted to 938,395 persons, giving an average of 156,399 a-year; and if we assume the very moderate average sum of £6 to each emigrant for passage money and expenses, we shall find that no less than £5,630,770 have been abstracted from this country in those six years—a capital more than equivalent to *one fourth of the gross amount* produced by the sales in the Incumbered Estates' Court during the entire eight years of its existence; and, according to the calculations of the Commissioner of Valuation, an amount equal to *one half the total expense* of reclaiming and bringing into a state of cultivation 3,755,000 acres of the waste land of Ireland, which, in a reclaimed state, and parcelled out into 10 acre allotments, would suffice to sustain in comfort 375,500 families, or about 1,877,500 souls. It certainly does appear singularly anomalous that a country so favoured by nature, both in fertility of soil and in the temperature of her climate—that a country possessing such vast resources, and admittedly requiring all the capital and energy of her population to develop them, should be annually casting away such a vast amount of her wealth and industry to enrich other countries to the manifest injury of herself. There is something monstrous and unnatural in such a state of things, even admitting that emigration, under certain circumstances, is a wholesome and natural result, and this no one can deny; because it is an admitted law of nature, that capital, whether it be monetary, mental, or corporeal, will always find room for itself, and people who emigrate *voluntary* only obey this law in taking their capital to the best market. Yet no country can be reasonably said to be necessitated to resort to a system of encouraging the *forced* emigration of the people until the soil has reached its maximum state of cultivation, and found insufficient for the support of its inhabitants: for, undoubtedly, land differs essentially from other elements of production in the economic sense, being limited both in quantity and productiveness, but assuredly this is not the present condition of Ireland, although we are familiar with the fact, that extraordinary efforts have been made of late years to superinduce emigration, and to drive into *foreign* lands that able and willing labour which is everywhere the real source of wealth, and which is more especially needed for the cultivation and improvement of our *own* native land; and we are forced to enquire why it is so—why, amidst the many philanthropic schemes which have been propounded from time to time, by able and patriotic men, no practical effort has ever been devised with the view to encourage the people to locate upon the waste lands of this country, rather than suffer them to seek settlements upon the wild lands of a foreign country, under such fearful disadvantages.\*

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\* See in IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. XIV., a paper by the late John O'Connell, entitled "Emigration, Emigrants, and Emigrant Ships."—ED.

Now, it is a well-known fact that almost every county in Ireland contains some thousands of acres of land, which lie at present waste and unproductive—useless, as well to the proprietors as to the country. According to a competent authority, Sir Richard J. Griffith, better known as Mr. Griffith, Commissioner of Valuation (who for the last half century has occupied a distinguished position in the Civil Service of Ireland), there are altogether 6,290,000 acres of land in Ireland, out of which 1,425,000 acres it is estimated, might be advantageously reclaimed, so as to produce both cereal and green crops; and 2,330,000 acres more might be drained for meadow, and pasture for sheep; and doubtless, if owned and occupied by an industrious class of small farmers, much even of the latter could be made available for cultivation. Let us assume, however, that there are in round numbers 3,500,000 acres of unoccupied waste land, which admit of being rendered productive. Here then we have—in a country where land is the raw material for which competition has actually extended to such a dreadful pitch, that fearful crimes are perpetrated in consequence, and thousands of people, unable to get land, are obliged to seek refuge either in the poor-house, or on board the emigrant ship—here we have an unoccupied territory, which if reclaimed would be capable of sustaining in comfort a population of more than 1,500,000. It is not then surprising that the Devon Commissioners, in reference to this part of their inquiry, should remark, “when the immense importance of bringing into a productive state 6,000,000 acres, now lying waste, is considered, it cannot but be a subject of regret and of surprise that no greater progress in this undertaking has as yet been made.” Even so it is; and yet for all that it has been gravely argued that Ireland is over populated, and that nothing can so materially benefit the country as the consolidation of farms and the emigration of the people. \* \*

It is a remarkable fact that the question of the reclamation of waste lands had been attentively considered in the old parliament of Ireland, at a time—and this is peculiarly notable—when the country was comparatively thinly populated, and when it might be supposed the same necessity did not exist as in the present day to render this a matter of so much consequence to the legislature; yet we find that the Irish Parliament had, for many years, been called upon to entertain this question, and so important was it deemed at that period that several bills were passed on this subject. The first measure of the kind, “an act to encourage the improvement of barren and waste lands and bogs, and planting of timber, trees, and orchards,” was passed in 1731, and from that time down to 1793 there was a constant succession of bills, introduced by members of the Irish House of Commons, having reference to this matter; some by eminent statesmen, such as Fortescue, Flood, Grattan, and Hobart. Did the limit of this pamphlet admit, I should here refer more at length to the details of some of those measures; however, I must content myself by referring the reader to the Irish statutes themselves. Neither can the fact be altogether disregarded, that under the authority of the British Government, a commission was appointed, so far back as 1809, to report upon the practicability of reclaiming the waste lands of Ireland. Several eminent scientific men were engaged upon this inquiry, amongst them the present Chairman of the Board of Works

and Commissioner of Valuation. The important results of their labours are to be found in the Bog Commissioners' Reports, a most interesting, and in many respects, valuable work for future reference. However, beyond the mere reporting to parliament, it does not appear, as regards the reclamation of waste lands, that ever anything was done from that day to this—the usual termination of all Royal Commissions relating to Ireland.

It is not necessary, however, that I should here enter into any minute details to show the practicability of cultivating these wastes; for happily theoretic speculation has long since given way to successful practical experience, and I shall quote from the evidence contained in the Land Commission Reports, before mentioned, to show that even as a mere speculation, with the sole view of increasing a landlord's rental, the reclamation of waste lands has, in almost every instance, been attended with peculiar success. "It is in evidence," said the Commissioners, "that by an expense of somewhat about £7 per acre, land, in the County Sligo, has been reclaimed and rendered worth a rent of £1 10s. an acre;" and in the County Westmeath, land that, according to the proprietor, Mr. Fetherston H. was formerly fit for nothing but snipe shooting, has been reclaimed and rendered worth £1 an acre, at an expense of £6. In Clare and Galway where the reclaiming and cropping cost from £9 5s. to £10 2s., the first year's crop realised from £8 10s. to £11 6s. 8d. per acre. In the Queen's County, where Mr. Stewart Trench carried on extensive operations in reclaiming mountain wastes, in some instances at elevations of 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, land, which in its unreclaimed state was not worth 2s. 6d. per acre, reclaimed was worth £2 per acre; the cost of reclaiming and cropping of which did not amount to more than £8 per acre, while the value of the first year's produce was £12 10s. per acre, thereby fully clearing all expense of reclamation the first year. Again on the estate of Sir Charles Styles in the County Donegal, where small allotments of unreclaimed land were made to tenants on leases of twenty-one years, with free terms, varying from three to seven years, conditional upon reclaiming an acre each year, building farm-house and offices, and making proper fences, all in accordance with certain prescribed regulations—these tenants were found to have cleared all expenses in three years, and to have made a net profit of £1 12s. 9d. per acre, even under circumstances which, in many respects, would appear unfavourable.

I might add numerous instances of successful reclamation of waste lands in Ireland of late years, but it is needless to accumulate cases, for few persons in the present day will doubt the practicability of such undertakings. One thing, however, must be said, that for the greater part, these reclamations have been carried on by capitalists, or by improving tenants aided by encouraging landlords; but many instances there have been throughout the country, where a labourer of the poorest class, with no other capital to commence with than his own labour, for the consideration of getting a patch of land rent free, for a term of three years, would effectually reclaim such land, and then, at the expiration of the term, would undertake a similar contract; from whence it must be inferred, that, even under the most discouraging and least remunerative circumstances that can well be

imagined, some profit can be gained by such an undertaking. No doubt the share of profit coming to the unfortunate labourer, in this case, must be small indeed, and this consideration leads to the conclusion, that the Irish peasant will undergo the severest toil where any fair prospect of reward is offered. Now the result of these inquiries prove that we have in Ireland over 3,500,000 acres of waste and unprofitable land, and that the reclamation of this immense waste can be effected at a cost of about £10,000,000, and that this land when reclaimed would be capable of supporting a population of 2,000,000. Here is a large basis for philanthropic patriotism to work upon. If we take the authority of Colonel Robinson, the manager of the Waste Lands' Improvement Society of Ireland, in his evidence before the Land Commission, when he said: "we find that a man can reclaim one acre himself annually, and when he has several children he can reclaim from one and a-half to two acres annually. An industrious tenant, possessed of £20 capital, taking a ten acre mountain farm of reclaimable land, can, with his family, reclaim the whole in seven years." And another equally reliable authority, Mr. Trench, when asked, before the same Commission, whether he considered that the reclamation of waste lands would pay capitalists, said: "were each tenant only given a house or hovel to live in for a few years, lime, for two or three acres, some guano or other portable manure to assist in raising a present provision of potatoes, and were care taken at first not to press him with too heavy a rent, I am convinced, in a few years, any industrious man would rapidly become comparatively comfortable in his circumstances, and an estate so managed would amply repay the care and capital bestowed upon it."

The Devon Commission also reported, in reference to the reclamation of waste lands, "that a great public benefit would be attained, in increased employment for labourers, in the progressive extension of productive land, and in the opportunity thereby afforded for the location of industrious families."

Having thus shewn what could be done in the way of reclamation, Mr. Hayes then proceeds to develop his scheme, and states the cost of reclaiming land in Ireland, and compares that cost with the expense of reclamation in Canada. He writes:—

I have said that the waste lands of a country, of right, belong to the state, but as this principle is not recognised in the case of the waste lands of Ireland, I propose that they should be converted into estates for the poor by a simple process, whereby the Poor Law Commissioners of Ireland will become the agents or purchasers in trust for the benefit of the people, who shall become actual occupiers and owners of the land under certain terms and conditions. At present under the Act 11 and 12 Vic., cap 25, the Poor Law Commissioners, on receipt of a memorial from a majority of a Board of Guardians, are empowered to hire or purchase a quantity of land, not exceeding twenty-five statute acres, for the instruction of children in workhouses in an improved system of agriculture, and the majority of the Unions in Ireland have availed themselves of this

privilege, and if permitted, no doubt would gladly extend the application of the principle. I mention this circumstance merely to show that there is no new principle involved in the purchase of land, for the benefit of the Unions, by the Poor Law Commissioners; but I contend for an extension of this principle, whereby a direct benefit will accrue to the rate-payers of Ireland by the immediate conversion of a large class of persons, who are on the point of becoming a burthen upon the Unions, into a class of small farmers and proprietors contributing to the welfare of the country.

Without entering into minute details it may suffice if I indicate the principal outlines of a measure, which I submit would effect the object here proposed, thus:

1. Poor Law Commissioners to be Commissioners under this act.
2. Waste lands to be treated as encumbered property, and to be made saleable by legislative enactment.
3. Commissioners to be empowered to raise money by way of loans for the purchase of waste lands.
4. The requisition of a majority of any Board or Boards of Guardians shall be sufficient legal authority to oblige Commissioners to treat for the purchase of waste lands.
5. Boards of Guardians of several Unions may unite together and form a board or committee of management of the waste lands.
6. Boards of management to appoint surveyors and agriculturists to superintend the construction of roads, bridges, canals, &c.; the laying out of allotments, and the direction and proper disposition of reclaiming operations to be carried on hereafter by settlers.
7. Pauper labour, where practicable, to be applied to the construction of works deemed necessary for facilitating settlements.
8. Allotments to be made in convenient sections as regards communication with public roads; and no holding to be of less size than 5 statute acres, nor to exceed 30 statute acres.
9. Applicants for waste land allotments to be first recommended by the representatives of electoral divisions where applicant shall reside; having obtained which recommendation, applicant shall tender a formal requisition to be laid before the Board of Management.
10. Qualifications of applicants—to be defined strictly as persons who have followed agricultural pursuits as a means of living, to be eighteen years of age, and not to be actual paupers receiving Union relief.
11. Applicants for allotments, although they may at the time of making application be in the occupation of land, shall not be actual holders of land elsewhere when entering upon the occupation of waste land allotments.
12. Settlers on waste lands to build a house of a certain class, to reclaim one acre of land yearly, and to reside permanently upon allotments, and to be subject for a certain period to the instructions of officers appointed by the Board of Management.
13. Allotments to be sold according to a valuation which shall have been made previous to occupation, and which shall be sufficient to cover all expenses of original purchase with interest, of primary operations, and of management, evenly apportioned. Payments, in ten yearly instalments, which, when completed, shall entitle settler

to receive a deed of conveyance, executed by the Commissioners, and this deed shall have the force of a complete parliamentary title to his lot.

14. Board of Management to be empowered to aid settlers with building materials and seeds by way of loans.

15. Settlers shall receive contract card, promising deed of conveyance of allotment on conditions and terms therein specified, on the back of which card all payments on account of land and of loans shall be duly marked.

16. Settlers not to subdivide or dispose of allotments while any claim shall be pending, without sanction of Board of Management, under penalty of forfeiture of title.

Such are the imperfect outlines of a measure which, I believe, might effect the proposed object—without involving any infringement upon the rights of individuals—without introducing a principle that is not to be found already in operation either at home or in our colonies—which might, without any inconvenience, be engrafted on the present Poor Law Act; and which, I have no doubt, would have the effect of creating a large class of industrious small farmers enjoying a moderate share of prosperity, of fostering habits of order and self-reliance amongst the people, of decreasing crime and pauperism, and, therefore, of adding to the peace, security, and welfare of the country. Of course much consideration should necessarily be given to the details of such a measure, to render it effective; but, I am fully convinced that never before was there a more opportune time, or a more urgent necessity, calling upon us to attempt some measure of this kind.

It is true that a measure of the nature proposed cannot be realised without encountering the violent landlord opposition, usual in the case of every project for the benefit of the people. This, of course, we must make up our minds to meet as best we may; for it is a lamentable fact, that this powerful class invariably act as if the interests of the people were inimical to their own; ever forgetful of the obvious truth, that no country can prosper where the masses are steeped in poverty and wretchedness. Then, the hostility of others must be anticipated too, because of the novelty of the scheme, and the utter impossibility of perpetrating thereby anything in the shape of a job. But I have little doubt that all such narrow and selfish prejudices, if resolutely encountered, can be easily disarmed or overthrown.

The experience acquired by the last few years only goes to prove the utter failure of emigration as a means of improving this country; for the masses of the people are as wretched now as ever. The young, enterprising, and industrious, the able-bodied and intelligent are leaving us; whilst the old, infirm, poor, and helpless stay behind. Population is still decreasing, small farms are rapidly disappearing, and with them an industrious population. Consolidation follows, sheep and cattle take the place of men, whilst no adequate progress in developing the industrial resources of the country is apparent.

Independent of the consideration of the immense loss of its able and industrious population, it must be taken into account also, that Ireland suffers a tremendous drain of capital by emigration. I estimate that no less a sum than £600,000 is annually abstracted out of this country by this process alone.



As I have, in a preceding part, entered into the question of the actual cost (derived from various sources) of reclaiming Irish waste lands under a variety of conditions, so I propose to investigate, by way of comparison, the means and amount of capital (labour) requisite to bring into a rude state of cultivation similar quantities of the wild lands of America.

It is well known that wild lands are of two kinds, "wood," or "bush land," and "prairie land." The latter is principally to be had in the western States; and all the government lands there are sold for cash, at the rate of one dollar, twenty-five cents to one dollar, fifty cents, per acre, or from 5s. to 6s. (sterling) per acre, and in sections of 640 acres, and half and quarter sections, the least quantity obtainable being 160 acres. Therefore, it will be seen that in order to get government land in the states, a man will necessarily require to have some capital in hands; for be it understood, this is altogether a cash transaction. There is, however, a species of "middlemen"—speculators and land companies, large capitalists—who buy up the government lands. These afterwards dispose of them to settlers at increased rates, varying from five dollars or thirty dollars per acre, according to location, and on credit terms, ranging from four to five years, with interest. But the conditions which these land jobbers generally enforce, as to fencing and bringing into a state of cultivation a certain stipulated quantity of land, render it necessary that a settler obtaining land, even in this manner, should possess a small capital to begin with, and the amount of course will be proportionate to the price he has to pay, and the extent of his land.

Supposing, however, that a man were able to get a prairie lot of about forty acres; this would be a very small lot, and generally speaking, small lots fetch higher rates than large ones; but let us assume that he is enabled to get such a lot; for instance, in the State of Illinois, say at ten dollars an acre, and five years to pay for it in full. In the first place before he could receive his contract for a deed of conveyance, there would be two years' interest to pay, say at three per cent., making about 5*l.* sterling. He has also to build some sort of habitation for himself, and from the fact that timber is rather expensive in the prairie, this will absorb a considerable portion of the settler's ready money. Then he is obliged to break up and fence in at least *one-tenth* of the lands purchased; this will involve an additional cash outlay; and assuming that he can hire cattle and the necessary means of breaking up the prairie, the cost of bringing land of this kind into a rude state of cultivation will be about 2*l.* 10*s.* or 3*l.* an acre, exclusive of purchase money. These estimates show that it is idle for a settler to embark in such an undertaking with a less capital than 40*l.* at the very lowest.

Let us now take the other class of wild land. I shall take for illustration the most favourably circumstanced case of "bush-land" in upper Canada.

In a remote, wild country in Canada West, called the Ottawa, there is now a vast territory in process of free settlement, and great efforts are being made by government agents to attract settlers into this region; in fact, at present, this district absorbs the principal

part of the emigration to Canada, and the chief reason for this may be said to be on account of the favourable and easily complied with nature of the government regulations, which merely stipulate that the settler should build a house of certain dimensions, clear a certain number of acres, and personally occupy the land. Any person over eighteen years of age can have a hundred acres of this wild land free "for ever," subject only to the above conditions.

These terms are not only liberal on the part of the government, but extremely favourable to the rapid development and future progress of the settlement. However, let it not be supposed that even here a person without capital can possibly avail himself of the opportunity of obtaining a free grant of land. The government agents themselves admit that a man taking up a location here should possess a capital of something like 30*l.* to begin with, so that a poor person leaving Ireland without the necessary capital, on arriving at the settlement, would not be in a position to put in a claim for a free allotment.

The clearing and bringing into a state of cultivation an acre of wood-land in Canada, is no trifling work. It has been estimated, however, that a first-rate axe-man can fell and chop the trees, on an acre of bush land, in about nine days; but it must be remarked that a "green-horn," unacquainted with the use of the axe, would take almost as long clearing an acre, as an old pioneer, in these regions, would be in clearing ten acres, so that, in reality, the above estimate applies only to skilled labour. Let us, however, suppose that nine men, receiving the ordinary wages of a lumbering district, are employed on this operation; the next business is to pile up the logs, so as to have them all burned at once; this will require ten men and two yoke of oxen. The next operation is to set the whole on fire, which, after all, is not so easy a matter as might be supposed. To see that no half burnt logs remain to encumber the ground, and that all are consumed to ashes, requires considerable attention; and to have this performed effectually it will be necessary to employ four men, and a yoke of oxen in order to draw the unburnt and incumbent logs into fresh piles to be burned over again, or if not to remove them out of the way. This finishes the business of *clearing* an acre of wood-land, the severest work a man can be employed at; but let it not be imagined that an *acre of soil* is thereby brought into a state fit for immediate cultivation. It must be borne in mind, that all the stumps and roots still remain, and that consequently, a considerable portion of the ground is thereby unavailable for cultivation; to this must be added the irregularities of surface, representing creeks and ponds of stagnant surface water, which interfere with cultivation until effectually removed by drainage. All this portion of the area, which on an average may be estimated at about thirty per cent. of the whole, for the first five years must be considered waste and unprofitable. From thenceforth until the stumps and roots are thoroughly cleared, which probably will not be for a generation, there will be a permanent waste of fifteen to twenty-five per cent. of the whole area, at all times presenting obstacles and impediments in the way of the plough and harrow. So that my estimate, although treating nominally of an *acre* of cleared ground, does not in reality

afford an absolute available surface for cultivation of more than *two roods, thirty-two perches*, exclusive of that to be occupied by a fence.

The fence is also to be noted as an element of cost, inasmuch as, where trespass is to be guarded against, it is actually in importance secondary only to clearing. But as it is not a general practice to enclose so small an area as an acre, and as the numbers of rails requisite for fencing will be proportionately greater where a given area is subdivided, than where the whole is in one enclosure, so it may not be correct to base our calculations upon so small a sub-division as that of an acre. We shall therefore take a larger range, and assimilate the expense per acre. Now 4704 rails will fence twenty acres; so that this would be at the rate of 235 rails per acre; the splitting and building up of which into a fence may be taken as the work of four men. This will close the undertaking.

• Now if we sum up the actual money cost of this entire process of reclamation, exclusive of any other charge (such as, for the erection of a log house, &c.), and take the current rate of wages of men at one dollar, and the hire of oxen at two dollars per day, it will be found that the *clearing* of an acre of "bush land" in Canada will cost on an average about £6 12s.; \* and be it remembered that the acre will be minus one rood, eight perches of land available for cultivation. I have before shown that prairie land, every perch of which will be available for a corn (Indian) crop, will only cost from £2 to £3. The cost of reclaiming our own "waste lands" ranges from £5 to £7 sterling. In the first case the sum mentioned will be the absolute cost, the land being a free grant; whereas in the second case, the purchase money must be added, which will leave the cost from £4 to £5 per acre; and in the case of the Irish waste lands taking the valuation of the crown lands of Kingwilliamstown as approximately correct data, the actual reclamation and purchase would cost from £5 10s. to £7 per acre. Or if we struck an average according to a still lower calculation, the respective values might stand thus:—

Classification of Lands.	Cost of reclamation.	Purchase in fee	Average Value per Acre in fee
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1. Canadian Bush Land	6 0 0	0 0 0	6 0 0
2. United States Prairie Land	2 10 0	2 0 0	4 10 0
3. Irish Waste Land	6 0 0	0 10 0	6 10 0

It is known, that much of the waste lands of Ireland have been successfully brought into a state of cultivation by enterprising landlords and public companies, whose operations are recorded. There is another class of persons, however, of whose operations and practice

\* There are some land companies in Canada, I believe, who undertake to "fell" the trees on land purchased of them at about half that amount; this is, however, anything but "clearing," and a more expensive mode after all than the one I have dealt with.

in the reclamation of waste land, we have no precise information beyond the following simple facts. A poor labourer, obtaining a free allotment of waste land for a few years, not exceeding three years, stimulated to exertion and industry by the consciousness of being permitted to reap the fruits of his hard toil, succeeds in effectually reclaiming a patch of such land, without any other capital than his labour. In all probability, the poor labourer's share of the profits arising out of his own industry and enterprise, was, in this instance, comparatively small. Still the inference cannot be overlooked, that an individual, under such circumstances, would invariably seek and accept a renewal of the contract for another allotment, under precisely similar terms; and the probability is that the *modus operandi* of the poor peasant was less expensive than that of the landlord. I have myself witnessed, in the south of Ireland, a very sharp competition, among a class of poor labourers, for a patch of cut away bog which the proprietor advertised to be reclaimed, on the conditions of a three years' freehold. The successful candidate, forced by the competition, agreed to give up a certain portion reclaimed at the end of the second year, on the understanding of getting a preference to another similar allotment on the completion of his first contract. Such instances are probably not unfrequent throughout the country; and no evidence, I think, can be more conclusive as to the practicability of reclaiming waste land than this. Can it then be doubted, that, if a poor man obtained a few acres of waste land, and had the privilege of buying it out at its unreclaimed value on easy credit terms, he would look upon himself as a proud and happy fellow?

We earnestly recommend this pamphlet to all our readers: it contains matter of the deepest importance, and is made valuable to the student of economic science by some very carefully prepared tables. Sir Robert Kane shewed long ago, in times when there was a public spirit in Ireland, and before the present care-nothing and know-nothing national idiocy had come upon her, what the general industrial resources of the country are: that book made men think: here is a little essay which should make men act, and act through that greatest of all motive powers—their breeches' pockets. That which Mr. Hayes shews can be done, O'Connell worked for, wrote for, spoke for; it has been urged upon the nation by statesmen, by political economists, and by men of science, from the time of the Rev. Samuel Madden\* to our own; and what was thus

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\* If the Irish peasantry could be induced to act on the co-operative principle adopted by the German settlers in the United States, it would facilitate the work of reclamation and enable them to economise their labour and means. But I may have more to say in reference to this branch of the subject on some future occasion.

† See memoir of "Rev. Samuel Madden" in *IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW*, No. IX.; and "The Survey of Ireland," which is also a Memoir of Sir William Petty, in No. VI.—Ed.

urged for Ireland is precisely that which the sharpest and most clear-headed man of this age, the Emperor of the French, is about to accomplish in his own State, the reclamation of the waste lands of France.

In the commencement of this paper we referred to the wretched system prevailing in the Irish Poor-houses, which sends out upon the world periodically, hordes of untaught, untrained, and debased "home-heathens." If we were to reprint Swift's *Proposal for Rendering Poor Children Beneficial Instead of Burdensome*; if we were to present a copy of it to every elected and to every ex-officio Guardian in Ireland; if we were to dwell in conversation with the Poor-Law Commissioners, upon the delicacy of flavor of "a plump young girl of fifteen;" if we were to say to the South Dublin Guardians, "supposing that 1000 families in this city would be constant customers for infants' flesh, besides others who might have it at merry-meetings, particularly at weddings and christenings, I compute that Dublin would take off annually about 20,000 carcasses; and the rest of the kingdom where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper, the remaining thousands"—we should be considered mad—and yet, although the Poor Law Guardians will not fatten their young paupers for the table, although they will not sell their bodies to be eaten, yet they rear them under a system which sends them forth upon the world ready for sale, in soul and body, to the tempter; they send them forth without one principle to guide, without one thought to restrain them, they are truly

"The dauntless infants never scared by God,"  
each is that woful

"Child of misery baptized in tears."

This subject of the management of poor-house-reared children has now become of vast and pressing importance; they increase the cost of our hospitals, they fill our gaols, and to punish them estimates under the head of "Justice" in the estimates is vastly increased; whilst owing to them crime does not decrease as it should, and criminal reformation is almost hopeless amongst those reared in the poor-houses.

"I could," said a poor-house Chaplain to us a few days ago, "recommend nearly all the girls in this house under fourteen years of age. After that age, they are moved amongst the adults, and they are lost." "Our boys," said the master of a poor-house to us, "are good boys until they join the adults, and then they go wrong." "The worst boys I ever

met in my life," said the school master of a large Convict Prison, "are the poor-house boys: they are addicted to every vice you can conceive, and they have no idea of religion. They have never been taught to depend on themselves, they have had no inducement to work, and they know only two phases of life, that of the poor-house and that of the gaol."

Now these opinions all go to prove, and to prove most clearly, that the ordinary work-house is not more fitted than the ordinary gaol for the management and care of juveniles; they prove also, and prove beyond all question, that a poor-house-reared boy or girl should never be permitted to enter the adult house until he or she shall have tried honest work in the world without; and this result can only be secured by special establishments for the reception and training of pauper children, with special staffs, and not under the sole control of the Guardians.

Our meaning will be, perhaps, best elucidated by the following heads of a scheme which has been approved by very many Irishmen of ability and experience, and the framer of this scheme is eminently qualified to make it perfect and elaborate. A few days ago, (we are writing early in June), Mr. Macartney obtained a most important committee of inquiry, the results of which must bear directly upon this scheme, and will be, if we mistake not, fully in support of the views herein expressed.

The scheme is as follows:—

1.—That the Juvenile Reformatory Bill for Ireland, now passing through the House of Commons is (perhaps necessarily) so confined in its operations as to leave a large portion of juvenile delinquency untouched.

2.—That in England where the Reformatory Acts have a far more comprehensive area to work upon, it has been found necessary to supplement such acts with an Industrial Schools' Act, passed last session.

3.—That in Ireland for similar reasons to those which made it expedient to confine the area of the Reformatory Bill, Industrial Schools are inapplicable.

4.—That it is therefore desirable to take some other means for preventing juvenile crime in Ireland.

5.—That the best means to effect this appears to be to improve the training of the "juvenile paupers," who are for the most part the class from which young criminals emanate.

6.—That in order to succeed in such improvement it will be necessary to completely sever the connection with the adult paupers, and the work-houses in which they are confined.

7.—That there is a section in the 11th and 12th Vict., Cap 25, giving the necessary power to combine unions for the purpose of forming District Pauper Schools for juveniles under 15 years of age, but that it is at present almost inoperative.

8.—That there are good grounds for supposing that on due consideration being extended to this subject a full recognition would be given to the moral and economical advantages which would accrue through the operation of this section.

9.—That in England the salaries of the school-masters, school-mistresses, and one half of those of the medical officers are paid from the consolidated fund, amounting to considerably more than £100,000 per annum.

10.—That in addition to this grant in aid of the union in England, there are very large grants from the committee of council of education given to aid Reformatory and Industrial Schools under the head of capitation fees, rent of land, purchasing of tools, pupil teachers' allowances, &c., and an allowance of seven shillings per head is paid out of the consolidated fund for the support of juveniles in reformatories.

11.—That all prisoners convicted by jury in England are maintained at the cost of the state.

12.—That the grants required in aid of the proposed Reformatory Bill for Ireland, will be small in consequence of its limited area of operation.

13.—That it is on the above grounds fair to require that Ireland should receive from the consolidated fund the amount of the salaries of the instructors of the Juvenile Pauper Schools, together with such educational grants and assistance as would be received by Reformatory and Industrial Schools, for which the pauper schools are the substitute.

14.—That if this support be given by the state it will be easily proved to the boards of guardians, that under good management and government inspection the best moral and economical results will follow the establishment of these schools.

15.—That a part of such good management will be the in-

dustrial training of the young paupers, it is evident that in addition to a reduction of expenditure, a demand for their labour will be a consequence of its being skilled.

16.—That many of our colonies are arrested in progress for want of labour, and are advancing money from colonial funds to induce emigration, and it is reasonable to suppose therefore that skilled labour in the unions will induce the colonists to give free passages from time to time to the young inmates.

This scheme requires no argument or explanation to prove its importance, and we shall not, until we shall have the report of Mr. Macartney's committee before us, offer any observations in support of it. There are, however, facts and figures in our possession sufficient to prove not alone the soundness of the scheme, but likewise to prove the right of the country to claim from the consolidated fund the amount necessary to give it full efficacy.

We may, however, state that the Guardians of the South Dublin Union have indirectly given their support to this system here advocated, of separating the young paupers from the old; that is, they have agreed to send, and have sent, sixty or seventy of the girls from the Poor-house to a large house adjoining the convent of the Sisters of Mercy in Baggot-street, where they are paid for at the same rate as a pauper costs in the Union House, the sisters taking the whole management, in fact making the house of reception for these girls an Auxiliary Poor-house.

When the sisters thus consented to take the charge of these girls they made only two stipulations. One, that Catholics only should be sent; the other, that they should not be obliged to take any girl known to have ever been a prostitute. But here the good sense of the Guardians failed, and instead of holding out to the girls a transmission to the Baggot-street house as a reward for good conduct, they actually refused to send any but the very worst class; and, accordingly, the establishment was opened with about as bad a lot as it was ever our misfortune to inspect. They were ignorant and untaught; they had no sense of decency or self-respect; they had nearly all been reared in the Poor-house, and, as a matter of course, feared neither God nor man; many of them had been in gaol three or four times for work-house offences; and yet, by judicious, careful, kind management, and through the agency of that wonderful thing, INDIVIDUALIZATION, these poor creatures are



now in a fair way of becoming useful, honest, hardworking women.\*

It has by some persons been objected that this institution at Baggot-street is an encouragement to Popery; and there are many persons, guardians too, who would rather keep these girls in the Union House, with all its horrid sin, and corruption of soul and body, than send them to Baggot-street.

This, to English readers, will appear strange. Let them, however, remember that the vast majority of the people of Ireland are Catholic; let them, remembering this, read the following report of a Meeting, taken from a Conservative Dublin paper, *Saunders's News-Letter*, of Friday, June 18th, 1858, and they will be, perhaps, able to comprehend the hatred of Popery animus to which we have referred:—

#### DUBLIN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.

"A meeting of this body was held last evening in the Rooms, 83, Middle Abbey-street, for the purpose of adopting a petition against the bill brought into the House of Commons by Mr. Sergeant Deasy and Mr. Bagwell, on the question of Reformatory Schools.

"The Rev. S. G. Potter in the Chair.

"Mr. John Martin, T.C., moved the adoption of the following petition, which was seconded by Mr. W. R. Furlong, and unanimously adopted:—"That your petitioners have read, with considerable alarm, a bill brought into your honorable house by the learned members for the County of Cork and Borough of Clonmel, (Mr. Sergeant Deasy and Mr. Bagwell), entitled "a Bill to Promote and Regulate Reformatory Schools for Juvenile Offenders in Ireland." That your petitioners are fully convinced that should the said bill be passed into law, the "Reformatory Schools" contemplated by its provisions would become mere depots of proselytism to the Roman

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\* The sister who had the chief care of these girls was what is called "Received" by the order, but not "Professed," that is, she had not taken the final vows. About the middle of June she was to take these vows, and was, as is the custom, going into "Retreat" for a week. The day before the Retreat commenced the girls remarked that she looked very anxious, and they asked her why she seemed sad. She replied that she should not see them during the next seven days, and feared that in her absence they might give the other sisters trouble. They all replied, "Oh! never fear; we'll be good for the week,"—and they kept their words most faithfully.

Catholic religion, and nurseries for propagating the peculiar doctrines of that system—doctrines which your petitioners conscientiously believe to be opposed to the well being of the British state—subversive of true loyalty to the British crown, and ruinous to the souls of men. That your petitioners most respectfully submit to your honorable house that the clauses of said bill, whereby it is sought to invest grand juries and town councils with legal power to present a sum or sums of money, and to raise the same off counties and boroughs in Ireland for the maintenance and support of said schools, involve principles of injustice and iniquity calculated to create discontent and dissatisfaction in the minds of the Protestants of Ireland generally, inasmuch as crime of every description known to the law, as well amongst the juvenile as the adult population, attaches itself to the Roman Catholic creed, and that therefore it appears unjust and impolitic to invest the said grand juries and town councils with power by law to levy a new tax off the Protestants of the country, for the purposes contemplated by the said bill. That, independently of the comparative amount of crime perpetrated by Roman Catholics and Protestants, independently of the injustice of coercing Protestants to pay for the spread of evil arising from an erroneous and disloyal system against which they protest, your petitioners object to the provisions of the said bill on the principle that it is contrary to the dictates of pure and undefiled Christianity, and opposed to the spirit of the British constitution for the State to grant one single penny towards the sustainment and support, in any form, of a system of religion, sworn by the highest in the realm to be anti-Scriptural and pernicious in its nature; and therefore your petitioners most humbly pray that your honorable house may be pleased to reject the said bill, and refuse to grant any sum or sums of money for any alleged education or reformatory purpose whatsoever, except where the former is based upon principles derived from the Word of God, and the latter sought to be effected by means consistent with the principles of Christianity, as established by law, and your petitioners will ever pray.

“ ‘Signed by authority, in name and on behalf of the Meeting,

“ ‘SAMUEL GEORGE POTTER, Clk., Chairman.’

“ After the usual preliminaries the proceedings terminated, and the petition was ordered to be transmitted to Mr. Grogan, M.P., for presentation to the house.”

Now, here we have a rampant, virulent, conservative Town Councillor, and a clergyman of the Established Church, talking the most absurd fanaticism, and the most sublimated nonsense. They say nothing at all about the Reformatory Principle; they say nothing about the necessity for Reformatories; but they object that Protestants should be taxed to reform Catholic juvenile criminals. They forget, however, that Protestants would be taxed to support these Catholic juveniles in the poor-house first, then in the gaol, then through the gaol, by the gaol, and from the gaol, in its associations, up to, or down to, the convict prison. In all these epochs of life and phases of crime they must be supported as Catholics, taught as Catholics, trained as Catholics, so that, viewed in any light Mr. Martin and his Reverend friend may please, the Reformatory Schools' Bill of Sergeant Deasy and of Mr. Bagwell does not make Protestants pay more towards Popery, but rather less than they pay now, and have paid for years.

We do not consider this paper as either an essay or a disquisition; our only object in its whole course was to supply matter for thought to those who feel an interest—and who does not?—in THE ADULT AND YOUNG OF THE POOR-HOUSE.

## ART. X.—THE CHARGE AND ITS REFUTATION.

### PAPER SECOND.

1. *First and Second Reports of the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund.* Presented by command of Her Majesty.
2. *Two letters to Lord St. Leonards on the Management of the Patriotic Fund and on the Second Report of the Royal Commissioners.* By the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen. Dublin: James Duffy, Wellington-quay, Publisher to his Grace the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin.
3. *Letter of the Most Reverend Dr. Cullen, on the Dangers to which the children of Catholic Soldiers are exposed in the Hibernian and other Military Schools.* James Duffy, Wellington-quay, Publisher to his Grace the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin.

In a former paper we examined the charges preferred by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin with reference to the management of the Patriotic fund. In the present paper we mean to deal with the second report of the Commissioners, published mainly as a reply to His Grace's accusations. We recur to this subject in a spirit of fair play. We have laid before our readers the grounds upon which the Archbishop considered himself justified in making a very serious charge against a public body, a charge which if true is calculated to check the flow of national benevolence in the direction of similar charities by undermining confidence in the integrity of the public bodies to whom their management may be intrusted, and which if false cannot be too strongly reprobated. Is it not meet then that we should now present our readers with the Commissioners' answer, which "verified," in the words of the Report, "by the correspondence in the appendix," will enable them to form an opinion on the whole case? Would it not be most unjust to publish the accusation and withhold the defence, to exhibit the charge and suppress its refutation? We shall therefore refer to the origin of this commission, the period of which the charges were first made, and then we shall consider the refutation given by the Report of February last, verified by the correspondence in the appendix.

Actuated by a just sense of the sacred rights of those who

fall in their country's service, many of our fellow subjects resolved with generous benevolence to contribute "towards the succouring, educating and relieving those who by the loss of their husbands and parents in battle or by death on active service are unable to maintain or to support themselves." In order to give greater efficacy and support to these benevolent intentions, it was deemed expedient that "public measures should be taken for the safe keeping and beneficial application of the several sums subscribed or which may hereafter be subscribed for the aforesaid purposes: and also for the purpose of securing such prompt and authentic information as may be required to aid the just and faithful distribution of the said several sums of money when so received." A Royal Commission was considered best adapted for the attainment of these objects. Accordingly a Royal Commission was issued. The following extract as containing the names of the commissioners, defining their power, and limiting their authority, will be sufficient for our present purpose:—

"Now know ye, that we, having taken into our consideration the premises, and being earnestly desirous, in lasting memory of those who have faithfully fallen in our service, to encourage the loyal and hearty benevolence of our loving subjects, which may hereafter be directed towards the widows and orphans of the soldiers, sailors, and mariners of our forces, who may now or hereafter be serving abroad in our armies and fleets, or in services connected with our present hostilities and for other the several purposes herein before recited or mentioned, and reposing great trust and confidence in your fidelity, discretion, and integrity, have authorized and appointed, and do by these presents authorize and appoint you, the said Prince Albert, the said Duke of Newcastle, the said Duke of Wellington, the said Lord Seymour, the said Earl of Derby, the said Earl of Aberdeen, the said Earl of Shaftesbury, the said Earl of Hardwicke, the said Earl of Chichester, the said Earl Nelson, the said Earl Grey, the said Viscount Palmerston, the said Viscount Combermere, the said Viscount Hardinge, the said Baron Rokeby, the said Baron Colchester, the said Baron Pammure, the said Baron Seaton, the said Baron St. Leonards, the said Baron Raglan, the said Sidney Herbert, the said James Lindsay, the said Sir James Robert George Graham, the said Henry Thomas Lowrey Corry, the said Edward Ellice, the said Robert Vernon Smith, the said Sir John Somerset Pakington, the said Sir Robert Throckmorton, the said Sir William Parker, the said Sir Thomas Byam Martin, the said Sir John Fox Burgoyne, the said Sir Hew Dalrymple Ross, the said Lord Mayor of our city of London, the said Joseph Hume, the said Thomas Baring, the said John Gellibrand Hubbard, the said John Wilson Patten, the said Samuel Morton Peto, the said Edward Burke Roche, the said John

Ball, to make full and diligent inquiry into the best mode of aiding the loyalty and benevolence of our loving subjects, and of ascertaining the best means by which the gifts, subscriptions and contributions of our loving subjects can be best applied, according to the generous intentions of the donor thereof, and from time to time to apply the same as you, our Commissioners, or any three or more of you, shall think fit to direct, either for the immediate relief of such special objects of destitution as may come within the meaning and purpose of such benevolence; or for any of the purposes aforesaid, to increase, extend or make additions to any of our royal, or other charitable institutions already founded for similar purposes within our United Kingdom. And further to apply, or to order and direct the application of all such moneys in such manner as to you our Commissioners, or to any three or more of you, shall seem fit in the premises; so that you do in all things secure the most impartial and beneficent distribution of all such sums as may hereafter and from time to time be received under or by virtue of this Our Royal Commission."

It might be objected that greater regard was not had to the relative proportion of those who were likely to be applicants to this fund, so that a similar proportion might have entered into the composition of the body intrusted with its disbursement. Mr. Fishbourne in his "memorandum" admits that one third of the army is composed of Roman Catholics. It is probable then that one third of the applicants for relief were Roman Catholics. The Rev. Mr. Hort says that at one period he had in his sole charge 1,040 individuals, widows and children, of which number 628 were Roman Catholics. This would seem to give a larger proportion; but assuming Capt. Fishbourne's estimate as correct it would strike us that the Catholic contingent ought to have had a fuller representation on that board by which the claims of Catholic widows and Catholic children were to be decided upon. It does seem to us strange that of forty commissioners only two were Catholics.

Could not her majesty's advisers discover a single other Catholic gentlemen fit to be associated with the Protestant members of the commission. Is it possible that we have sunk so low as to be able to furnish as our representatives in carrying out this noble charity, only Sir R. Throckmorton, Bart., and John Ball, Esq? Could there not be found one more, or was there something likely to alarm weak nerves in the mystic number *three*? The only solution of the difficulty we can offer is that three formed a quorum. A quorum could hold a meeting, remonstrate, protest, report, &c. This would not do, so, just for the appearance of the thing, two Catholics were put on.

Now it appears to us to be a point of the most vital importance that in any body on which powers affecting the rights of Catholics are conferred, and which in the course of its duties may have to deal with subjects peculiarly in their nature appertaining to Catholic doctrine and resulting from Catholic discipline—the Catholic body should possess such an influence as to secure a proper attention to the wants and wishes of their co-religionists and a thorough investigation of any grievance of which they may complain, so that the former may not be defeated by convenient technicalities and the latter repressed by an insolent sneer.

Never perhaps was it more necessary to have a proper influence in a body than it was in that which distributed the Patriotic Fund. Had there been a fair number of Catholics included in that commission much of the ill feeling with which the acts of that body are regarded would have been avoided for the circumstances in which it originated would in all probability never have occurred. Without any impeachment of the respectability of those gentlemen who formed that commission, we do say that they know nothing about the Catholic religion, and therefore of course cannot be expected to be capable of forming an opinion on the necessity of pursuing one course rather than another, or adopting one view of a case in preference to another. For instance in the matter of education, Protestants cannot conceive why it is that Catholics object to mixed schools, and other topics of a similar character are also unknown to them; hence the necessity of having a sufficient number of Catholics associated in carrying out any work in which their co-religionists are interested.

But as it is too late to mend the matter, we shall speak of the Commissioners as they are—"Nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice."

The appointment of Captain Fishbourne as one of the secretaries, might also reasonably be complained of. In bodies constituted similarly to the Patriotic fund, the duty, the real work of the body, devolves upon the secretaries; they receive communications and send replies, grant or refuse applications, authorize payments to certain parties, and discharge other most important functions. Now, it appears to us that a less obnoxious person might have been chosen than Fishbourne. Every one knows that his father was a magistrate of Carlow, that he was removed from the bench in consequence of a petition got up by the Roman Catholic

clergymen of that town, on what grounds it is needless to enquire. Everyone does not know but it is a fact, that Fishbourne subscribes to the "Irish Church Missions Society." People are generally rather anxious to ensure the success of an undertaking which they are so much interested as to give their money. Is it probable then that a person desirous for the success of a society, which has for its object the extirpation of "Romanism," would afford every facility to parents desirous of removing children from the schools under the direction of that Society, and placing them in establishments in which are taught those principles, which it is his desire to eradicate? Tacitus tells us "that the sons inherited the quarrels and friendships of their fathers, and were bound to carry on hostility until the original cause of offence was wiped out." If to the original cause of dispute were added any personal impulse as a declaration of war by the nation of the offended against that of the offenders, with what vindictiveness would not the former pursue the enemy. Now this is just the position of Fishbourne; to his hereditary grudge is added the inducement of the Missionary Society. We cannot now help these things, but our readers will see what was the result. The duties of the Commissioners were very various, their power extensive. The object for the attainment of which they were associated, was the only limit to their authority. We need not enter into an analysis of what, under the warrant they were bound to do; it is expressed with sufficient clearness in the above quoted extract. The only point to which we shall at present direct our readers' attention, is the clause by which the Commissioners are required to report to her Majesty "all and every of the several proceedings of yourselves had by virtue of these presents." The clause is in the following words:—

"And our further will and pleasure is, that you or any three or more of you, when and so often as need or occasion shall require, so long as this our Commission shall continue in force, do report to us in writing, under your hands and seals respectively, all and every of the several proceedings of yourselves had by virtue of these presents, together with such other matters, if any, as may be deserving of our Royal consideration, touching or concerning the premises."

How they have complied with this part of their duties, we know not, but if the report which the public was permitted to see be the report which was presented to her



Majesty, we must say that we do not think that "all and every" are faithfully related, and we fear that those noblemen and gentlemen who signed that report, had very little regard for truth. If the appendix be, as it is said to be, a verification of the Report, then the Report proves "Dr. Cullen's" charges; if the appendix is not intended to verify the Report, then the report, as far as relates to "Dr. Cullen's" charges, is a tissue of falsehood, for every material assertion, in denial of "Dr. Cullen's" statements, contained in the report, is contradicted by the appendix. This, it will be our business to examine and prove; but before taking up the Charge and its Refutation, we must be permitted to refer to a conversation which is reported to have taken place in the House of Lords, in April last, on a motion by the Duke of Norfolk, for the production of papers in reference to the management of the Patriotic fund. The Duke moved an address to her majesty, for—1. A copy of correspondence relating to the case of Mrs. Rosina Bennet and her children. 2. A copy of the minute, with date when passed, by which the form of application, appendix 14, was first adopted, (this is the form signed by Mrs. Norris, acknowledging that she knew the teaching of the Hampstead school to be Protestant.) 3. A copy of a minute, by which pecuniary provisions was made to meet the case of those Roman Catholic mothers, who objected to sending their children to mixed schools. The next, which we give in full, contains the real gist of the motion:—

"4 Return of all publications or recommendations to the commissioners for the admission or transfer of children of non-commissioned officers and privates to any schools or asylums, or for placing such children under charge of any persons other than their mothers, with date when such application was received, and the name of the person who made it, together with the names, regiments and religious persuasions of the surviving mothers; and stating, further, the decisions of the commissioners or their committee, on such applications, with date thereof; and date at which each child was placed in or transferred to any such school or asylum, or placed under any such temporary guardian, and the religious teaching used in such institution, school or asylum, or the religion professed by such guardian."

This was a fair challenge; it amounted to this: "I have had what to my mind seems reasonable ground for suspecting that this great National fund, this noble charity intended for the benefit of all, has been perverted to the destruction of some;

under that impression I have made certain statements, these statements you in your report deny. I now call upon you to produce your proofs. Archbishop Cullen labours under a similar impression; I may say a large portion of the Roman Catholic subjects of this empire feel very grave doubts as to the impartial administration of this fund. Produce these correspondences, remove the misapprehensions under which a large portion of the public labours, and thus re-establish that confidence in the integrity of your conduct, upon which the efficiency of your body, and that of other bodies to whom the management of similar charities may hereafter be entrusted, mainly depend." Was there anything exacting in that demand, anything unreasonable in thus affording an opportunity to the Commissioners of freeing themselves from the foul imputations under which they lay, and still continue to lie? Had it not been done, what an outcry would there not have been raised; and when the demand is made let us see how it is met. It is really sickening, nor can we understand how men with a spark of honesty, not to speak of honour, can go on canting in such an absurd and humbugging manner, about "public object," "a public object." Is it not a public object well deserving attention to rescue from odium honored names? Is it not well to prove that a public body, against which charges of misappropriation have been brought, supported by evidence sufficiently strong to call for enquiry, is free from all taint of corruption? Had a charge of a similar character been brought against a commercial firm, even by persons who had no direct present interest in the concern, would not these charges be thoroughly sifted, every means adopted to prove the accusation false, and if the accused were innocent, no efforts spared to drag the slanderer to justice. So do not the Commissioners act: crouching behind the barriers of form and public advantage, they seek to escape from the just animadversion which their conduct has deserved. But let them not hope thus to hide their shame; time will show forth, more and more each day, the wrong they have done, and will bring with it their punishment: for time is an avenger. Lord Derby is reported to have said, that it was not fair to ask the government to lay on the table at great expense, five or six bulky volumes, in regard to what had not occurred in a government office. Our answer is: the Duke's motion was for an address to her Majesty, praying that she would order a report upon the subjects mentioned, to be laid on the table. The expense of such a report would

be defrayed out of the Patriotic fund, and would cost nothing to the country. But even did it, we can assure the noble Earl that there never was better money expended than the sum which might be requisite to allay the public suspicion and remove the public distrust; always supposing the commissioners guiltless; if they be not, it is better to leave matters as they stand. With regard to Lord St. Leonard's statements we shall merely say, that his observations only prove that he talks a great deal about a matter in regard to which he is very ill-informed. The most interesting feature of the debate on the motion was the tone that was adopted by Lord Camoys; we give his sentiments in full:—

“Lord Camoys had thought it possible that in the multitude of cases there might have been some mistakes made in sending Roman Catholic children to Protestant schools; but he never thought they had been sent with a view to proselytism. He felt bound now to say that the accusations made against the commissioners had been *completely and satisfactorily answered*—(hear, hear)—and that the accusations of proselytism might rather have come from the other side (hear, hear). It appeared that in one of the cases the commissioners told the mother that the child would be brought up as a Protestant in the school she wished it to be sent to, and that she had, notwithstanding, persisted in her desire.”

With what pleasure the lords heard this statement we may guess by the applause with which it was received—how the hereditary legislators must have sneered at the little-minded liberality of self-sufficient ignorance. We shall not criticize these observations: there are some persons beneath contempt, we pity and forgive them. Let us however see whether we may not be able to furnish a more plausible, because the real reason why the fourth return was refused, and this will bring us to our subject—“The Charge and its Refutation.” It will be in the recollection of our readers that in the former paper on this subject we informed them how exactly matters stood when his Grace published his letter to Lord St. Leonard's. We shall now briefly state the two questions between the parties. They include the others: with regard to matters of detail we shall in the course of this paper take notice of them, but we think an undue prominence has been given to them, as will ever be the case when the material charges cannot be met and denied. A great deal of capital has been sought to be made out of Hort's case, but the venom of that sting has been completely destroyed by the straightforward manner in which “Dr. Cullen” has acknowledged his mistake. Had the Commissioners but

half his Grace's fairness, it is not a report like the present we would be obliged to read. It is a remarkable feature in this report that when the Commissioners undertake anything they invariably succeed ; if they answer a charge they refute it, but if the Archbishop reiterates his accusation, it appears to the Commissioners that "his attempts to substantiate the charges have altogether failed." This reminds us of that ingenious method of playing "pitch and toss" which a smart boy endeavoured to introduce, and by which had he succeeded in establishing his system, he would have amassed immense wealth : it was this, "heads I win, tails you lose."

The two great questions are, first, "Was there proselytism, or was such a line of conduct pursued as would lead an unprejudiced person to entertain a suspicion of attempts at proselytism?"

Second, "Was the residue fund disposed of in a way of which Catholics could approve?"

The first charge is, "that Catholic clergymen in Dublin applied to the managers of the fund in favor of the widows and orphans of soldiers killed in the Crimea ; yet as far as I could learn, not one shilling was then obtained by such application." The Report answers, "there have been only two such applications from Dublin and both have been granted." If this statement be as true as the one by which the same charge is answered by Fishbourne we can fully estimate its value. In the "memorandum" he says : "Individual applications on behalf of widows have been it is true made by Roman Catholic clergymen, and have invariably received the same attention as those made by others (in proof of which we beg to refer to the letter of Canon Grinley which was allowed to remain unanswered from the 25th of March, to the 20th of April, the interval being consumed in doing the wrong against which he had protested and when an answer did come it was couched in most insolent language.) These applications are filed in the office, and if any proof were wanted of the impartiality of the distribution it would be found in the fact that it is entirely out of the power of the executive committee to distinguish Protestants from Roman Catholics unless the religion be supposed from the position of the gentleman attesting the widow's applications ; but no record of such distinction in religion or country is kept in the office."

If the applications be filed surely they are a record. Besides supposing the religion not distinctly mentioned, according to

the third resolution of the sub-committee on "receipts and payments" the application should be accompanied by a certificate of marriage with the person on whose death she found her claim, and the baptismal certificate of the child or children on whose behalf application may be made. Now these would form a pretty sure guide of the religion in which the child should be brought up.

However in the case of the Kirleys the religion is stated as Protestant.

The charge that "a parson was always employed to administer the relief under the commission" has been met in this way. The Report says in effect, this is a universal declaration; if we can find a single instance in which it was not administered we shall be in a position to contradict Dr. Cullen. But we can go farther than that, for there are many cases in which the staff officer of pensioners gave this relief, so that it was only sometimes that parsons had anything to do with it. But the Commissioners go farther still and say that no parson was employed to disburse monies in Dublin. In the next sentence they admit that Hort did act for them for six weeks or so, that however we would not mind because it was in the commencement of their duties. But if afterwards, and when they were in full work, we find their secretary in frequent communication with a "Parson," one of the "Irish Church Missions Society," about the disbursement of monies, and some of these letters of so confidential a character that though referred to there is no copy of them in the appendix, we confess we feel some hesitation in placing that reliance upon the report which a public document should command. We may as well at once dispose of the sentence, "no parson or Protestant clergymen was employed by the Patriotic Fund to disburse monies. Payments by these officers commenced, and have been as early as practical in 1855, made uninterruptedly and in Ireland exclusively by them." There may be a quibble on the point about the disbursement of monies. But we consider that it is quite immaterial whether the parson having been authorised, give money to applicants or lay it out for their benefit, and this the commissioners cannot deny, so that if we show that a parson was authorised to apply the money of the Patriotic Fund to any purpose having in view any one of the objects for which the Royal commission was issued, we will have made out a contradiction to one of the statements made in Fishbourne's "memorandum" adopted and

repeated in the second report. We find the following passage in the "extract from a letter from Rev. Wm. Hare, dated Dublin, 12th July, 1856-7 (Sec.) (By the way we did not before observe the date "12th July." Ominous, very. We shall find by-and-by another letter dated "5th Nov.") but to proceed.

"I have found in my neighbourhood a person named Miss Shepherd who is disposed to take charge of these two children (Norris and Arnott) and of any other whom we may wish to entrust to her.) \* \* \* \*

"There is another child to be *disposed of*, (is he a sack-em up?) and I am *also* requested to ask whether you will *authorize* me to place in the same house with Maryanne Norris her little brother a child of about *six years of age*, (mark this.\* \* \*

"Miss Shepherd's terms are for two children £14 a-year each. This is I believe more than you usually give, (he knows all about it,) but if you cannot deviate from your rule I will undertake, if required, to procure £2 a-year for each. For three Miss Shepherd would require £14 a-year for the two first, and £12 for the third; should there be four children she will take them all at the same rate, viz. £12 a-year, (noble-hearted creature,) the number enabling her to make this reduction. May I beg of you to let me know as soon as you conveniently can, whether you approve of this plan as I must without much delay come to some definite understanding with Miss Shepherd on the subject." Apart from the peculiar phraseology of this extract, the startling information it contains that "two" can be "first," and the extraordinary sliding scale of prices, are wonderful; viz.—for two children £14 a-year each, for three £14 for the two first (that is £7 each and £12 for the third, but if there were four her superabundant generosity, totally regardless of expense, will take them all for £12 a-year, that is £3 a-head. But jesting apart, here is a letter containing very important information with regard to this point which we are now considering. "Whether you will authorize me to place little Norris in the same house with his sister," (the age of the child we shall touch on just now.) There is no person who reading that sentence could deduce from it any other conclusion than that Hare had authority for doing something else, and if that conclusion did not at once present itself to the mind on reading this passage the conclusion of the letter would place the matter beyond all doubt. "I must come to some definite understanding," &c. Here are clearly the expressions of a person considering himself the agent of another—is that agency denied? far from it?

But it is not an agency alone that is claimed by this factotum, equal power would seem to be his, for in the commencement of the extract we find he speaks of himself and Fishbourne as *we*, assuming thereby a cōordinate jurisdiction with the secretary in the distribution of the monies of the Patriotic Fund, and in the appointment of the schools in which the children are to be educated. Is the assumption of equality repudiated. Nothing of the kind ; it is admitted by the authority given to place the child in the school ; the recommendations are acceded to in a letter from Fishbourne addressed in a manner implying, as some of the leading men in the House of Commons have in another case considered, a very intimate acquaintance, " My dear Sir." Verily the Proselytizers are in favour, to none are such friendly terms addressed. Hare addressed Fishbourne " My dear Sir," and Fishbourne returns the compliment, to others he accords only the cold official " Sir," but not even the formality of an official correspondence can repress the overflowing affection with which the " subscriber" regards the " Apostle of the Reformation in Ireland." A similar familiarity is exhibited by Holden, one of the " Coombe lads." Now let us see how the request is treated.

" 15th July, 1856.

" My Dear Sir,

" I do not think there can be *any difficulty* in placing the *two* Norrises, and the child Arnott, *and a fourth*, with Miss Shepherd, at £12 a year, each ; so, if you will kindly make the arrangement accordingly, I dare say there will not be any *great difficulty in finding the fourth* ; but I think Miss Shepherd must take her chance of this, *as you can place a fourth the moment you find one*. Will you kindly request the Rathmines or Portobello people to send in their account up to the date on which you receive the children.

" Believe me, my dear Sir,

" Very truly yours,

E. GARDINER FISHBOURNE."

Is that repudiating the agency put forward by Hare? we think not, and further it not only adopts his act but gives him letters of marque to go cruising about picking up any children he can lay hands on, and encouraging him in his avocation by the intimation " that there will not be any great difficulty," and what is really extraordinary is that an authority is given to place this unfortunate child in the school " the moment " it is found. There is no necessity to " apply to the staff officers " to be kind enough " to forward the application to the commissioners " " for permission " to place the child in the school. Oh ! no. There is

absolutely a sum allocated for the education of an individual who is yet to be discovered, who might never be found, and the finding of whom is left to the "Parson." Fishbourne knew his man; a fourth was found.

This Hare thought himself *facile princeps*, for he complains as though his dignity were insulted and his rights called in question by Mrs. Norris's conduct: he complains she never told him about the memorial. Again this Hare was employed to "question" Mrs. Norris in reference to her "memorial." The note of Mr. Ball, one of the commissioners, is submitted to Parson Hare, but the letter of Fishbourne enclosing the note and the memorial is of too "private and confidential" a character to be produced. Yet Fishbourne with unblushing front lies to John Ball, and lies to the public when he says "the memorial was sent to Mrs. Norris," it was sent to the Parson, who was instructed to threaten the poor woman with poverty and misery in every shape and thus induce her to withdraw that memorial which if acted upon would deprive the proselytising prowlers of their prey. But perhaps this Hare is not a parson at all, and in that way the secretary has been able with a clear conscience to declare that no parson &c. This supposition however is negatived by the fact that he is one of the persons selected to act on the staff of the Viceregal Chaplains; he is also we believe Garrison Chaplain, so that we must suppose him a parson, and if he be, then although it may not be strictly true that "a parson was always employed," still it is entirely false that "no parson was employed," &c. We have no hesitation in branding the report which says, "that we have systematically employed staff officers of the army and not parsons of the Established Church, or ministers of any other religious denomination, to disburse our allowances in Dublin," as a gross fabrication totally devoid of foundation and in opposition to fact. We need not characterize those who signed it. We should have mentioned the name of Preston but we find the declaration is confined to Dublin, and besides the case of Hare is so glaring that further examples would be useless, because any persons who having so employed such a man could deny the employment would be capable of proselytizing a child and then saying they did not. An attempt has been made to separate the commissioners from their agents, and it has been said that a body of Englishmen care so little about any form of worship that they would not give themselves the bother of proselytising.



That may be true, or it may not, we have nothing to do with it; the report adopting the conduct of the agents has been signed by a number of persons and they are just as much responsible for the cases of proselytism, if such cases have occurred, as the men who were the active agents in kidnapping the children. We think that in this instance we have shown that they have *not* refuted Dr. Cullen's charges.

With regard to the nuns of Meroy and of St. Clare, who proposed to take children at a small expense, answers were sent to their proposals—but no orphans.

The Report, says the Commissioners, agreed to pay the amount asked for the education of children, *above seven years* (there was no difficulty in placing little Norris in Miss Shepherd's, though he was only six). Two mothers obtained the sanction of the Committee to place their children in those establishments, but they subsequently changed (<sup>9</sup>) their minds (one of these was Mrs. Norris, the other, Mrs. M'Donald; the history of the former is known, of the latter we know little more than that her application was permitted to lie over for *eleven months*). Fishbourne's reply is good, displaying profound knowledge of the religious orders of the "Romish church;" just that sort of knowledge which we would have expected to find in one of the members of the "Irish Church Mission Society." He calls the Sisters of Mercy, "The Sisters of Mercy of St. Clare," and speaks of placing children in St. Clare's *or* Harold's Cross. His denial is pretty much the same as that given by the Report as one would naturally expect, knowing that the one hand drew up both documents.

The fourth charge which touches the allocation being admitted, we shall omit it for the present, but, should we feel it necessary, shall revert to it.

We shall take up the cases of Mrs. Kirley and Mrs. Norris.

First of Mrs. Kirley. Briefly the charge is; there is no use mincing the matter, that the children have been proselytised. The Report says:—"The substance of his complaint, with respect to Mrs. Kirley, is, that being the widow of a Roman Catholic soldier her three children have been sent by our Dublin agent to a Protestant school."

Our answer is, "That we have acted in this case on a general rule, founded on a legal decision of the Court of Queen's Bench." The decision referred to is the case of Alicia Race. What the nature of the general rule may be we do not know, but this we

do know, that if, from the principles laid down in the judgment of Lord Campbell, the Commissioners can extract any authority whatever for sending Catholic children to a Protestant—No, we beg pardon ; were it so, there might be some hope that the high principle and good feeling which real, sincere Protestants are known to possess, would have revolted against such a flagrant breach of good faith—to a proselytising school without any consultation with the relatives of the children ; principles are delusions, reasoning a farce.

Every one knows that the question of religious teaching did not enter into the subject at all, that the judge refused to examine the child, and deplored the compulsory character of the principle which left him no alternative. The question really was, whether the mother should have the custody of the child, and the only reason that can be assigned to defeat that right is the immorality of the person claiming the custody. In the case in which Tylney Long Pole sought the custody of his children, the claim was resisted on the ground of his bad habit of living, and the evil practices with which he had sought to infect his children. But the judge admitted there was no stain on the character of Mrs. Race, and the decision was, that the child should be given up to her. Now how did these impartial Commissioners act ? Either they, themselves, or some persons induced by them, settled a small sum of money on the little girl, made her a ward of Court, and so retained possession of her ; so that they are armed at all points. If the child be a Catholic, with a Protestant, an incompetent, or a careless mother : there is the decision of the law court. If the religion of the child be doubtful, and its Catholic mother desire to obtain the custody of it—then appeal to Equity.

Now it is quite clear that the right of the mother to be guardian for nurture is an old doctrine of the constitution, but coeval with, if it be not of a still earlier date, is the principle by which a child should be brought up in the religion of its father. Previous to the Reformation these two principles blended harmoniously, because their being no difference of religious belief, there could be no question of educating the child in a religion different from that of the parents. Since that time, however, when a question has arisen upon this subject and has been brought before a court of law, in a manner similar to that in which the Race case was submitted to the Queen's Bench, the decision has been, unless under peculiar

circumstances, the same. But Courts of Equity, or courts of law, with an equitable jurisdiction, have generally adopted the principle, that the child should be reared in the faith of the father.

In the case of "*Stourton v Stourton*" reported in the 26 Law journal, the judge expressed himself very strongly on this. Although obliged to decide against the claims, and very properly, for the Testamentary Guardian who was also godfather to the child, took no concern about the matter until the child was nine years of age; then he suddenly wakes up and finds the child a Protestant. He appeals to the Lord Justices, and one of them in his judgment says, "If no wish were expressed by, or to be assumed on the part of the father and application were made (within a reasonable time) to this Court, then, the child would be brought up in his father's faith."

In another case in which the father and mother were both Protestants, the mother became a Roman Catholic during the lifetime of the father, who knew that she went to Mass and brought her children with her, and he himself went four or five times with her and two of their children to the chapel, but he had never been received into the Roman Catholic Church. He died, at a distance from any priest, rather suddenly, but refused the attendance of the rector of the parish. It is the case of *North*, Reported, 11th Jurist. The judge stated his opinion in that case to be, "that when the father has not left, nor expressed any direction or instruction as to the religion in which his children are to be educated, it is to be presumed that his wishes were that they should be educated in his own religion." This was a strong case; the father had countenanced, the conversion of his wife and the practice of his children. Yet they were brought up *Protestants*.

In this country the case of "*Brown*" is very strong to the same point. *Brown*, the father, was a Roman Catholic, and married a Protestant, having it was alleged promised to allow the children to be reared Protestants. She died and he allowed the children to frequent the house of an aunt a Protestant. He died, appointing two Roman Catholics as guardians. The aunt claimed the children. The guardians resisted, and the Master of the Rolls decided that the children should be brought up Catholics, having a Catholic governess, should live with the aunt, but should every Saturday go to one of the guardians, stay over Sunday and return on Monday, so that the guardians might see to the attendance of the children to their religious observances.

But admitting everything, admitting that Race was given up to be educated in a religion different from that of her father, what precedent could this supply for sending children to a school, teaching doctrines hostile to those in which they had been to the certain knowledge of the "Dublin agent" instructed? Now we earnestly request the attention of our readers to what follows with regard to Mrs. Kirley's children and particularly that they will carry with them the dates. Dates like facts are stubborn things, they cannot be got rid of, and it does surprise us that when Fishbourne mutilated at all he did not do so in a workmanlike manner. All the declarations of impartiality vanish before the simple evidence of dates.—In the letter of Major Harris, dated the 17th March, 1857, (appendix 25) the heading is as follows. Margaret Jane 10 years old, and Alice 6 years old. Children of Margaret Kirley, No 426 at 8s. 6d. *who is insane. Protestant.* The first thing to be observed here is the date, 17th March, secondly the statement of the religion. Fishbourne states "no record of such distinction in religion or country is kept in the office." Yet the only instance he gives, upon which we may form a judgment, contains that distinction markedly made, Protestant, and in italics. How the captain may distinguish between filing an application and keeping a record of it, we do not know, but there it is now filed or unfiled giving the lie to his assertion that the executive Committee had no means by which to distinguish Protestant from Roman Catholic.

In the letter of Major Harris, *three* children are referred to, but the third is not mentioned in the descriptive particulars.

The object which the major had was to get something done for them such as putting them to school. He says that they were brought to him, but by whom he does not mention. However, on the 18th March, (that is by return of post,) a letter is sent to the major by Fishbourne. With what promptitude letters are answered when there is question of a Catholic child being kidnapped, but when it is sought to give information upon particular facts of importance in a case, the informant is snubbed by being told that all his statements are false and that not for a month after the receipt of his communication. What is the nature of this letter from Fishbourne, and we do request our readers to mark the dates. Harris's letter is received on the 18th and answered immediately. The reply regrets that they have no school in Ireland, directs the expense

of their transmission to the office in London to be paid. "The boy might be sent to the Rev. A. Preston, Kilmeague, near Naas, who has already some boys of ours." Had the writer been any one else but a member of the "Irish Church Missions Society," we would have thought that, ignorant of the character of Preston, supposing his school to be an ordinary Protestant school, and misled by the mis-description Harris gave, by whose authority does not appear, he had committed the child to the care of Preston. But having to deal with a member of that notorious body, we incline to think that it was a knowledge of Preston's tendencies which led him to direct the boy to be sent to Kilmeague. As our readers may not know anything of Preston we shall give them a little information about him. This person was very successful in settling "pious good Protestants," on a certain estate, the receipts from which were not thereby increased, having previously procured the ejection of a considerable number of Catholics who had holdings and whose interests the landlord had to buy up. - He with true apostolic zeal, marched at the head of a body of Orangemen of Kilmeague in military array into the town of Trim with a pistol in his hand. Lest this might not be credited, we give an extract from the Report of a bribery committee, 20th August, 1835.

*Extract from Minutes of Evidence of Dr. Robert Mullen—page 475.*

"Question 8337—You have given us an account of this Orange force; pray, who was at its head? One party of Orangemen that came from Kilmeague in the County Kildare; a Protestant clergyman was at their head.

"Question 8338—It was not a Crucifix, I believe, that he had? He had a pistol.

"Question 8339—Were shots discharged by these fellows at night? There were some shots fired during the election by the Orangemen."

Such is the teacher those men select for the youth of Ireland. What happy days will there be in this country when the pupils of this zealous instructor, impregnated with the doctrines he has laboured to instill, come amongst the people with whom their lot in life is cast. How many a return of Dollys Brae will there be? Yet to such a man is committed the children, whose father fought bravely and loyally for his Queen and his country. Where are his "sacred rights," which a grateful country has recognised, and the recognition of which Her Majesty considered deserving of her Royal sanction? The decision

of the Court of Queen's Bench, by a distortion of principles and a perversion of reasoning, is interposed between the dead soldier and his living offspring, making the bounty of his country, his torment and his loss.

Not satisfied with one child, Preston sought for, and obtained the three. More generous than Miss Shepherd he offers to take them for "a few shillings a-year." We should observe that Harris writes to Fishbourne under date 23rd March two letters. One of these is answered on the 24th, the other on the 25th of the same month. The latter of Fishbourne's letters authorises the sending of the children to Preston. Canon Grimley who was then acting as chaplain to the Catholic soldiers stationed at the Royal Barracks, knowing that Kirley had been a Catholic, knowing that his wife and children were regarded as Catholics, and treated as such, and understanding that the children were about being sent to schools not Catholic, protests against "any attempt to proselytize these children." The canon refers to a Protestant gentleman of Dundalk, in proof of the Catholicity of poor Kirley. Such a letter would naturally create surprise in the mind of the man who off hand had described them as *Protestant* on the authority of the person who brought them, whose name the gallant major does not mention, and would excite a desire to examine into the matter, or at least to lay the statement before those who were appointed to "secure such prompt and authentic information" as "may prevent the wrong application by misrepresentation or otherwise" of this fund. Now remember readers, the mother is a lunatic, committed as dangerous at the request of Major Harris who had waited on Colonel Browne for that purpose.

What then should be done? send forward the note as Major Harris did. And what course should the Commissioners pursue? To us it would appear that they should have examined the matter fully. They should have called in the assistance of the officer in command of Kirley's regiment, or such of the officers as knew him; they should have inquired what religion he had professed, what religion his wife professed—in what religion the children were brought up. These are all matters it was competent for the Commissioners to have done, and no more than they were bound to do. Now let us see what was done:—Major Harris sends Canon Grimley's note to Fishbourne, in compliance with his promise to that

Rev. gentleman. But in the letter he sent, along with the enclosure, he states, "it is *the* wish still, that the children should be brought up in the Protestant faith." "The wish;" whose wish?—Preston's, Harris's, Fishbourne's, &c.

Whether Fishbourne ever communicated with the Commissioners at all, we very much doubt; but the answer returned was, "that the Court of Queen's Bench having decided that the surviving parent should determine the religion of children, and as the mother of the children in question must, during the two years she has been receiving relief, and while still sane, have brought them up in some religious faith, the Committee have no alternative but to consider that as the faith which she (were she now sane), would wish that they should be educated in."

A very proper letter truly, and quite disregardful of Major Harris's description of them as Protestants. The question then was, to whom should they apply for information, and what should be done with the children in the meanwhile? It would strike one that the letter of Fishbourne should have been at once communicated to Canon Grimley, in order that he might show what religion they had been reared in, but no such communication was made *at all*. The next thing would have been to enquire at the place at which Mrs. Kirley passed the greater portion of the two years, during which she was receiving relief, and, while still sane, what religious tenets she and her children had professed, and what religious practices they had observed. As her residence had been, for a considerable time, at various periods, the Penitentiary at Grangegorman, we would expect to find Major Harris or some person in his behalf, enquiring at the prison about this poor woman. Accordingly we do find the Major visiting the Governor of the prison, informing him that he called to ascertain, if possible, the religion of the children of the woman Kirley, that he was anxious to do something for them on the part of the Patriotic Fund Committee. The governor complied with his wish, and in order that there might be no mistake as to verbal statements, no misrepresentation of what he said, he directed Mr. Warren, the chief clerk, to refer to the registries, which he did, and he traced Kirley and her children back in the *Beggar's Registry* for three or four committals, and in each of these they were described as "Roman Catholics." On making this discovery the Major at once sent a telegram to Fishbourne, informing

him of the mistake he had made in describing the children as *Protestant*, and requesting the arrangement with Mr. Preston might be altered, and the children sent to Roman Catholic schools. He may have done so, but we can find no trace of the letter, for the next letter we have in the Appendix, is the 8th of April, detailing what had occurred in the interval, namely, the sending of the children to Preston of the pistol, and with him we believe they still remain. Now Harris knew on the 27th (if Fishbourne did not also know it on the same day), that the Kirleys had been entered as Catholics, yet he sent them to Kilmeague on the 31st. As some question has arisen about the object of Harris's visit to the Penitentiary, and some remarks have been made about it in Mr. Ball's letter, we think it right to give Harris's answer. He writes :

“ Dublin, March 28th, 1858.

“ Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 26th instant, together with a copy of Mr. Ball's protest against the judgment of the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund, as laid down in their second report to Her Majesty the Queen ; and, in obedience to your desire, I beg now to offer the following observations regarding the case of the widow and three children of the late John Kirley, 4th Dragoon Guards, and the conclusions drawn by Mr. Ball with respect to myself. It is well known to you, Sir, that staff officers do not decide on what is to be done with orphan children ; that they make their reports to the honorary secretary, through whom they receive instructions. Mr. Ball complains that, on the 17th of March, 1857, I presented Kirley's children as Protestants. My reply is—I was governed by the repeated testimony of Mrs. Kirley's own mother (a Roman Catholic), her step-father, and a long list of half brothers and sisters (not children, but grown-up men and women), and also of the little orphans themselves, with all of whom I was in almost daily personal communication from the time of Mrs. Kirley's committal. (See the subsequent certificates of Margaret Colvin and Margaret Kirley at pages 55 and 59 of the report). This ample proof was abundantly corroborated by Mrs. Kirley's rambling “ remarks,” alluded to by Mr. Synnott, in his letter to Mr. Grimley, 4th November, 1857, though subsequently set aside, many days afterwards, by Dr. Banon's disqualifying certificate. I do not see, in my letter of the 27th March, anything that should have led to an opposite conclusion from that which I adopted on such substantial grounds. Mrs. Kirley is here to express her own sentiments of religion, past and present ; Mr. Canon Grimley, in whose parish she resides, is, and has been all along, as well aware of the fact as I am. With regard to the letter of Mr. Synnott, which appears in the Appendix II. of Doctor Cullen's letter to Lord St. Leonards, it is calculated to mislead and do mischief. Mr. Synnott was not justified in stating that the object of my visit to the prison was to ascertain the religion of Kirley's children ; that fact was



previously settled in my mind by better evidence than he could give me; my real object was to learn whether Mrs. Kirley was herself in a fit state to undertake that responsibility, with regard to her children's removal to school, which others, for a time, were obliged to engage in, and which she subsequently acknowledged and approved in terms of much gratitude. Mr. Ball, too, is himself in error when he says, I traced back the name of Mrs. Kirley and her children in the Beggars' Registry for three or four separate committals. The name of Kirley appears but once, and the children were absent from her upon that occasion. She was entered as a Roman Catholic it is true, but as she was received into prison as a dangerous lunatic, perhaps Mr. Ball can explain upon what fair authority she was so entered. These observations apply equally to the letter of the Rev. Mr. Thomas White, the Roman Catholic chaplain, marked 3 in the Appendix of Dr. Cullen's letter. In conclusion, I take the liberty to observe that my conduct and my motives may be misconceived or distorted by others, but the approbation of my own conscience remains undisturbed in this matter; and I even flatter myself into the belief that the thirty-five Royal Commissioners who have signed the Report in question, will not, under all the circumstances of this case, relinquish the opinions they have subscribed to merely to adopt those expressed alone by Mr. Ball, and that they will still judge me to be deserving of protection against an ill-placed, and I trust it will be shown, an equally ill-sustained charge of proselytism, or of participating in any of the religious abuses so freely applied to me by Mr. Ball and others of his party.—I have the honour to be Sir, your most obedient servant,

R. R. HARRIS, Major and Staff Officer Pensioners.  
W. H. Mugford, Esq, 19, New-street, Spring Gardens, London."

There is a fish, so ingenious in its method of self-preservation, that when apprehensive of danger it darkens with an inky fluid the water near the place where it reposes, and so escapes the attack of the pursuer: thus does the Major.

"Mr. Ball complains that on the 17th March, 1857, I represented Kirley's children as Protestant. My reply is, I was governed by the repeated testimony of Mrs. Kirley's own mother, (a Roman Catholic) her stepfather, and a long list of half-brothers and sisters (not children but grown-up men and women), and also of the little orphans themselves, with all of whom I was in almost daily personal communication from the time of Mrs. Kirley's committal (that was 25th March, 1857). This ample proof was abundantly corroborated by Mrs. Kirley's rambling "remarks," alluded to by Mr. Synnot in his letter to Mr. Grimley, 4th Nov., 1857, though subsequently set aside, many days afterwards, by Dr. Banon's disqualifying certificate."

What is the meaning of that sentence? Have the two staff officers combined to indite sentences, difficult to understand, and impossible to explain? Is this obscurity the result of

their deficient education, or of their desire to envelope their meaning in a mist of words to the exclusion of all sound sense? When Ormsby wants to get a statement verified, he procures testimony to whatever is true in it. When Harris wants to lead the public to suppose that he really believed what he wrote on the 17th March, he entangles himself in such a mass of words, the meaning of which he clearly does not comprehend, that those who are interested in his welfare, can with difficulty, extricate him from the confusion he himself has created. If it be true that language is intended to conceal what one means, then has Harris given a very strong instance of its adaptability, to mystify. But as grammarians consider language to be the medium of conveying to others the ideas which operate upon our own minds, we are inclined to think that this confusion arises from a desire to escape from the penalty his misconduct has deserved. The "ample proof" was "abundantly corroborated." What is this "ample proof?" is it that the grandmother who has not the means of supporting them, is willing that they should go (to school)? First, we find Mr. Kirley in the receipt of 8s. 6d. per week, which is the allowance granted according to the scale to Widows of Privates with *four* children; Mrs. Kirley had but *three*. But surely after Major Harris got Mrs. Kirley confined as a "dangerous lunatic," in consequence of her intemperate habits, he did not continue the allowance to her, which he knew would be useless, and surely for some time previous to her committal, he, knowing the character of the woman, ought not to have given her money intended for the support of her children, which he well knew would go in drink. Now, if he gave 4s. 6d. a-week, 4s. being the allowance for widows without children, to the "natural guardian," and informed her that the Kirleys could be kept at a day school, the Commissioners defraying the weekly expense, he would have acted rightly. Had he done this, we are at a loss to know how she could have said she was unable to support them; however, when she expressed her willingness, that they should go to school, did it necessarily follow that that meant a proselytising school? The Major talks of step-sisters and brothers. We would not give much for their testimony. Mrs. Kirley had been married in 1844, and from that time to 1857, any evidence there is, goes to prove her a professing and practical Catholic; these step-relatives did not see much of her during that period, she was with her husband in various parts of the United Kingdom. But if the proof were "ample," it did not

require "corroboration," for "ample," means "sufficient;" sufficient is enough—more than enough is too much, and what proves too much, proves nothing; but the "corroborating ample proof," by "rambling remarks," and then setting aside the whole of it by the subsequent certificate, leaves us completely in the dark. Is it the ample proof, or the corroboration, or both, that is set aside by the certificate? If the ample proof was so influenced, the children should have been sent to a Catholic school. If the ample proof required corroboration, and that corroboration were set aside by the certificate, then the children, like criminals, should have had the benefit of the doubt, and been sent to Catholic schools.

If anything would furnish a proof of the necessity of adhering strictly to truth in dealing even with "Papists," it is afforded in the present instance, in which the first lie has had to be supported by many more. We may as well finish this "ample proof." The Major refers to two documents in the appendix. The children were sent away on the 31st March; on the 20th of April, he sends Fishbourne a declaration signed by the grandmother, giving up the children to him, dated 26th March. Why was not that declaration sent forward before, when Harris sent Grimley's letter, or when told by Fishbourne, on the 28th March, that "The grandmother, with whom they appear to be residing, should produce certificates as to the religious instruction they were under?" The only reason that can be given is, that it had no existence at the time, and that it was written on the receipt of Canon Grimley's letter, dated 19th April, to silence all questionings and antedated as an authority to Harris for sending the children to Preston on the 31st March. The second document is that of Margaret Kirley, mother of the children, dated 13th November. Lest there might be any doubt about the authenticity of the signature, the Major sends in to Ormsby for a loan of one of his truth-certifying staff sergeants, to witness, in conjunction with his own staff sergeant, the handwriting of the deponent. Not content with that, he gets all the Colvins to certify, 13 days after the occurrence, that she was perfectly calm, cool, and collected at the time when she did an act which they did not see her do. "Not see her do! how do you know?" Easily enough; if they had seen her sign, their certificate would have been of the same date as her declaration, and witnessed by the staff-sergeants. Now, her declaration is the 13th November, their certificate 26th November; she might have been raving mad

on the 13th, and perfectly sane on the 26th. The fact is, the children have been kidnapped, and these documents are got up for show. We would not be astonished to find each of these people declaring they never signed such documents at all—

“I do not see in my letter of the 27th March, anything that should have led to an opposite conclusion from that which I adopted on such substantial grounds.” Nor can we, for we have not been blessed with the sight of it; we did think there had been some manipulation of the evidence, some “*suppressio veri*,” if not “*suggestio falsi*,” but this confirms us, for when their own accomplice refers to a document, which has not been published, as calculated to justify himself, we may be tolerably certain, that the suppression was the result of those across the channel, fearing that in his justification lay their own condemnation. But we are glad to know that as all the parts of letters have not been produced, so neither have all the letters, and this is much the more respectable way to go about the matter, much better tell the public at once, that they will get no satisfaction, than while pretending to satisfy them, really to deceive them. Yet all these letters in their entirety were circulated amongst the Commissioners. We are surprised that they would have allowed the suppression of a single sentence; we are surprised to find that Prince Albert signed a report, in the manufacturing of which such tinkering is manifest. We wonder his artistic eye did not detect the violation of every rule which govern a production like this; we wonder he did not feel that his own character, private and public, as a man and as a Prince, was at stake, that the dignity of his Queen and his wife is insulted, by the attempt to palm these fables as facts. If the Prince Consort had read that report, its appendix and the charges of the Archbishop, which evoked it, we feel assured that he would not have signed it. We regret that he did not read it before he gave it the sanction of his illustrious name. We cannot trust ourselves to speak upon the blameable confidence which was reposed in the framers of that report. Up to this, at all events, it is shewn pretty clearly that Fishbourne is the Royal Commissioner, for we have not throughout the whole of the appendix met with the name of Lefroy. After that mesmeric sentence, the Major proceeds in these words:—

“Mr. Synnot was not justified in stating that the object of my visit to the prison was to ascertain the religion of Kirley’s children; that fact was previously settled in my mind by better evidence than

he could give me; my real object was to learn whether Mrs. Kirley was herself in a fit state to undertake that responsibility with regard to removing her children to school, which others, for a time, were obliged to engage in, and which she subsequently acknowledged and approved in terms of much gratitude."

It is quite clear to us, but only after an attentive study of this specimen, that Harris had two objects, a pretended one and a real one. The pretended one he told Mr. Synnott and the poor simple governor unversed in military diplomacy believed all the Major said, got down Mr Warren to look through the registries, and gave himself a deal of unnecessary trouble, for the Major's *real* object was something else, as he has just told us. "Mr. Ball, too is himself in error when he says *I* traced back the name of Mrs Kirley in the beggars' registry for three or four separate committals. The *name* of *Kirley* appears but *once* and the children were absent from her. She was entered as a Roman Catholic it is true, but as she was received into prison as a dangerous lunatic, perhaps Mr. Ball can explain upon what fair authority she was so entered."

Perhaps the Major thinks himself very clever with his little bit of special pleading. An omission on the part of Mr. Ball is caught at with that eagerness with which drowning men are usually represented as catching at straws, but as the straw though specifically lighter than water and thus able to float on the surface, yields to the pressure of the agonised grasp, and both sink, so the Major's fact as a fact might stand good, but the moment he seeks to rest his presumptive ignorance upon it, that moment its strength fails and down goes the Major. It is quite true that the Major did not trace Mrs. Kirley at all. Mr. Warren the Chief Clerk did that, but the Major was quite satisfied. "The *name* of *Kirley* appears but *once*." Is this we ask worthy "an officer and a gentleman?" Surely you know it is not for a name we are seeking. A name cannot have a religion, you know the line "whats in a name" &c. Mrs Kirley a Catholic in the penitentiary would be a Catholic though entered as "Margaret M'Cormick" or "Curley" either. Look to the appendix 44; you will find a return of the number of times Kirley was in prison from the 7th March to 25th December 1856, and each time she had two of her children with her. The rest of the letter is occupied with self laudation. Returning from the little episode we shall resume. On the 19th April Canon Grimley, not having received any communication conveying the views of the Commissioners upon the

case he had submitted to their consideration, writes again. His letter is enclosed by Harris to Fishbourne accompanied by a letter, the declaration of the suspicious date, and a letter of a suspicious import. The former is the declaration of the grandmother. "As the natural guardian of &c. I hereby declare my intention to bring them up in the Protestant faith, and instruct and empower Major Harris to deal with them accordingly." This declaration is only a declaration of a present intention to bring them up for the future Protestants. Had they been Protestants such a declaration would have been unnecessary. It would seem as though the very proofs adduced in vindication combine to condemn them, and then the date, why so long kept back? We are surrounded by mystery, we wish we could find the key. The letter is from Holden, beginning "Dear Sir," containing a statement that the children had been at the Coombe school, and winding up with a slap at "Popery."

The Major's letter to Canon Grimley we treated of in our former paper, and there recorded our opinion of its character. Suffice it then on the present occasion to say that that letter was written without any instruction from Fishbourne, at least it would appear so, but it is the letter of the Commissioners, for they have not censured the writer of it.

There are some letters about allowance, by which it would seem that Harris wished to give Mrs. Kirley the full allowance as though she had her children with her, while Fishbourne consents to give her only 5s. and a suit of clothes. Superintendent C. F. M'Carthy, finds that Margaret Jane Kirley attended the Combe School from 16th November 1856, to March 10th 1857, yet she was in Grangegorman almost the whole month of December. Jane attended from September 3rd. to March 1857, she being at the same time committed with her mother to the Penitentiary five times, four periods of fourteen days and one of seven days.

The next is Mrs. Kirleys own declaration that she was always a Protestant, and that her three children were also Protestants. The report says "she was *born* a Protestant." Her father and mother were both Catholics, as appears by an extract from the registry of marriages, kept in the Catholic Cathedral, Longford, which is given at page 102 of the Archbishop's pamphlet, and is as follows:—

"It appears from the Registry kept in St. Mel's Catholic Cathedral, Longford, that John M'Cormick and Margaret Reynolds were mar-

ried according to the rite of the Catholic Church, on the 29th day of October, 1820.

Witnesses, { TERENCE REYNOLDS.  
MICHAEL REYNOLDS.

GREGORY YORKE,  
Roman Catholic Administrator.

Longford, 22nd December, 1857.

Mrs Kirley was married according to the Catholic rite in the same church as appears by the registry, an extract from which is furnished in the same page.

"It appears from the Registry kept in St. Mel's Catholic Cathedral, Longford, that Private John Kirley, of the 4th Dragoon Guards, Orderly in the Military Hospital, Longford, was married according to the rite of the Catholic Church, to Margaret M'Cormick on the 10th day of September, 1844.

Witnesses, { JAMES KELLY, of the Band  
4th Dragoon Guards.  
CATHERINE MOORE.

GREGORY YORKE,  
Roman Catholic Administrator.

Longford, 3rd December, 1857."

Mrs. Kirley declared herself a Catholic when living in Island-street. Margaret Jane said she had received the Sacraments; these two facts are deposed to by Mary Lalor, a copy of whose deposition sworn before Alderman Farrell will be found at page 107, of the pamphlet.

"I, Mary Lalor, of Eccelin Lane, do solemnly and sincerely declare that I am very intimately acquainted with Mrs. Kirley, widow of the late Private Kirley, of the 4th Dragoons; that she lived with me in the same house in Island Street; that I heard her declare that she was a Roman Catholic; that, on one occasion, when I asked her why her children were attending the Protestant school on the Coombe, she answered that it was only for the bread they went, that it was not with her will; that from the time of her marriage she was always a Roman Catholic. I knew Margaret Jane Kirley, daughter of Mrs. Kirley. I heard Margaret Jane say, that when ill in hospital, she received the Sacraments from the Catholic Priest. I do solemnly declare, that I always looked upon Mrs. Kirley and her children as Roman Catholics."

Declared before F. Farrell, Esq., justice of county Dublin, 29th March, 1858.

Mrs. Kirley's mother says that Mrs. Kirley changed for the purpose of getting married. Three of her children were baptised in the Catholic Church as proved by extracts from registries given at p. 103, and were put to the Convent school at Dundalk.

"John Kirley, son of John and Margaret Kirley (formerly M'Cor-

mick), was born on the 10th day of April, 1847, and baptized on, the 30th day of April, 1847, in St. Barnabas's Catholic Church Nottingham, by me,

JOHN J. MULLIGAN.

Sponsor, MARK GILLIGAN.  
Nottingham, 12th December, 1857."

"Alice Kirley, daughter of John and Margaret Kirley (formerly M'Cormick), was born on the 30th day of April, 1849, and baptized on the 10th day of June, 1849, in St. Wilfrid's Catholic Church, Hulme, Manchester, by me,

LAW. TOOLE.

Sponsors, { EDWARD CLARKE.  
                  { JANE SMITH."

"Francis Kirley, son of John and Margaret Kirley (formerly M'Cormick), was born on the 16th day of April, 1851, and baptized on the 11th day of May, 1851, in St. Peter's Catholic Church, Birmingham, by me,

BERNARD IVERS,  
Missionary Apostolic.

Sponsors, { WILLIAM KELLY.  
                  { ELLEN GAVAN.  
Birmingham, 22nd December, 1857."

"St. Malachi's,  
"October 26, 1857.

"MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,

"In reply to your Grace's kind letter, which I received this morning, I beg to say that Margaret, Patrick, and Alice Kirley attended our schools during the months of June, July, and August, 1854. The father, a soldier, brought them himself, and was most anxious they should be instructed in the Catholic religion.

(Signed) "SR. M. DE SALES VIGNE."

With regard to the children going to the Coombe School it is the best proof that they were Catholics. For Catholics that school and others of a similar character were established; to deprive them of their faith is the sole object of these institutions. Every inducement is offered to these poor children, nay we have heard that violence is sometimes resorted to for the purpose of gaining possession of them.

Thus contradicted in her statement that statement is certified by all the Colvins, the value of such verification we leave the reader to estimate.

There is a certificate from Mistress Mills, saying that Mrs. Kirley had attended a Sunday school between 1837, and 1840. It is not material; the next, a letter from Mr. Kingston, we give in full:—



Ashfield, Harold's Cross,  
December 3rd, 1857.

My Lord,

I trust the circumstances of the case will excuse the liberty I take in writing to you. Having seen in the "Freeman's Journal" of the 24th ult., extracts from a letter addressed by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin to your Lordship, in which mention is made of the Widow Kirley, she being a parishioner of mine, I was led to enquire from her the truth of the allegations of Archbishop Cullen respecting her. I send you a brief summary of the statement made to me by Mrs. Kirley in presence of her own mother, who certainly did not express dissent, rather appeared to concur in what was said by her daughter. The Widow Kirley said she is, and always has been, a Protestant, and never professed herself a Roman Catholic. She told me she was living in Dundalk when the news reached her of her husband's death. On being then asked by the gentleman who gave her the information, what she intended to do she replied, "God is good, and He will provide for me and my children: as long as He leaves me my health and my senses I have no fear, and I will bring up my children as I was brought up myself in the Protestant faith." With that determination she left Dundalk and came up to Dublin, in the suburbs of which she lived, and sent her children to Protestant schools. They were attending the Protestant Ragged School on the Coombe when she first manifested an aberration of intellect. She went to the school one day to bring home her children, and was proceeding with them home when she was taken up by a policeman who charged her as being under the influence of liquor. She and her children were committed to Grangegorman Penitentiary, and there entered, (as appears by the registry,) Roman Catholics. But of such entry she declares she knew nothing, nor by whose direction she was so entered. (Query—By whose authority was such entry made?) She also says that when taken to mass she recollects having knelt down in her seat with her back to the altar, and she heard an officer of the prison say, "that woman is a Protestant for no Catholic would do what she has now done." She was afraid to refuse going to mass, for she was told, (but by whom she does not recollect,) "that if she did not she would be fed on bread and water and would not be allowed to see her children." Be it observed it was not pecuniary distress which caused her to be committed to prison, for when taken up she had on her person £2 2s. 6d. besides some coppers. Her subsequent committals to Grangegorman Penitentiary were occasioned by manifestations of insanity, until at length she was placed in the lunatic department. When, in the providence of God, her senses were restored to her she had her children placed under Protestant care and instruction. She further told me that some weeks ago the Rev. Mr. Grimley, Roman Catholic priest, sent for her and required her to sign a paper, promising her if she would sign the paper he would take good care of her and her children. She refused and did not sign, nor did she know what was in the paper. On another occasion the Rev. Mr. Kenedy, Roman Catholic priest, importuned her to sign a paper, and made her a similar promise; but she absolutely refused. She also told me that during the life-

time of her husband one of her children, with the knowledge and concurrence of her husband, was baptized by a Protestant clergyman. It is, my Lord, quite apparent what a slender foundation Archbishop Cullen has had for his mighty fabric in connection with the Widow Kirley and her children. If your Lordship considers the facts I have herein stated of any value in the consideration of the case you are at perfect liberty to make what use you please of this letter.

I am, &c.

Thomas Kingston,

Vicar of St. James', Dublin.

To put a climax to the long series of misrepresentation, sneering, insolence and falsehood, which characterize the case of the Kirleys, it was hardly necessary to furnish a document in which all four attributes are combined. Notwithstanding, we find a document composed of such ingredients in the letter of Vicar Kingston. Whether this letter be the invention of a "mind diseased," or the production of a mind debased, we shall not pause to consider; enough for us that it is false in almost every particular, and foully false as to that portion of it in which it is sought to sully the good name of an upright, honourable, and useful official, by insinuating that in the discharge of his office, he would allow himself to be made the tool of any sect or of any party, (Query by whose authority?). Fie on you Mr. Kingston. These are *your* words. Had they been the expression of the poor lunatic, we would have passed them over, and even coming from you they are not worth much notice. They are referred to, to be contradicted. Had you the feelings of a gentleman, not to speak of those of a Christian, if these two characters can ever be separated, you would not think upon the *ex parte* statement of a person who had been in confinement as a "dangerous lunatic" of maligning the motives and aspersing the conduct of a gentleman who fills an important office and discharges its onerous duties with zeal and efficiency. We shall now consider the letter in detail, "she never professed herself a Roman Catholic," we proved false by Harris's letter. "The grandmother of the children informs me that Sergeant Kirley was a Roman Catholic, and Margaret Kirley brought up as a Protestant. But as it is contrary to custom to marry two persons of different religion, the latter *changed* for the purpose of the ceremony."—Extract from Harris's letter, 26th March, 1857. "She was taken up by a policeman who charged her as being under the influence of liquor. She and *her children* were committed to Grangegorman Penitentiary." There is no date given, so we cannot positively

deny the statement. It is, however, highly improbable that her children would be committed along with the mother, she being charged as drunk. When the report appeared, persons were struck by Kingston's allegations and Dr. Grey, one of the Board of Superintendence of the Penitentiary, drew the attention of Mr. Synnott, the governor, to the "facts" therein stated. The following is Mr. Synnott's reply:—

"Grangegorman Prison, Dublin,  
"31st March, 1858.

"DEAR DR. GRAY,

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the letter which, in your official capacity, as a member of the Board of Superintendence of City of Dublin Prisons, you forwarded to me on last night, together with the Second Report of the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund; and as you directed, I have read over, with particular attention, the passages marked by you 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, in the Appendix 45, at page 62 in that document. Permit me here to thank you, as the governor of this institution, for giving the opportunity of contradicting the many, to say the least of it, gross misrepresentations made by Margaret Kirley, lately a prisoner in that establishment.

"The Appendix above referred to is a letter from the Rev. J. Kingston, Vicar of St. James's, addressed to the Right Hon. the Lord St. Leonards, in the first passage of which it is stated that, 'Mrs. Kirley and her children were committed to Grangegorman Prison, and there entered (as appears by the registry) Roman Catholics, but of such entry she declares she knew nothing, nor by whose directions she was so entered.'

"(Query.—By whose authority was such entry made.)

"Answer.—By the authority of Margaret Kirley to the Registrar, who, as you desire to know his name and character, is a Mr. Warren, a highly respectable and respected officer, who, for twenty-one years, has filled the office without the slightest stain or imputation being cast upon him in any respect, and I may further add, by religious profession an Episcopalian Protestant. The assistant clerk in the office, too, has a distinct recollection of this woman entering herself on the books of this prison as a Roman Catholic; and, if necessary, as you seem to think it may be hereafter, the statements of these officers can be verified on oath.

"Second.—She also says that when taken to Mass she recollects having knelt down in her seat with her back to the altar, and she heard an official of the prison say: 'That woman is a Protestant, for no Catholic would do what she has done.'

"Answer.—None of the officers have the slightest recollection of this circumstance occurring, nor do I believe a word of it, for the prisoners are regularly marched to their respective places of worship by the officers in charge of their class, and when they enter the church or chapel, they take their places next to each other, and it would, indeed, be an unseemly affair to see one of them sitting with her face to the prisoners and her back to the altar.

"Third.—She was afraid to refuse going to Mass, for she was

told (but by whom she does not recollect) that if she did not, she would be fed on bread and water, and would not be allowed to see her children."

"*Answer.*—The officers of the prison have been assembled and interrogated upon this point, and all utterly deny their knowledge of such a matter. On the contrary, they all, both Protestants and Catholics, say that when the chapel bell rung, she went like the other prisoners to Mass. Her incarceration was generally fourteen days at a time; and she could, upon any of these occasions, have herself entered with respect to religion in any way she pleased. Her children, as she was committed for vagrancy, were always left with her, as are the children of all vagrants, both Protestants and Catholics.

"Fourth.—'Be it observed, it was not pecuniary distress which caused her to be committed to prison, for when taken up she had on her person £2 2s. 6d., besides some copper.'

"*Answer.*—The prison officers, whose duty it was to search this woman, know nothing of the affair, nor is there any record in the books: it is simply untrue.

"Fifth.—Her subsequent committals to Grangegorman prison were occasioned by manifestations of insanity, until at length she was placed in the lunatic department.

"*Answer.*—This statement is also untrue; she never was committed to this prison for anything but vagrancy, except on the last occasion (March, 1857,) when she was committed as a 'dangerous lunatic,' and, as I understood from Major Harris, at his request, he having waited upon Police Commissioner Colonel Browne for that purpose, her intemperate tendencies, as I also understood from that gentleman, being the occasion of her lunacy.

"In conclusion, allow me to state that I trust this letter will satisfy your mind that there has been no violation of duty on the part of the officers of this prison. If, however, on the other hand, you think otherwise, and deem an investigation necessary, I assure you the officers will not shrink from it, but rather court the most searching inquiry into their conduct, having no fear of the result.

"Should you require any further information on this unpleasant subject, it shall be most cheerfully afforded by,

"Dear Dr. Gray,

"Your's very truly,

"THOMAS L. SYNNOTT,

"Governor.

"John Gray, Esq.,

"etc., etc., etc.,

"*Freeman's Journal.*"

*Copy of Mrs. Rawlins' Answer.*

"Grangegorman Penitentiary,

"March 31, 1858.

"DEAR SIR,

"In reply to your favour of yesterday, I beg to acquaint you that I have this morning examined the deputy-matron, and every sub-matron of the prison, on the subject of the following extract from

the Report of the Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund: 'She was afraid to refuse going to Mass, for she was told (but by whom she does not recollect) that if she did not, she would be fed on bread and water, and would not be allowed to see her children.'

"I have read this extract to the matrons assembled together, and the decided reply of each was, that no such threat had ever been used by them to Mrs. Kirley nor to any other prisoner. I never heard of any such threat, or I should have felt it my duty to have brought it at once before the Board of Superintendence, and certainly I never myself used any language to a prisoner that could be so construed.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"**MARIAN RAWLINS, Matron.**

"To Dr. Gray, etc., etc."

The charge against the Rev. Messieurs Kennedy and Grimley is positively denied by both these gentlemen. As to the child being baptised by a Protestant clergyman we honestly confess we know nothing. If it be the child born at Leith it was not there baptised a Catholic, for there was no Catholic priest or chapel in the district.

We shall close Mrs. Kirley's case by inserting an extract from the Archbishop's second letter, in answer to the report, on the subject of the rights of Catholic soldiers. We do so in this place as it will serve as a comment on the case, we have just been considering, and an introduction to the one we are now about to enter upon.

"It is fresh in the minds of every one that for the past the rights of Catholic soldiers and sailors were not held sacred. Though fighting with undaunted courage for their country, it was penal for them to practise their religion during life, and they were left at the hour of death without any spiritual assistance. Hundreds of thousands of Irish Catholics have shed their blood for the glory of England in every quarter of the globe, but nothing was done in past times to provide for the salvation of their immortal souls. Things are now greatly improved, but many grounds of complaint still remain, and a great deal is to be done before the Catholic soldier can be said to be on a footing of equality with his Protestant companion. There are no regular Catholic chaplains; no Catholic chapels in the barracks; no military schools or orphanages, to which Catholic children can be safely sent; and Catholic sailors whilst engaged in fighting the battles of the empire, are still left without any religious provision whatsoever. Your Lordship will easily understand how afflicting this state of things must be to Catholics, who believe that there is but one true faith, and know that they are obliged to live up to the teaching of that faith, in order to secure the salvation of their immortal souls. Men not having any definite system of belief, and not attaching much importance to any creed, or to religious obser-

vances, may be indifferent as to the education of their children, and think it no grievance to be left without any religious worship. Of course their indifference in regard to the education of their children will be increased if they believe that they can be saved in the profession of any religion, or that one religion is as good for them as another. Such men may be considered as expressing no wish regarding the religion of their children. But the case is different with Catholics: their opinions are decided, and they must always feel the greatest anxiety, if their children be exposed to lose the true faith, or to be separated from that Church out of whose pale there is no salvation.

But returning to the present question, as her gracious Majesty declares that Catholic soldiers have sacred rights, we may ask what these rights are. I submit that one of the most sacred of them is that a Catholic soldier falling in battle should have it in his power to secure to his children the faith in which they were baptized, and in which he wished them to be brought up, and without which he believed they could not be saved. He should be enabled to die in the conviction that the country to which he has given his life will receive his children, and guard for them as jealously as he should have done, the only inheritance he has to leave them. If a Catholic soldier expiring on the field were to take by the hand an officer whose life he had saved at the cost of his own, and conjure him to see that his orphan children should be educated in the faith of their father, I think too highly of human nature to believe that the sternest Protestant living would not in such a case preserve those children from contact with any influence that might change or weaken their religion. Is the case different, when he bequeaths them, not to this or that officer, but to his country and his sovereign? But let us suppose our dying soldier unable to speak: if the captain, for whose life he has thus given his own, and whom we still assume to be a Protestant of no doubtful hue, well knows the humble hero to have been as loyal to the Catholic faith as he had been true to his colours, well knows him to have incurred cruel penalties for the sake of educating his children in that faith; what views, my Lord, may I be allowed to ask, would he take of the rights, the "sacred rights," of his dying soldier? Would he say: "My poor friend has given his life in my defence: his wish throughout life was to preserve his faith and hand it down to his children: death, incurred in my service, has stopped his utterance before he could give expression to his wish: and I am therefore at liberty to condemn and to defeat it?" Could he lay his hand upon his heart and say this, it would be an argument that the curse of Nabuchodonosor had fallen upon him—that in very deed the heart of a man had been taken from him, and that he had received the heart of a beast. Again, my Lord, substitute the country for the captain, and are the rights and duties different?

Without entering into further discussion, I may take it as admitted that the Commissioners representing the country are guardians of the "sacred rights" of Catholics who have fallen in battle; that one of the most sacred of those rights is the education of Catholic

orphans according to the wishes of their parent; that the Commissioners, thus standing in the place of a parent, are bound to act in every particular towards the orphans as their natural father would have done; and that their duty so to act is the same, whether it arise from express direction or from necessary implication. And if the rights we treat of be so sacred, no oppressive rule of law, and above all, no arbitrary regulations of individuals, should turn aside the consolations of charity from the death-bed of the Catholic soldier and from the cradle of his orphan. The same justice, which makes his informal will as regular and powerful an instrument as any that your Lordship ever drew or certified should interfere to protect his sacred rights from confiscation by rules, minutes, or regulations. If the Catholic soldier say to you: I have married a thriftless and dissipated wife: her desire of indulging in spirituous liquors may induce her to sell to the highest bidder the faith of her children, for money to enable her to indulge her wicked propensities: her habits of intemperance may lead her to the workhouse, the prison, or the lunatic asylum. I got my children baptized in the Catholic church; while I could I gave them Catholic education: will my country continue to do so after my death in her service? it is my last wish—it is my sacred right. Shall my right be defeated in consequence of the lunacy or intemperance of my wife? shall my children be placed in the hands of a Protestant minister, to be educated in a religion contrary to my own? Or suppose he should say: I have married a wife; *she is an ignorant, uneducated woman, and evinces great vacillation regarding the care of her children*—(Second Report, par. 33;) will you see that the children I leave to my country shall be educated as Catholics—it is my wish—is it not my right?—

Will you answer: It is in truth your right, but the decision in Alicia Race's case stands in your way—and then there is a minute of the Commissioners that cannot be gotten over: in some way or another, which can be properly explained no doubt, when your widow comes to apply for relief, she will meet with a Protestant clergyman in the first instance (Appendix to Report No. 49, 52, etc.;) her mind is weak by nature or weakened by poverty; he will acquire influence, ascendancy, dominion: she will transfer your children in due form to him, and that will bring them within the rule of the decision in the Queen's Bench. Your rights are undoubted, but all the chances are against you; the law indeed will be respected—nothing unfair will be done; but the rule in Alicia Race's case, and the minutes of the Commissioners—these are inflexible. Die in peace, but your children must be Protestants. If they be in India they will be consigned to a Protestant orphanage; if at home, they will be placed in the Duke of York's school, or the Hibernian school, where apostacy is of frequent occurrence, or sent to some other school in which, according to Captain Fishbourne, the "teaching is Protestant;" or the choice of a school for them will be left to a Protestant clergyman, who will hand them over to the sister of a Protestant schoolmaster, and keep them under his own immediate superintendence (Appendix to Report, No. 49.) My Lord, was it upon this understanding that we gave our money and our blood? We did not weigh the one in a

hair balance, or measure the other in a graduated glass; and we did not expect that we should have reason to complain, or that in case such reason should exist, our complaints would be met with special pleading and the manipulation of evidence."

We shall now consider the case of Mrs. Norris. A Catholic herself, the widow of a Catholic soldier, her children were seized upon by a parson, placed at an asylum devoted to Protestant purposes, when rescued by the mother were retaken by the parson, committed to the care of a Protestant school-mistress under the control and supervision of this parson, every effort which the wretched mother made to regain her daughter, (happily the son is safe,) defeated by forms not used in cases of application by Catholics for admission to Protestant Schools until worn, out by anxiety of mind operating on a weakened frame, and that again re-acting on her mental faculties, she yielded her daughter to the staff-officer to be sent to Hampstead. The decision in the Court of Queen's Bench has nothing to do with this case, for all the iniquity we shall presently detail, was perpetrated before that decision was made. Looking at this case in an ordinary point of view, it seems to us not probable that a Catholic would select a Protestant School in preference to one of her own persuasion for the education of her children supposing no inducement to be held out to her to do so, and no impediments thrown in the way of her pursuing that course which appears to us the natural one for her to pursue. We say it is not probable that she would have acted as she is represented to have done supposing that she got fair play. Now the question before the public is, did she get fair play. We have no hesitation in saying she did not. It is not from extrinsic documents, nor from private information, that we have come to that opinion, but simply upon the facts set out in the Report and the appendix. From the meagre details furnished in the appendix, we glean the following facts, which we shall relate before entering into an examination of the documents which are published in the appendix as forming the correspondence upon this case. Incidentally we may mention that the first application of Mrs. Norris to the Commissioners for a recognition of her claim is not included, so that we are left completely in the dark as to the period at which she first applied to be put on the pension list of the Patriotic Fund. It is to be regretted that something more than extracts of those interesting letters from Mr. Hare have not been produced; information too full could not be



given on matters of such grave importance, involving, as they do, questions of the deepest interest as well to the administrators as to the recipients of the nation's bounty. From these documents, however, we collect the following history. On the 12th July, 1856-7, Mr. Hare informs Captain Fishbourne that he placed the little daughter of Mrs. Norris at a certain orphanage. The mother took her home, but Mr. Hare afterwards placed her with a Miss Shepherd, and asked permission to place the little boy, who was about six years of age, with his sister. This permission Captain Fishbourne at once grants. On the 1st August, 1856, Mrs. Norris put her mark to a petition, certified by Canon Grimley, requesting to have her daughter sent to St. Clare's orphanage. That petition was forwarded to Mr. John Ball, a Member of Parliament, Under-secretary for the Colonies, and one of the Royal Commissioners. Mr. Ball being on the Continent, did not get this petition until his return in September. He at once sent it to Captain Fishbourne. This memorial was sent to Parson Hare. The letter accompanying that memorial is not published, and a blank seems to occur here, for there are two letters from Hare, the 19th and 25th September, and no letter from Fishbourne. Mr. Ball not receiving any reply to his note, and having been spoken to, when in Ireland, on the subject, wrote again on the 4th November, calling Fishbourne's attention to the fact that no answer had been received by Mrs. Norris. To that note Fishbourne replies, stating that the memorial had been sent to Mrs. Norris. The first reply that Mrs. Norris received directly from the office was a note dated "5th November," and signed "Mugford." On the 13th of that month, Mrs. Norris again petitioned to have her child sent to Harold's Cross, her letter being certified by Alderman Reynolds. To that petition came the reply that her petition should have been forwarded through the Staff-Officer of Pensioners. She does so, and the Staff-Officer writes that she wants to have her child sent to Baggot-street Convent. Presentation papers had been applied for by Captain Fishbourne, and when he got them, he would send two of them signed. Meantime whilst all these proceedings were going forward, Mrs. Norris had got married, but unfortunately the man of her choice had then living a prior claimant on his purse and his affections. In pursuance of one of the rules of the Committee, made in contemplation of a second marriage on the part of those in receipt of relief from the fund, she lost her pension. But on the production of the letter from Cap-

tain Mansfield, she is approved for half allowance. On the 10th January, she forwards a petition to some person, the name is not given, signed with her name, asking to have her child placed at the London Infant Home. This is communicated to Ormsby, who gets the woman to sign the form, appendix 14, and to the letter which he writes on the 30th January, Fishbourne sends an answer on the 2nd February, ordering the child and mother to be sent up to London and the expenses of both paid, and money given to the mother to pay her passage back. These things were done, the child is in Hampstead, the mother in the grave.

Such is the state of things presented by the appendix. Now let us see what the report says. The italics are our own, and we use them for the purpose of arresting the reader's attention to that particular point which, out of the appendix, we are able to contradict. The report says—"It there (in the appendix) appears that Mrs. Norris *had placed* her daughter in May, 1856, in charge of the managers of the General Orphan Home in Dublin, from which place she was removed by her mother at *whose earnest request*, to the Rev. William Hare, military chaplain, she, together with her brother, was then placed under the care of Miss Shepherd a Protestant." Now let us see how that is verified by the appendix. In the letter of Mr. Hare dated 12th July, we find the following:—

*Dublin 12th July, 1856-7.*

*"I some time ago placed two orphan children of Crimean soldiers, Mary Ann Norris and Agnes Arnott, under the care of the guardians of the General Orphan Home Richmond Street, Portobello, by whom they were given in charge to a woman named Mrs. Collins, living in Bride-street, Dublin, there being no institution for the reception of female orphans. Mrs. Norris, thinking that her child was not properly taken care of, and especially that her education was neglected, took her away from Mrs. Collins without consulting any one, and on her own responsibility. I did not by any means approve of this summary method of proceeding, but on inquiry I found the poor woman had some ground of complaint, as, in point of fact, her child had never been sent to any day-school since she had been with Mrs. Collins, though at her request.*

*"I have found in my own neighbourhood a person named Miss Shepherd, who is disposed to take charge of these two children, and of any others who we may wish to entrust to her. Miss Shepherd is the sister of the schoolmaster of Harold's Cross. She is highly recommended to me by the clergyman of the parish; she lives within a few doors of the parish school, where the children under her care would have an opportunity of attending both during the week and on Sunday;*

the locality is healthy, being out of the town ; and the children would be under my own immediate superintendence. *If you approve of the above arrangement being made, I will have it carried into effect immediately.*"

Apart from the palpable contradiction given by the letter to the statements in the report, it would strike a person as rather odd that a Catholic should seek out and *earnestly request* a Protestant minister to place her children at a Protestant school, their being numbers of priests in Dublin who have opportunities of placing children at schools. But the fact is patent from Hare's letter that he placed the children at this home, and he does not say when more precisely than by saying "sometime ago." The mother's name is not mentioned as assenting, her authority is not referred to, and the only act which we find that mother doing, is taking away the girl from the woman to whom she had been confided, of which Hare did not approve, but which showed clearly her disapproval of the steps that had been taken. As to her placing the children with Miss Shepherd, that is clearly false. Hare found out and recommended Miss Shepherd, and in his letter he does not say that the mother asked him or authorised him to place her children with Miss Shepherd. Why it is that this Hare should be so much interested about these children, so anxious that they should be brought within the influence of Miss Shepherd's pious ministration as to agree to make up the difference between the fund allowance and Miss Shepherd's demand by a private subscription, we are really at a loss to find out. Had a priest so acted with regard to Protestant children we should be inclined to suspect that he desired to make proselytes of them, but as Hare was acting for the Patriotic Fund, of which the moneys were always disbursed, "with even-handed justice and complete impartiality," we cannot attribute to him any such purpose. We shall leave it to our readers to form their own judgment. The next sentence in the report is as follows :—

"Early in September of the same year, a paper dated August 1st, signed by Mrs. Norris, Mark, requesting to have her girl placed in St. Clare's Orphan House Harold's Cross, was received at this office. *This request was not then acted on*, as Mrs. Norris had in the *interim* placed her child under the care above stated, and as she did *not express any wish for her child's removal although informed of the request that had been made in her name.*"

We see plainly what Fishbourne is driving at, but we cannot

undertake to explain letters which are not printed in the verifying appendix ; by a reference to that letter of Hare, it will be perceived that the application to have the children placed with Miss Shepherd, is dated *12th July*, 1856-7, the answer granting the application, is dated *15th July*, 1856. How Fishbourne can say that these dates are "in the interim," as regards the *1st August*, and the *5th November*, we know not ; the only way in which we can account for these errors is, that now as ever, truth will out, suppress it though we may. But let us ask why the petition of Mrs Norris was allowed to remain unanswered from the 8th September, to the 5th November ? Mr. Hare's application is answered in due course of post, but the petition, certified by a Catholic priest, and forwarded to the office by one of the Commissioners, is quite unattended to for two months, then not noticed until the Commissioner writes again, and then his note is answered with a lie ; this would seem to contradict the assertion with regard to the unvarying attention which the applications of Catholics have received, when we find a Commissioner, because he is a Catholic, snubbed by his servant. If a gentleman request a domestic servant to do something, which apart from such request he is bound to do, that servant neglects that request, and when again spoken to, says he has done, not what he was asked, but something else, and in so doing lies, he ought not to be retained in any service. Such is the case here. We wonder is lying consistent with the character of an "officer and a gentlemen." But Fishbourne knew he was quite safe from censure. There were not three Roman Catholics on the Commission. It is then clear that it is not the fact that "Mrs. Norris had, in the interim, placed her children, &c." With regard to her not expressing a wish to have her child removed, &c., we think it is pretty plain, that she did, and, notwithstanding the insinuation that is thrown out of improper interference on the part of Canon Grimley, the charge being, that he used her name without her sanction. Such an imputation is strictly in accordance with the doctrines of the I. C. M. B. C., who teach that lying, cheating, robbery, murder, &c., are the principal dogmas of the Catholic Church, and amongst the chief practices of its members. The imputation is wholly false, and could emanate only from a jaundiced mind, which tinges everything around, with the hue of its own distemper. There is no mention made of the part which Mr. Ball took in this matter, no mention of sending the memorial

and the Commissioners' letter to Parson Hare, or of his "questioning" her, or of the falsehood which the parson writes when he says "not receiving any answer to this application *she asked* to have her little girl placed with Miss Shepherd." This Hare only knew of the memorial on the 10th of September, yet he has the face to make the above, statement when he knew the girl was at Miss Shepherd's in July. There were a great many forms to be gone through, when the child was to be sent to a Catholic school. She must apply to the staff officer. Hare got his request at once. We think we cannot do better than here to give the language of the Archbishop on the latter portion of this distressing case:—

"I now apply myself to the remainder of the case, every portion of which is affected by the suspicion attaching to its commencement. When Mr. Hare is the applicant, things run smoothly, and without reference to Commissioners, committees, clerk of committee, or staff officer. When Mrs. Norris is applicant, the rules of the service become stern and complicated in the inverse ratio of the intelligence and strength of the widow. The clerk of the committee, Mr. Mugford, directs her "if she wishes to remove her child," to apply to the staff officer, who will write to Captain Fishbourne, who will obtain the decision of the Committee. In her bewilderment, or perhaps from a reluctance to be "questioned" and "pressed," Mrs. Norris applies to Mr. Mugford himself, evidently interpreting his former letter as a refusal. Mr. Mugford, however, adheres to the inflexible rule, and directs her once more to communicate with the staff officer. She does so accordingly, and upon the occasion of this third application, her request is, that her children be sent to the Sisters of Mercy in Baggot-street. Lest any doubt should remain upon the matter, the poor woman is again subjected to the "question," and persists in her choice of the Baggot-street orphanage. Captain Fishbourne's letter (Ap. to report, No. 60) appears to have something mysterious in it, stating as it does, that the child Maryanne Norris was under seven years of age, whereas she was more than nine;" and speaking of a memorial of Mrs. Norris to have her child placed at Miss Shepherd's, of the existence of which memorial there is no evidence whatever.

Meanwhile, the Sisters of Mercy having failed through some mischance to forward the mysterious presentation forms, it becomes necessary to send a second letter to them before the memorial can be granted, and a second letter is dispatched in two days after the formal wishes of the applicant had been extracted by another application of the "question." The presentation forms at length arrive, and the presentation itself is actually made out, when Mrs. Norris, under what influences besides those of weariness and disappointment God

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\* Maryanne Norris was baptized on the 18th July, 1847, in Chester, by the Rev. Canon Carbery; so that she was nine years and five months old when Captain Fishbourne states that she was not seven!

alone can tell as yet, alters her request, and seeks admission for the orphan into the Hampstead school. It is remarkable that the report does not explain how this last request came into Captain Fishbourne's hands, to whom it was addressed, and by whom forwarded. Every other document received from her is attested with her mark; this alone is represented to have been *signed* by her. Why she speaks of the Hampstead school now for the first time, or who it was that suggested it to her, we have no means of discovering. I formerly inquired by what agency, or by what official, she was induced to change her mind, and my question remains to be answered still, though the Appendix throws great light on the matter. The Hampstead school did not occur to her by intuition, nor is her violent and decided change of purpose referable to vacillation or caprice: for it is one thing to waver between two Catholic schools in Dublin, and another thing to choose a Protestant school in England, of which she herself could have no knowledge.

Observe the sequel. It did not occur to Captain Fishbourne to forward the new memorial to Canon Grimley, who certified her first application, with a view to his "questioning" and "pressing" her, so as to discover whether the memorial which bore her signature had been previously read and explained to her. But perhaps it is allowed to stand over for a month or so? Far from it. At all events, we are bound to suppose that Mr. Mugford is desired to inform her that her application is irregular, that it should have been forwarded through the staff officer, and that the Committee are as decided not to relax their rule in this instance as they were in the instance of her first, second, and third application. By no means. "*Facta est hæc lex omnibus non tibi.*" The rule was inflexible when the child was to be sent to a Catholic school, but it does not hold where the application refers to a Protestant school. Captain Fishbourne (Ap. No. 67) forwards the letter himself to Major Ormsby, stating that the presentation had been already obtained (why was it not already forwarded?) but that as the child was not as yet an inmate of the institution, the Committee would give her mother an opportunity of choosing a school for her. May we not doubt whether the Committee was ever consulted on the matter? At the same time he encloses a written engagement to be signed by Mrs. Norris, binding her to abide by this last engagement, on the distinct understanding that the teaching in the Hampstead school was purely Protestant. Captain Fishbourne and Major Ormsby claim great credit for having informed Mrs. Norris that the Hampstead institution was Protestant. Truly, a man does not need to be an abstract of official virtue, in order to explain to a woman who does not know how to read, a document she is required to sign; and this was in fact the only thing done in the case of Mrs. Norris. The Royal Commissioners have very unnecessarily identified themselves with these transactions, when, speaking of themselves, they say that, in this case at all events, "*We*" evinced no desire to proselytize. In my conscience I acquit them of participation at the time in every little overt or covert act of treason against human nature; but if they persist in adhering to the Report with all its iniquities upon its head, are they not accessories after the fact, if ever there were such?

The case is near its end. On the 30th *January* Major Ormsby (Ap. 68) forwards to London the last application with its irrevocable engagement; and on the 2nd *February* the request is carried into effect (Ap. 69). The memorial for presentation to a Catholic school is under consideration for five months; it is defeated by a breach of official duty almost without example, or by the stringency of rules that seem to exist only for the Catholic; whereas the application for admission to a Protestant school is granted after just three weeks of easy and unembarrassed routine from date of the application, but probably within a much shorter term from the day when it was received by Captain Fishbourne."

So ends Mrs. Norris. She is dead—and when that day comes, as assuredly it will, when Hare and Fishbourne shall stand before their God, the truth will then appear, for no report "verified by the appendix," will avail. Incidentally, the following cases are mentioned:—

"At great risk of wearying your Lordship, I am bound to notice some other cases which are incidentally mentioned in the Appendix to the Report. I allude to the cases of Bridget Ryan, Agnes Arnott, and Anne Kyle. I shall take them in their order. The only mention made of the first two occurs in the letter of the Rev. Mr. Hare, of the 25th September, 1856, Appendix 53 to Second Report, in which Mr. Hare states: "I have this day made application to Major Ormsby for payment for the first quarter for Bridget Ryan, Agnes Arnott, and Anne Kyle, under the care of Miss Shepherd, Harold's Cross, and for William Norris, in charge of Mrs. Magee in the same district." The names Bridget Ryan and Anne Kyle sufficiently indicate a Catholic parentage, and it remains to be explained who they are, and how they came into Mr. Hare's hands. As to Agnes Arnott thus casually mentioned, I find that her father, although a Protestant, wished to have his child baptized and brought up a Catholic, and in fact the child was baptised in the Catholic Church in Youghal (Doc. No. 22). It also appears that Arnott after his wife's death, continued in the determination to educate his child a Catholic, and that when leaving for the East, he confided his orphan to a Mrs. Gregory, also a Catholic now in Dublin, with strict injunctions to have her educated in the Catholic faith. I have been able to ascertain from Mrs. Gregory herself that, under the pressure of want and inability to support her charge, she was induced to relinquish her to Mr. Hare. Now Mrs. Gregory was neither the natural nor the testamentary guardian of the child, and she was recognized, whereas Canon Grimley was denied recognition on the ground that he was not such guardian. To proceed, however; Mrs. Gregory touched with remorse for her breach of faith with the deceased, and for her breach of higher obligations still with God, is anxious to repair the evil she has done, and Mrs. Minchin, the maternal aunt of the orphan, applies to have the child removed to a Catholic school, and her application is rejected. What becomes of the Queen's Bench decision? The Protestant father of the child wished to have her reared a Catholic; he and her Catholic mother got her baptized a Catholic; her mother's sister, a

Catholic, demands her removal to a Catholic institution, and she is set at defiance. My informants are prepared to prove these facts before any competent tribunal; and so far as the facts go, they enable me, perhaps, to rate at its proper value the boasted adherence of the Commissioners to the rule in *Race's* case and the five instances in which it has been applied favourably to Catholics.

This case is easily disposed of. It is that of the widow Catherine M'Donald, of the 62nd regiment. Her name occurs in the Appendix 59 to the Report, from which it appears that she applied to have her child placed with the Sisters of Mercy, Baggot-street. Major Ormsby's letter, notifying the application to Captain Fishbourne, is dated December 16, 1856, and the application was acceded to, as I have learned, in about *eleven months* after the date of its presentation. The delay, I presume, will be explained; and minutes, and resolutions, and presentation forms, and rules, and references back to proper, and perhaps to improper authorities, will account for it to the satisfaction of the Commissioners' officials upon trial before themselves; but I may be permitted to doubt of the result when they come to trial before the country, especially when this delay is contrasted with the rapidity of the decisions of Captain Fishbourne, when the Kirleys and the Norrises were to be sent to Protestant schools. Major Harris brings the case of the Kirleys under the notice of the Captain on the 17th March, and the answer is dated the 18th. The Major writes again on the 23rd March, and the reply is dated the 24th. Mrs. Norris's case, when her child was to be sent to a Protestant school, was disposed of with equal haste. Major Ormsby informs Captain Fishbourne on the 30th January that Mrs. Norris wishes to place her child in Hampstead school; and on the 2nd February the Captain orders the child to be sent to London, and all the expenses of the mother and the child to be defrayed. There was no delay there; but when a poor Catholic widow applies to have her child placed in a Catholic school, she is compelled to wait *eleven months* for an answer."

Now as to the allocation of the surplus fund. We are told by the report that these several sums have been allallocated to institutions, either Protestant in their teaching, or in which the system of mixed education is followed. We would much prefer the former as being the more honest; the latter is like that plant which tastes like honey but operates as a poison, or like that fruit which grows on the banks of the Dead Sea, which seems so pleasing to the eye, but turns to ashes on the lips. It is true Catholic children may come, but judging by the specimens we have of that style of arrangement in the Hibernian, the District schools in England, and in the military schools at home and abroad, we think it much safer to keep our children to ourselves. This is a matter which Protestants cannot understand, they thinking as the present Chancellor of Ireland is reported to have expressed himself



that "indifference to all religion is a fearful state, but still it is better than Popery." When, however, the Archbishop objected to the allotment of so much money he was bound to give a reason, and what better reason could he give than that deducible from experience? The manner in which similar schools under similar patronage were conducted, the effect of their arrangements upon the religious faith of the Catholic portion of the scholars, the character of the class books in use, the tendency of the teaching therein contained, to elevate one party at the expense of the other—the neglect to appoint Catholic officers and superiors in proportion to the number of Catholic boys, these are the means by which he must form his judgment, these the grounds on which to base his objections. Now the only means of doing that was by examining the management of the military schools at present existing, and also that of the district schools in England, and by laying before the public the result of that examination, enable them to judge of the justifiableness of his Grace's opposition. Therefore when his Grace complains of the management of this or that school it is to enable us to form an opinion as to what will be, by what is. The Commissioners with great skill and considerable judgment have endeavoured to withdraw the attention of the public from these complaints, by asserting that they have nothing to do with the accusations preferred by him against the Commissioners. We think it has a great deal to do, and therefore we shall give some of his Grace's remarks on the Hibernian school:—

"You are aware that in the Phoenix Park, in the vicinity of this city, we have a large institution, called the Hibernian School, established for the education of the children of Irish soldiers. We learn from a published Parliamentary Report, that when it was visited by the Commissioners of the Endowed Schools, \* there were in the house 230 Protestants of the Established Church, 127 Catholics, and 6 Presbyterians, thus closely observing a bye-rule of the managers, that only one-third of the boys should be Catholic.

This small proportion of Catholic to Protestant boys, in a Catholic country like this, is worthy of observation. It cannot be explained by the fewness of Catholics in the army, for it must be admitted that there are far more Irish Catholic than Irish Protestant soldiers in her Majesty's service; nor can it be alleged that the Catholic soldier has not as good a claim as his Protestant comrades to have his children provided for by the state, for no one will venture to assert that he is

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\* See Report of said Commission, vol. iii., p

not as brave and faithful, and as ready as they are, to risk his life for his country.

Why, then, are there so few Catholic boys in the school? Why is a regulation enforced that they are not to exceed one-third of the entire number of pupils? What the answer of the authorities of the school may be, it is not for me to conjecture. But, considering things as they appear on the surface, it would seem that the policy of the place is to maintain Protestant ascendancy even among those who fight side by side against every enemy, and are ready to shed their blood with equal profusion for their country; and to proclaim, if not in words, at least in deed, that the children of a Catholic soldier who died or fought for his sovereign, have not the same rights as those of his brother in arms. Whatever the object of the regulation just referred to may be, it is a snare and a temptation for poor Catholic widows, who, in their anxiety to provide for their children, are tempted to enter them as Protestants in the school, when they are told that the few places allotted to Catholics are occupied, but that many places for Protestants are vacant.

But there are other and stronger grounds for complaint. Whilst about one-third of the boys is Catholic, justice and equity would induce us to expect that a similar proportion should be preserved in the appointment of superiors and masters. Now, what is the case? The board of government, the commandant, the major, in fine, all the officers, about twenty in number, are Protestant, with the single exception of one serjeant. The professors or masters, and the Chelsea monitors, fourteen in number, are all Protestant. The books, too, used in the school have been compiled in great part by a Protestant parson. Thus, Catholics are excluded from the slightest interference in the management of the institution; and the only privilege that is conferred on them in regard to it, is the honour of contributing their portion of £8,000 per annum, paid to the school out of the public taxes of the country.\* Catholics pay their share of the annual grant; Catholics send their sons and brothers and relatives to fight for their Queen and country; Catholic blood was shed in torrents at Alma and Delhi; Catholic soldiers were among the first and the bravest in every battle where the English flag was unfurled; but they seem to be considered unfit to take any part in the direction of an institution supported by themselves and the public for the education of their children."

His Grace then proceeds to relate the effect of the influence exercised by these masters over the Catholic children. It has been said these conversions are the result of conviction; would they were, but we can hardly attribute to a child of eight years old, a power of forming an opinion on points of doctrine, yet such an one has renounced the errors of Popery, and such was the scandal thereby created that a rule was made that no one should be allowed to be converted until arrived at the age of fourteen. The result of this regulation is detailed in the following extract:—

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\* See Report of said Commission, vol. iii., p. 22.

"Passing all such unhappy and deplorable cases over in silence, I shall merely refer to a fact which occurred last month. It is a fact which can be stated in very few words, though it is of great importance, as it illustrates the working of the mixed system of education and the condition of poor Catholic children in the Hibernian School. The case is simply this, that as many as five Catholic boys, by name, John Molloy, John Guckins, Thomas Dowling, Charles Cunningham, and Patrick McCoy, publicly declared their determination to renounce the faith of their fathers, and to embrace some form or other of the innumerable denominations of Protestantism: which of them I have not been able to learn, and very probably the poor children themselves do not know. The three first boys, being over fourteen years of age, were allowed by the authorities to carry out their intentions immediately. The two last, being a few months younger, were told that they could not change their religion until they should have reached fourteen, when, they were informed, Protestantism of some form or another would be ready to receive them. However, as the Catholic chaplain very properly refused to allow them to remain among his little flock after their public declaration that they wished to cut themselves off from the Catholic Church, probably they too have already accomplished their wishes."

With regard to the Union Schools, we shall give the testimony of the Rev. Mr. Bagshaw:—

"The Oratory, Brompton, London, S. W.,  
December 18, 1857.

MY DEAR LORD,

As I am told that your Grace wishes for particulars as to the practical working of the District Schools, established under the act 7 and 8 Victoria, with respect to the education of Catholic children, I take the liberty of sending you the following short account of the state of things at the North Surrey District School at Annerley, so far as it has come under my observation.

I went there to visit several children of Catholic parents from the workhouse of Chelsea, which I attend. I presented letters from the parents to the superintendent, requesting him to prevent their children from attending any prayers, services, or instructions, other than those of the Roman Catholic religion, and to allow me to visit them as often as possible for the purpose of religious instruction. An answer was brought me by the chaplain, who informed me that I might see the children; but upon my further requesting that they might not be allowed to attend any of the Protestant prayers or instructions, he said that he considered he was put there for all, and that as the children formed one community, he had a right to speak to all without distinction, and that he considered any such separation of the children very injurious, as tending to make the other children have doubts about religion, seeing the difference of teaching.

I pointed out to him the act, whereby it is provided "that no rules, orders, or regulations of the said Commissioners, nor any regulations made by such District Board, shall oblige any inmate of any such school or asylum to attend any religious service which may be cele-

brated in a mode contrary to the religious principles of such inmate, nor shall authorize the education of any child in any religious creed other than that professed by the parents or surviving parent of such child, or to which such parents or surviving parent may object, or, in the case of an orphan or deserted child, to which his next of kin may object"—7 and 8 Vict., cap. 101, §. 43.

In reading it he laid a marked stress on the word "oblige," and concluded by stating that he was acting under the authority of the District School Board, and could make no change without their orders. The superintendent also said that no exception could be made until it had been referred to the board, but promised to lay the case before them at their next meeting. The following week he gave me their decision, which was, that he was not to force any child to go who objected. I asked if any notice would be taken of the objection made by the parents to their receiving Protestant education. He said that the board had given him no further instructions; that it was extremely difficult and inconvenient to be constantly separating the children from their classes; that he had no one appointed him to mind them at such times, and that he could not do so himself.

This is as far as the negotiation upon this point has as yet proceeded, the result being that they are still daily attending *Protestant worship, receiving Protestant instruction, and having Protestant principles and prejudices instilled into them*; and this is in spite of protests to the contrary, which it has cost much time and trouble to make with all the necessary formalities. It is evident, therefore, what will be the fate of those children whose parents have no one to show them how to protect them and to assist them in doing so.

The result was evident when I came to see the children. One who had been at school five years, who had formerly gone to a Catholic school, and whose father believed him still a Catholic, had been changed into a bitter Protestant. Another, whom I had received into the Church with his mother, before going into the workhouse, and who, according to her account, was most anxious to be a Catholic, turned his back upon me and would not speak to me. Some of the others also, who the first time were civil enough, when I went again, would hardly speak to me or answer my questions.

So far as regards protecting the children from Protestant teaching: now for the facilities afforded for Catholic instruction.

The decision of the board upon this point was also given me by the superintendent. It was, that I might see the children from half-past two to four o'clock on Saturdays, and only then. It was in vain that I represented that I could not go at that time, and that another priest, who succeeded me, also objected to the hour as most inconvenient. The board have refused to alter it. It must be observed that Saturday is the half-holiday, and the children, I was told, are accustomed often to walk out on this day. One lesson a-week, and that rendered obnoxious by being taken out of their playtime, and fixed for an hour when the priest might often be prevented from coming, is what the board consider a sufficient allowance of Catholic instruction for Catholic children, and is all the opportunity we as yet have of counteracting the overwhelming influence of Protestantism by which they are surrounded. Whether catechisms and books will be allowed the children, I cannot say.

This, my dear Lord, is all that we have as yet been able to obtain under the existing law, and even this little has been obtained after various vain attempts for years past, and with much troublesome negotiation.

I remain, my dear Lord,  
Yours most faithfully and respectfully,  
EDWARD G. BAGSHAWE,  
Of the Oratory.

The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, etc., etc.

P.S.—It is to be added, that I have learned regarding the same schools, that some of the elder children, besides being insolent and unruly themselves, have begun to disturb the instructions which the Priest who succeeded me gives to one child who remains docile and obedient, and to dissuade her in every way from paying attention to them. This shows still more what sort of chance poor Catholic children have in such institutions.

E. G. B."

Surely such will not be the school which is meant to be "a visible and permanent memorial of the national generosity which has provided the means for its foundation," exclaims some benighted Protestant unversed in the tactics of those who prefer to see the rising generation indifferent to all religion, than adhering to Popery. We regret to say such is the model upon which these new schools are to be founded. Those appointed to report upon this subject, examined many persons, Protestant clergymen, &c., but did not think it judicious to ask the opinion of any Catholic priest or layman. Therefore it is, that we read the following, as the result of the deliberations of the Sub-Committee :—

"Your Committee also feel confident, that if the regulations upon the subject of religious teaching which have been enacted in 7 & 8 Vic. cap. 101, for district or Union schools, be adopted as a precedent and principle for the schools now contemplated by the Royal Commissioners, no real difficulty can arise from those differences of religious belief which the Commissioners, will, no doubt, feel, ought on every account to be scrupulously respected.

Your Committee therefore, recommend that the proposal of the Executive Committee, to found one school for 300 daughters, and one for 100 sons of soldiers, sailors, and marines, be adopted by the Commissioners."

Assuming for the present, that the management of these schools was perfectly impartial ; that teachers, inspectors, monitors, &c., were appointed in proportion to the respective numbers of the two religions ; that safeguards against any undue influence being exercised by the professors of one religion, on those of the other, were provided ; and that everything was done which could be done, to obviate any difficulties which might arise from differences of religious belief ; yet we do say, that the

allocation of so large a sum to these institutions, is not in accordance with that "even-handed justice," to administer which the Commissioners were associated, and for the administration of which the Commissioners now claim our grateful applause ; for the proportion which Fishbourne asserts to be the true one, but which is not so, is that which will guide the Commissioners in the apportionment of places. That will give to Catholics in the girls' school fifty places, and in the boys' school eighteen, making together sixty-eight places, which, supposing none but Irish Catholics were to apply, would leave a large number unprovided for in an educational point of view. There are 668 children of Irish soldiers ; of that number at least one half, or 334, are Catholics ; deducting then the 68 from 334, and there will remain 266. This will show the injustice of the arrangement, even taking the most favourable view of it.

But when we find that in those schools, in accordance with the regulations of which the new schools are to be governed, Proselytism of the grossest and most nefarious character, is openly and avowedly perpetrated ; when we see the rules laid down by Parliament, with the intention of obviating interference with religious opinions, perverted to the attainment of that very purpose they were framed to prevent ; when we observe the representations of the Catholic clergyman treated with such official nonchalance, and despite his remonstrances, the day appointed for him to instruct the members of his creed, that particular one in the seven, which is most inconvenient to him and most distasteful, for the reason furnished in Bagshawe's letter to his pupils ; when we find these things done by persons who have no wish to proselytize, no inducement to do so, and who decide those matters in pure ignorance of what they are doing, and on the supposition that any and every suggestion made by a Catholic priest, is only a new phase of the papal aggression, some new plots of the Jesuits against the Queen's crown and dignity, which they as loyal men are bound to protect ; when such a course is pursued by such persons, and when it results as Mr. Bagshawe has related, with what apprehension must we not regard the adoption of a principle and of rules, which when conducted even by men such as we have above referred to, have been productive of such disadvantage to the Catholics, by a body, many of whose members are enlisted in the glorious cause of Popish annihilation, whose subordinate officials have shewn such an antagon-

ism to Catholics, and whose secretary is so deeply interested in the developement of Scriptural religion in these countries. Even were we perfectly assured that the principle of the Union Schools would be carried out in its purity, yet would we object, and justly, to that system being adopted in any scheme of education in the benefits of which Catholics were allowed to participate.

The voluntary system, the maintenance of which, with regard to religious duties, is so highly commended, by Protestant divines, but the introduction of which, in the pecuniary arrangements of the Protestant Church, is so severely reprobated, is in our mind most destructive. Could such a system be carried on in literature, could any improvement be expected unless certain hours of the day were appointed for certain exercises, and how can it be expected that boys will be good and faithful Christians unless they be brought to practise the duties of Christians while still young. Train up a child in the way in which he should go, and when he is old he will not depart therefrom. Is it possible to conceive that great trouble and pains will be taken with the bodily health, great care taken with the cultivation of the mind, whilst the soul, that better part of man, that undying principle of our being, that will be allowed to be an unweeded garden, growing no seed, and things rank and gross in nature shall possess it merely. Can these things be possible? We had hoped not, but fear it is so; for in a rigmarole which presumed to be an answer to the Archbishop's letter on the Hibernian School, and which bore convincing testimony that the ligneous properties of all the "trees in the parade," one of which the writer assumed to be, had concentrated in the respondent's head, to the exclusion of every other quality, the whole work of the day is mapped out, from the rising in the morning to the retiring to rest at night, yet *not one minute of the day is devoted to God*, to acknowledge His supreme dominion and our total dependence; to thank Him for past favours and beg for future aid and protection. This is the military school to refer to which was considered irrelevant. It is quite true that the management of the Hibernian School is not attributable to the Patriotic Commissioners, but when we learn that they have resolved to establish schools of a certain character, and founded on a certain model, it becomes our duty to see how schools of a similar character, at present existing, work with regard to the Catholics. Now these were to be military schools—military schools fashioned after the district schools. It is to be presumed then

that they will be hybrids—something having some of the qualities of the Hibernian School and of the District Schools. Was it not fair, right and proper, and nothing but what was the bounden duty of the Archbishop, to expose the evils which have arisen, as a warning to Catholic parents not to trust their children within their walls? The result of establishing these new schools on the basis announced, will be, that unscrupulous Catholic parents will sacrifice their children, and really conscientious parents will be precluded from all the advantages to which nevertheless they are fully entitled. The Report says that there is a sum of money reserved for those who do not wish to send their children to either of the new schools. Now there are many Orphanages in this country, but we would particularly refer to the St. Vincent's Orphanage, for boys, which has gained a little notoriety from the fact that it harbours the poor little boy, Norris. As the *Commissioners* have been all through, and are still, but for Fishbourne's interference, most anxious to act in the most impartial manner, we would really recommend them to purchase in that St. Vincent's Orphanage—we will be satisfied with very little—say twenty-five places, and let them allocate £25,000 for that purpose, as they have in the case of the Wellington College, and they will secure for the children the blessings of a religious and moral training, and will thereby make some reparation for all the injuries and insults which have been heaped upon the Catholics of the Empire, by the intolerant prejudice of their subordinates.

Having now proved that in every material point, the "appendix" supports "Dr. Cullen's" statements, and contradicts the report, and having shown what is to be expected from schools founded under such auspices, from the manner in which schools similar to those about being erected are conducted, we shall ask this question, and then conclude with the closing remarks of the Archbishop.

This question is particularly addressed to Lord St. Leonards. Suppose a person convey by deed a large sum of money, say £1,000,000, to trustees in trust to distribute the amount amongst those described in the deed, "in the most impartial manner." A bill is filed to declare the trusts of the deed, and "an order of reference" made thereon. The master "reports" allotting to some of the claimants a perpetuity in the larger portion of the sum, and to the others, only a life interest in the remaining smaller portion. Would any Lord Chancellor that ever sat on the woolsack, dare to confirm that report? If he did, he



should not hold his office for one hour. Yet this the Commissioners have done in the allocation, and this Lord St. Leonards has confirmed by signing their report.

We shall now furnish the conclusion of the Archbishop's pamphlet, and in leaving this subject shall merely say that a more able document than his Grace's second letter, we have rarely, if ever, read.

"Probably the many defects and contradictions in the statements for which your Lordship has made yourself responsible, will not be a matter of surprise, when you shall have been made acquainted with the religious tendencies of some of the gentlemen on whose authority you have been led to rely.

From many statements in the Appendix to the Second Report, it is easy to infer that a close connexion exists between some of the officials of the Commissioners and the agents of proselytism in Ireland. Major Harris corresponds with M. A. Holden, of the proselytizing school at the Coombe, in this city, who, replying, writes to him as his "Dear Sir" (Appendix No. 35), and does not think it necessary to abstain from insulting language against Catholics, even in an official communication. Captain Fishbourne sufficiently indicates a bias in the same direction, by the selection he makes of schools for the children of a Catholic soldier, and by his connexion with the Reverend gentleman to whom their education is confided. Besides, in the Report of the Society for Irish Church Missions, of May 1, 1857, at page 4, we find the name of Captain Fishbourne among the subscribers. Now what is the object and character of this society, thus sanctioned by the name of the honorary secretary of the Commissioners? It is constituted for the purpose of what are called "Missions to the Roman Catholics." It has its staff of missionaries, lay and clerical; it holds controversial classes, and establishes controversial schools for the exclusive benefit of Catholics. The principal points of the teaching appear to be that the Pope is Antichrist—that the Pope is the man of sin—that Catholics are idolaters—that Catholics are taught to lie—that Catholics are taught to steal—that Catholics are taught to break faith. The grossness of its language in speaking of the Blessed Sacrament, and of Her whom all generations shall call blessed, is such, that I cannot do more than allude to it without defilement. Handbills containing these doctrines are thrust into our hands, or slipped under our doors; our churches are not safe from the agents of the Society, who consider it an exploit to leave a tract in the prayer books of the worshippers; our own houses do not always afford us sanctuary from the missionaries. Captain Fishbourne is responsible for every sentiment to which he lends the sanction of his name, and if he do not believe all this of Catholics, his responsibility is heavier yet as a bearer of false testimony. Yes, my Lord, the Catholic community does hold him responsible for every one of the disgraceful placards that flare upon the walls in the name of his society; for its handbills that are fluttered in our faces, and its advertisements that figure in the newspapers, exhausting the varieties

of indecency to create new varieties of insult. We must hold him responsible for them. Yet, in the whole range of Protestant officials, civil and military, one could not be found outside of this society to fill a position of such exceeding trust and honour as that now occupied by Captain Fishbourne.

Could we conceive a Catholic society at all resembling the society of which your secretary is a member; could we represent it to ourselves teaching the Protestant people of England to believe that her gracious Majesty as head of the Established Church, is the realization of types of abomination in the prophet Daniel and the Apocalypse; did it teach that Protestants esteem it no sin to lie, to steal, to worship idols; did it, in handbills and placards, apply to your religion and to its cherished and peculiar doctrines the foulest epithets the language can supply; did it speak from the platform or the pulpit in a similar strain; did the emissaries of this Catholic society dog your heels, ambush in your path, thrust papers into your hand, follow the Archbishop of Canterbury into his house, nay pursue him to the cathedral and insult his episcopal chair, as Captain Fishbourne's society has repeatedly done in Catholic churches in Ireland; I ask you, my Lord, would a member of that society be considered a proper secretary for a Commission such as yours, would the Protestant people of England put faith in its administration by him, and would they suffer the scandal to endure for an hour?

I have now done with the report. I have impeached it in its statements and its arguments. I have given a probable explanation of the cause of its defects and contradictions. If the Commissioners allow things to remain as they now are, if they refuse all endowments to Catholic institutions, if they refuse to give full and accurate returns of the children under their care, such as were required by the Duke of Norfolk, it must be admitted that they have not acted with the *utmost impartiality*, as they were required to do by her Majesty, and the doubts regarding their proceedings will be confirmed, and public suspicion increased. It concerns the honour of this great empire, and above all, it concerns the interest of the military service, that the fullest light should be thrown upon this controversy, and that proofs of the most perfect impartiality should be given. The Irish love the military service, and very much of its glory is due to them; but they love their religion more, as centuries of persecution testify. The Catholic soldier will not fail to inquire: "Is our's the service of a gracious Queen and of a grateful country? or is it a kind of Moloch to which we must sacrifice the souls of our children? Must the very bounty of my country," will he say, "become my torment and my loss? Shall it be, that almost before my remains are cold, the minister of a hostile religion will be allowed to buy up my children from their mother, and teach them that their father was a perjurer, a thief, and a liar by profession? Must the weakness, the poverty, the vice, or the ignorance of my widow be watched and turned to account? Will her eagerness, perhaps, to contract new obligations, and relieve herself from the charge of my orphans, be improved to the advantage of the soul-merchant? and should my children escape the dangers that beset their infancy, is the spirit of our military schools to be maintained so adverse to Catholic faith that their ultimate safety is hardly possible?" Trust me, my Lord, it will not do to meet all this with the case in the Queen's Bench.

The Catholic soldier will plead the original compact between the country and himself—that compact, than which there is none more holy between man and man—that compact, in virtue of which the country for whom the father of a family gives up his life, becomes exactly such a mother to his children as he should have been a father. The law of this compact, my Lord, is the offspring neither of statute nor of custom. It was not enacted by the Queen, although it is embodied in her Commission; it was passed without the consent or authority of parliament. “*Est hæc non scripta sed nata lex, ad quam non docti sed facti, non instituti sed imbuti sumus; quam non didicimus, accepimus, legimus; verum etiam ex ipsâ naturâ arripuimus, hausimus, expressimus.*”

My Lord, notwithstanding the hands and seals that authenticate the Report before me, I refuse to hold the Commissioners, and principally your Lordship, responsible for all that it contains. The aggregate of honour for which those signatures stand, and the great learning represented by one of them, give an air of paradox to their appearance at the foot of such a document. I do not presume to suggest an explanation, unless, perhaps, easy faith and a misplaced confidence may account for its adoption. But I hope to see her Majesty's Commissioners as forward as others in the work of reparation and amends. Catholics seek no triumph—their humble ambition is limited to safety; they ask nothing better than to be dealt with according to military honour and commercial honesty; but not the honour of army contractors, nor the honesty of the Royal British Bank. Undo the injurious ligatures that ignorant or malicious hands have knotted upon this or that member of the body politic, and suffer the charity of the nation to flow through all her arteries. It is no profit to gorge one by the depletion of another. If an impartial distribution of the surplus funds be decided on, if the children of Catholic soldiers now detained in Protestant schools be placed under Catholic care, if all the information asked for by His Grace the Duke of Norfolk be granted, if it be made plain to the comprehension of the Catholic soldier, that he has rights in fact as well as upon paper, and that no man, lay or clerical, shall be suffered to encroach upon their sacredness, then will the bad effects of this Report be corrected; but unless that be done promptly, broadly, and intelligibly, it will have to be said, that never did there issue from any department of the state a paper more hurtful to the best interests of the country and of the military service, than the document upon which it has been my duty to address your Lordship.”

Comment on the above passage would be useless. We have now done. We have shewn the injustice done to the Catholic body, in placing their representatives in such a small minority. We have stated the result of having such a Secretary in the cases to which we have referred. We have only to add, that we regret the existence of any necessity for complaints, but we regret still more the disingenuous and untruthful manner in which those complaints have been met. But that disingenuousness has been its own punishment, as by means of those documents which necessity compelled them to produce, we have been able to detect the absence of those they have suppressed.

ART. XI.—A LETTER TO THE EDITOR ON THE  
DERBY LEGAL APPOINTMENTS IN IRELAND.

*Four Courts' Library, June 24th, 1858.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You and I have often talked over that faculty of the poetic mind, which very frequently makes the poet appear the prophet. Of modern poets, Goethe, perhaps, develops most clearly this faculty. How the soul of the reader reels, as it were, before the flashes of that intellect, which, long years ago, in his quiet home at Weimar, could thus word-paint the Derby appointments in Ireland—

“ Das Unbeschreibliche  
Hier ist gethan ! ”

Could anything be more perfect ? at Last the Indescribable is Realized, or, has Realized Itself.

From the day on which Lord Eglinton quitted the jetty of Kingstown, at the close of his former viceroyalty, to that which again brought him to our shore, the people of Ireland had read little in the Conservative and Orange newspapers, but dispraise of those in office, and emphatic descriptions of all the wonderful things to be accomplished as soon as that conglomeration of genius, ability, learning, eloquence, and Orange Protestantism, a Tory administration, should have once again obtained its proper position—office, and ascendancy.

Then we should behold learning on the Bench ; then we should be overwhelmed and astonished by eloquence at the Bar ; then we should be dazzled by the splendour of a vice-regal court, rivalling, if not surpassing, that of St. James's—gorgeous dresses, family jewels, which it would be sacrilege to show at Carlisle's Drawing Rooms, lovely women, the ladies, pur sang, coming up from their country places, where they had vegetated during the usurpation of the Whigs ! And thus we dreamed of a life of joy, and thought of the bright days in store for Ireland, and extatic stuff gownsmen who read Tennyson in place of Pitt Taylor, were heard to mutter, as they fondly gazed at the Castle—

“ We drank the Lybian Sun to sleep, and lit  
Lamps which outburn'd Canopus. Oh ! my life  
In Egypt ! O ! the dalliance and the wit,  
The flattery and the strife.”

But there were graver matters than these latter. Papas had long looked for the time when once again they could eat the vice-regal dinner free from the company of a Whig, and secure from the contagion of Popery, to which they were exposed in dining with Lord Carlisle's guests. The Poor-houses wanted looking after; nuns were actually admitted to attend Catholic paupers; the elected guardians were becoming troublesome, and were nominating Catholic officers; the elective franchise, founded on poor law valuations, was going to destruction,—more ex-officios could alone make matters secure. This was an awful state of things; down with the Whigs! out with them! a nest of brainless destroyers, minions of the Pope, and satellites of Paul Cullen, out with them, Toryism for ever, down with Ultramontanism, civil and religious liberty all over the world, founded on sound Protestant principles!

Well, the wished for moment arrived. "Me and the Queen," said Mr. Smith, the lessee of the Drury-lane Theatre, to the electors of Bridport, "had a difference, and I wouldn't give in to her;" so it was with Lord Palmerston, he and the House had a difference, he would not give in, and therefore he went out. Loud was the joy; *The Evening Mail* was in ecstasies, *The Warder* was in pious convulsions, in a state, like *Judy M' Cann*, of "Wind and devotion;" *The Saunders* went as near writing something original as possible; several quires of drafting paper were sold by the Librarian of the Courts, and in snug quiet corners of this library might be seen, writing with a more than Alexander Dumas power of speed, the herd of briefless, brainless waiters upon Providence and Faction, those, as Macaulay describes the species, "venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient ability to clothe the thoughts of a pander in the style of a bell-man," who toady Napier, and flatter Whiteside, in that burlesque of *The London Standard*, *The Daily Express*.

And what did it all come to at last? Where was the administrative talent? Naas for the chief secretary! The "Fat Boy" of the Carleton sent to regulate the affairs of Ireland! "What," writes the correspondent of *The Liverpool Albion*, "is the use of a chief secretary? It is astonishing how the question can be asked with Naas to the fore. What *can* be the functions a capacity like his is adequate to the efficient discharge of? He

looks like the winner of a first-class medal in Barnum's prize Baby show, a Titanic infant, rubbed, scrubbed, combed polished, and spread out on the hearth-rug to play with the cat and a lollypop, for the admiration of surrounding maternities and nursery maids. And he is in every respect worthy of his looks. Yet is he deemed a rising statesman. Happy state that shall have him when he is fully risen ! When that blessed hour comes there will be no need to trouble ourselves about the millennium,"—and I add, unhappy the country which has him, and his herd of hungry, grasping followers quartered upon it.

But who was to be Attorney General, who Solicitor General? Something resplendent was expected in their appointments. There was that grand galaxy of learning and eloquence, of which Ireland had heard so much, to be selected from ; and after delays without number, after disappointments and false reports, distracting to all, the whole difficulty of selection was solved—Oh ! shade of Curran, of Plunket, of Bushe, of O'Connell, of Sheil !—in the ignorance, the factiousness, "the wrath and cabbage" bluster of Whiteside ; in the sound sense and respectable Northern stolidity of Hayes !

But there must be a Chancellor. Who shall be Chancellor? Who can tell? Is there not all the resplendent Tory bar open for selection? So it was open, all open, with its brilliant intellects, its towering reputations, its perfection of all qualities mental and physical, and yet the Court of Chancery was turned into an auxiliary ward of the Hospital for Incurables, by the appointment to the Chancellorship of the godly but afflicted, the pious but fanatic, the moderately learned, but incurably and notoriously deaf, Joseph Napier. I object to this appointment on public and on private grounds. On public grounds, because it places in the Court of Chancery a man who was never an equity lawyer of any standing. I object to it on private grounds because, my voice being naturally weak, I cannot make the Chancellor hear me, even with the assistance of that reputed acoustic chair ; and I object further to the appointment as the principles of acoustics are not laid down as part of the Chancery rules or orders ; perhaps, however, Mr. Blackham may print them from Lardner in his forthcoming *Chancery Practice*.

Have you ever, my dear friend, fancied what glorious scenes of fun we shall have in the Courts as soon as, his

relative and register being provided for through the Consolidated Nisi Prius court, the chief justice shall be induced to retire? Fancy the Right Hon. James bellowing, as is his style, in the Queens' Bench, as chief justice *at the bar*; and Francis Fitzgerald, and Mr. Brewster roaring, as they will be forced to do, in the Court of Chancery, at the Right Hon. Joseph *on the bench*. Fancy Macdonough, and Armstrong, and O'Hagan, and John Thomas Ball, and David Lynch, and Sullivan, taking their LAW from James Whiteside. It will be the most laughable thing in the world, and will recall the gay days when Dan and Chief Baron O'Grady used to make the Exchequer better value than Hawkins-street: or when, later, Doherty kept his court (no his audience) in roars at his mixture of wit concealing his want of law, and with a drollery sufficient to make the fortunes of half-a-dozen comedians. Thus between the man who has some law, could he hear the facts to which it is to be applied, and the man who has no law to apply to the cases which he can hear, the Queen's Bench and Court of Chancery in Ireland will present, in due time, objects of the most intense interest to a genuine Pantagrueist, as they will remind him continually of that famous third book treating of the sayings and doings of the good Pantagrue, and of those immortal lawyers and judges, *Goatsnose* who was deaf, and that voluble *Bridle-goose*, who was ignorant and insolent: and when justice Bridle-goose, we beg pardon, Chief Justice, that is to be, Whiteside, shall be set before us as having often carried Judges with him when at the bar by the aid of his juniors; and when he shall as judge, have decided cases with the help of his *puissnès*, what can we say but that Rabelais was right when, referring to the decisions of *Bridle-goose* he makes Pantagrue say, "In good sooth, such a perpetuity of good luck is to be wondered at. To have hit right twice or thrice in a judgment so given by hap-hazard might have fallen out well enough, especially in controversies that were ambiguous, intricate, abstruse, perplexed, and obscure."

But it will be said, Whiteside is a legislator, a great reformer of our law as administered in Ireland. This, my dear friend, I deny. I know that with the help of English acts of Parliament, and through the aid of Mr. William Dwyer Ferguson, Mr. Whiteside has introduced some legal alterations; but if I called a monkey Romilly, or if I nick-

named an ape Brougham, would these names make either monkey or ape a Samuel Romilly or a Harry Brougham, even though I should be able to make them Attorney Generals or Chief Justices, or Chancellors.

There was a time when a judgeship, or any other high legal office, was the right of a great lawyer; of one who had worked through the hard, stern, iron realities of his profession. In those old days men felt the full force of that grand truth proclaimed by Terrasson in his eulogy on D'Aguesseau,—“Quand la vertu sort victorieuse de tels combats, elle n'a besoin d'autres épreuves; il ne lui faut que des couronnes. Celle qui est due à tant de travaux, ne s'est pas fait attendre long-temps.” Now the great legal posts are the rewards of faction, the marks of gratitude for unscrupulous support; and I am firmly convinced that if any man were now living, who combined in himself all the learning of Coke, all the ability of Blackstone, all the scholarship of Mansfield, all the practical knowledge of Chitty, and all the powers of advocacy of Erskine, of Brougham, of Scarlett, of Thesiger and of O'Connell, JAMES WHITESIDE would be secure of any legal position before such man, even though he were of the faction, but out of Parliament!

Having secured the services of Napier, Whiteside, Hayes and Co., it became necessary to inflict silk gowns on the bar, and accordingly various names were set floating about the Courts. At last it was evident that “a fell,” a very “fell swoop” upon the value of the silk gown, was about to be made by the man of all others who should uphold its worth and dignity, by the Chancellor, by that high-minded, exemplary, most pious and most God-fearing man, Joseph Napier.

Having, like *Geoffrey Wildgoose*, in *The Spiritual Quixote*, “wrestled with the Lord in prayer,” he resolved to call no less than twelve of the outer to the inner bar; and these following were the names given to the public:—Charles Andrews, Edward Burroughs, Hedges Eyre Chatterton, William C. Dobbs, M. P., Thomas Rice Henn, William C. Henderson, Charles Kelly, Alexander Norman, Henry Ormsby, Edward Pennefather, Edward Sullivan, and Robert R. Warren. Admitting that every one of these gentlemen was fully entitled to a silk gown, but in fact Sullivan, Chatterton and Norman, were the only men of the number entitled to it, and they were fully entitled to it, from business, does it not strike any Irish lawyer as disgraceful to Chancellor Napier that



he should of himself, or through the instigation of others, call eleven men, all of one religion, and pretty much of one political creed, in one day to the inner bar.

To be sure Mr. Charles Kelly, a Catholic, was called, and made up the dozen. Mr. Charles Kelly is a very respectable gentleman, a man who does not depend for support upon his profession, a member of the Kildare-street club, and therefore will never degrade his gown, and will always keep his wig as white, and his silk as glossy as they look this moment, whilst he sits before us shining, glistening, and rustling, fresh from the hands of his Four Courts' dressing room; but I believe there is not a Catholic in Ireland who will regard Mr. Kelly's call as an acknowledgement of any principle of selection, or as shewing any desire in the Chancellor to recognize the Liberal Bar.

But, it has been said, and I hear, by Chancellor Napier,—“Brady promoted every man upon the Liberal side who should have been promoted, and a good many who should not have received the silk gown were called to the Inner Bar.” As this topic has been very frequently pressed by the newspapers believed to be under the inspiration, or dictation of the Chancellor, and of the Attorney-General, it is right that it should be noticed at some length; and the following article from *The Dublin Evening Post* of Thursday, May 27th, supplies an answer to the most important portion of the objections:—

“QUEEN'S COUNSEL—‘PERSONAL AND FAMILY NEPOTISM.’

The *Daily Express*—the organ of Messrs. NAPIER and WHITESIDE—availing itself of the convenient testimony of what it designates ‘a paper of ultra-Liberal politics’—a species of evidence ready on all occasions for the sustenance of the intolerant party now in office—lauds the present Lord Chancellor as a model judge, and thus concludes, referring to the new batch of Queen's Counsel:—

We agree with our contemporary, that ‘the rule of legal promotion amongst us has hitherto notoriously been that of political partisanship or personal and family nepotism,’ and it is impossible that the Lord Chancellor can speedily make full reparation for the injurious operation of such a rule, extending over a period of six or seven years; but in the list of names which we have published the Chancellor

gives an earnest of his desire to yield to the voice of the public and the profession, and to promote real merit, irrespective of party or politics.'

We shall show, by-and-by, that the less said the better, in this case, about 'real merit irrespective of party or politics,' so far as a portion of the names in the new list is concerned.

Considering the close relations between the Lord Chancellor and the *Daily Express*, and giving credit to his Lordship for good sense and feelings of common courtesy, we think he could scarcely have sanctioned the publication of so wanton, so imprudent, and so utterly groundless an attack upon his immediate predecessor in the distinguished office which he had the rare good fortune so lately to obtain. We shall show, by dates, names, and facts, that never was there a more untrue charge than that hazarded against the late Chancellor, Mr. Maziere Brady; and, furthermore, we shall show that the imputation so wrongly directed against him can, with much more warrant of truth, be applied to Mr. Napier himself.

Mr. Brady first held the Irish Seals from 1846 to 1852, and during that period the following members of the Bar were called as Queen's Counsel :—

Richard J. Lane	..	...	Feb. 15, 1847.
Daniel Ryan Kane	..	...	Feb. 15, 1847.
Thomas Fitzgerald	..	...	Feb. 15, 1847.
Christopher Coppinger		...	Feb. 15, 1847.
Henry Hutton	...	...	Feb. 7, 1849.
Robert Andrews, LL.D.		...	Feb. 7, 1849.
James A. Wall	...	...	Feb. 7, 1849.
James Plunkett	...	...	Feb. 7, 1849.
Walter Bourke	...	...	Feb. 7, 1849.
Francis A. Fitzgerald		...	Feb. 7, 1849.
Henry H. Joy	...	...	Feb. 13, 1849.
Vincent Scully	...	...	Feb. 13, 1849.
Charles Rolleston	...	...	Feb. 13, 1849.
David Lynch	...	...	Feb. 13, 1849.
Rickard Deasy	...	...	Feb. 13, 1849.
Thomas O'Hagan	...	...	Feb. 13, 1849.
John G. Smyly	...	...	May, 23, 1850.

Thus, from 1846 to 1852—a period of fully six years—

Mr. Maziere Brady had nominated but seventeen members of the Bar as Queen's Counsel. Does the list of those seventeen names exhibit any evidence or even indication of that 'political partisanship or personal and family nepotism' with which he has been so unjustly accused by the organ of his successor? Does that list manifest any tendency on his part to reject 'real merit, irrespective of party or politics?' The direct contrary will be admitted even by his most strenuous political opponents; for he selected men of standing and established reputation, most of whom occupy a high position at the profession, and several of whom are leaders in Dublin, and upon their circuits.

Mr. Brady again held the Irish Seals from 1853 to 1858—upwards of five years—during which the following gentlemen were called to the Inner Bar:—

John Thomas Ball	...	January 28, 1854.
Richard Armstrong	...	January 28, 1854.
Loftus H. Bland	...	January 28, 1854.
James Rogers	...	May 1, 1855.
F. W. Walsh, LL.D.	....	May 1, 1855.
Thomas De Moleyns	...	July 3, 1855.
Joshua Clarke	...	July 3, 1855.
David Sherlock	...	July 3, 1855.
John E. Walsh	...	January 29, 1857.
James A. Lawson	...	January 29, 1857.
William Darley, LL.D.	...	November, 1857.
James Peebles, LL.D.	...	November, 1857.

Is there, we ask, a single name in the list to which any man at all acquainted with the Bar could object, upon professional or any other ground? In eleven years and a half Mr. MAZIERE BRADY had nominated twenty-nine Queen's Counsel. The entire of the names we have now placed before the public. With the exception of a few who have left the Bar for Parliament, or other causes, or been removed by death, those gentlemen are now engaged in the duties of the profession—most of them occupying the highest positions, and enjoying the rewards of complete success. It is a list upon which the late Chancellor may look back with pride, as containing evidences of the strict impartiality and sound judgment which had dictated his selections. The majority are Conservatives; but Liberals

and Roman Catholics, speaking by comparison with other lists, obtained their fair proportion. Amongst the Conservatives on the list are some of the most distinguished men now at the Bar ; and amongst the Liberal Protestants and Roman Catholics are names which the public will at once recognise as those of eminent and most successful men. Yet those are names upon which a stigma has been cast by the organ of Chancellor Napier !

In simple truth, it would be impossible to produce a list more completely free from 'political partisanship, or personal and family nepotism,' or one in which there was a more careful consideration for 'real merit, irrespective of party or politics.'

However, as the organ of Chancellor Napier has forced upon us the duty of comparison, we shall again turn to *Thom's Directory*, for lists of Queen's Counsel nominated by two conservative Chancellors—Mr. Blackburne and Mr. Napier. In 1852, Chancellor Blackburne called the following *sixteen* gentlemen to the Inner Bar, all in one batch. A single date, November 9, 1852, will, therefore, answer the entire :—

G. W. Creighton,	Henry West,
Hans H. Hamilton,	Robert Longfield,
Echlin Molyneux,	Sterne Ball Miller,
Edmond Hayes,	W. W. Brereton,
Bartholomew Lloyd, LL.D.,	Hamilton Smythe,
R. J. Berkeley,	James Robinson,
T. Lefroy, jun.,	Patrick Blake,
John H. Otway,	Sir Colman M. O'Loghlen.

We have no intention of offering a single remark upon any individual name in this list, nor is it necessary that we should make any invidious objection. Most of the names are those of highly respectable members of the Bar ; but, as a whole, it certainly is not more free from the unworthy imputation of the *Daily Express* than the appointments of Chancellor Brady. We shall not go further ; for we would not select any individual name for commentary.

And now we come to the list of Queen's Counsel just called by Chancellor Napier, twelve all in one batch :—

Robert R. Warren,	William C. Dobbs, M.P.,
Thomas Rice Henn,	Edward Pennefather,

Hedges Eyre Chatterton,  
Edward Sullivan,  
Alexander Norman,  
William C. Henderson,

Charles Andrews,  
Charles Kelly,  
Edward Burroughs,  
Henry Ormsby.

Neither shall we offer any individual comment on this list. We shall not imitate the evil we condemn on the part of a contemporary journal. But, with all respect for the gentlemen in the preceding list, and allowing that several of them are rising men in good business, we say unhesitatingly, and we are certain that the sound opinion of the Irish Bar will go with us, that this list of Chancellor Napier, as a whole, cannot stand comparison with the lists we have given of the appointments of Chancellor Brady. We need scarcely say that the list of the present Chancellor presents characteristics quite peculiar to itself; for, in the main, it is very exclusive and partisan. Most of the names are professionally unobjectionable, and some are rising and successful men; but in others the Napier list, as every man acquainted with the Bar must know, is really open to the charge made by the Napier organ, on the ground of 'political partisanship, or personal and *family* nepotism.' The 'Family Party' are duly considered; and the list is also open to the imputation of *not* including 'real merit, irrespective of party or politics;' for members of the Bar on the respective Circuits are passed over—we need only mention Mr. Samuel Ferguson, Mr. T. K. Lowry, and Mr. James Kernan, on the North-East; Mr. Dominick M'Causland, on the North-West; Mr. T. Harris and Mr. Edmond Lawless on the Leinster; Mr. W. Sidney, on the Connaught; and Mr. C. Barry, on the Munster Circuit, as names that the profession and the public will at once recognise as much better qualified for the Inner Bar than *some* of the names included in the list of Lord Chancellor Napier.

We learn from *Saunders's News-Letter* of this morning that silk gowns were offered to Mr. Charles Shaw, of the Leinster Circuit, and Mr. William Exham, of the Munster Circuit, but that both declined. We commend their good taste and judgment in waiting for a future opportunity when their legitimate claims can be recognised, in a list more free from political partisanship, and in which 'real merit' alone shall be the test.

As regards the lists we have given, the results may thus be stated :—

Mr. Brady nominated *twenty-nine* Queen's Counsel in *eleven and a-half* years.

Mr. Blackburne nominated *sixteen* in *ten months*.

Mr. Napier nominated *twelve* in less than *three months*, and two others refused to accept the proffered honor! His Lordship sent it a-begging amongst the Tory Bar.

Of the twenty-nine nominated by Mr. Brady there were—

Liberals	..	..	..	13
Conservatives	..	..	..	16

The *Daily Express* has also forced upon us the necessity of particularising religion. Of Mr. Brady's appointments there were—members of the Established Church and Dissenters, 20; Roman Catholics, 9.

In Mr. Napier's list all but one, or two at most, are Conservatives. One Roman Catholic—a man of high professional position, Mr. Charles Kelly, has been put in, for two reasons—first, to counteract the manifest 'family nepotism and political partisanship' in some names, to which we have referred; and secondly, by the admission of a *single Catholic*, to delude the Catholic public into the notion that the policy of rigid exclusion is not extended to honorary distinctions at the Bar as well as to *all* official appointments in the public departments."

That Chancellor Brady appointed his sons and relatives to certain offices in his patronage no one will deny; but he acted in this case as all Chancellors in England and Ireland of whom I have ever heard. And surely the men appointed by Chancellor Brady were as competent, at least as competent, to discharge the duties of their offices faithfully and honestly to the crown and to the suitor as the Praise God Barebones members of the Oratorical Society, and other serious, but Orange flavored, individuals with whom Chancellor Napier has, with such indecent precipitation, crammed his court.

But what can be thought of this man who has been so constant a talker about the dignity of the Bar, and the nobleness of the profession. He knows that the silk gown is the legitimate ambition of every lawyer; he knows that from the hour when, with weary feet and longing heart, the

junior begins to wear out the flags in the Hall of the Four Courts, to that hour when he has worked his way to a lead amongst the Outer Bar, the obtaining the silk gown, by merit, honest merit, is the dearest wish of every man worthy of the name of Barrister. No man knows this better than Chancellor Napier, and yet the first act of his Chancellorship is a call to the Inner Bar of a mob. Surely the fact that two or three men of ability or standing were amongst this "ruck" cannot save Joseph Napier from the imputation of having done, for faction and party, more to degrade the Bar, to lessen the value of the honor that used to belong to the rank of Queen's Counsel, than any man who ever held the Seals in Ireland. Truly the public may now exclaim with Samuel Lover,—

"Of modern Queen's Counsel this truth may be said,  
They have silk on the back, but stuff in the head."

It was not thus that Plunket acted. He had resolved to call two gentlemen of undoubted ability to the Inner Bar; it was pressed upon him, urged with force from powerful quarters, that he should call others of whom he did not approve, whose learning and standing at the Bar he did not consider sufficient to entitle them to the call; and Plunket who had in other times defied the minister in defending Irish independence, refused to lessen the dignity of that last remaining monument of her glory, the Bar. He would, he said, if the Castle insisted on this mobbish call, refuse to call any. He would have "*la noblesse da la robe*" or nothing; he would have the Bar, being Chancellor, as it was when he was Barrister,—when men were proud of their profession; when it was, as Sir William Jones wrote, "the only road to the highest stations in the country," when the gown of the lawyer was as honorable as the ribbon of the peer, when the profession of the Irish Barrister was, as D'Augesseau said of that of the Advocate in France—"nobility without title, rank without birth, and riches without an estate."

But Joseph Napier is not Plunket; he is beset by greedy partizans; he is said to be but the puppet of his blustering relative, the Attorney-General, who cares as little for the dignity of the Bar, as he cares for common sense or reason, when, in his wind-bag speeches on Ireland, he murders facts and mangles truth. These are the men whose literary Swiss slander the official character of Chancellor Brady,

every year of whose public and private life was marked by deeds that gained for him the esteem and regard of his fellow citizens ; who knew nothing of factions, who considered not what might be the religion or the politics of the man to be appointed, but only, and merely his fitness ; who never endeavoured to mobilize the Inner Bar, and who will be remembered as a good lawyer, as an able judge, as an honest Irishman, long after Joseph Napier and James Whiteside shall have passed from pensioned oblivion to the oblivion of the grave. Or should their memories live in the traditions of the Courts, lawyers who are now young, can tell in after years, how James Whiteside and Joseph Napier, who, when out of office, were always prating of political virtue, who then soared above all others in talk, yet when in office, sunk below all others in deed : who out of office, floated away, cloudward, upon the wings of declamation, and sunk down grovelling, when in office, battenning upon the very corruption of a decaying faction.

Whilst writing, in the former part of this letter, of the indecent nepotism displayed in the shameless appointments made by the Chancellor and the Attorney-General, I had not before me the following paragraph from a London correspondent, which shows the appointments to be still more glaring in all those particulars calculated to excite disgust and contempt. He writes :—" According to the statements of the Irish place-hunters (who are now as plenty as blackberries in the lobbies of the House of Commons and about public offices here), two other Judges are likely to avail themselves of their great age, and right of superannuation, to retire, causing vacancies in the Queen's Bench and Exchequer. Mr. Whiteside, it is said, has made up his mind not to accept a puisne judgeship, as his ambition is directed to the chief seat in the Queen's Bench. These expected vacancies would cause several changes and promotions, in which both the present Attorney-General and the Solicitor, Mr. Hayes, would be *benched*. A grand object with the Napier-Whiteside division is to force up Mr. James Robinson, the present law adviser, into the Attorney-Generalship. There are at least a dozen claimants in the field, all considering themselves far better qualified to become Law Officers of the Crown ; and some of them have consi-



derable interest amongst the Parliamentary supporters of Government; but Mr. George, late member for Wexford county, and Mr. Miller, member for Armagh, seem to hold the best position in the running—that is to say if the Napier-Whiteside party fail in getting up Mr. Robinson into the Attorney-Generalship. If what is designated the 'Family Party' succeed, either Mr. Miller or Mr. George would have a fair chance of the Solicitor-Generalship.

"But other arrangements, connected with the wholesale and reckless jobbing said to be in preparation, are bruited here. It is said that Mr. Long and Mr. Yelverton O'Keeffe, Registers in the Irish Court of Chancery, are to retire—that Mr. Robinson, brother of the Law Adviser, and a cousin of the Lord Chancellor and the Attorney-General, who had been a solicitor of some eminence before he became proprietor of the *Daily Express* government organ, is to obtain one of those Registerships, with £1,200 a-year; but there are other candidates, some of whom, including an Irish Queen's Counsel, are pressing their claims here with remarkable energy and apparent success."

I see one friend of the family connected with the *Daily Express* is not mentioned here. What is to become of Mr. Porter of that office; his ability as a cash-keeper was fully proved in the employment of the "Trustees for Bettering the Condition of the Irish Poor," why not prevail on Starkey to retire, and put Porter in for the Accountant-Generalship of the Court of Chancery.

Mr. Robinson, attorney and newspaper proprietor, or as some will have it, the partner of his relatives, the Chancellor and Attorney-General, is provided for; William Dwyer Ferguson, who was act-of-parliament grinder for "the Brummagem," as Cobbet would call him, law reformer, the Attorney-General, is secure, and Mr. James Robinson, being Castle Adviser, is, should all be made safe by the shelving of Baron Pennefather, and the peerage of the Chief Justice, certain of a good thing.

But what claims has Mr. James Robinson, extra the fact that he is the Attorney-General's relative, and brother of *Daily Express* Robinson? I know of none. He was in fair business, on *Circuit*, and was chiefly known in Dublin as having evinced the grasping, grabbing spirit of the whole family, by throwing up his prosecutors, because Justice Keogh, when Attorney-General, required him to

attend to crown cases alone, and for which he was very well paid.

Thus the whole family are provided for, or soon will be comfortably quartered upon the revenues of the country. With a generosity, and a family affection which would be quite touching, were they not exercised at the cost of the public, and in a manner reminding us of that patriot who "built this bridge at the expense of the county," the Chancellor and the Attorney-General have proved how true was that thought expressed in the old Roman proverb, "*Ex alieno tergo lata secantur.*"

To be sure there was one appointment out of the family, that of Mr. Brereton, to the Assistant Barristership of the County Kerry; and if the appointment is to be considered as one representing the learning, the ability, and the polished elegance of the great Conservative Bar of Ireland, I certainly shall not object to it, not being a member of that body; and I presume anything was considered good enough for the county of lakes and mountains. Besides, this appointment winds up fitly that list of nominations, evincing nothing but "political partizanship, or personal and family nepotism;" and which does not include, in any case, "real merit, irrespective of party or politics."

Surely it is a fit ending to a roll of appointments, proving that what was once the great Conservative party in Ireland has dwindled into a talentless, place-grasping, wretched rump of the old Orange faction. Knowing how uncertain, even in its briefness, must be their possession of office, seeing that the Cabinet exists but on sufferance, and through the temporary disorganization of the Liberal party, and seeing that higher adventures in England are throwing off all reserve in taking, or making appointments, the lesser adventurers here in Ireland are becoming equally bold, equally shameless, and equally greedy in making, taking, and accepting place. Fitness, merit, propriety of selection are all forgotten, and we live in the epoch of the Dunciad of the Irish Bar, in an age of "brazen, brainless" nepotism, the era of Napier and Whiteside.—Alas poor Conservative Bar! what has it come to? To a Zenith in Whiteside—a Nadir in Brereton!

Were it not for the peril to the Bar, I should be glad that these men have come into office. We shall now hear no more of the grand Conservative Bar of Ireland, and we

shall hear no more of Whig corruption. Compare the Whig appointments with those of Blackburne and Napier, and who can deny that bigotry and faction were, in these instances, much more frequently than fitness, the sources of the call to the Inner Bar. All men now know that in genius, in learning, and in powers of advocacy, the Liberal Bar is richer than the Conservative, and its members having, in most cases, neither relatives nor friends upon the Bench, obtain the honors of the profession by work, by proved ability, and by stern self-reliance; not by nepotism, or through a brazen, dishonest, factious partizanship.

When I look back now, upon the events of the past six months, it astounds me to remember how absurdly people used to talk about the Conservative Bar. How its reputation has dwindled away to nothing—to James Whiteside and Joseph Napier!

Oh! Dogberry, Oh! Verges, Oh! Bridlegoose, Oh! Goatsnose, Oh! Midas, (of Kane O'Hara), Oh! Justice Shallow, Oh! all ye spirits of Judges, who have "set the table in a roar," ye gather around me as I write, and lo! ye fade away, resolving yourselves into the embodiment of Joseph Napier and James Whiteside—and as the Chancellor stands before me,—

"——Mr. Napier,

With his hand on his ear;"

as the Attorney-General sways, and rocks, and mouths and shouts, as is his custom, I cry, in terror and admiration of Goethe's "prophetic soul,"

"DAS UNBESCHREIBLICHE  
HIER IST GETHAN!"

At last the INDESCRIBABLE is realized.

Yours, my dear friend, most truly,

AN APPRENTICE OF THE LAW.

THE  
IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. XXXI.—OCTOBER, 1858.

ART. I.—ODD PHASES IN LITERATURE.

SEVENTH PAPER.\*

1. *Analectabiblion, ou Extraits Critiques de Divers Livres Rares, Oubliés ou Peu Connus.* Tirés du Cabinet du Marquis D. R \* \* \* 2 Tomes. Paris : Techener, 1836.
2. *A Collection of Old English Customs and Curious Bequests and Charities, extracted from the Reports made by the Commissioners for Enquiring into Charities in England and Wales.* By H. Edwards. London : Nichols and Son, 1842.

ODD AND SINGULAR TASTES.—Several illustrious men have evinced a marked predilection for certain days in the year. We know that Napoleon felt such a disposition for the 20th of March.

“Charles V.,” said Brantôme, “was particularly fond of the festival of St. Matthias (24th of February), and sanctified it beyond all other days, because on that day he was elected Emperor, on that day crowned, and on that day also he took King Francis prisoner, not himself but through his lieutenants.”

Brantôme adds, also, that the Emperor was born on the feast of St. Matthias (24th February, 1500), that on the same day, in 1527, his brother Ferdinand was elected King of Bohemia, and that, on the 24th of February, 1556, he abdicated the empire.

The 1st of January was to Francis I. what the 24th of February was to Charles V. Born on the 1st of January, it was on the 1st of January that this prince lost his father, that he became king, on which his daughter was married, and that on which Charles V. made his entry into Paris.

Sixtus V., born on a Wednesday (13th of December, 1521), made his profession as a Franciscan friar on a Wednesday, was promised a Cardinalship on a Wednesday, was elected Pope on a Wednesday, and exalted to the dignity the following Wednesday.

\* For the other Papers of this Series see IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol. VI., No. 23, p. 439; No. 24, p. 647; Vol. VII., No. 25, p. 1; No. 26, p. 267; No. 27, p. 629; Vol. VIII., No. 29, p. 1.

Louis XIII., some hours before his death (Thursday 14th of May, 1643), called his physicians and asked them if they thought he could live until the next day, saying that Friday had always been to him a fortunate day, that he had on that day engaged in enterprises which were uniformly successful, that he had ever gained battles on that day, that having always considered it his happiest day, he wished he might die on it.

"Augustus," according to Suetonius, "had a senseless fear of thunder and lightning, and it is believed protected himself from this danger by always carrying about him the skin of a sea-calf. When a storm approached he ran to conceal himself in a subterranean vault or cavern. This fear was occasioned by an incident, during a nocturnal march, in his expedition against the Cantabri, when the lightning having struck his litter, killed the slave who walked before bearing the flambeau."

A Roman Emperor at the age of fifty-nine, was seized with an insurmountable terror at the sight of the sea. Returning from an expedition into Syria, he sojourned in the palace of a king, on the confines of Asia; "The chief of Constantinople," says Nicephorus, (ch. vii.) "commanded the Prefect to build a bridge of boats over the Bosphorus, and to adorn it at each side with planks and branches of trees, in order that he might pass without beholding the sea. This work having been finished very promptly, the Emperor crossed on horseback, as if he had been on dry land."

One of the Spanish kings could not endure any one in his presence who had taken tobacco. He had, besides, the mania of feeling incensed at any man's demanding the age of a woman, unless he had intentions of marriage.

Louis XIV detested les chapeaux gris, almost as much as he did the Jansenists.\*

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\* It is related by Saint-Simon, "the king wished to be informed what manner of people were followers of the Duke of Orleans in Spain, (1709) the Duke mentioned amongst others Fonterpui. At this name, the king assumed an austere air, "How is that, my nephew, said the king, Fonterpui the son of this Jansenist, of this fool who has been running everywhere after Arnaud? I cannot see of what value this man can be to you," "Sire," replied the Duke of Orleans, "I do not know what his mother may have been, but as for the son, he has no desire to be a Jansenist, I can vouch for that; for he does not believe even in the existence of a God."—"Is that possible, my nephew?" replied the king, becoming assuaged,"—"Nothing more certain, Sire," replied the Duke, "I assure you,"—"Then if that be so, you can manage him, I see no harm in that." This scene, for I call it by no other name, occurred in the morning, and after dinner the same day, the Duke related to me whilst convulsed with laughter all I have written, word for word."

Nothing could exceed the timidity, or, we might rather say, the poltroonery, of the celebrated moralist Nicole ; he dreaded travelling, excursions on the water, and to the end of his life he never went into the streets without trembling in incessant fear, lest a tile should fall on his head. He dwelt for a long time in the Faubourg Saint-Marcel, "because," as he said, "the enemies who threatened Paris would enter by the Porte Saint-Martin, and would be obliged consequently, to traverse the whole city before they could arrive at his house." In a word, he could say, as the actor who bungled Racine,

" Je crains *tout*, cher Abner, et n'ai pas d'autre crainte."

Henry III., who had so decided a passion for little dogs, could not remain in the same room with a cat. The Duke d'Epemon fainted at the sight of a leveret.

Marshal de Brézé (who died in 1650) swooned at the sight of a rabbit, as related by Tallemant.

Marshal d'Albret got ill at a repast where either a sucking pig or a wild boar was served. Erasmus could not even smell fish without getting feverish. Scaliger trembled all over at seeing water cresses. Tycho-Brahe felt his limbs failing when he encountered a hare or a fox. Bacon fell into a fainting fit during an eclipse of the moon. Bayle got convulsions when he heard the sound of water issuing from a spout. Lamothe le Vayer could not endure the sound of any instrument. Favoriti, an Italian poet, who died in 1682, could not bear the odour of the rose.

Many celebrated personages are distinguished by their affection for certain animals. Thus, Alexander cherished Bucephalus; Augustus, a parrot; Commodus, an ape; Heliogabalus, a starling, &c., &c.

Honorius, Emperor of the West, had a profound tenderness for a hen, which, probably, was not reciprocated. Being at Ravenna, and having had the precaution of placing between himself and the Goths the channel of the Adriatic Sea, when after the capture of Rome by Alaric, in 410, the slave having the charge of the imperial aviary came to announce to him that the capital of Italy and of the West was lost. "How is that?" cried the Emperor, dismayed, "How! Rome lost! It was but a moment since she was eating from my hand." Thus it was towards his favorite hen, whom he called Rome, that the thoughts and anxieties of the monarch reverted, and he felt much relieved when assured that it was not his beloved

bird but the capital of his empire that was lost. "Ah!" rejoined he, "I thought it was my hen." So great, adds the Greek historian, Procopius, to whom we are indebted for this anecdote, so great was his stupidity and brutishness.

The celebrated French financier, Samuel Bernard, (who died in 1739), thought his existence was bound up with that of a black hen, who, thanks to this circumstance, experienced much care and tenderness, for God knows how long. They both died about the same time, Bernard having attained his eighty-eighth year.

Passeroni, the Italian poet, (who died in 1802,) had a strong affection for a cock, and alluded to it in all his poems.

Saint Evremont and Crébillon were always surrounded by cats and dogs.

Lipsius liked only dogs, and had amongst others, a dog he called Saphir, in whom he surmounted the natural repugnance of animals of this species for wine. Thus, said he, "I have in some manner assimilated Saphir to man, as he is fond of wine, and subject to the gout."

Godefroy Mind, a Bernais painter, (who died in 1814,) had been surnamed *le Raphaël des chats*, in consequence of having excelled in painting those animals, towards whom he entertained an ardent affection; he had at all times many of them about him. "During his work," writes M. Depping, "his favourite cat was invariably beside him, with whom he kept up a kind of conversation; sometimes she occupied his knees, two or three little cats were perched on his shoulders, and he remained in this attitude for hours together, without stirring, lest he should discompose the companions of his solitude."

It was not alone for one or two species of the animal kingdom, that Denis Rolle, an English member of Parliament, in the eighteenth century, manifested his sympathies, but for all animals without distinction, and he was under the impression that they both knew of, and appreciated his kind intentions.

"I have," wrote he in a pamphlet he composed on the abolition of bull-fights and cock-fights, "I have proved the recognition of wild bears, who, after absence, allowed themselves to be taken by me and led by the snout. I cannot better exemplify the truth of my axiom than by stating that I have frequently thrust my hand down the throat of a bull-dog, and without any particular skill on my part, have been enabled to

render horses, wild in the fields, docile at my approach ; the most venomous serpents have not inspired me with the least fear. During some years I have traversed dense forests, without ever being attacked ; I have reposed in morasses filled with reptiles and venomous insects : serpents have been in my ears without stinging me. I could also tell of a crane, who ran always after me, following me through the fields ; and of a strange dog, who, every time I crossed Waltham, hastened to defend me, and expressed, by his lamentations, the grief he felt in quitting me. I remember also a little cat of Florida, who rushed at some dogs who were barking at me, fearing they were about to attack me. I cannot better explain these proofs of attachment than by supposing that Providence thus wished to reward my feelings of benevolence and humanity towards animals."

"They relate that Demosthenes," writes Gellius, " was exceedingly spruce in his dress, and that he carried this care of his person to the most delicate and fastidious refinement. This called forth all the railleries of his rivals and adversaries on his coquettish mantle, on his effeminate tunic. Thence also sprung those injurious and obscene discourses, representing him as effeminate, and accusing him of the most infamous crimes. The same account has been given of Hortensius, the most celebrated orator of his time, (after Cicero,) a gentleman always studiously elaborate, whose dress was arranged with art, whose frequent gestures, and studied and theatrical action, drew on him a crowd of sarcastic and outrageous apostrophes."

The English poet, Gray, made himself remarkable by the foppishness of his manners and dress ; a foppishness which he carried almost to folly.

Cavendish, the English philosopher, who left in dying, the largest fortune ever known to be possessed by a Savant, (£1,500,000) was always dressed in grey cloth, and had his clothes made precisely as of the same date. He collected a magnificent library, which was at the command of all the learned, but that it should not be put out of order, he had it placed twelve miles from his dwelling. Whenever he wanted a book he sent a written order for it, and returned it again with the greatest punctuality.

Another philosopher, Desmaretz, (who died in 1815,) never changed the form of his dress, and up to the end of his life, his wig and dress would recal one to the modes in use under Cardinal Fleury.



The great English chemist, Davy, clothed himself entirely in green, to go fish, and in red to hunt; he pretended that, dressed in this manner, he frightened the fish and game less.

Towards the end of the last century some individuals adopted the kind of nourishment recommended by Pythagoras. We will mention amongst others, Ritson whose only food was legumes, and who published, in 1803, an essay on total abstinence from all animal food.

Another English author, Wakefield, (who died in 1801,) abstained from wine, as well as from animal food. He only followed the example of the philanthropist, Anthony Benezet, (who died in 1784.)

In the seventeenth century, the German enthusiast, Hoyer, (who died in 1656,) never ate anything but fish which had died naturally.

Spinosa spent between five and six sous a day for his food. Buttner, a German naturalist and philologist, of the eighteenth century, made but one single repast in the day, which cost him but three sous.

Everybody knows that the astronomer, Lalande, affected to eat with delight spiders and caterpillars, of which he carried a stock in his *bonbonnière*.

C. Gracchus, said Gellius, "made use of a flute to modulate the intonations of his voice, when in the tribune. It is not true, as several suppose, that a musician playing the flute was placed behind the back of Gracchus whilst he spoke, and by his various notes moderated and excited by turns the movements and action of the orator. What absurdity to fancy that a flute could mark for Gracchus, haranguing in public, the measure, the rhythm and the different cadences according to the same rule as you would arrange the pace of a buffoon on the stage! The authors better instructed on this fact relate only that a man was concealed near at hand who was engaged to moderate the intonations of the voice, when becoming too vociferous, by drawing a slow and solemn note on a flute. That was all. Nor do I believe that the naturally impassioned genius of Gracchus required external excitement whilst in the tribune. However, Cicero thought he employed this flute player for a double purpose, and that according as his notes were lively or calm, he enlivened his tone of voice if too slow, and moderated its impetuosity if too boisterous." This is the passage from

Cicero : " Thus as Licinius, a well informed man, formerly his secretary and now his client, has told Catullus, that this same Gracchus had in his service an intelligent man, who concealed himself near the tribune with an ivory flute, giving rapidity to the sound which was necessary to excite when his action was too slow, and softening the notes to a calm when he was too rapid."

"Æschylus," relates Athnæus, "was always a little excited by wine whilst composing his tragedies. We know that Alcman, the lyric poet and Aristophanes the comic, wrote their poems in a state of inebriety"

Madame dela Suze, the humanist Lefèvre in the seventeenth century, and Buffon in the eighteenth, could not work without being dressed with the greatest elegance; nothing, not even a sword, was wanting in the toilet of the latter.

Bacon, Milton, Warburton, Alfieri, required music to enable them to work; and it is related that Bourdaloue always executed an air on the violin before preparing himself to write a sermon.

Thomson, author of *The Seasons*, passed entire days in his bed, and when asked why he did not rise, he replied, "I see no motive for my rising."

Thomas remained every day until twelve o'clock in bed, the curtains closely drawn. There it was he composed the works which he afterwards wrote "off hand," when he arose. It was thus that during all his life he only aspired to the production of what Voltaire called *du galithomas*.

Casti, the lively author of the *Animaux Parlants*, composed his pretty verses whilst playing cards all alone on his bed.

Corneille, Malebranch and Hobbes composed most frequently in the dark, whilst Mézeray on the contrary never worked but with candle-light both by night and day, and never failed even at mid-day to reconduct, light in hand, into the middle of the street those who visited him.

Goethe composed whilst walking; Descartes on the contrary practised like Leibnitz the *méditation horizontale*.

Gluck caused his harpsichord to be transported into the middle of a meadow; a vast space, the open sky, the heat of the sun and some bottles of champagne, gave him inspiration to compose two divine songs, *Iphigénie* and *D'Orphée*. On the contrary, Sarti could not work but in a spacious room, with an arch roof and obscurely dim. The silence of night, the sombre glimmer of a lamp suspended from the ceiling, were

indispensably requisite to create the solemn ideas which formed the character of his style. Cimarosa wished to hear around him the clamour of an animated conversation; it was whilst laughing and prating with his friends that he composed *les Horaces* and *le Mariage secret*, two inimitable chefs d'œuvre, the style of each being distinctly opposed; the air *Pria che spunti in ciel l'aurora* he improvised in the midst of a pleasure party in the environs of Prague.

"Whilst rendering homage in his *Lettere Haydine* to the talent of Ferdinand Paëz, Carpinì said that this witty composer wrote the rôles of *Camille*, of *l'Agnese* and of *Sargine* whilst jesting with his friends, and made a thousand merry recitations, whilst at the same moment he found leisure to grumble at his domestics, quarrel with his wife and children, and bestow the most tender caresses on his beloved dog. Paesiello could not find a note if he was not lying in bed; and it was between a pair of sheets that he composed the charming movements of *Nina*, of *la Molinara* and of the *Barbier*. Zingarelli before taking his pen, transported himself into a high intellectual region, by reading several passages, both of the Fathers of the Church and of the Latin classics; thus prepared he in less than four hours improvised an act of *Pyrrhus* or of *Romeo and Juliet*."

Carpani speaking of one Marcantonio Anfossi, brother of the celebrated Anfossi, and who probably would himself have attained a high musical renown, were it not that he died very young. This Marcantonio was a monk, and his method of stimulating the creative faculty was passing strange; he did not place himself before a harpsichord in order to compose, but before a table on which he had placed seven or eight dishes overladen with roasted capons, sucking pigs nicely browned, and smoking sausages. In the midst of this agreeable exhalation the sweetest inspirations were produced without effort.

Hayden, demure and regular as Newton, shut up in his study, had also his little stratagem: he shaved, powdered, put on clean linen, dressed himself from head to foot as if going to present his respectful homage to Prince Esterhazy, his patron, or even to the Emperor of Germany; then seating himself before a desk on which he had paper carefully lined and pens well made, he put on his finger the ring presented to him by his revered sovereign; after these preliminaries he commenced writing; five or six hours glided by, without his

experiencing the least fatigue ; not an erasure appeared to disfigure the extreme neatness of his notes, at other times scarcely readable, so that he himself used to call them his pothooks, they were so cramped and illegible.

It is worthy of remark that singularity of taste, for particular colors and numbers, occasionally exhibits itself even in the making of wills. In the *Reports* of the Commissioners for Enquiring into Charities in England and Wales, we find the following bequests recorded :—

*Whimsical Partiality for Nine.—*

Samuel Rabank, at Danby, Yorkshire, by indenture of bargain and sale, enrolled, dated 24th February, 1631, conveyed to Thomas Reeve and Samuel Pruddom, and the heirs of Pruddom, certain premises, upon trust that they and the heirs and assigns of the said Samuel Pruddom, out of the rents and profits of such premises, upon the 9th day of June, or the 9th day of December, from the day of his death, and upon every 9th day of every month for ever thereafter, cause to be paid to nine poor people, to be nominated and elected as thereafter mentioned, 9d. a week, or 3s. a month ; and should also, upon every 9th day of December, pay the sum of 10s. to some godly and able preacher, who should on that day yearly preach the Word of God in the parish Church of Danby ; and that the said Samuel Pruddom, his heirs and assigns, should, after the sermon, give and deliver one peck of rye to every such of the said nine poor people, as well to those who were present during the service, as also to such others as should be absent by reason of sickness or otherwise ; and as to the choice of the poor persons, he directed that, on the 9th December, the curates, churchwardens, and overseers of the poor of Danby, should nominate eighteen poor persons, men or women, of Danby, six by the curate, six by the churchwardens, and six by the overseers, of whom nine should be immediately elected by Pruddom, or his heirs or assigns, but, if they were absent, then such nine persons should be chosen on the next Sabbath day, by the curate and overseers, or any three of them, whereof the curate should be one ; and that, if there were not so many poor persons of the poorest sort and best report in the parish of Danby, the number should be supplied out of Glaisdale ; so, however, as such number should not exceed three.

The sum of £18 10s. a year is paid on account of this charity, out of lands called Howe Farm, Castleton and Bottom or Dale Head, in this parish. £17 11s. of the money is distributed in monthly payments of 3s. each month, to nine poor persons of Danby, 10s. are paid to the minister for a sermon which is preached on the 20th December, the day on which the rent-charge is paid ; and, in lieu of a peck of rye, it has been customary, for many years past, to give a shilling to each of the poor persons, which makes up the present amount of the payment.

*Whimsical Predilection for Colours.*

Henry *Green*, at Melbourne, Derbyshire, by will, dated 22nd December, 1679, gave to his sister Catharine *Green*, during her life, all his lands in Melbourne and Newton, and after her decease to others, in trust upon condition that the said Catharine *Green*, should should give four *green* waistcoats to four poor women every year, such four *green* waistcoats to be lined with *green* galloon lace, and to be delivered to the said poor women on or before the 21st December yearly, that they might be worn on Christmas day.

Thomas *Gray*, by his will, bearing date the 25th April, 1691, directed his executrix, Mary *Gray*, and others to lay out £200 in the purchase of lands; and out of the profits of such land to lay out six nobles yearly to buy six waistcoats of *gray* cloth, edged with blue galloon lace, and 40s. to buy three coats of *gray* cloth, to be faced with baize; and that four of the said waistcoats should be given yearly to four poor widows or other poor women living in Castle Donnington, who were to be of good behaviour and endeavour to live honestly; and the other two waistcoats to two poor widows or women of like behaviour, of the parish of Melbourne; and two of the coats to be given yearly to two poor men of Castle Donnington, and the other to a poor man of Melbourne. And he also directed that copies of his will should be entered in the Town books of Castle Donnington and Melbourne, and also hung up in the respective churches, and that the same should be read yearly on St. Thomas's day, or the following Sunday, after prayers, for the performance of which he directed that ministers of the said parish should have five shillings a piece; and he further directed that fifteen dozen of bread should be given to the poor of Castle Donnington, and ten dozen to the poor of Melbourne, yearly, on St. Andrew's day; and if any residue of rents and profits of the said land should arise, the same should be laid out for the benefit of the poor children of Castle Donnington and Melbourne, in the proportion of two thirds for the former, and one-third for the latter place, towards putting them out as apprentices.—

## SINGULAR DEATHS OF CELEBRATED PERSONAGES.

The Emperor Adrian, immediately before death, composed some Latin lines, which *Ælius Spartianus* has recorded; they are very defective, and exhibit but little taste. They are as follows:—

Animula, vagula, blandula,  
Hospes, comesque corporis,  
Quæ nunc abibis in loca  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula;  
Nec ut soles, dabis jocos.

Fontenelle gives the following version of them:—

Ma petite âme, ma mignonne,  
 Tu t'en vas donc, ma fille ? Et Dieu sache où tu vas.  
 Tu pars seulette et tremblante, hélas !  
 Que deviendra ton honneur, folichonne ?  
 Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats ?\*

The Count de Maugiron, lieutenant-general, who died in April, 1767, wrote, an hour before his death, the following lines :—

Tout meurt, je m'en aperçois bien !  
 Tronchin, tant fêté dans le monde,  
 Ne saurait prolonger mes jours d'une seconde,  
 Ni Dumont en retrancher rien.  
 Voici donc mon heure dernière :  
 Venez, bergères et bergers,  
 Venez me fermer la paupière ;  
 Qu'au murmure de vos baisers  
 Tout doucement mon âme soit éteinte.  
 Finir ainsi dans les bras de l'amour,  
 C'est du trépas ne point sentir l'atteinte,  
 C'est s'endormir sur la fin d'un beau jour.

"M. de Maugiron was residing at the house of the Bishop of Valencia ; the clergy hastened to afford him spiritual assistance, when he, turning to his physician, said : 'I have outwitted them : they imagined they had me ; I am, however, going from them.' He died after repeating the last word."†

"Vespasian, in his last illness," according to Suetonius, (ch. 24) "observed all the forms of state, with the same punctilio as if in perfect health ; he received deputations even in bed. Finding himself sinking : 'an Emperor,' exclaimed he, 'should die erect' ; and whilst attempting to rise he expired in the arms of those who supported him."

#### DEATHS OF CELEBRATED PERSONAGES CAUSED BY SINGULAR ACCIDENTS.

Traditions reports the deaths of three great tragic poets of antiquity as having occurred by very singular accidents.

"Æschylus, according to Valerius Maximus, was going one

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\* *Dialogue des Morts*. Pope's paraphrase all know.

† *Secret Memoirs of the Republic of Letters*, 23 of April 1767.

day from the town where he resided in Sicily, when an eagle who was carrying a tortoise chanced to pass over him, and deceived by the smoothness of his head, which was entirely bald, and taking it for a stone, he let the tortoise fall for the purpose of breaking it to eat the flesh. Under this stroke fell the originator and father of the highest and most vigorous tragedy."\*

We have our doubts of the truth of this statement, which would give rise to innumerable questions. First, do eagles eat tortoises? That is possible—yet it is a fact of which we are ignorant. Secondly, to whom did the eagle relate that he had taken a bald head for a portion of a rock? This supposition has been gratuitously formed, and does small honor to the piercing glance of the king of birds; though we must admire the correctness of his aim, when from a height, probably very considerable, he with a precision worthy of all praise lets fall his prey on the very point he wishes.

This is but one of the innumerable fooleries which have been bequeathed to us from antiquity, and which have been taken by the moderns for genuine coin.

"Euripides," relates the same author, "after having supped one evening at the residence of the King Archelaüs at Macedonia, was torn to pieces by dogs whilst regaining the house of his landlord."

We have already seen, that according to Valerius Maximus, Sophocles died of joy. An anthologic epigram assumes that the poet was choked by the kernel of an unripe grape.

This latter species of death terminated also the career of Anacreon. "Whilst sucking the juice of a sun grape," wrote Valerius Maximus, "to sustain his sinking strength, a green pipin stuck obstinately in his throat and deprived him of life."

A favorite slave of the Caliph Yezid died in the same way;

\* L. 9, ch. 12—La Fontaine has thus translated this chapter.

“ Quelque devin le Menaga, dit-on,

De la chute d'une maison.

Aussitôt il quitta la ville,

Mit son lit en plein champ, loin des toits, sous les cieux.

Un aigle, qui portait en l'air une tortue,

Passa par là, vit l'homme, et sur sa tête nue,

Qui parut un morceau de rocher à ses yeux,

Etant de cheveux dépourvue,

Laissa tomber sa proie, afin de la casser

Le pauvre Eschyle ainsi sut ses jours avancer.”

Germanio, a Danish writer of the seventeenth century, was choaked by a bit of meat; and Henry Knox, an American general, met the same fate by a chicken bone in 1806.

"Cambyzes," wrote Herodotus (1, m. ch. 64—66), "hearing suddenly of the revolt of Smerdis, of the Magians, threw himself precipitately on his horse with the intention of hastening to Susis; but whilst leaping on horseback, the scabbard of his scimeter fell, and the scimeter being unsheathed wounded him in the thigh, in the same spot where it had formerly struck Apis, the God of the Egyptians. Shortly after the bone decayed, and the gangrene quickly spreading through the whole thigh, Cambyzes died."

The comedian, Baron, wounded himself in the foot with a sword at the theatre, and died of the wound in consequence of not permitting amputation.

"The King of Castile, Henry 1st, whilst at play in the Court of the Bishop's Palace at Palence with some young noblemen of his own age, (he was about thirteen), was killed, according to Mariana, by a most melancholy accident. A tile having fallen on the head of the young prince, wounded him so severely that he died eleven days after, on Thursday the 6th of June, in the year 1217."

The deaths of several princes were occasioned by falls from their horses; we shall merely mention the following:—

"At this period, (18th October, 1151)," according to Suger, "an accident of the strangest and most unheard of nature occurred in the kingdom of France. The eldest son of Louis VI., Philip, a youth in the flower of his age, and of great sweetness, the hope of the good, and the terror of the wicked, was riding one day in a faubourg of the city of Paris; a detestable boar rushed before his charger, and threw him rudely, the noble boy falling beneath the horse's weight, and that of a rock under which he had been thrown, and was crushed almost to death. The bystanders, overcome with grief and horror, ran to his assistance and bore him into a neighbouring house; but sad to relate, he resigned his pure spirit into the hands of his Maker before the night had come to a close."\* This young prince of great promise had only attained his seventeenth year.

The Prince of Orange, William III., having, by a fall from

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\* *Vie de Louis le Gros*, see Guizot's collection, vol. 8, p. 149.



his horse, put his collar bone out of joint, and refusing to take the rest which his situation required after such an accident, died, from the effects of this accident, on the 16th of March, 1702, being then fifty-two years old.

A great number of princes have perished in the chase, by various accidents. Thus, William Rufus was killed by an arrow aimed at a stag by one of his knights, Walter Tyrrell; Henry the First, King of Jerusalem, and Count of Champagne, perished in a manner even more singular.

"One day (in 1197) before going to a repast, Henry asked for some water to wash himself; it being brought to him, he went near to an open window at the top of the tower where he was lodged. As he washed his hands he leaned too far forward, and, falling from the window, was killed on the spot. The valet who held the napkin threw himself after him, lest it should be said he had pushed him out. He was not killed, however, but had his thigh broken; having fallen between two walls he crept on till he came near a postern. Hearing some people passing outside, he commenced to cry out; on hearing him, they immediately came, and demanded what it was he required; he begged them for God's sake to send some of the gentlemen of the court to the Count, who was lying dead. The valets and attendants of the Count came instantly on being summoned, and found the tale too true. He was borne to a neighbouring monastery, where he was interred. He had ordered several times a lattice to this window, to guard against children being hurt; he had, it would appear, a presentiment of evil occurring through its means. There was great mourning for the Count's death."\*

Leo IV., Emperor of the East, was passionately fond of precious stones. The Byzantine historians relate that this prince, assisting on the eighth of September, 780, at the Divine Office, in the church of Saint Sophia, was so struck by the brilliancy of the precious stones that enriched a crown, which the Emperor Maurice had caused to be hung above the altar, that he caused it to be instantly detached, had it placed on his head, and bore it away to his palace. But the enormous weight of this gem wounded him in the forehead, which instantly mortified, causing his death the same day. This sudden demise was regarded as a signal punishment from Heaven.†

\* Bernard le Trésorier, Collection Guizot, t. xix, p. 227.

† Theophanes. p. 382; Zonare, t. xv., ch. 9, t. 11, p. 114.

Deaths, caused by excess at table, are very numerous. Attila, as related by Priscus, the historian, after having already, according to the custom of his nation, espoused a multitude of wives, united himself in marriage, almost at the moment of his death, to a young girl named Ildico, endowed with rare beauty; during the festivities attendant on this union, he abandoned himself to great joy, and overpowered by wine and sleep, he lay down on his back; as the blood, which usually escaped from his nostrils, could not, in its ebullition find its usual passage, it took a fatal course, and, collecting in his throat, smothered him. Thus, drunkenness led to a shameful end this King so glorious in his battles. The next day, a great part of the day had already expired when the officers of the King, suspecting something wrong, broke open the gates, after hearing great cries, and found Attila dead, from no wound save the hemorrhage; the young spouse, with drooping head and covered face, was bathed in tears. Then, according to the custom of their nation, each cut off part of his hair, and inflicted deep wounds on their hideous countenances, in order that this illustrious warrior might receive as testimony of their heartfelt regret, not alone the tears and lamentations of the women, but the blood of men of true hearts."\*

Solyman the First, Caliph, having been surprised by the cold, during a pilgrimage which he made to Mecca, in 717, tarried at a house near Taïef, and there eat seventy pomegranates, a kid, six hens, and an enormous quantity of raisins. It is not astonishing to relate that he died from the effects of this frightful repast.

CELEBRATED PERSONAGES WHOSE DEATHS HAVE BEEN OCCASIONED BY GRIEF, JOY, FEAR, ETC.

The greater number of biographers seem to feel ashamed of acknowledging that the persons of whom they have written died of simple illness, and like M. De La Palisse they have sought to ennoble the close of life, and gild the approach of the king of terrors with a halo of romance. For this purpose causes of death by grief have been made to play a part in the destruction of the human species, as important as the rôle of

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\* *Histoire des Goths*, ch. 96, translated from the collection of L'ancoucke, p. 373.

the lungs in the medical theory of the servant of the *Malade Imaginaire*. It sufficed to have proved that a personage in the course of his career has met some violent opposition, or experienced some great sorrow, to behold in this opposition or grief the evident cause of death irrespective of sex or age. In order not to be accused of exaggeration, we shall take a cursory glance over a few volumes of the excellent *Biographie Universelle* of Michaud in order to assure our readers of the truth of what we advance. Amongst other examples taken from this work we shall cite one. It is recorded of Nicholas Abilgaard, a Danish painter: "that the destruction of the pictures at the chateau at Copenhagen when that edifice was consumed by fire in 1794, and which he considered his chef-d'œuvre, had such an effect on Abilgaard that it conducted him slowly to the tomb." Abilgaard died in 1806, that is to say *twelve years* after the burning of these paintings. Who could say on this occasion, *Time goes for nought here?*

Be that as it may, we have a number of deaths caused by grief, recorded in Michaud's *Biographie*, for the truth of which he is responsible.

The number of learned men who died of grief in consequence of various accidents is very considerable. Tribolo, a Florentine engineer of the sixteenth century, died of grief (and of illness, adds the *Biographie*) for having caused the inundations in the territory of Florence. Viglius, a German lawyer, died in 1577, at the age of seventy, in consequence of the ingratitude of the Prince whom he served.

An English writer, died, 1557, at the age of forty-three, for having been forcibly converted; the famous heretic of the twelfth century, Amaury, died from the same cause, having been forced to deny his belief. The Benedictine Lami ended his days at seventy-five because a young man whom he had converted from heresy, relapsed again into its fatal errors.

Sibouyah, an Arabic grammarian of the eighth century, died, it is said, of grief, because, the Kaliph Haroun-àl-Raschyd decided in favor of another savant on a grammatical point on which they differed. The Spanish theologian Valentia betrayed equal susceptibility; he died in 1598, aged fifty-two, because the Pope had reproached him with falsifying a passage of Saint Augustin. The historian Avrigny, born at Caen, in 1675, died of grief at sixty-six, in consequence of some alterations made by Lallement in his works.

The Scotch Chancellor Elphinston died they say of grief occasioned by the loss of the battle of Flodden Field; he was, it is true, eighty-five years of age. The Italian philosopher Rhodiginus, died of grief in 1525, because Francis the First was made prisoner at Pavia, he being at the time seventy-five. The English architect Jones, who could not survive the execution of Charles the First, had attained the age of sixty-nine. The physician Fabricius, whom the misfortunes of the king of Denmark made succumb, was more than seventy.

Various persons died, they say of grief occasioned by the assassination of Henry IV. They cite amongst others, the celebrated chief of the partisans of Vic.

Duprat, Bishop of Clermont, died, in 1560, at seventy-two years of age, because the Canons of his chapter wished to force him to cut his beard.

Richard Ireland died in 1808, of regret for having given to the world a work of his own, under the name of Shakspeare.

Castillo, a Spanish painter of the seventeenth century, died at the age of sixty-six, in consequence of having discovered his inferiority to Murillo; the Westphalian painter, Lely, died at sixty-two, from jealousy, caused by the success of Kneller; the famous Corelli died because Scarlatti told him he was deceived as to the value of a note; Lepautre, in consequence of the preference given by Louis XIV. to Mansart, the Italian writer; Forteguerra died at sixty one, in the year 1735, because a place which had been promised to him was given to another. We could cite also Francis, the engraver, from Lorraine, who died in 1769, from grief, occasioned by the jealousy and intrigues of Magny and Demarteau.

The German painter, Kloosterman, born in 1656, and the scholar, Le Pays, celebrated by the criticisms of Boileau, died, the former we do not know at what age, the latter at fifty-four, from grief, caused by the loss of their fortunes. Schidone died from the same cause, at forty-five years of age, after having lost a considerable sum; and Breughel, at fifty-eight, in consequence of having lost his daughter's dowry. Terence died also of grief, occasioned by his having lost in a shipwreck one hundred and eight theatrical pieces which he had composed.

“Alexander Guidi, surnamed the Italian Pindar, repairing to Castel-Gondolfo, to offer to Clement XI. the fine copy with representations of the six homilies of the Pontiff, which he had

transposed into verse, discovered, on the way, an error in the printing, which overwhelmed him with such grief, that on arriving at Frescati, he was seized with apoplexy, and expired in a few hours, on the 12th of June, 1712.\*

We may add to these the names of Ximénès, who died at eighty-eight, from the sorrow he experienced at being disgraced ; of the poet Sarrazin, who, at fifty-one, died, because the Prince de Conti had struck him with a tongs ; of the Count de Vauban, who, because he could not present his homages to the Bourbons, in 1814, died of chagrin, at the age of sixty. We could form a much longer list of celebrated men, wasted away, more or less slowly, by household griefs. In return, we know of very few individuals, who, (according to the legends of romance,) died of grief for having lost their wives. Amongst the deaths caused by love, we are limited to the recital of one, Giorgione, who died at thirty-four, from the grief he experienced on discovering the infidelity of his mistress, whom one of his pupils had taken away.

It appears, however, not quite so easy as people generally think, to die of love, if we may judge by the attempt made by Grimm, who became enamoured of an opera girl, named Fel. The following has been told by J. J. Rousseau, relative to this strange matter :—

“He fell quite suddenly,” wrote he, “into the strangest malady, which I, or perhaps any other person, ever heard of. He passed days and nights in an uninterrupted lethargy, the eyes open, the pulse going, but without speaking, eating or drinking, appearing sometimes to hear, but never replying, not even by sign, and apparently without agitation, pain, or the slightest appearance of fever ; he remained there as if dead. The Abbé Raynal divided the labor of watching with me, he being stronger and more robust than I, cared him through the night, whilst I passed the days without leaving him ; never, however, together, as one left when the other came. The Count de Frièse (at whose house he resided,) becoming alarmed, had Senac brought to him, who, after having examined him, made no remark, and ordered him nothing. My anxiety for my friend caused me to examine the physician’s countenance closely, and I observed him smile when going out. Nevertheless the invalid remained several more days immoveable,

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\* Valéry, *Voyages en Italie*, l. xv. ch. 28.

without tasting either soup, or anything else, save some preserved cherries, which I occasionally placed on his tongue, and which he appeared to swallow. One fine morning, he arose, dressed himself, and commenced his routine of life in his usual and ordinary way, without ever making the slightest allusion to the past, either to me, or as far as I could learn, to the Abbé Raynal, nor in fact to any any one relative to this extraordinary lethargy, nor of the care we had bestowed on him whilst it lasted.”\*

To the deaths caused by grief, we now oppose the following caused by joy.

Valerius-Maximus (l. ix, ch. 12) relates that a certain consul, Juventius Thalma, colleague of Tiberius Gracchus, coming to subdue Corsica, was offering up a sacrifice “when he received a message announcing to him that the senate had decreed in his honor a thanksgiving to the gods. He read it with an eager eye, then fainted and fell lifeless at the foot of the altar.”

“Sophocles, having already attained an extreme old age, writes the same author (l. ix., ch. 13,) having read in an assembly a new tragedy, and waited for a long time with much uneasiness the result of the votes which were being given; the approbation was unanimous and the joy which he experienced caused his death.”

It is recorded of the noble Tuscan, Thomas Baroncelli, that going from his ville (at present *the Poggio Imperiale*) to meet Cosmo the First returning to Rome, was so delighted to learn that the Pope had conferred the title of Grand Duke on his master, that he expired on the instant. There were various deaths also occasioned by fear. The first king of Prussia, Frederick the First was sleeping one day in arm chair, when his wife Louise de Mecklenburgh, who had lost her intellect, escaping from the persons who had charge of her reached his apartment, and being wounded in getting through a glass door which she had broken in trying to make an egress, threw herself on him and commenced abusing him. The king, from whom they had concealed her malady, was so appalled by the aspect of this woman covered with blood, and clothed only in white garments, that he imagined he had seen *la femme blanche*, an apparition which according to an old tradition announced always

the death of a prince of the house of Brandenburg. He was instantly seized with fever, and died six weeks after at the age of fifty-six.

Peuteman, a German painter of the seventeenth century, died in 1624 of fright, occasioned by seeing a skeleton moving, it being shaken by an earthquake ; and Madame de Guerchi, daughter of the Count de Flesque, died in 1672, from dread of fire.

Marshal de Montrevel "who according to Saint Simon had merely the ambition of being considered valorous, without the slightest pretension, having never distinguished himself in any way, concealing his universal ignorance under audacity that was favoured by fashion and his high birth," was so superstitious that when one day at dinner a salt-cellar was spilled on him, he cried out that he was a dead man, he was at once seized with fever, and died four days after, in 1716.

#### ROYAL PERSONAGES WHO HAVE DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES AS AUTHORS, MUSICIANS, PAINTERS, &c.

A paragraph has lately been going the round of the newspapers, in which it is stated, that a custom prevails in Prussia which makes it necessary that male members of the royal family should be each acquainted with some trade or handicraft ; and we learn from the paragraph in question that the Prussian Prince lately married to the Princess Royal is a very expert compositor. As this paragraph appears to have amused or interested a considerable number of readers, we propose to place before our readers a few facts regarding royal personages who were authors, musicians, painters, or locksmiths.

"Augustus, according to Suetonius, composed several prose works in various styles, which were recited occasionally amongst a circle of friends who acted the part of the public as regarded censorship. Such as Cato's vindication to Brutus, the greater portion of which he read himself, though very old at the time, the remainder, however, was read by Tiberius ; such also were the philosophic discourses, and the history of his life, in thirteen books which reached to the war of the Cantabrigi. He also essayed poetry, and left a small treatise on the history of Sicily, and a little collection of epigrams which he composed generally in his bath. He commenced with much ardour a tragedy of Ajax ; but not being content with the style, he destroyed it, and his friends having asked him one day 'what had become of Ajax'—'Ajax,' replied he, 'extinguished itself on a sponge.'"

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\* It will be recollected that amongst the ancients the sponge was used for the purpose of effacing.

"Tiberius, relates the same author, ardently cultivated the Greek and Latin literature, and selected for his model amongst the Roman orators, Messala Corvinus, whom he considered perfect as an orator ; his style was, however, obscure owing to affectation, and the extravagance of his diction ; it has been said that his genius was more prolific than even he himself had anticipated. He composed a lyric poem entitled : Lamentations on the death of L. Cæsar. He also wrote Greek poems, in which he imitated these authors in whose genius he took infinite pleasure, and whose works and portraits he caused to be placed in the public libraries amongst the most illustrious of the ancient writers."

"Claudius in his youth," says also Suetonius, attempted to write history, encouraged by Livy, and assisted by Sulpicius Flavus. He commenced to read his work before a numerous auditory. He wrote much during his reign, and had his works always read in public by one of his lictors. His history commenced after the murder of the dictator Cæsar, but he passed all at once to a more recent epoch, that is to say, to the end of the civil wars, as the constant remonstrances of his mother and grandmother prevented his writing freely, or with truth, about the anterior period. He left two books of the first part of the history, and forty-one of the second. He also composed eight books of the memoir of his life which was entirely a failure both in wit and elegance. He also composed a rather learned apology for Cicero, in reply to the books of Asinius Gallus.

"He invented three letters, which he thought necessary to complete the alphabet. He had already published a volume on this subject before becoming Emperor ; and when he had reached the throne he had not much trouble in obtaining the adoption of the use of them. They are to be found in the greater number of books, public deeds, and inscriptions of this epoch. He did not exhibit less ardour in the study of the Greek literature, and he testified on all occasions the esteem in which he held this famous language. A barbarian spoke before him in Greek and Latin ; 'I behold with pleasure,' said Claudius to him, 'that you know my two languages. 'I am,' continued he, attached to Greece by the ties of education.' In the senate, he almost invariably replied in Greek to the orations of the ambassadors, and in his tribunal he frequently cited lines from Homer. When baffled by an enemy or conspirator,



and when the tribune on guard demanded from him the parole, he gave it to him thus in Greek :—

“ ‘ I will take immediate vengeance on the first who offends me.’ ”

“ Finally, he wrote in this language twenty books of the history of the Tyrrhenians, and eight of the Carthagenians. It was in consequence of these works that to the ancient Museum of Alexandria another was added, bearing the name of the Emperor, and it was also decreed that on certain days every year that there should be given in turn by the members of these two Museums, two public lectures, in one the history of the Carthagenians, and in the other the history of the Tyrrhenians.”

“ Charlemagne, according to Eginhard, devoted under the direction of Alcuin, much time and labour to the study of rhetoric, logic, and above all to astronomy, tracing the progress of the stars, and following their course with the most scrupulous attention, and marvellous sagacity ; he essayed even to write on the subject, and had tablets constantly under the head of his bed, that he might employ every leisure moment in writing ; but he failed this in study commenced too late, and at an age unsuited to such avocations. None of the nations subject to him had up to that period written laws ; he decreed that their constitutions should henceforward be in writing, and deposited at the registers ; he had also ancient and rude poems composed, in which were recorded the warlike deeds and heroic actions of the ancient kings, by which means they were transmitted to posterity. A grammar of the national language was also commenced through his assiduity.”\*

“ Robert II., relates the monk, author of the History of Saint Bertin, was very pious, prudent, literary, and sufficiently philosophical, but he excelled as a musician, He composed the hymn of the Holy Ghost, which commenced with these words :—*Adisit nobis gratia*, the rhythems, *Judea et Hierusalem, concede nobis, quæsumus*, and *Cornelius Centurio*, which he offered at Rome on the altar of St. Peter, with a melody suitable to the words ; he composed many other fine pieces. His wife Constance seeing him always occupied with these pursuits, asked him jestingly to compose something in memory of her. He then wrote the lines *Constantia Martyrum*, which the queen, in consequence of the name Constantia, conceived to have been written for her. This king was frequently in the

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\* See *Life of Charlemagne*, translated from Guizot's Collection, vol iii. pages 151—153.

habit of repairing to the church of Saint Denis in his royal robes, and with his crown on his head, and there directing the choir at matins, vespers, and at Mass, and uniting his voice with the monks in chaunting the sacred service. As he was besieging a certain castle on the feast of Saint Hippolytus, for whom he entertained a particular devotion, he quitted the siege in order to visit the church of St. Denis, and lead the choir during Mass, whilst he was devoutly singing with the monks *Agnus Dei, dona nobis pacem*, the walls of the castle suddenly fell, and the king's army took immediate possession; a happy incident which Robert always attributed to the intercession of Saint Hippolytus."

From the reign of this prince up to the end of the fifteenth century, we cannot discover a single King of France, who signalized himself in any particular way either in literature, science, or the arts.

We know that during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, princes and noble lords made use of the pens of scribes to correspond with their most intimate friends, and even their mistresses, who replied to them in the same manner. We have here some curious details which have been transmitted by Arnauld D'Andilly, on the way in which Louis XIII. wrote to his mother Marie de Médecis, at the period when she retired to England, to negotiate with her son.

"M. de Bérulle, wrote he, was the person employed by his majesty to effect a negotiation with the queen mother; and one day the king being still at Saint Germain he was about to depart for England on that mission, when M. Drageant requested me to compose a suitable letter for his majesty to copy, and send to his mother. I complied, and M. de Bérulle entertaining for me a particular regard, and reposing complete confidence in me, spoke to me during his sojourn at Tours of the negotiation which was still pending, and told me, that on presenting the queen mother with the last letter written by the king from Saint Germain, she wept on reading it, that he, feeling surprised at this strong ebullition of feeling, expressed to her majesty his regret at being the bearer of a letter that caused her such pain, to which she replied: 'You are quite astray in your supposition, as joy, not grief, causes my tears. I have received several letters, since our separation, from the king, but this is the only one I have received from my son.' As I had not forgotten the purport or diction of the latter, I asked M.

de Bèrulle if it did not commence with the word *Ainsi*. He appeared all astonishment, and immediately replied 'yes;' But how did you know that?—I had good reason to know all about it,' I answered, 'since it was my own composition.' On hearing which he embraced me tenderly."\*

Returning to singular words referred to at page 680 of the second paper of this series we note the following words.

There exists in an old collection of inscriptions a distich which bears some analogy to the Venetian placard. It is thus conceived :

Defunctis patribus, successit prava juvenus,  
Cujus consilio quæ valuère ruunt.

This distich is preceded by another which has been represented as engraven on the doors of the cathedral of Breslau; here it is—

Quas sacras ædes pietas construxit avorum,  
Has nunc hæredes invadunt more luporum.

It appears that the authors of these bitter jests were anxious to attack the youth of their time, which was in the sixteenth century; and as there is nothing new under the sun, we recognize at the present day some waspish people who, with the smile of irony on their lips, take it into their heads to speak as slightly of our youth, as was done in former times. We are very glad to take this occasion of denouncing to our readers a pitiable article inserted some time since in the *Bibliothèque de Genève*, under the following title: *DES ADOLESCENS de notre époque, comme gros d'avenir*. We limit ourselves to a short extract, for in quoting nonsense the shorter it is the better: "In the happy age in which we live," writes this satirical jester, "there are men of fifteen. We have no longer youths, they pass at once from infancy to mature age, from the top to the gazette, from the rudiments of science to its acme. Before they get their beard, the mind is perfectly formed, they hesitate no longer, they have fixed ideas on things, men, principles, systems, the heart is cold, blasé; those feelings are exhibited to all, but especially to their father, whom they consider old. Behold the consequence of this new order of things, sound principles, just and invariable from which they never swerve; here they are as adopted.

Experience is a useless thing."

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\* See *Memoires d'Arnauld d'Andilly*, compiled by Michaud-Ponjoulat, p. 432.

“Intercourse with men and observation teach nothing.

“In this age of enlightenment youth alone possesses ability.

“The age in which the passions are in all their effervescence, is naturally that in which reason predominates. The culminating point of judgment is necessarily to be met with between twenty and twenty-five and rarely beyond that. After this age, society is no longer composed of useful men; this fact is fully proved by the following category:—at twenty he becomes a man;—at five and twenty his maturity of judgment is complete,—at thirty false hair,—at forty a wig;—at fifty stupid; at sixty a mummy;—at seventy a fossil, childish, extinct.”

In 1835 a poet expressed the same ideas, and gave them under the same denomination in a piece of poetry entitled *Le Septuagénaire, ou le chant du Cygne*! We will not say where the tirade on these designations is to be found.

When the *Orestes* of Voltaire appeared for the first time, February 12th 1750, the concourse was great at the representation, and they placed as a check or countermark on the pit tickets the following letters.

O. T. P.

Q.

M. U. D.

which signifies this line of Horace:—

“Omne Tulit Punctum Qui Miscuit Utile Dulci.”

A sorry jester interpreted these sigles in the following manner:—

“Oreste, Tragédie Pitoyable, Que Monsieur Voltaire Donne.”

Whilst discussing the subject of Voltaire's tragedies, we must not omit the mention of another by the same author:—*Zaire*, of which they have abridged four lines, and which have been discovered in a manuscript deposited in the bureaux of the police at Paris. These four lines form part of the third scene of the second act, towards the middle, the part where old Lusignan calls on God, after having recognised his daughter:—

Ne m'abandonnez pas, Dieu qui voyez mes larmes!

“Et toi, cher instrument du salut des mortels,

“Gage auguste du Dieu, vivant sur nos autels,

“Bois rougi de son sang, relique incorruptible,

“Croix sur qui s'accomplit ce mystère terrible,

Dieu mort sur cette croix et qui revis pour nous,

Parle, achève, ô mon Dieu, ce sont là de tes coups.

The four lines preceded by inverted commas, are those which have been abridged.

THE FIVE LATIN WORDS OF LOUIS XI.

They say that this prince, so amiable, so frank, so humane, gloried in his own ignorance; and it was for this reason that he wished to banish from his court, and from the education of his son (Charles VIII), the Latin language, preserving, however, five words, which he reserved as a special favor, having found them so useful that he made them through life his rule of conduct. "Not," said he, "that Latin is useless to a king, or at least a little of it; it will suffice, however, for my son to know the five following words, QUI NESCIT DISSIMULARE, NESCIT REGNARE; here lies the entire art of governing." Thus, he laid down as a principle in his *Essai des Guerres*, this maxim:—"No counsel is better than that your adversary should be ignorant of your intentions." That is to say: dissimulate all your resolves, in order that your adversaries may not be aware of them until after their execution. The following is a maxim taken from the same work:—

"De tant que fust vault mieulx que escorce, Autant vault mieux soustilleté que force."

Which signifies:—

Know, that as far as the wood excels the bark, So does subtlety exceed strength.

MAXIMS DRAWN FROM THE BREVIARY OF POLITICS.

These maxims are of the species we are about to treat, but being from another source, they are a little more extended. It is affirmed that they were handed down by Mazarin to Louis XIV., as the most secure rule of conduct in the administration of public and private affairs; the following will show the tone and scope:—

SIMULA, DISSIMULA; NULLICREDE; OMNIA LAUDA;

NOSCE TE IPSUM; NOSCE ALIOS.

As these principles are extracts from a furious dietribe, published against Mazarin, it is very natural to suppose that the conscience of the minister is not charged with this machievellian delinquency. The book from which this noble maxim has been extracted is entitled *Breviarum politicorum secundum rubricas Mazarinicas*. Colon. Agrip., Joan Selliba, 1684, pet. in duodecimo. *La Bibliothèque historique de France*, N. 32, 564, in announcing an edition *Parisiis*, J. Le Petit, 1695, in 24, added that "this book is very curious,

and is not a bad specimen of devilry. We know another edition, *Vesaliæ, et Amstelodami, Joh. Wolters*, 1700, pet. in duodecimo; this work must not be confounded with *Le grand Bréviaire de Mazarin* in-quarto, a jocular piece on the manners of Cardinal Mazarin, and the manner in which he passed his days.

## FEMALE WARRIORS.

If we may credit Dalémile, a Bohemian poet of the fourteenth century, there existed in Bohemia, up to the eighth century, a corps of Amazons, under the rule of the Duke Prémislas. We here append a resumé of the traditions with which he has furnished us.

Libussa, or, Libossa, wife of Prémislas, who died in 735, formed a guard of young girls, dressed in military costume. After the death of this princess, Vlasta, the Amazon, by whom they were commanded, assembled them on the Mount Widoulé (not far from Prague,) and erected there a fort, which she destined as the centre of her new empire. Prémislas, on hearing this, sent one of the lords of his court to treat with them; they, however, mutilated the unfortunate envoy in the most brutal manner, by cutting off his nose and ears.

The number of her adherents increasing, Vlasta had a second fortress erected opposite Wissegrad, which she designated *Diewin*, or, the *Young Girl's Fort*. Thence they ravaged the neighbouring countries, and all who did not belong to their sex, were cruelly mutilated or murdered. After a victory gained over the troops of Prémislas, Vlasta published a code, the three last articles of which decreed that men were to be prohibited from carrying arms, under the penalty of death; that they should never go on horseback but with their legs joined and hanging on the left side of the horse, that those who dared to mount otherwise should undergo the like punishment; and that the men, no matter to what class they belonged, should conduct the plough, and do all the laborious work, whilst the women did battle for them; that the young girls were at liberty to make choice of their husbands, and whoever refused to submit to this decree should undergo the penalty of death.

After several ineffectual attempts at conciliation, Prémislas attacked the fort of Widoulé, and murdered all the women he found there. Vlasta having been apprised of this disaster, decreed that they should offer at Diewin a sacrifice to the

gods ; and on the altar they murdered twenty-four prisoners, whose blood they gathered in charmed cups ; they then retired from Diewin, and perished arms in hand.

Such is the Poet's tale, and it amazed us to perceive that it was taken up so seriously by the author of the article dedicated to *Vlasta* in the *Biographie de Michaud*, an article from which we have in part borrowed the details just given.

Dalémile had certainly done no more than collect some old traditions, which he, perhaps, embellished, if this task had not been already accomplished. This legend, however, was popular in Bohemia ; as there is mention of these Amazons in a chronicle of the eleventh century, that of Cosmus of Prague. We here subjoin a relation very different from that of Dalémile. The original is in Latin prose, diversified and filled with poetical illusions. It might be said on reading it, that it was a fragment of some poem, written in barbarous Latin.

"At this period (under Prémislas) the young girls spread over the land, free from all species of restraint. Like Amazons they bore military arms, and, under self-government, fought like young soldiers, and gave themselves up with ardour to the chase. It was not the men who at that time enjoyed the privilege of selecting their spouses, it was the young girls who chose them for their husbands. There was no perceptible difference between the dress of men and women ; their audacity increased to such a degree that they constructed a fortress on a rock not far from Prague, possessing merely natural defences ; to this fort they gave the virginal name of *Diewin*. The young men, on their part, indignant at such womanly boldness, assembled in much larger numbers on an adjacent rock, and built in the middle of the wood a town, which the moderns have called *Wissegrad*, but which, at that time, derived its name, *Nurasten*, from the trees with which it was surrounded. Sometimes peace, at other times war, reigned between the two parties : the young girls were more cunning, the young men more brave. On one occasion, peace having been concluded between them, they determined on celebrating the truce by a series of festivities, which were to continue during three days ; they, consequently, abandoned their arms, and relinquished themselves to all manner of riot and dissipation ; at the termination of these orgies, the young men set fire to the fortress, and thus *Diewin* was consumed. From

that period, the women were content to dwell in peace under the sway of the men.\*

During the middle ages, female warriors were not uncommon. We here furnish a few examples, the greater number of which are of French origin.

At the battle gained by Robert Guiscard over the Greek Emperor Alexis Comnenus near Dyrrachium, Gaëte, wife of the Norman Prince, "who according to Anne Comnenus followed to the war and fought like a Pallas," she rallied spear in hand, and led to combat the troops of her husband who had been dispersed by the Greeks.†

Orderic Vital, in book 8th, spoke thus of Isabel, daughter of Simon de Montford and wife of Raoul de Conches. "She was," wrote he, "generous, enterprising, gay, amiable, and courteous to all who approached her. During the war she mounted on horseback, armed as a knight amongst the other knights, and like to the young Camille, the pride of Italy in the troops of Turnus, she yielded in intrepidity neither to knights covered in mail, nor to soldiers armed with javelins." After the death of her husband she retired into the convent of Haute-Bruyère.

In the 12th book of the same chronicler, we find the history of Juliana wife of Eustatius of Breteuil and illegitimate daughter of Henry I. King of England. Having been sent with the troops by her husband to defend the castle of Breteuil, she was there besieged by her father, whom the inhabitants had admitted into the city. Seeing the impossibility of a long resistance she demanded an interview with her father.

"The king, who never dreamed of treachery in a woman, and one so nearly allied to him, granted the interview, during which his unfortunate daughter sought his life. She bent a balista and hurled a shaft at her father, whom, by God's protection, it failed to strike. Henry on perceiving her unnatural design, ordered the draw-bridge leading to the castle to be destroyed, in order to intercept all communication with the exterior. Juliana, seeing herself thus encompassed on all sides, and without hope of succour, surrendered the castle to Henry, but could not obtain from him her liberty. After his prohibition she was obliged to let herself slide from the top of the highest

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\* *Cosmæ Pragensis Decani Chronica Bohemorum*, inserted in Freher's Compilation, *Rerum Bohemicarum Scriptores* 1002, in folio, p. 6.

† *Alexiade*, book iv. ch. 5.



wall of the castle, and without the assistance of a bridge, or indeed of almost any support, creep ignominiously to the bottom of the ditch and expose her naked person to the army. This incident occurred at the commencement of Lent, in the third week of February, when the water in the dyke being frozen pierced the delicate flesh of the princess as she was plunged into it on her fall. This unfortunate warrior retreated thus ignobly, and hastened with speed to rejoin her husband at Paci (sur Eure.)\*

Amongst the number of women who contributed to the defence of castles and towns we must not omit to mention Jane Hachette, the sister of Duguesclin, and another heroine less known, Jane Maillotte, who distinguished herself at Lisle, during the revolt of the *Hurlus*. We refer to Froissart for an account of the adventures of the two Countesses of Montfort and de Blois, who, during the captivity of their husbands, kept up a bloody war against each other, the termination of which was the possession of the Duchy of Brittany. We must not omit the mention of an attempt at a crusade made by the Genoese ladies in 1301—or the defence of the castle of Benegon by Marie de Barbançon in 1569.

As to Joan of Arc, and other adventurers who, after her death, aspired to play the same part as she had done, their history is too well known to need recital here.

The celebrated female poet, Louise Labé,\* had scarcely attained the age of sixteen, when having accompanied her father to the siege of Perpignan, in 1542, she was seized with an ardent desire of becoming a warrior, and so distinguished herself by her bravery as to earn for herself the surname of *Le Capitaine Loys*. Her exploits have been celebrated by an anonymous author in a very long and laudatory piece. We here transcribe a sample of these very indifferent lines.

Louise ainsi furieuse,  
En laissant les habits mols  
Des femmes, et envieuse  
Du bruit, par les Espagnols  
Souvent courut, en grand'noise,  
Et maint assaut leur donna.

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\* Orderic Vital, t. xii. collection Guizot, t. xxviii. p. 289.

† She was born at Lyons in 1526, and died in 1566.

Quand la jeunesse françoise  
 Perpignan environna,  
 Là sa force elle déploie,  
 Là de sa lance elle ploye  
 Le plus hardi assaillant ;  
 Et brave dessus la selle,  
 Ne montrait rien en elle  
 Que d'un chevalier vaillant.

After raising the siege she returned and married at Lyons, from which time she resigned herself unrestrainedly to her taste for literature, and her passion, which was not less lively, for the beaux-esprits of her time ; she entered on a life nearly similar to that pursued by Ninon d'Enclos in the following century. In forming her society the bourgeois or traders were not admitted, no matter what wealth they were possessed of. She admired men of learning above all, patronising them by her marked favour, and holding them in far more esteem than the highest nobles, preferring to admit them free to her coteries, than the others for a large premium.

Much about the same period a Spanish religious, named Catherine d'Erauso, escaped from her convent, and assuming the dress of a man, served as cabin-boy on the ships trading to America ; then deserted, and after various adventures by sea, entered the army, where she signalized herself in the engagements against the Indians. She attained the rank of officer, and quitted the service in consequence of a wound received in a duel, by which her sex was discovered ; she then returned to Europe, where she received a pension from Philip III. Such, at least, are the facts which have been recorded in the memoirs written it is said by the heroine herself, and published for the first time at Paris, with some justificatory articles, in 1829, in octavo, under the title of *Historia de la Monja-alferex* (the History of the Religious Officer.)"\*

"It was about the year 1638, if I do not deceive myself," wrote the Abbé Arnould, "that I had the honor of becoming acquainted with the Amazon of our day, Madame the Countess of Saint Balmont,† whose life has been a real prodigy of valour

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\* See on this work, which is after all perhaps only a romance, an article inserted in the xliii volume of the *Revue Encyclopédique*, p. 742, and following.

† Barbara D'Ernecourt, Countess of Saint-Balmont, was born at Neuville, between Bar and Verdun, in 1608.

and virtue, having united in her person all the courage of a determined soldier, and all the modesty of a truly Christian woman. Part of this testimony was given in my presence, by some Spanish soldiers whom she had taken in the war, and whom she had dispatched to M. De Feuquières at Verdun : he having asked jokingly of them, if they had in their country women equally brave, one of them replied with the greatest seriousness, that he never could have supposed she was a woman, having seen her perform feats which would be daring for a reckless soldier. To those who wish to read these memoirs, it may not be uninteresting to learn further particulars of so extraordinary a woman. She was descended from a very high family at Lorraine, and born with ideas worthy of her birth. The beauty of her countenance corresponded with that of her mind, but her height did not correspond with her beauty, she was small and rather fat. God who designed for her a more laborious life than ordinary women, rendered her thus robust, in order that she might be better enabled to endure bodily fatigue ; he also bestowed on her a supreme contempt for beauty, so that having had the small pox she rejoiced as much at being marked as others felt sorry at a like misfortune, saying that it gave her more the appearance of a man. She married the Count de Saint Balmont, who yielded nothing to her either in birth or merit. They lived together in perfect unity ; but the commotions which broke out at Lorraine obliged them to separate.

“ Madame de Saint Balmont dwelt on her estate in order to preserve it. Up to that period she had never indulged her warlike tendencies but for the chase, which is, after all a kind of mimic war, but the occasion soon presented itself of exercising it in reality ; it was this. A cavalry officer having come to reside on her estate, lived in a very disorderly manner. Madame de Saint Balmont with much courtesy expressed her disapproval of his conduct, which he received very ungraciously ; this piqued her, and she resolved to bring him to reason herself, and without any consultation, but the promptings of her own heart, she wrote him a note to which she affixed the signature of the *Chevalier de Saint Balmont*. In this billet, she pointed out to him that the bad treatment experienced at his hands by the *Chevalier's* sister-in-law demanded some expiation, and that he desired to meet him sword in hand. The captain accepted the challenge, and repaired to the appointed place Here Madame

de Saint Balmont awaited him dressed in male attire. They fought, she conquered him, and after disarming him said with peculiar grace; 'You were under the impression, Monsieur, that you fought against the Chevalier de Saint Balmont; but it is Madame de Saint Balmont who returns you your sword, and who requests that in future you will have more consideration for a lady's behest.' She departed, after these words, and history records, that he, full of shame and confusion, retired, and was never again heard of. As to her, this occurrence only served to inflame her valour; she did not content herself with preserving her own property, in repelling force by force; but gave protection to several neighbouring gentlemen who took refuge upon her estate, and ranged themselves under her banners when she went to war, from whence she always returned victorious, accomplishing her undertaking with equal prudence and valour. I met her several times at the house of Madame l'euquères, at Verdun; and it was amusing to see her embarrassment at being dressed like a woman, and with what ease and spirit she mounted her horse on getting outside the city, and acted as escort to the ladies who accompanied her, and whom she permitted to remain in her coach. Notwithstanding this strange life, at variance with nearly all the feelings of womanhood, and which might in another lead to freedom of manner, or it might be libertinism, yet for her it possessed but the one attraction, namely, the power of doing good by redressing grievances, and repelling injustice. When in her own quiet home, each day was employed in offices of piety, in prayers, in holy reading, in visiting the sick of her parish, whom she assisted with a most praise-worthy charity, which gained for her the esteem and admiration of all who knew her, and caused her to be regarded with the respect and homage paid only to a queen."\*

Madame de Saint Balmont, after the peace of Westphalia, occupied herself with literature, and published in the year 1650 *les Jumeaux Martyrs*, a tragedy in-quarto; it was re-published in 1651 in duo-decimo. She died amongst the religious of Saint Clare, at Bar-le-Duc the 22nd of May, 1660. Pere de Vernon has written her life, and entitled it *l'Amazone Chretienne*, Paris, 1678, in duo-decimo.

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\* *Memoirs de L'Abbe Arnould*, from Michaud Ponjolot's collection, p. 494. See also a chapter of Tallement, t. viii. p. 217.

We do not know the name of the heroine, whose biography James de Joigny, printer at Rheims, has given under the title of *Les Merveilles de la vie des combats et victoires d'Ermine, citoyenne de Reims, Rheims*, 1648, in octavo. We are also in doubt about another heroine in the earlier part of the seventeenth century.—*l'Histoire de Louis XIII.*, by Duplessis, p. 225.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century an English-woman named Maria Read concealed her sex, and passed her life on the American seas, in the midst of pirates whose dangers and profits she shared. The vessel on which she was having been taken by the English, she, with her companions, was condemned to death at Jamaica the 16th of November. She declared herself enceinte, and thus obtained a respite, but falling ill, she died in prison, being at the time about forty years of age.

In the latter part of the same century, an amazon of another species, Mademoiselle Maupin, an actress at the opera, filled France with the noise of her sanguinary and scandalous adventures. Skilled in fencing, and wearing usually the dress of a man (a costume by means of which she could more readily abandon herself to her infamous pursuits) she one day insulted a woman who was accompanied by three men; they, ignorant of her sex, challenged her to a duel, in which she killed successively the three. She obtained pardon by quitting Paris, to which place she however returned, and re-appeared at the opera. She finished her career by renouncing the world, and died in 1707.

The mother of Wyermann, a Dutch painter, who died in 1747, was vulgarly called Lys Saint Mourel. She had served in the armies, and retired with the rank of serjeant, the dress and staff of which she continued to wear during the remainder of her life.

We shall conclude our sketch with the following fact.

The first woman who made a tour of the world was a young Briton, named Barry. She was dressed in man's attire, and accompanied as a servant, the French botanist Commerson in his travels (1767 to 1770.) Her sex was discovered at Taïti by the islanders.

## ART. II.—DELPHINE GAY.

1. *Le Vicomte de Launay, Lettres Parisiennes, précédées d'une Introduction, par Théophile Gautier.* Par Mme. Emile de Girardin. Paris: Michel Levy, Freres, 1857.
2. *Les Contemporains: Mme. de Girardin (Delphine Gay),* par Eugène de Mirecourt. Paris: G. Havard, 1856.

The lady with whom we wish to make our readers better acquainted, having devoted twelve years to the chronicling of such small beer as fashions, and the topics of the passing hour in Paris, an introductory word or two on these subjects will not be out of place.

We seem to feel ourselves as on a sand-bank drifting we know not where. Our poor planet has not a moment's rest from New Year's day to St. Sylvester's, nor can its inhabitants stop to realize their condition for the nonce, to reckon up their joys and sorrows, or adjust the balance. But in time, mother earth finds herself starting from the same point again, and at the renewal of some cycle—if we could live to witness it—it is probable that every phase in the world's economy would find itself repeated. The drop of water that with its countless fellows, rushes westward past the Cape of Good Hope, in obedience to the moon's pleasure, will in the lapse of years glide again by the same headland; but what variety of climate, and what myriads of kindred drops, will it not have encountered in the interim. Mme. de Girardin in one of her pieces, contrasts the diary of a fine lady in 1812, as preserved in the "*Chaussée d'Antin*," with one of the year 1840, and finds no members of the same families presiding over the popular emporiums of the two eras, except in the instance of a fashionable mercer, and the proprietor of a flower magazine; hence she jumps too hastily at a conclusion, and says that nothing here below remains the same, but fashions and flowers.

If being slaves to the same absurd style of dress at this day, to which our great grandmothers of a century since were victims, proved anything, our poetess would be in the right; but let all the varieties of style, more or less at variance with good natural taste, which ruled during their fitful hour in the interim, be also taken in to account. And while we are on the sub-

ject of fashions, a subject on which the celebrated *Jeames* of the Morning Post is much better informed, let us reflect for a moment on the waste of God's time, the abuse of money, and the misapplication of talents, for which those rulers of the fashionable world must account one day, when the result of their labours is the adoption of expensive, immodest and unserviceable clothing by the myriads of foolish women, who have not the moral courage to refuse to bow down and worship the cruel idol, dress themselves according to the impulses of a natural good taste, and the ascertained principles of gracefulness and beauty in form. Would that the August Lady, who nominally governs the men and women of these islands, was absolute mistress in the article of female fashions, and then would we for a certainty be relieved of the sight of painful-looking foreheads from which the natural ornament of the hair is so tightly pulled away, from dustmen's fantails on the beautiful heads which they disfigure, and from those garments of which a hay-cock is the ungraceful type.

The women of London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, probably fancy that their "Great Diana of the Ephesians," resides in Paris; but people who are supposed to be better skilled in the mystic rites of that money-lavishing goddess, assert that she has her shrine on the banks of the "dark rolling Danube." And after all, what a flimsy and fragile rod of power she holds, if her slaves had even a shadow of moral courage or common sense! Were our Queen and a few influential ladies of her court, to return to a natural and graceful style of dress, and steadily persist in wearing it, for a reasonable time, the mode would by degrees shew its colours beyond the *Manche*, take Paris by assault, occupy the cities that behold their faces in the "winding Rhine," get possession of Munich, and drifting down the Danube, seize the trembling tyrant on her throne, and boldly free the fair mistress of Vienna and her equally fair court ladies from the iron hoops and other harness of her ponderous though fantastic car.

This may be said to be begging the question; but let us see what Englishmen have already done; and if Englishwomen will take a lesson from the books of their natural vassals for once, they will live to bless the happy inspiration.

Did John Bull in the matter of training his horses to execute steeple chases, races, and fox hunts, cross the water to learn how his Gallic neighbours went, or went not about these things?

Not a yard. He moulded his canine and equine amusements and pursuits after a model constructed in his own hard head, till they acquired a systematic and stable form (*no pun intended*) till they became in fact a national institution; and now see the consequence. Your Parisian lion who must do violence to his own tastes and instincts, when he rides a race, risks his neck in a steeple-chase, pursues a reynard, or practises *le bore*, caricatures these exercises as well as he can, and works himself into a factitious enthusiasm about them, merely because he sees our islanders practise them with genuine eagerness and enjoyment.

A Parisian is associated in the minds of most of us with ideas of fickleness, frivolity, love of change in dress and customs, and every thing allied to unsteadiness. Let us examine with what reason. From the days of Racine and Corneille to the first appearance of *Hernani*, who were they that uniformly sat out, and seemed to enjoy the long-winded tirades, the no-action, and the unsuitable costume of the Classic drama? The Parisian play-goers. Who for about a century and a half were satisfied to bury themselves, and their cares and their interest in passing events, in the tremendous romances (each 10 volumes folio) of the 17th century? The French reading public. And in the matter of dancing, a recreation so intimately associated with a Parisian's enjoyment, the same stereotyped forms, are repeated from year to year. The ballet may be called the *Highland Sylph* or the *Apples of Atalanta*, but the same mode of flying on to the foot lights, the same nonsensical and ungraceful postures, the same twirls, and the same unintelligible language of arms and hands, will be strictly repeated still. Performers from the Bog of Allen, the coast of Bohemia, the country of the Cosacks, Andalusia, the Carse of Gowrie, or the Sands of Sahara, may come and obtain some cold applauses by the performance of their national dances; but they vanish in time, and *Mons. Silvain*, who sometimes happens to be Jemmy Sullivan from Dingle, and who has been waiting round the side-wing, bounds forward, supports Mlle. *Frelebras* with the tip of one finger, as she winds her arms like the sails of a mill, twirls her empty head, and holds out one leg parallel to the earth's surface; the *claqueurs* bring their horny palms together, and the stereotyped manœuvres and *pedœuvres* then witnessed for the thousandth time, put to flight all remembrance of Irish jigs, Scotch reels, Spanish boleros, and all the lively and joyous emotions connected with them.



A pleasing feature in the Fauborg St. Germain portion of Parisian society, one most worthy of imitation by ourselves, is the assembling of talented, titled and agreeable individuals for the purpose of social and intellectual entertainment among themselves at little expence, and with no obligation of lavish expenditure in entertainment or decorations. When invitations are distributed on this side of the water, thousands are expended on costly meats and wines, profusion of plate is ostentatiously paraded, apartments are transformed into leafy thickets, and lights innumerable are reflected from diamonds and pearls. Guests get a nod or bow from their negligent though anxious entertainers; they are stewed in the high-born mob at a temperature of 85°; they are crushed to a pan-cake in the progress to the supper room; ices hiss on their parched tongues; the bare necks and shoulders of ladies meet deadly chilling draughts as they rush forth in desperation; and galloping consumptions shortly overtake them in the race of dissipation. They can only get comfort by railing at their entertainers; and this is the recompense to these hapless heads of families, for heavy expence, for worry and anxiety, and for the temporary upsetting of all domestic comfort.

We may naturally look for a greater demand on the mental resources of a Parisian lady hostess from her select evening society, in the absence of such *agremens* as wait on the *social* reunion just described. Herself and her guests feel it a matter combining duty with pleasure to bring out all their stores of wit, fancy, and anecdote to entertain each other, and make the evening pass pleasantly; and from this good intention and the natural sprightliness of their character, an electrical current of animation and satisfaction is diffused through the party. It is not unnatural to suppose that if the English and French matrons took pen in hand next morning, there might be seen in the comparison of their productions, an instance of the balance of gifts bestowed on the human kind. The one exhausted by the evening's efforts and excitement, producing only a cold lifeless sketch of what she has so much enjoyed; the other having been a mere stewardess, and noter of what was going on, producing from her stores of comparison and observation, a living image of what is so vividly present to her own perception.

Thus, comparatively few actors have produced good works of fiction or acting plays, however intimately they may have felt and represented the various moving passions; or few great

statesmen have written standard histories ; or great generals have left us enduring pictures of their campaigns. It is one thing to be interested in an animated, witty, or humorous conversation, and bear your part therein to the delight and admiration of the company, and another to present afterwards a lively counterpart of what took place ; so materially do the relations of the parties to each other, the temporary circumstances of place and time, and the characters and talents of the individuals present, contribute to the effect produced. In like manner, the grand or striking result of some chemical experiment depends on the presence, the proportion, the mode of combination, and the peculiar properties of many differing ingredients. Hence the great disproportion in number between those continental ladies who have been, or now are, perfect presiding goddesses of salons, and of those who may be cited among the standard writers of their age. The disproportion is also evident on our side the channels, but in an inverse ratio.

The lady cited at the head of our article, a close observer, and a most vivid delineator of the follies, fashions and manners of her day, a paragon of beauty and accomplishments, a perfect mistress in presiding over, and delighting a select reunion of talent, wit, and agreeability, and the author of successful dramas and novels, is no more. George Sand, like her German sister, the Countess Hahn Hahn, has resigned her perilous trade, and devoted the remains of her life to the service of her Creator ;\* and of the really inspired women of genius living, we can quote few besides Mme. Charles Reybaud, Mme. Léonie D'Aunet, and Mlle. or Madame Marie Aycard, if the writer who bears the name is indeed of the gentler sex. Now omitting the female writers who have been called away in our own days, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Ferrier, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Inchbald, Miss Baillie, Miss Austen, Lady Blessington, Miss Brontë and sisters, L. E. L., the Misses Lee, the Misses Porter, Miss Mitford, Miss Pickering, and others for whom space should be found, there are still living and delighting our generation with their writings, Mrs. Burbury, Mme. Blaze de Bury, Miss Bunbury, Mrs. Crowe, Lady Dacre, Mrs. Ellis, Lady Fullarton, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Gascoigne, Mrs. Grey, Mrs. Gaskill, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Howitt, Miss Jewsbury, Miss Kavanagh, Lady Morgan, Mrs. Marsh, Miss Mulock, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Oliphant, Lady Emily Ponsonby, Miss Pardoe, Lady Scott, Miss Sewell, Mrs. Sinedley, Mrs. Stewart of Cork, Mrs. E. M. Stewart, the

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\* Such a report has prevailed here for some time at all events.

Baroness Tautphoeus, Mrs. Trollope, Miss Wallace, Miss Yonge, the authoresses of *Mount St. Laurence*, *The Flirt*, *Whitefriars*, *The School for Fathers*, *Kathie Brand*, *The Wreckers*, *Lady Granard's Nieces*, *The Henpecked Husband*, *The Lady of Glynne*, *The Old Chelsea Bun House*, *Tender and True*, and many others whose bead roll would be too long for the reader's patience.

As a large proportion of French works of fiction make their first appearance in the *Feuilleton* form, of the generally evil character of which no reader of the *Irish Quarterly Review* need be reminded, it may well be supposed that a French *Miss Mulock*, a French *Mrs. Hall*, or a French *Miss Edgeworth*, would feel loth to commit the pure offspring of their minds to the companionship of such vile associates as the *Arthurs* and the *Antony's* of Sue, Dumas, and Co. Even if they were inclined to run the risk, it is not likely that they would be welcomed by a public accustomed to the ranting, the indecency, and the convenient moral philosophy of the reckless or diverting vagabonds, to whom they have become habituated.

In the comparative scarcity of harmless works for the Gallic novel-reading public, it is pleasant to know that there is a variety of cheap, entertaining and useful books got out for the behoof of youthful readers in Paris, Tours, Cambrai, and other provincial cities, under the patronage of the Archbishops.

In our last two articles on French literature, Mirecourt's determined enmity to Emile de Girardin was slightly handled, and mention made of Mme. Girardin, and the esteem in which she was held by our critic. Since his biography was published, Parisian society and Parisian literature have been deprived of one of their fairest ornaments by death. Her biographer and admirer thus enters on his pleasing task.

"Do you recollect the wondrous tales of our infancy, where the fairies seated round a cradle, endowed the newly born princess with the rarest qualities of head and heart, and gave her in addition, fortune, worth, grace, and beauty?"

"Madame de Girardin had for godmothers every one of these beneficent fairies; she was born on the——"

"Ah, too curious reader! now we have you with mouth open, and ears cocked. Do you know what you resemble in thus ferreting out every one's age? you are the exact image of a Lord Mayor's valet or a president of the chamber. I am quite tired of your inquisitiveness."

"You are the sole cause of all the annoyances that beset us. Mlle. Dejaret will never forgive us, for blabbing her birth-day; Mme. George Sand has found our conduct so inexcusable that she has

added a year to her age to convict us of falsehood. Paul de Kock belches out fire and flames. He swears he is only thirty years old, and will furnish the proofs. Théophile Gautier enters his protest, and declares that he wrote *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, on his nurse's knees.

"Once for all we renounce the registry, and refuse to listen to its treacherous revelations. The age of a woman is written on her countenance, in her eyes, in her smile; and the smile, the eyes, and the countenance of Mme. de Girardin are just twenty-five years old.

"Before uniting her destiny to that of the too celebrated journalist whose biography has caused us such woes, our heroine was known by fame to the whole kingdom of France. The pure and delicious poems of Mlle. Delphine Gay fell from Parnassus in streams of sweetest honey. Daughter of a poetess, she was hushed to sleep with rhythm, and learned, while yet an infant, to make the lyre-chords vibrate in unison."

Delphine Gay, daughter of Sophie Gay, was born at Aix la Chapelle, and baptized (it is said) on the very tomb of Charlemagne. Her mother, who was a wit, a poetess, and a novelist into the bargain, and moreover, wife of the receiver-general of the district, indulged in some witticisms at the expense of the prefect one evening; the good things were repeated to the subject of them next morning; and it being a clear day, the telegraph brought the dismissal of her husband in the course of two hours. Women of talent are sometimes dear of purchase; the bon mots of Mme. Sophie Gay cost her family five thousand pounds yearly income.

The family all came to Paris, and their house was the centre of a galaxy of wits, actors, poets, and painters.

"They chatted, they laughed, they danced, they played; for the mother of our *tenth muse* was a *Cordon Bleu* in the science of colored pasteboard.

"Now and then when the cards were unpropitious, she dealt them in such haste to her friends, that they occasionally got a slap on the face from the Queen of Spades, or the King of Diamonds.

"The game being over they recited verses; and here our heroine obtained her first triumphs. She was applauded by all the celebrities of the day. Her early developed talents and unaffected grace rendered her the idol of her mother's circle. At fourteen years of age she was of the most radiant beauty. Her large mild eyes full of charm, her fair hair magnificent in its profusion, her large alabaster forehead, her little mouth, precious casket with its rows of pearls, her skin of milky whiteness, all combined to render her a prodigy of fascination."

In 1822 she sent her first essays in verse to the academy; and a pension of five hundred crowns was settled on her by Charles X. She went under her mother's guardianship into Italy, was conducted in triumph to the capitol like another

*Corinne*, and recited verses to an admiring and enthusiastic crowd. She refused a very advantageous match in order to be at liberty to return to Paris ; and was rewarded in part, by the applause and greeting of all that the city could muster of talent and high birth on the occasion of her recitation of some verses in the Panthéon, then just after being enriched by the frescoes of Baron Gros. "She might fancy herself for the moment queen of France."

"This epoch of her life was one long scene of delight, a poetic feast for each day and every hour of the day.

"At the commencement of 1830, the conquering charms of Delphine had harnessed to her chariot, more suitors than had beset poor Penelope in the days of old. This flight of turtle doves afflicted with its presence every saloon where the tenth muse made her appearance ; and when Summer came, the more adventurous took flight to the leafy shades of Villiers-sur-Orge, where Mme. Gay possessed a little country house. Almost all the poetical pieces of Delphine before her marriage, are dated from this retreat. She always loved the solitude and quiet of the country."

She became the wife of M. de Girardin in 1831 ; and according to this gentleman's implacable foe, Eugène de Mirecourt, her talent, which erewhile was signed with a stamp of naïve sensibility and seraphic candor, seemed at once to lose its distinctive characteristic, as if the dark influence of the journalist had fallen like a mantle over the muse, and the spotless dove had contracted some of the qualities of the vulture. About 1834 or 1835 she wrote *Le Lorgnon* and *La Canne de M. Balzac*. Her husband found fault with this mode of employing her time ; but the praise and the Louis-d'ors won by her labors, overpowered her conjugal fears ; and in a spirit of contradiction she published *Le Marquis de Pontanges* and *Marquerite*. Her present biographer insinuates that Emile, by virtue of his privileges as head of the family, insisted on the honest publisher paying into his (Emile's) own hand the price of these works, wishing thus to disgust her with her occupation, for she had not the pleasure of purchasing even a pincushion with the produce of her labours. The moral he draws from this circumstance is, that a man may be a successful speculator, cover the dead walls of Paris with advertisements in letters a yard long, turn every thing to profit, and still have a very middling knowledge of human nature.

"If it sometimes happens to Mde. de Girardin to shew herself slightly paradoxical, she makes up for the defect by a profound and

intuitive study of the character of her sex. How admirably she traces the likenesses of those coquettish, elegant, delicate, ethereal creatures, full of heart, of devotedness, of caresses, of affection! It would seem as if she looked into the depths of her own nature, to find woman in her most adorable expression, in her most perfect image.

"On the day when her husband was brought home wounded from Vincennes,\* Mme. de Girardin, who had no previous suspicion of the rencontre, showed herself a brave woman. She forgot to faint, gave the necessary orders, had a surgeon at once on the spot, got straw laid down in the street, and never quitted the bed-side of her husband till the wound showed favourable symptoms."

Mons. de Girardin looked with a very unfriendly eye on the feuilleton commenced by his lady in his own paper *La Presse* in 1836. Mirecourt attributes this to the over-weening value which he set on his own political lucubrations and his dislike of rivalry. He spoke out to her on the subject pretty plainly. She flung away her pen in consequence, but it was picked up by Dujarrier, his colleague, as often as it was thrown down, and put back between the fingers of the charming writer; and the *Lettres Parisiennes* of *Vicomte Launay*, continued to interest and delight the public from 1836 to 1848.

Mme. de Girardin began to write for the theatre in 1839. Her first piece *L'Ecole des Journalistes* was not allowed to be represented under the liberal rule of Louis Philippe. *Judith*, a tragedy in verse from the old Testament, was performed April 24, 1843; *Cléopâtre* in 1847. Her other pieces are *c'est la faute du Mari*, *Lady Tartuffe*, *La Joie fait Peur*, *Le chapeau de l'Horloger* and *Une Femme qui deteste son Mari*.

"At the *Gymnase*, *le Chapeau de l'Horloger*, a delicious burst of merriment in one act, proves that she possesses the gift of exciting laughter, as well as of drawing tears. Exquisite sensibility, comic power, wonderful delicacy of touch, perfect taste, these are the qualities sure to succeed at the theatre, and these Mme. Girardin possesses in perfection.

"One day her husband entered the room where she was sitting, holding by the hand a little boy just learning to walk. She looked at the infant, looked at Girardin, and comprehended the whole thing in a moment. 'I thank you for this mark of confidence,' said she; 'I will be a second mother to your son.'

"This promise she has religiously kept. Delphine herself directs the studies of this child of her adoption. He has never been from under her guardianship. She provides for him at home the neces-

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\* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. XXIX.

sary tutors. He is now fourteen years old, and as he has a taste for the riding school, she has purchased a horse for him from the proceeds of the '*Clockmaker's Hat*.'

"Their country house is at Chaillot. It is open every evening to her friends, and every evening it is filled with Parisian celebrities.

"She writes to a protracted hour in the night, and rises late. She is not fond of excursions. She keeps possession of her salon during the cold season, and in summer takes refuge in an Algerian tent, set up in the middle of the garden. There she composes her beautiful verses, there she receives her court, like an Eastern Queen, whose voice is listened to with religious respect, whose every desire is an order, and before whom the incense of loving homage is continually burning. \* \* She never appears sensible of her superiority to those around her; and it would seem as if she had never made greater efforts to acquire her poetical or inventive powers, her wit, or her style, than she had to acquire her beauty.

"Like her mother, she occasionally gives way to some sharp jest; but when she perceives the chagrin she has caused, there is in her excuses such an affectionate charm, and she is so anxious to pour balm into the wounds, that the victims are even grateful for the attack. \* \* She neglects no one, she takes pains to be agreeable to all; to children, to old men, even to women.

"She is determined that she shall be loved. She desires to be considered charming, and nothing is more easy than to obey her on this point, for she is certainly one of the most *spirituelle* and loveable women of her time.

"In fact we can discover in her only one small fault, and that is—her husband."

Théophile Gautier, in his biographical preface to the work under review, gives the dates of the birth, marriage, and death of Mme. de Girardin, thus achieving the adventure which so dismayed Mirecourt, according to his own confession.

Delphine Gay was born 6th *Pluviose*, An. xii (26th January 1804), was married 1st June, 1801, and died 29th June, 1855.

Gautier is still more enthusiastic in his praises of Mme. Girardin than Mirecourt. He was one of her circle of literary intimates, and his sketches a series of efforts, each to surpass the one before it in finding out stronger terms of praise and reverence for the memory of his lost patroness. According to him, she was seldom severe in language or roused to resentment, except when obliged to defend one of the literary pillars of her little court. We subjoin a characteristic trait.

"Despite her manly spirit, Mme. de Girardin was woman all over. She would have mounted the scaffold without paleness on her cheek, but she was afraid of the motion of a coach, and had not courage enough to cross the Boulevard on foot. We have seen her harangue with perfect coolness, and admirable eloquence, the rioters who came

to shout under her windows in 1849; yet she had like to swoon at the sight of a bat, which had entered by the open window, and was shuffling along the ceiling."

It may well be supposed that the newspaper quarrels of her husband, into which she was unwillingly drawn, had an evil influence on her health and spirits. They could not have been otherwise than irksome and injurious to one who seemed only adapted to live in the regions of poetry and the imagination. So the beautiful and gifted poetess quitted this too prosaic world, and Mons. Girardin seems to us to have made haste enough in filling her place with a rich Englishwoman.

The *Chevalier de Launay* saw his first feuilleton in print, 28th September, 1836: it begins characteristically:

"There has been nothing very extraordinary this week; merely a revolution in Portugal, the apparition of a republic in Spain, a nomination of ministers in Paris, a fall in the funds, a new ballet at the opera, and two capotes in white satin at the Tuilleries.

"The Portuguese affair had been foreseen, the spectral republic had been long settled, the ministry had been selected, the fall in the funds was a job, the new ballet had been announced any time for three weeks. So after all, the only novelty was the capotes in white satin; and even they would be no novelty only for being premature. And really the weather did not deserve the affront. Make a fire in a cold September if you please, that is but reasonable; but to wear satin before winter sets in is a crime against nature.

"They pretend that Paris is tiresome; we consider it most agreeable at this moment. You see no one of your acquaintance; the city is occupied by strangers. You feel at your ease, as on a journey. You see so many people admiring everything that you begin to admire them yourself. You have a population of gaping loungers whom it is a pleasure to behold; loungers from beyond the sea, from beyond the mountains, from beyond the Rhine: very probably there are in the crowd some even of Chateaubriand's loungers from *beyond the tomb*.

"Paris is renewed for a time; the worn-out are gone; the *ennuyés* have deserted; the air seems fresher, space freer. An *ennuyé* takes up so much room; his presence renders the atmosphere so heavy; he absorbs so much vital air when he sighs and when he yawns. Now the *ennuyé* is absent; he goes to the chace with the *ennuyeux*, who bores him with the recital of his hunting exploits; and both console themselves with abuse of Paris, which their absence has rendered endurable; and both remain in the country, thank goodness! the *ennuyé* and the *ennuyeux*."

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\* We have no nearer equivalents for these class names than the *tired* and the *tiresome*, the *bore* and the *bored*; but the reader will see the living objects themselves, the next dinner or evening party he attends.



"The theatres have grown young, the public have grown young. It is not the hostile public, the tyrannous public to those he pays to amuse him, the public so easily vexed and so difficult to rouse; it is not the old bellwether of the pit, who dares not smile for fear of having his absent teeth remarked, nor the aged coquette of the upper boxes, who dares not weep for fear of furrowing her rouge. It is a public, frank, joyous, and ready to be amused, critic and companion at once, who frankly helps you in your efforts to make it laugh, or cry; a good sort of public, which is little fastidious provided it be amused; in fact a public which believes in the existence of enjoyment.

"Among our visitors are many Englishwomen, with their bonnets garnished with three rows of tulle, tulle faded and limp, tulle that has travelled and remembered its mischances, that still retains some of the Thames fog, that has been begrimed by the coal fires of London; ungraceful ornament that forms a grizzled and dismal border to the face. These are Englishwomen of the third order, whom a cheap steamboat has flung on the continent in shoals. It is not yet the season for the Englishwomen with rosy cheeks and flowing ringlets, who come to teach our elegant women to be fresh looking and handsome; and to change the Rue de la Paix into an avenue of Hyde Park. O beautiful daughters of the north! in one small month you will be here, will you not? to replace your unworthy forerunners and efface their images from our memories.

"The English admire the statues in the Tuilleries; but like ourselves they wonder at the little care taken of them. They say that the king who lays out so much on mutilating the orangery, might spare half of it to clean up his heathen gods. Phæton (*sister of Phaeton*) is already so black that you cannot tell whether she has been changed into a negress or a poplar tree. Venus may have washed her feet within these thirty or forty years, but we have no certainty of the fact. As to Themistocles the Conqueror at Salamis, and Scipio Africanus, we will report them to the colonel of the National Guard; their buff coats and belts are in the worst possible state. As to other matters, there are always white swans and gold fish in the basins; children and childrens' hoops in the walks, the clock of the chateau is always up to time, and the flag is still the tricolor. All this is mere detail, but we wish to be truthful in matters of moment.

(19 Oct., 1836).—\* \* \* A Parisian audience is the most despotic of tyrants in exacting flattery; and the most favored painter will always be the man that draws the worst likeness of it. A French audience detests the TRUE. What gives it delight are monstrosities of every description, monstrosities of virtue, monstrosities of crime. It will not do to depict human beings as they are, versatile and inconsequent. No, no: we must have beings perfect in goodness, or diabolically bad; a notary who holds out as an angel during five acts, a duke who is the devil himself during the same space. And when, in the fifth act, the notary resumes the good work he has been doing during the four previous ones, the whole pit is agog with admiration. 'That's he all over,' it exclaims—'he is the same man still—he has

done that just now—he said so a little while since—his goodness is all of a piece. Virtuous notary! I recognise you there: perfect notary! you are the man for my money: bravo!"\* With the pit, dramatic truth is a false assumption enunciated in the first act, and supported to the end of the fifth.

"So it is with the *Marie* of *Mme. Ancelot*. Not that her character is a falsehood. We have known more than one woman whose life has been a long and pure sacrifice; but then this is still not an absolute verity. It is an exceptional verity, an immoral verity, seeing that it is deceptive; a fatal verity, as it disgusts you with the commonplace one; a sterile verity, as it delivers the soul to powerless reveries, to useless researches; a culpable verity, as it renders us unjust to the *quasi* virtuous people, among whom we live, and whom we despise when put in comparison with the perfect beings whom it paints; a verity servile, and flattering, and therefore the only verity admissible at the theatre, and the sole verity which the public will acknowledge.

"Oh how the virtuous journals cry out, 'this is the edifying, the true comedy! here is no chartered criminal, no culpable or miserable wife of the modern school.' And the good husbands contemplating *Mme. Forestier* sacrificing the love of *D'Arbeille* to the happiness of her spouse, exclaim, 'how edifying!' never suspecting the *D'Arbeilles* who are in their own box at the moment. These very *D'Arbeilles* themselves, at the sight of the constancy of their *type* to the same woman for seventeen years, add their quota of admiration: 'How touching! Oh the true, the good comedy!' How well *Mme. Ancelot* knows the foibles of the public! She looks on them as her personal friends, and administers the sweet draught of flattery in properly proportioned doses.

"Oh, poor old public! you must either have your *Neros* or your *Agrippinas*, not fearing comparison with these monsters; or your heroic notaries and magnanimous spouses, as you can appropriate their virtues to your own proper account.

"We have attacked the convenient TRUTH of the theatres; a word or two now on the truthfulness of the journals. Some days since, one of the most outspoken of our journalists, as witty as unsparing, met *M. Vatout* at the house of a young deputy, a friend of his. He did not know him personally though he had made him for a long time the butt of his sarcasms. The conversation was interesting, the questions important; and owing to a community of ideas, each felt impelled to give a frank utterance to his sentiments, so frank as to surprise himself. It was an interchange of thoughts and feelings in which men judge each other, not only by what they say, but even by what they do not care to speak on. After some time *M. Vatout* quitted the party. The door had hardly closed, when our editor exclaimed; 'there is a man after my own heart; our very thoughts are identical; he is really a man of sound understanding, what's his name?' 'That is *Mons. Vatout*.' 'M. Vatout on whom I have cracked so many

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\* The drama of *La Duchesse de la Vaubatière* furnishes matter for the above observations.

jests !' And then bursting out a-laughing, he naively remarked, 'well, well ; I could not have thought of it : he is not a bit like the portrait I have been so long making of him.'"

From the extract which follows Jules Janin was evidently good for something more than criticizing plays, he had not seen performed, and selling bushels of chaff with only a few grains of sense in each. Our authoress quotes him thus in her *Feuilleton* of Nov. 30th, 1836.

"M. Janin reproaches M. de Balzac for originating, 1st, the Comedy of Madame Ancelot, 2nd, the Drama of M. Ancelot, 3rd, the loves of all women of a certain age. This is hard enough. According to him, we owe to M. de Balzac the discovery of *la femme de quarante ans*. He calls him the Christopher Columbus of that too sensitive lady. 'The woman from thirty to forty years,' he says, 'was formerly an undiscovered land with regard to passion, that is, as far as the romance and the drama were concerned. But in our days, thanks to these fortunate discoveries, the woman of forty reigns supreme queen in romance and drama. This time the New World has suppressed the Ancient ; two score has triumphed over sixteen. 'Who knocks ?' growls out the Drama in his rough tones : 'Who is there ?' asks the Romance with squeaking voice. 'It is I,' answers trembling 'sixteen' with pearly teeth, snowy bosom, graceful form, innocent smile, and sweet countenance. 'It is I. I am of the same age with the *Junia* of Racine, the *Desdemona* of Shakespeare, the *Agnes* of Molière, the *Zara* of Voltaire, the *Virginia* of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. I enjoy the enchanted and fleeting age of all the young virgins of Ariosto, of Lesage, of Lord Byron, and of Walter Scott. I am hopeful and innocent youth ; I cast into the future a glance as pure and beautiful as the heaven itself. I possess the age of *Cymodoce* and of *Atala*, the age of *Eucharis* and *Climena*, the age of chaste attachments, of noble instincts, the age of modesty and of innocence : let me in Monsieur.' Thus speaks sweet sixteen to the romance writers and dramaturgists ; And those romancers and dramaturgists answer : 'We are now occupied with your inamma, my child : look in on us in about twenty years, and we'll see what we can do for you.'

"But what can M. Balzac do ? Is it his fault, if thirty happens to be the age of love in the present day ? M. Balzac is obliged to paint the passion where he finds it, and for a certainty you will discover no girl of sixteen a victim to her sensibility in these latter times. Formerly a young girl eloped with a *mousquetaire*, or she escaped over the walls of a convent with the aid of a rope ladder ; and so the romances of the day were filled with *mousquetaires*, convents, rope ladders, and elopements. *Julia* loved *Saint-Preux* at eighteen ; at twenty-two she espoused *M. Volmar* in obedience to orders. It was the spirit of the age. At sixteen the heart began to speak ; but now it takes a much longer time to soften. If *Julia* were now alive, she would espouse *M. Volmar* at eighteen through ambition, and at twenty-five, awaking from her illusion, she would elope with *Saint-*

*Preux*. Talk of the old writers! they painted their epoch; let M. Balzac paint ours. 'Racine's *Junia*' you say! In 1835 she would marry *Nero* without scruple to become empress; *Virginia* would desert *Paul* to wed *M. Lasourdonnaie*; *Atala* herself would prefer the *Pere Aubry* to the handsome *Chactas*, only the good old father had made a vow of poverty. The women who now-a-days set the world talking of them, commence by an advantageous match; they must be countesses, marchionesses, and duchesses. It is only after finding out the vanities of vanity that they decide on love. Even some return to the past, and at twenty-eight or thirty, devote themselves to the youth whom they had rejected at seventeen. M. Balzac is then quite right in painting the passion where he finds it, though it be born out of time; M. Janin is equally right in saying that all this is very tiresome. But if it is wearying to romance readers, how dismal is it for young men who dream of love, and find themselves reduced to exclaim, 'oh how I love her! how beautiful she must have been!'

The following may seem too highly charged; but as we paint the French character in tints where the frivolous is too prevalent, they on the other side may give us a more earnest and decided character than we strictly deserve.

(Dec. 15, 1836)—"In general the most trifling actions of an English woman are the result of a fixed determination. They know nothing of the impulses, the nonchalance, or the vivacity of a French woman. They never do one thing rather than another through indifference; everything is the result of a decision, even their manner of walking, conversing, loving, or praying. They do not desire a thing, they will it. They don't walk; they march, because they have fixed on marching; they go straight—to nothing; they set out to proceed, no where in particular. No matter: they have decided; they will arrive at some place or other, and their very mode of walking seems to say, I will certainly go no place else. They possess interior laws which rule their conduct; they have an interior judge which promptly decides everything without appeal. With them everything is predetermined; everything is the natural consequence of a previous arrangement, an effort, a preparation as it were for a journey; they *embark* for every object. This is perhaps the consequence of their occupying an isle out of which they cannot stray by chance or inattention; which they cannot quit without a certain degree of resolution. This resolute spirit, which is so devoid of grace when applied to the light and indifferent concerns of life, is of great efficacy when directed to matters of importance.

These observations are made apropos to a certain managing *Mme. de Flahault*, with whom we were made acquainted for the first time.

(Jan. 6, 1838)—"Among the number of fetes, we must not forget a very fine and original one given some days since to all the female models of Paris in the atelier of one of our most celebrated painters. The women invited were all beautiful, but their general style of dress

was not such as might naturally be looked for. AH (with very few exceptions) wore gowns fitting close to the neck, and very long in the sleeve. Did this arise from calculation or modesty? or were they unwilling to give a gratuitous sitting, and fare off like the benevolent giant who amused us so much a few years ago? We went one day to visit a cabinet of curiosities. The Savant who owned it, lived on the first floor, right hand, but we mistook and rang the bell on the left. A man of formidable size opened the door. 'Are these, Mr. So-and-so's rooms?' we enquired. 'He lives opposite,' said he; 'this is the exhibition room of the 'Giant of the North.' 'Beg your pardon, sir,' said a wag of our party; 'are you not the Giant of the North yourself?' 'Yes, Monsieur, I am the person; and if you please to enter, you may see for two francs'—'I will see the giant, whom I have the pleasure of seeing here for nothing. I am much obliged, sir; but listen to the counsel of a friend. If you wish that curious people should pay two francs for a sight, it is scarcely prudent on your part to open the door in person.' 'You are quite right, sir, I am sure,' said the giant: 'it certainly might do me an injury. I never thought of it before.'

After a paper in which praise was unsparingly administered to several individuals, Delphine utters her peculiar theory on the subject of praise and blame: it may be easily seen that the paradox had great attraction for her.

"Here is a feuilleton which will make many enemies for us; much more than the last, which was somewhat satirical. An epigram annoys no one but the person at whom it is launched. It diverts his friends who know better than any one, his defects and whims, and it gives joy to all his enemies. An eulogium on the contrary, has fewer chances; it sometimes offends the eulogised party, it displeases his envious friends, and irritates his enemies. Praise well merited and administered is never forgiven. We have never forgotten the saying of an old courtier—'I am now seventy-eight; and have arrived at that advanced age without ever having made a single enemy.' 'You have never been successful then.' 'On the contrary I have been very successful.' 'Probably no one has loved you?' 'I have been sincerely loved.' 'Well then what is your receipt?' 'I have never pronounced an eulogium on any one.'

Mme. de Girardin has forgotten to take into account the active measures occasionally taken by the subject of the epigram for the injury of his assailant, and what small benefit he receives from the enjoyers of the ill-natured joke.

In sparing some space for the following passage on Wilhem's mode of teaching music, we beg to confess that we would rather listen to the cawing of rooks, the rumbling of carts along the streets, or the voluntaries performed by cats on the roofs of back houses on summer nights, than be obliged to lend ear to

the established pieces which used before now to be ground out by the orchestra, T. R. D., when there happened to be a "delay of the House," and when, instead of killing time as directed, the wearied performers mistook the victim, and flayed the ears of the audience instead.

March 3, 1839,)—"Strange country! this of ours, where the evil principle is all-powerful, and the good languishes unvalued; where venomous plants come to perfection in a day, and where salutary ones take years before they flower; where the lie is provided with wings, and the truth crawls on in silence; where calumny blows its breath through twenty trumpets, and deserved praise finds no echo. \* \* Strange country! where if an absurd melo-drama is represented at the *Gaité*, the *Ambigu-Comique*, or the *Porte Saint Martin*, twenty feuilletons vie in giving a critical account of its performance; but let an instructive work, the fruit of long studies, be issued by a publisher, who is not at the same time a charlatan, and not a journal will speak of it. Let a too confiding Englishman have his pocket picked of his handkerchief or his watch, coming out of the theatre; all the journals in Paris will resound with the signal event next day, and the remarkable fact will be repeated in all the provincial gazettes. But let a useful institution be founded, and a really interesting meeting be held, all will preserve the most perfect silence. Ourselves, ever on the look out for the developement of noble designs, have had little idea of one of the most admirable institutions of our epoch. \* \* We speak of the popular concerts given by Wilhem at the Sorbonne. We wonder much that our great composers have not availed themselves of these new treasures of harmony.—A chorus of four hundred artificers and labourers of all ages from six to fifty. Endeavour to comprehend the effect of these combined voices, infantine, adolescent, brilliant, and young, of voices strong and grave, rival voices, which, by a miracle of combination, form one only voice. Four hundred persons in fine who sung in unison, and with a precision, an intelligence, and a musical taste which you will not find in the chorus of any theatre. We have heard more than once the beautiful prayer in the *Muette de Portici* at the opera, where no doubt it is very well executed; but it is nothing in comparison with a similar prayer, chaunted by our four hundred working people. We have heard in Germany the much be-praised choruses, and at Rome, the *Miserere* of the Sistine Chapel; and we declare that the vivid and profound impression made on us by these solemnities has been surpassed by the powerful emotion excited at the last concert of the Sorbonne by the chaunt of these poor working people. These new accords, these harmonious prayers, wafted us far away from this prosaic world; we seemed to hear celestial symphonies, the fraternal choirs of angels and cherubim. But the angels after all were only cabinet makers, journeymen printers, and working jewellers; and among the cherubim we discovered an odd Negro with puffed-out cheeks, beating the measure with his ebony fingers. The seraphic vision vanished, but admiration of real philanthropy remained with us entire; and frivolous observer though we be, we made the following reflections. While the 'Vir-

*tuous friends of the people*' preach revolt, sloth, and pride, in the name of liberty, the '*infamous oppressors of the people*' render it a moral people by religion and the arts, and confer on it the only real independence of the honest man, that which he acquires by labor. While the '*friends of the people*' summon it to the public assemblies, or seduce it into taverns to entertain it about its sovereignty, its '*infamous oppressors*' open for it, churches, hospitals, workshops, and schools, to teach it the greatness and goodness of God, and the wonders of civilization. Its friends teach it to vote and to govern, its oppressors first of all, teach it to read and write. Ah, may this double system of instruction soon teach it to hold at their real value the ambitious tenderness of its pretended friends, the paternal authority of its pretended oppressors.\*"

The following simple account of a robbery may not seem worth relating; but as it is rather out of the regular line of the doings of housebreakers, it may present something novel to the admirers of *Oliver Twist*, *Jack Sheppard*, and *Robert Macaire in England*.†

(Dec. 29. 1836) \* \* \* "This young gentleman left home at half-past four to pay a visit or two. Simple was his dress; it was Sunday, and your man of fashion dreads above all, to appear on that day as if he had got on his Sunday clothes. Besides, our young fashionable was to dine with a relative, and no one beautifies himself when he expects to meet only his cousins. Before presenting himself at his aunt's, Rue-du-Fauborg St. Honoré, he looked in on the Duchess\* and there learned to his great dismay, that the dinner was to be superb, nearly diplomatic, followed by a grand concert. The aunt had neglected to apprise her nephew. 'Oh my hard fortune!' cried the Elegant, looking at his boots. He shortened his visit, and betook himself back in all haste. But he is on foot; his horses have been in the morning in the Bois de Boulogne, and his coachman and valet have got leave to spend the evening abroad. Oh horror! the valet has the key, and every thing is locked up. He hurries, he arrives at home, he breathes again. All the doors are open, but the presses are open also: they are as empty as they can be. He looks round, he rushes into the salon, he sees on the table a parcel badly tied, and recognises his favorite waistcoat, the very one he was going to put on. He hastily enters his bed chamber. Oh, death and fury! a robber is forcing his desk. 'Infamous thief,' cries he, and flings himself on the villain, seizes him by the throat, and is on the point of strangling him. But the thief immediately—guess—seizes a poignard, and plunges it into the heart of his adversary! 'No.' 'He

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\* Those extracts dated Jan. 6. 1838, and March 2, 1839, are inadvertently misplaced.

† The adaptor of *Robert Macaire* is not much accustomed to such society as those to whom he is here introduced. The similar spirit of parts of the three works quoted is the cause of the anomaly.

flings him on the floor and takes to flight!" "No." "Well what does he at all?" He faints away in the arms of his victim, who finds himself obliged to bestow the most tender cares on him. The same victim carries the malefactor to a sofa, and searches for his smelling bottle to bring him to himself again. But the victim cannot find his smelling bottle, beautiful little utensil, as beautiful as crystal and refined gold can render it. Happily it came into his head to look for it in the pocket of his despoiler, and there indeed it was. The victim aids the malefactor to recover his senses; but scarcely has the ruffian opened his eyes than he beholds his crime in all its horror. He falls into the most frightful despair. His victim comforts and consoles him. 'Ah Monsieur,' says he, sobbing, 'it is the first thing of the kind I have attempted. What a frightful thing is theft! Catch me at it again.' He was a young locksmith whom vicious company had nearly corrupted. So our gentleman could not think of giving him up to justice. But the swoon had held an hour, and it was too late to dress for dinner. So he came and joined us at the Café de Paris, and related this adventure, in which, as in most romances of the day, the chief interest is centered in the rascal."

Our fair writer had a sneaking kindness for *les Anglais et les Anglaises*, but that never prevented her from *Joe-Millering* them at times. In the feuilleton of 5th January, 1837, which she devoted to new year's gifts and anecdotes, she tells a sad story of a brave young Scotch girl, *Suzanna* by name, who was insensible to frights or terrors. So on the eve of her intended marriage, her foolish bridesmaids determined they would try her nerves. They borrowed a skeleton from a medical student, and laid it, carefully enveloped in a night-shirt, in poor *Suzanna's* bed, wishing her, "*Good night, Suzanna: good night, my dear; good night.*" It is not to the taste of our nerves to tell a horrible story in detail, but they find the poor bride a maniac next morning. May the mere mention of this, which is probably a real fact, extinguish a taste for practical jokes in some stray reader or another.

"The English excel in the art of simplifying things. While we lose our time and words saying to every one '*Bonjour: Je vous Souhaite une bonne année*, an English friend of ours made a wonder of brevity and neatness out of the formula. He went about saying to every one he met, '*Bon jour de l'an*,' an abbreviation as happy as *Dick* and *Bill* for *Richard* and *William*."

This Englishman recalls to our minds another of his countrymen not less ingenious. He attended a representation of *le Comte Ory*, and by a happy chance previously unknown in the *fusti* of his country, he succeeded in retaining the supper air, '*C'est Charmant, C'est divin.*' Yes: he caught it in his Britannic ears, and retained it, and, into the bargain, hummed it very agreeably between his Britannic teeth. Delighted with his musical acquisition, he was a little mis-



trustful of his memory, and prudently made a knot on his handkerchief. 'Why this knot?' enquired a friend. 'Tis for fear I should forget this charming little air, which I have acquired with so much trouble.' We are thoroughly confident of this man's being a good husband and a good father."

Mme. de Girardin, as may be supposed, did not dance, *galop*, we should have said, at Musard's wild assemblies; so she invested her *double-ganger* in male attire, bade him answer to the name of *De Launy*, and sent him to inspect the doings of that hall of frenzy.

(Jan. 11, 1857.)—"As to the quarter of central Paris, it neither valses nor dances, it neither leaps nor falls: it turns, it rolls, it tumbles, it rushes, it throws itself forward, it plunges headlong, it twirls round, it charges like a serried file of soldiers, it envelopes you as a whirlwind, it drags you down with it like an avalanche, it sweeps you away like the simoon. Hell is unchained, the devils are out on leave, it is Charenton (*the French bedlam*) enjoying a holiday, it is the *Wandering Jew* driven on his everlasting tour, it is *Mazepa* launched on his wild horse, it is *Leonora* carried off by her church-yard lover through forests, rocks, and deserts, and not stopping till she comes to the door of death. It is a phantasm, it is a fever-fit, it is the nightmare, it is the *sabat*; finally it is the terrible pleasure which is called the *galop* of Musard. The masked balls of the Rue Saint Honoré are conducted as on last year. Our mourning has prevented us from seeing them, but we may repeat what is told us. The quadrille of the *Huguenots* has a wonderful effect; nothing can be more fantastic. The lights of the hall become dim, and a ruddy glow succeeds, to give the idea of a conflagration: and then what a strange spectacle is presented by these joyous faces, these disguises of all colors and every degree of gaiety, seen by the baleful death fires! All these uproarious phantoms, demons of joy and folly, separate in columns, rush forward in torrents; and the masses turn, roll, advance, press and push each other, knock against each other, recoil, return, pass, repass, still, still, still, and never cease; and the tocsin sounds, the drum beats, and the orchestra is relentless. It quickens the measure, gives no time for breathing, and the firing and slaying in the streets is perfectly imitated. They hear the cries, the laments, the laughter; it is civil war without mistake; it is an undoubted massacre; the illusion is complete. You see that we always strain after amusement in Paris. Some amuse themselves sadly, others pompously, others without affectation, every one after a fashion; but everyone is amused, except those who are tired of striving to amuse themselves."

Looking back on our youth we strive to recal once more the

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\* It is probable that this anecdote as applied to a *Paddy*, first saw the light in that most melancholy collection, *Joe Miller's jest book*. Not having read a page in it for a score of years, we will not be positive.

impulses, and taste for amusement peculiar to that period of life, and to fancy what would be our sensations looking on such a spectacle. But we cannot imagine any other effect it could have, than giving a lively idea of Hell. The performers listening to cries of agony, and pursuing the mad measure at the same time, remind us of one of the quaint apologues in *The Difference between Temporal and Eternal*. A man pursued by a fiery dragon through an Arabian desert, takes refuge in a tree; but as he is beginning to rejoice in his escape, he looks down, and beholds a black and white rat\* gnawing at the roots, which are already half cut away. He next beholds the pursuer taking his seat in the shadow of the tree, and practising the muscles of his jaws to open freely, when the victim is about to tumble. He is very much dismayed as may be supposed, and is calculating the length of time the rats will require to finish their awful task, when he chances to espy some drops of honey glistening on the leaves within his reach. He forgets rats, time, dragon, and all, and begins to taste and enjoy his short-lived pleasure with the greatest relish.

(Jan. 26, 1837).—"Except the cholic recently imported from London there is no news worth relating: but as the absence of news is no excuse for a failure in conversation, when none come to hand, we invent. A false report in Paris can count on eight days of existence; not indeed a satisfactory or general one, for it is already dead in the quarter where it first saw life, while it is flourishing in the one appointed for its death. But it is never thoroughly extinguished till the eighth day, and there is no manner of risk in giving birth to a report that is sure of eight days of life. This year we are able to invent nothing but deaths, even the death of poor Musard whom they have killed, as a last resource to keep conversation at par. A proof of the immensity of our city is, the tremendous exertions you must make to persuade your acquaintance that you did not die at all. Some are so obstinate that they prefer your having come to life again after a fair and regular departure into the land of shadows.

"Oh! Paris is a great city for fertile imaginations. They are very badly off in the provinces in this respect; they are obliged to order their news from the city, along with their caps, ribbons, and fowling pieces. You may say Mr. 'Such a One' is dead; in five minutes he will be seen promenading in the market place, and all the salt is taken out of the joke. \* \* \* You do not sing when you have no voice; why then need you talk when you have got nothing to say? Ah! it is because in France we must keep up conversation

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\* The rats represent day and night, the regular lapse of which exhaust our being; the dragon is of course the devil.

at any price. A causerie that languishes is a punishment, a disgrace to the lady of the house; she must rouse it at any hazard; in such a crisis everything is lawful. She will even betray her own secrets; and if she has none, she will closely question you as to yours. She will invent falsehoods about the lady who was leaving the salon when you entered; but then, only think of the imminent danger of the talk coming to an end! I knew a lady who not content with her domestic success, felt it her duty to keep up at scandal heat, the conversation through the city. Her daughter, lately a bride, gave her but little assistance, for she was both truthful and modest. One day after a visit in which she had not opened her mouth, she was scolded by her mamma for her silence. 'But mamma, I have nothing to say.' 'No matter; invent something. Say that your voiture was locked by an omnibus; or that you saw some one arrested in the street; that two men were fighting, that a superb funeral had just passed, that your shawl was stolen, in fact anything you please; but talk at all events, or I will not bring you out with me again.' A bride of sixteen who is not in love with her husband, and is scolded by her mother, is easily made cry; so she cried plentifully. The next visit they paid, the young lady was in trouble, for no one had passed out as they entered, and it was a fine sunshiny day. 'How pale you are! my dear Valentine,' said the Baroness. 'Are you ill?' Mamma cast a furious look on the unhappy young lady, as much as to say, 'why don't you speak, you helpless creature?' The poor child began to recall the late lesson, and stammered out, 'no, madam; but I was very much frightened just now: we were jammed in by an omnibus.' The mother triumphed; her daughter would do after a few lessons. 'It fastened on us, just as we were crossing the *Pont des Artes*.' 'The *Pont des Artes*?' said the Baroness. 'She means the *Pont Louis XIV.*,' cried mamma; and she detailed with supreme presence of mind all the circumstances of the incident.

"The Baroness was appeased, and the conversation continued. 'You have a very fine shawl, my dear Valentine.' She was silent, but at a terrible side glance of her teacher, she received inspiration. 'Oh! I lately had a much finer one, but they stole it from me.' 'Stole it!' cried the Baroness: 'that can't be allowed; we must recover it. The Prefect of police is my friend; I will write to him on the instant.' 'Oh! pray madam, do not take the trouble: it is of no consequence.' 'No consequence, a shawl of that value!' 'Oh, she means that her husband has already taken all the steps necessary;' the conversation took another turn, and Valentine fell into one of her reveries. 'Truly,' said the mother, 'these clubs have unsettled society altogether: no witty or pleasant conversation now at all. The gentlemen spend their mornings, playing and smoking, and their evenings, drinking: I pity the young wives of the present day, their lives must be very unhappy.' 'Ah!' said the Baroness, 'I do not think Valentine is of your opinion: she, at all events has no complaints to make against the clubs.' Valentine made no answer; she had not heard a word. 'Why do you not speak?' said her mother. 'Perhaps she does not know what a club is.' Feeling herself obliged to speak, she answered, 'oh, yes, madam; I have often heard of the *jockey's club*.'

There is a report of a quarrel that took place there yesterday, that will probably have a disagreeable termination.' 'A quarrel arising from play?' asked the Baroness in great anxiety. 'Yes Madam.' 'Have they mentioned the names of the players?' 'M. de H—— I believe.' A furious look from the mamma, but misinterpreted by the poor novice. 'Oh! yes indeed, Madam; M. de H—— was one of the gentlemen.' 'Oh heavens!' cried the Baroness, 'is it so?' and rushing towards the fire-place to seize the bell cord, she fainted outright.

"Valentine understood nothing of this. She had named M. de H—— knowing him to be the hero of the club, not suspecting him to be the Baroness's hero also. She had not heard from him for two days, but attributed his absence to a lover's quarrel that had taken place. She was now in a pitiable state, and the visitors soon withdrew.

"'Truly,' said the mother to the culprit, 'you are a downright fool, to go name M. de H—— to the Baroness.' 'But, mamma, how could I have guessed?' 'Don't speak; people in the world should know everything, and to say that you did not care about the loss of the shawl.' 'She said she was going to write to the prefect.' 'You little stupid, it was only a piece of politeness. And then the *Pont des Artes* where voitures never pass; it is absurd.' 'You see, mamma,' said the poor child, 'that it is better for me not to say anything.' 'That's the very thing I wish you to do.'

"And that's the very advice we wish to give to all spreaders of false reports, and to those who kill their friends, calumniate their enemies, and disturb their loves, to keep conversation alive. To these we say, 'better hold your tongues.' The English, the genuine English, at all events, visit each other for the pleasure of being together. They do not consider themselves under the necessity of blabbing for an hour to convince you of their presence. The Spaniards smoke, and are silent. The Germans meet in order to indulge in reverie. The Orientals find their chief happiness in uninterrupted silence. They do not open their mouths even to give an order. However, we find we are talking of nothings, because we have nothing else very particular to talk about. So let our ideas benefit our readers even though it be at our own expense."

Theodore Hook, tells in one of his 'Sayings and Doings,' of English ladies who scarcely ate anything in company, but indemnified themselves in the privacy of their own apartments; N. P. Willis tells tales on a sentimental young German lady, of most refined and ethereal (literary) taste, how when safe from observation she fell on chops, beer, sauerkraut, and other rough comestibles like any bricklayer; Mme. de Girardin gives us to understand that fine Parisian belles are either too hungry or too sincere to practise such deception. Her paper on the subject appeared 8th March, 1837, and we learn from it that Parisian fashionables were not much devoted even at that

Lenten time to excessive mortification of the flesh. We are not much surprised, for even in this city of ours, a *few* philosophical Catholics (for health's sake of course) are obliged to eat meat on Fridays; and if the full truth was known, envy their Protestant fellow citizens their peculiar privileges in the matters of fast and abstinence.

"The lent is particularly brilliant; it rivals the carnival, frightful to say. They dance with the ardor they should devote to their prayers, and they certainly do not fast. If you were to behold our elegant young nymphs at ball suppers, you would have little faith in their pious privations. Neither could you comprehend how meagre our young ladies contrive to be. Really when you have assisted at one of these suppers, and seen these sylph-like beauties at work, when your eye has weighed and measured all they have swallowed in ham, pies, fowl, wild and tame, and cakes of all denominations, you have full right to insist on their arms being plumper, and their scapulae less developed. Poor sylphs! they must have much bitter grief to devour at home, to counteract the good results of these rich repasts. A man of wit has said, 'that women are not aware of the injury they do themselves by eating;' and he was right. Nothing can be more disenchanting, than to see a beautiful and richly dressed woman seriously employed at table. Appetite is not allowable to a lady, except on a journey. At entertainments they may take an ice, a fruit, or a bit of tempting confectionary; but feminine beauty should have association with nothing more earthly than perfumes, fruits, and flowers.

"April 12, 1837. The ball given for the relief of the indigent English has been thoroughly successful. Oh! how we love a costume ball! Beautiful women are there still more beautiful under a new aspect, and the ugly, whom a brilliant imagination has enticed thither, have their value as foils. The English ladies are wonderfully original in their style of dress. If we admire the British beauties with bitterness and envy, we hail with delight the fantastically attired beauties of another sort, which it pleases *Perfidia Albion* to send us; and we say to her double glory, that if the modern Venus, that is, Beauty herself, has arisen from the clear British Channel, the other goddess, whom it is not ours to name, has scrambled up from a muddy pool of the Thames. In fact, we recognise in our neighbours beyond sea, the double supremacy of furnishing us, women the most beautiful, and women the most remarkable for the opposite quality. The English never do things by halves; they are handsome to perfection, or they push ugliness to deformity, and then they cease to be women. They are fossil beings unknown at the creation, whose species infinitely varied, admit of no classification. One resembles an aged fowl, another a superannuated steed, this a young donkey, many resemble dromedaries, and some the hirsute bison. Quietly seated in a salon, and appropriately dressed, they are honestly ill-favored, and no one thinks more about it; but in a

costume ball when these strange figures are dressed, and bedizened, in brisk spirits, highly rouged, with shapes and motions in high relief, and their peculiar graces striking so strongly on the senses, they produce a tremendous effect. If you had seen the other evening, these fantastic personages wandering about in the *Salle Ventadour* with seven or eight feathers on each head, blue, red, and black, peacocks' feathers, cocks' feathers, feathers of every kind—if you had witnessed the pride and self-confidence of those phantoms, and the self-satisfied looks thrown on the mirrors as they passed, and the hand adjusting some enchanting neglect in the dress, and the ringlet carefully drawn over the nose, which it obstinately refused to protect, and the yellow or copper-colored slipper bordered with red or blue, advanced or retired with so much grace, and the thousand little ornaments, all surprised at their unexpected meeting, you would say 'a *bal costumé* is very amusing indeed.' Ah! if ever any one asks you to visit such an assemblage for a lousie, hand it out at once; you could not turn your money to better account."

The Princessa Helena (*Duchess of Orleans*) arrived in Paris early in June, 1837. Contrast the animation and excitement of her reception with after events—the violent death of her husband, the reverses of 1848, and the subsequent exile of herself and her adopted family. Ponder the subject well, and it will be equivalent to the careful reading of a chapter in "*Think well on't.*"

June 7, 1837. "The garden of the Tuilleries was splendidly beautiful last Sunday: it was beautified by the sky, the king, by the people, and by the season. What a spectacle at once smiling and majestic! O people of the province, who have not seen the picture, go hang yourselves at once, you will not see it again, the canvas is destroyed. Figure to yourselves what no Parisian ever saw before on the same day—the sky, blue—the trees, verdant—the people, clean, a crowd joyous and well dressed, enjoying the perfume of the lilacs in flower. Have you ever seen all these together? In Paris when the sky is blue, the trees are ash-colored—devoured by the dust. The trees are never green but after rain, and then the people are wet and splashed with mud.

"See how beautiful the prospect is from this spot!—The great avenue of the garden, on the right three ranks of the National Guards, on the left the same number of the troops of the line, behind them the crowd, a crowd elegant and resplendent in all the hues of the rainbow, and before us a pond with its jet d'eau glittering in the sun. Behind this you see the obelisk, and beyond that again, the triumphal arch: then for a frame to the picture, the two terraces covered with people, and the large trees meeting the eye in every direction. Look down and admire these parterres, these countless tufts of lilac all in flower the same day. What perfume! what a lovely day! But hist! here's a courier—the cortege is coming. A postillion gallops on, covered with dust; shortly after, a

poodle at full gallop—laughter and lengthened hilarity. At a short interval hies on a pug dog in extreme trouble : he has strayed, or is perhaps for ever lost ;—prolonged amusement. These *avant-couriers* infused patience into the crowd. A needle-woman in mob cap gave a push to an elegantly dressed old lady. ‘Let me see the princess ; you will have opportunity enough to see her at court, you ladies.’ The lady looked down disdainfully on the woman, and said to her daughter, ‘little the good woman knows that she is more likely to go to court than we.’ ‘Without doubt,’ said the young heiress, ‘let her marry a grocer and she is certain of becoming a great lady.’ We guessed by this dialogue that some legitimists had come to see the procession.

“At length this princess, about whom we have talked so much for two months, is with us. . . . Her arrival in France has been the very reverse of an illusion. At a distance an error looks well, but as we approach the charm vanishes ; here it was different. While the princess was at home, every one said, ‘she is frightful, she is thin, she is without grace, she has nasty red hair, a big German foot, a bony hand ; her eyes are small, her mouth large, she is as ugly as Mme This or Mlle. That ; and they mentioned two of the most disagreeable women in Paris. The princess set out, and after a day or two, they commenced to speak more favorably, ‘Her hair was not exactly red, it was fair with a tinge of that color through it. She was ugly, but it was ugliness not destitute of distinction.’ She arrived at the frontier ; ‘there was not the slightest approach to foxiness in her hair now, it was a clear chestnut hue ; her foot was small, for a German foot to wit,—‘she was *not* ugly.’ She got as far as Metz : ‘her physiognomy is more gracious ; her appearance is really noble.’ At Melun, ‘she would make a delightful picture ; she has a charming foot, a lovely hand.’ At Fountainbleau, ‘on my word she is a most agreeable looking lady.’ Finally at Paris ‘she is a beautiful woman ;’ and if the journey held for two leagues more, she would be the most beautiful woman in the world. See how we have been deceived. The princess is not a decidedly beautiful woman, but she is a pretty *Parisienne* in all the rigor of the expression, a woman such as we readily love, we who look for beauty in a gracious expression of the face, and in a shape defined by graceful lines.

“Welcome, Madam, to our country, to our hospitable land ! For two months our knights have proclaimed with loud voice, that you were a prodigy of ugliness : pardon them we pray ; it was a lie. Our deputies have chattered about your income as if they were hiring a cook :—this is the result of liberal ideas. Our journals have abused you in epigrams without salt or point :—it is party spirit, it is French spirit ; pardon them also.

“You saw that evening, your new family filled with joy ; and indeed not without reason. Your father-in-law, the king, passed through a crowd that day, the first time for two years, without hearing a shot. It was wonderful, himself was astonished. Not a cloud in the sky, not an assassin on the earth ! All this was owing to your fair presence ; but how sad the life of which such as these are the happy days ! You are a courageous woman, for you come to find in

France the disenchantment of all your ideas. A daughter of Germany, you believe in royalty; and with us, royalty is no more. Romantic girl, you trust in the respect inspired by woman's dignity; woman here has lost her prestige, her weakness is no longer a thing to be respected; she is insulted as if she could avenge herself. You, the pupil of the Teutonic Homer, nourished by him on the ambrosia of poetic fiction, you believe in poetry, and we have none. Ask the echos of the palace, they will tell you that French words do not rhyme. Ask your august parents what has become of our great poets: speak of Chateaubriand, they will tell you he is a legitimist, their most redoubtable enemy. Mention Lamartine, they will tell you he is a deputy who sometimes votes for them; introduce Victor Hugo, they don't know him at all. To do justice to our modern royalty, it is worthy of the poetry of the land; it is prose with a crown. The reign of the 'three colors' admits none of the arts except painting; and Racine, if now living, would be obliged to daub some emblem, and smuggle in his verses in the disguise of a motto, in order to get them laid at the foot of the throne of July. Poor young bride! bid adieu to your dreams of grandeur and poetry. There are no poets here: you will neither be flattered nor sung. You will be in our court no more a great lady, than the most humble woman of the land. Like her, however, you will enjoy a happiness unknown to princesses sacrificed to ambition; you will love and be loved. Be consoled; with love you will recover poetry and royalty."

When we hear splenetic grumblers exclaim against the climate in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, and make odious comparisons with reference to Paris, or when the want of gallantry and chivalric spirit among our young gentry is bewailed, we will refer them to the foregoing extract.

Franklin speaks feelingly of the miseries of a washing day: the day on which they take up the carpets, and wax the floors is an equal horror to those Parisians not actively employed in the operation.

(June 29, 1857.)—"Happy the man who on this day can go to the country, or at least, dine and pass the evening with a friend; but miserable the wretch whom imperious necessity keeps at home, while they are upsetting and removing. Not a room is habitable: one is without a single article of furniture; in another all the moveables are piled one on another: the chairs are on the tables; the sofa cushions are on the chairs; the presses are *condemned* by all the things piled up against them. The poor victim asks for his breakfast. 'Ab, sir! the glasses and knives are in the press;' and the victim breakfasts without a knife. A shop keeper presents his little bill for sixty francs. It is nothing: he will not give the man the trouble of calling again. He steps into his bed chamber; finds not his secretaire; walks into the drawing room; no furniture but plenty of *frottoyers*\* at work; finds

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\* Provided with a kind of sweeping brush charged with bees' wax, your frottoyer applies his foot thereto as a digger to his spade, and



his way through many impediments to the dining room ; and describes the article required at the lower end of the apartment behind the piano. He displaces a mountain of chairs, he removes a heavy sofa, he manœuvres with much address, and at last attains his object. He applies the key, the bolt shoots back, but the piano prevents the lid from opening beyond an inch or so. There is a sofa before the piano, and a huge divan before the sofa, and the bill-bearer goes without settlement : no one breakfasts, nor pays his bills the day the carpets are taken up.

"Just at this moment our unfortunate receives a note from the charming widow to whom he is paying his addresses, containing an invitation to dinner. Quick, quick ! a loving, grateful reply must be dispatched forthwith. He rushes to a table ; alas ! it is only a card table. 'François, where is my writing desk ?' 'There, sir, behind the *armoire*.' But the press is of Buhl, and heavy into the bargain, and it would not be wise to risk injuring it : besides it is masked by a commode. 'Give me my writing case at least.' 'Sir, I am just after cleaning out the ink-stand, it was so clogged.' 'Oh, patience ! what shall I do ? I must return a verbal answer. Say that I shall have the honor—that I ask a thousand pardons of Mme. R. for not returning a written answer ; but they are lifting the carpets, and I have not even a table to write at.' François, not comprehending the beginning of the message, gives a free translation to Mme. R.'s servant, 'Monsieur asks a thousand pardons from Madame ; if he has not sent a note, it is because we are taking up our carpets ;' adding from himself, 'I have not seen such dust for three years that I've been with Monsieur.' 'Well !' said Mme. R. to her servant eagerly. 'M. \* \* \* presents his excuses to Madame : he can't have the honor, for he is taking up his carpets.' 'Did you receive this message from himself ?' 'No, Madame, it was from François ; he said he was very sorry that he could not write as they were taking up the carpets.' Mme. R., in high resentment, pays an unexpected visit to her sister in the country. At 6 o'clock everything is got into its place at our young friend's, and he dresses himself with the greatest care, all the while anticipating the happy evening he is to spend in the society of the lady of his choice. He dismisses his tilbury at the *porte-cochère* of Mme. R.'s hotel, traverses the court, and without listening to the porter, he runs up the stairs. He meets the *Maitre d'Hotel* on the landing place, his hat on his head—very odd. 'Mme. R. ?' asks the unfortunate wooer with troubled voice. 'Madame has just gone to the country to visit her sister.' The hapless youth rushes down stairs, and across the court to catch his tilbury, but it has had a five minutes start of him ; and he is obliged to content himself with an indifferent dinner at an ordinary eating-house. He feels that the two ingenious servants had skilfully caused the mistake, though ignorant of the exact process of the mismanagement. So he laid up these maxims in his mind : no chance of a good breakfast, of settling an account, or accepting a welcome invitation the day you lift your carpets."

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with a jerking motion he pushes on, and soon has his floor as shining and shippery as a mahogany table.

Mme. de Girardin looked with little complacency on competition in literature or commerce. Apropos to seeing the excellent actors and actresses dispersed among the various theatres great and small, she would prefer to see a galaxy of them at one or two theatres, a state of things which our literary and dramatic solons here, have upset with a world of trouble, and which we would not wish to see restored at any price. Our fair authoress looked only to the disagreeable features of the new order of things. She thus vents her displeasure.

"Is it not a pity to see all the good actors scattered among the little theatres, while the large ones are absolutely in want of subjects! What a miserable thing is competition! Instead of bringing any branch of business to perfection, its struggles only lead to a deterioration. The eloquent apostle of communism, the excellent Fourier, was unhappily too much in the right, when he thus depicted the organization of existing societies.

"'Everywhere,' said he, 'you see every class interested in wishing the evil of others; and private advantage in direct opposition to the advantage of the masses. The man of law is anxious that discord should prevail among the rich, and induce *good* law-suits; the physician limits his aspirations for the common weal to their enjoyment of *good* fevers and *good* catarrhs; the soldier desires a *good* war to kill off half of his comrades, in order to secure his own promotion. The purveyor longs for a *good* famine which will double or treble the price of food; the wine merchant has no objection to a *good* hail storm on the vine-yards, or a *good* frost on the buds. So on in all the social conditions; every one feels a rivalry or jealousy with others, and cannot thrive except at the expense of his fellows.'

"For two days of this week we have been zealous Fourierists, but for two days only. We were reading the work of Mme. Gatti de Gamond, which explains the system of Fourier; and we were thrown into a transport of admiration. The frightful history of social selfishness so eloquently written, filled us with indignation. The Unitary Government of the Phalanges appeared as a great problem resolved. To give to the poor without taking from the rich, that was a superb idea; to establish equality by education was wonderful; the invention of attractive or *passionnelle* industry\* was truly sublime. A note carelessly introduced towards the end of the book promising 144 years as the average term of man's life infused some suspicion, and when we came to the chapters on the *cosmogony* and the *immortality of the soul* we became schismatics and deserted the Phalange.

"Fourrier was undoubtedly a man of genius; and he has experienced the fate of every one who, after long meditations has discovered a sublime idea. He became the victim of this idea, and a martyr in many forms. There is not on earth a punishment greater than that

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\* In Fourier's, Phalansteries, no one was to be employed except in work to which he was strongly attracted.

inflicted on the inspired, convinced, and enthusiastic possessor of a discovery capable of changing the whole face of things, but who is not able to convince the world of the importance of his discovery. His enthusiasm restrained becomes folly; his unemployed energy turns to monomania. No one entertains a great idea with impunity. Fourier was many years the victim of the great idea he had stumbled on. He had long hoped to see it realized; but there came obstacles, nay impossibilities. \* \* Occupied with elaborating his idea, he changed its nature and destroyed it, by striving to reduce it to a system. For, after all, what is a system but a little circle into which you wish to compress the world! it is a little spot from which you wish to inspect the whole universe. System is the malady of great minds, preyed on by the fever of inaction; what can you do with a great idea, misunderstood and unvalued, but convert it into a system? his vast projects were absorbed in impossible reveries; his scientific combinations, lost in extravagant conjectures. Discouraged and fatigued in such a terrible strife, in his despair he found faults with the most innocent creatures. He accused the stars with injustice; he found faults with the earth in a moral sense: he treated her as a young ill-reared planet who is too eager to be married; he attacked the moon without any just cause; and as he wished to remodel the world, he was not satisfied with its Creator. This is easily explained. His system was to produce universal happiness; it felt no need of a religion such as ours, which preaches resignation and glorifies suffering. Poor fool! he suppressed consolation and patience, and reserved for his universe nothing but genius, love and death.

"All this is to say, that if they had aided Fourier in working out his first idea, he would have employed in realizing it, all the zeal and understanding which has been thrown away on developing and explaining it. Face to face with the difficulties of execution, he would not have had time to write pamphlets, to disparage the moon, and reform Christianity. He would not have turned an admirable discovery to a burlesque system. Instead of composing incomprehensible books, he would have founded useful establishments; and we who now laugh at the exaggeration of his principles would know nothing of his ideas but what they possessed of ingenious, wise, profound, and generous.

"Oh, how culpable are the ignorant powers of our days, who can neither appreciate the real worth of men, nor the value of their discoveries! who can neither foresee nor examine; who possess no more of experience than of instinct, and who pine in misery surrounded by priceless treasures; who are feeble, and permit those who compose their strength to expend their energies for behoof of others; who let their writers labour for mere support, their artists die of chagrin, and allow their geniuses, who might perhaps save them, to become fools."

- In noticing Edmond Texier's\* *Critiques*, Fourier and his

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\* *Irish Quarterly*, No. XII.

forerunners were slightly handled, along with the wonderful perfection to which men, beasts, and planets would arrive in time. Whales would be drilled to draw whole fleets through the sea, and sharks to catch fish for man's use. As the planets are sentient, and capable of conveying their ideas to each other, we might turn the knowledge thus to account. Our correspondent in Calcutta would make a telegram to Mercury when passing his meridian, and the *mercurial* officer, who by the bye is provided with a tail six feet long, and a serviceable eye at the end of it, coming to the meridian of London in six hours, would telegraph to Greenwich hospital, where they are keeping a sharp look out for him through a telescope forty times the power of Lord Rosse's.

The wild speculations of one age are exceeded by the realities of another. It might be said of Fourier, what some fop of Queen Anne's day said of Achilles, that 'he was a pretty fellow for his time:' but beside the convenience of the electric wire, how clumsy was our prophet's mode of conveying the price current. Still some of his dreams are not likely to be equalled nor surpassed. The planets, according to him, will be able to communicate their peculiar virtues to each other, thus improving the flavor of meats, and the culinary and medicinal qualities of herbs. And after some long lapse of ages, when the last day of a planet has come, it unites itself to the next convenient wandering body it meets, incorporates itself therewith, just as the *Beer-jug Gazette* is blended with the *Coal-Hole Herald*, communicates to its new partner an additional vigour and fertility, and a new cycle commences.

But the name and influence of our brave communist has not affected French heads only. Looking at Mrs. Trollope's frontispiece, as adorning the volume of *Jessie Phillips*, you would say that she might be safely permitted to read Fourier's mad visions, without finding her nice sense of morality tainted in the slightest degree, nor her sound Church-of-England principles weakened; yet see the unhappy result. Once like a good old Christian and Tory, she poised her orthodox lance, and prostrated the hypocrite of Wrexhill; and in foreign lands she mixed with old fashioned Christians, and "very much applauded" what she saw and heard. But see the dire effects of bad reading, producing an unhealthy state of the interior, and breaking out on the surface of her later novels,

which the indulgent reader may please to consider as the envelope (vulgo the skin) of her internal life. A young lady disturbed by the prevalency of existing evils, and perplexed as to the best means of comforting and doing good to her poor brothers and sisters, ill-favored by fortune, invites her sage friends to a conference, and they take refuge in an out-of-the-way grotto; and there uninfluenced by the brawling of the outer world, she gravely proposes the study of Fourier's system of amelioration; for they must acknowledge that "it's a very bad world they live in;" that it can't be much worse; that Fourier's system promises well at all events, that it deserves a trial, and that, even if it fail, they will not find themselves below their point of departure.\* She introduces at a later period of her experience, a very respectable Catholic priest, respectable that is, in the eyes of *Mrs. Matthews* and the other estimable folk of the novel, and of course in those of the authoress herself; and this conscientious clerk commends himself to our respect by revealing secrets heard in the confessional from a quasi penitent, who confessed them with the assured hope that he (the confessor) would blab them in a certain quarter. And a woman of information and undoubted talent bids us believe such absurdity, and respect that man who would in real life be considered a sacrilegious hypocrite; for he acknowledges elsewhere that his faith in the doctrines of his church is of a very slender, nice, and eclectic character. We are afterwards introduced to a high-born, well-bred rector, as selfish, self-indulgent, and worthless as he can well be, who is made to appear almost conscientious and estimable, by contrast with a high-church clergyman, an inveterate self-worshipper, and unamiable character.† The young heroine cannot be expected to be firm in the religious dogmas recom-

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\* For particulars the inquisitive reader is referred to the *Lottery of Marriage*, *Mrs. Matthews*, and *Uncle Walter*.

† Some years since, a very low-church publisher in our city, in order to disparage the practice of auricular confession, published a little scrubby pamphlet appropriately *illustrated*, and thoroughly inadmissible into any Christian family blessed with young people. It is probable that there is no more than *one* bookseller in Dublin, who would exhibit this precious pamphlet in his window at the present day. We consider that the odious sketches in *Uncle Walter* are about as praiseworthy in design (not so bad in effect however) as the attempts of the Dublin worthy, who wrote, illustrated, and issued the brochure, so valued by our *unique* Holywell-street dealer.

mended by either of these gentlemen. So being confined to her own apartments for the interests of the story, she lays her mind down earnestly to the study of the *Nemesis of Faith*.

Now as our younger readers see the bad effects of studying these visionary Utopian schemes of Bona, Campanilla, Nicholas, Fourier, Proudhon and others on the judgment of a staid old lady, who ought to have known better, we request them not to take such lucubrations for hand-books of morality or religion in their studious moments; but having a wholesome dread of the waywardness of youth, we would scarcely give the advice only for knowing that the works in question are scarcely attainable.

We proceed to quote from an amusing medley dated 12 July, 1837. She takes notice of the unamusable condition of those who have yearly tickets for the opera; and her remarks strongly remind us of nearly forgotten nights some twenty years since, when we did see an occasional play. It enhanced our enjoyment during an interesting or comic scene, to cast an eye towards a stage box, and let it rest a moment on a most melancholy duo or trio of young ladies who occupied it. There was neither muscle of face nor of body moved at the most harrowing or the most laughable incidents; but when the interest became rather too intense, they languidly looked towards the stage. There was not even the variety described in the acting of poor old Williams:—

“When joy the liveliest is exprest,  
He points his toe and slaps his breast;  
But when a prey to deepest woe,  
He slaps his breast and points his toe.”\*

Only for the locality we would have said that they were *dreeing* some dismal weird, or performing penance, as we can recollect no visit of ours in which they were not present.

Mme. de Girardin takes notice that the occasional visitors finding a stupid opera on the boards simply lament the loss of the tickets' price and that of the evening, and all is over; but the yearly occupants find themselves,

—“incapable of such a pitch of philosophy: for them a bad opera is a winter lost. An absurd ballet is a year's failure; for them one stupid evening is multiplied by twenty stupid evenings. Hence we hear in our days actors, and airs, and steps hissed, a thing unknown in the Paris of former days.

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\* *Familiar epistles to Frederic Jones*, quoted from memory.

"There has been a great outcry against the ministry for giving the cross to Simon the dancer; yet the ministry is in the right. If a dancer under peculiar circumstances, merits the cross, he should get it. To give the Cross to a dancer is no crime, but to remain a dancer when one is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, rather shocks our notions of the fitness of things. The grimaces and gambols of the savage, much less the bounds and pirouettes of the civilized man, take very much from the dignity of the man decorated with the Cross. The weight of a dancer's honors will impede the airiness of his *entrechats*. Glory lives by privations; it requires heavy sacrifices. There are honors incompatible with certain conditions, and ruinous triumphs; but we must take things with their accompaniments. A case in point is presented by the bell-hanger of Chateauroux, who was ruined by taking dinner with the King of the French. This honest tradesman used to go from chateau to chateau, adjusting damaged locks, and putting bell wires in order. He was kept at each chateau for two or three days, in fact till all his little jobs were completed, taking his meals in the kitchen, and then he departed, content with his treatment and pay. But when his patrons understood that his rank in the National Guard had brought him to Paris to compliment Louis Philippe, and that he had dined with the Queen and the Princesses, the Ministers and the Ambassadors, they could not think of entertaining him at the same table with chamber maids and footmen. A locksmith not so highly honored was employed in his place, and he lost all his customers. He was a proud man, so he submitted to his fate; solicited the office of *Garde Champêtre*;\* and now with sword on side, he consoles himself for loss of place and profit, by saying with becoming spirit that he had had the honor of dining one evening at the king's table. Glory has its rigors which must be endured.

The *Vicomte* proceeds to relate the difficulty of finding entertainment or enjoyment in Paris at this season. At *Tortoni's* you get ices without sugar, and breathe an atmosphere infested with tobacco. If you return home you feel lonely, and think of your friends gone to the country, who if they feel ennui, feel it at least in good health and surrounded by good air. That is something: and then they walk about, while that exercise is out of the question in the city. In the gardens of the Tuilleries, the children and their hoops beset you; and on the Boulevard, mock Turks poison you with their perfumes, under pretext of burning the pure pastilles of the Serail under your nose.

"What has become of that being, beloved of the gods, cherished by poets, that great unknown whom every one wishes to entice; that

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\* An office combining the duties of game keeper, with those of a rural policeman.

being indifferent to your interests but still carrying hope along with him ; that undefined personage whom we call the *visiteur*, amiable individual, who without compromising his dignity, furnishes entertainment to every one. People sitting before their doors, keep their looks on him as he listlessly walks on, and he furnishes a piquant expression or two to their lazy discourse. The smiling young girl in the balcony follows him with her eyes ; the gouty old gentleman beholds him with envy from his window, enjoying his walk ; the crying child dries his eyes to get a better view of him. He furnishes a new idea to his beholders ; he imparts, unknown to himself, a sentiment to every looker-on : he is distraction personified ; and a distraction is always a benefit both to the sad and the joyous. The *visiteur*, hope of the shopkeeper, future of the poor, exists no more for Paris. Perhaps he still perambulates some distant quiet streets ; but in our fashionable ones he dares not venture. In these, a walk becomes a strife, the flags the field of battle ; to walk is to wage war. A thousand obstacles oppose you, a thousand snares are laid for you, those you meet are your foes, every step you advance is an enemy overcome. The streets are no longer free passages,—public ways ; they are bazaars where every one displays his wares, ateliers where each exercises his craft in the open air. The sideways, narrow enough as they are, are converted into a permanent exhibition. You leave home in a reverie : an important business, an affair of the heart, or perhaps a literary project, occupies you ; and trusting to the prefect of the police, you push on, fearing nothing but horses, vehicles, or ill-reared donkeys. These are quite enough, but for their avoidance you trust to instinct. At the corner of your own street a dozen casks are arranged before a wine shop in symmetrical order ; but preoccupied as you are, you knock up against the one next you, and get a disagreeable bump. You express your feelings in language more or less energetic according to temperament and birthplace, and continue your route. Your ruling idea besets you again, and a bucket full of water is flung between your legs. Never mind ! a porter is solicitous for freshness before his past. It will be nice and dry in half an-hour, but for the moment you must quit the flags. You next experience a great heat, and looking up in a fright you are almost stifled with smoke. An *emballeur*\* is merely closing his boxes surrounding them with canvas, and exercising all the disagreeables of his profession on the pavement which is completely impeded by those big chests. Irritated by these delays, you hurry on, and knock yourself against a straw chair at the corner of the street, still on the flags. Why is that chair in that inconvenient place, and why has that lady established her domicile on a straw chair at the corner of a street ? She is a tooth-pick seller and in deep mourning. She is so for five years, and the entire quarter is weary of her griefs. We advise her to remove her chair to some street where her woes will possess some novelty. Still you respect affliction, and quit the *pavé*. After a while you resume it again, and behold a

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\* One who makes up large packages.



working glazier approaching with wings of light, to wit, the sun beams playing in the large squares of glass he carries in his frame. As these wings are frightfully broad, you get close to the wall to avoid them, but you feel yourself repulsed by two cold feet of a slaughtered ox just hung up in front of a stall. You push on disgusted. You get forward some perches without molestation, but the wind rises, and the street disappears before your eyes. The soft-goods' shop has unfurled its sails; muslins at twenty sous the yard swell out on all sides like balloons; handkerchiefs at twenty sous, stream like conquering banners; calicoes float upwards; pocket-handkerchiefs flutter; transparent gauzes caress you; azure scarfs enwrap you; you are enveloped in a dance of sylphs, a ballet of bayaderes. A pitying shopman unrolls you, and you proceed on your way laughing. Well, you think you have seen the last of your annoyances, and you begin to dream: but you knock your head against some immoveable object that seems withal to have life, for it snorts and coughs; it is partly before and partly behind the wall. It is the beginning of a horse, the rest of him being with a cabriolet under a penthouse. He is there a living advertisement requesting you to employ his unseen portion! You take the hint, and are conveyed home out of danger. And these are the obstacles that have driven afar the *visitors*, the birds of passage, the beings beloved of poets, for otherwise why would they so often say, 'the *passers-by* will see engraven on my tomb,' &c., &c., &c. No body is now a loungee, a passer-by, a visitor: he takes an omnibus and calls himself a traveller.

"The fact is, that the *trottoir* now-a-days belongs to every one except the lawful owner, whom I take to be the foot passenger. The fruit sellers encumber it with their baskets; china dealers use it adroitly for the disposal of their wares. You cannot pass without breaking a flask, a cup, or a glass; and you pay for the article smashed: the buyer in spite of himself, is the discovery of our age. The *commissionnaire* uses an ingenious device to get employment. He stretches himself out on the pavement to sleep (?), and if you wish to avoid demolishing his nose or breaking his arm you are splashed in the kennel. Of course the sleeping fox runs for a cabriolet as you are not fit to be seen, and his readiness cannot be left unrequited. But these are not the only dangers. From nine till twelve o'clock falls the carpet showers, and you enjoy the dust of the houses from every window. A friend of ours lately received on a bonnet of the finest Leghorn, a pair of beautiful scissors of English make, shaken from the fringes of a carpet; its mistress is probably looking for it at this very hour in every corner of the house.

"And why do you persecute our foot passengers? why sow his rout with the relics of your feast? why cover his inoffensive head with your crumbs? why will you oblige him to walk on your melon peels, your oyster shells, or your rejected salad? Give him room; it is all he demands. The street is his kingdom; let him reign at liberty. The street is a thoroughfare, not an asylum: it belongs to the passers through, not to the inhabitants."

Under the date, July 19, 1837, we find a paper, parts of which

we cannot help extracting though the subject is touched on in our introductory matter: the reader will scarcely regret the picture of which the outline only has been presented.

"Who is that keen flatterer, that first dared to say that the French are a light people? We, light indeed! There exists not on the earth a more grave, more routinish, more manical people than ourselves, and nothing is more enduring than a mania. A passion may be overcome, a mania never. And why do they call us light? Is it because we occupy ourselves about frivolous things? But if we are occupied about them seriously, it is not lightness nor frivolity any longer. A frivolous character attaches importance to nothing, we on the contrary attach great importance to a—*NOTHING*. In order to express French unsteadiness, we would not say a butterfly on a flower, a fly on a feather, a child in a swing, a swallow on a weather-cock, a slight weight on a slender twig. No: we would say a heavy fat man in a tilbury, a heavy weight in a slight machine, an exorbitant price set on a valueless object, a serious application to a piece of foolery, gravity in nonsense, a great zeal for matters of no worth. . . . Our understanding, our spirit may be light and airy; our character is the reverse, and has been so from earliest times. Love of change constitutes a mutable character, but with us nothing changes, we are always the same.

"We vary our kings a little, that is all; we never vary our pleasures; our tastes are everlasting, our fashions of a frightful solidity. You might, in order to express the stability of a thing, say that it will last as long as a fashion. For thirty years, our men believe themselves delighted with their ugly dress; for fifteen years, our women are encumbered with their leg o' mutton sleeves; and for forty years, thick muslin cravats imprison the necks of our fashionables. We will be happy under a reign that endures the length of a fashion; to attain the period of a fashion is to live to a good old age.

"We, light indeed! look at us on holidays, for it is in their hours of pleasure, that a people's character can be known. Look for truth not in a well, but in a hearty laugh. The dances of a country are the stamp of their originality. Look at a Spanish dance! what pride—what grandeur! how well it exhibits the fine shape! it is an extra ornament on beauty. Behold the dance of Italy, joyous and passionate! it is the delirium of an imagination always active, which expresses itself in movements so quick, so lively, that it would appear impossible for the performer to stop.\* It is an amusement resembling the exercises of a madman. Think of the German valse! what abandon! what langor! what enjoyment! Even the English dances, so active so restless, so quarrelsome in appearance.

"And now consider the Gallic performance. What pedantry! what pretension! a dance of actors who wish to be admired, a piece

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\* We were about being displeased with the chevalier for omitting our Irish jig, but with a slight variety he describes their character in these allusions to the Italian steps.

of vanity in performers who are only anxious to know what is thought of them. And it is not only at fashionable balls that the *contre-danse* is so serious; the same things are not a whit more animated in the villages. The balls of Musard are simply grosser in their character, but have no more genuine hilarity than the others. Then look to our theatre. For sixty years there is no change in our pirouettes: the sky-blue shepherds are replaced by white and red peasants; but their steps are the same, and their admiration for their shepherdesses has not changed. For sixty years they have admired with the same postures; they have joined their hands the same way in their enthusiasm, and they caress their chins with the same naïveté, merely to express their sense of her beauty. The shepherd springs forward, he assumes a pose, he is satisfied with himself but he disassembles; he bends his body backwards, he stretches his arms, he takes a spring and then he whirls. He whirls for a time, then stands firm on both soles with much pride, and seems to say, 'here I am.' This time he is thoroughly satisfied with himself, and makes no secret of it.

"He now slowly raises one leg in the air, keeps it suspended for some time, and then he turns on the other, the original limb still pointing to the horizon like the pasteboard appendage of *Mr. Punch* kept suspended by a wire. When he considers that he has whirled enough, he restores liberty to the stiffened limb, and it rejoins its comrade of its own accord. He then strikes the boards with both, in the style of a conqueror, and gives himself up to all sorts of contortions, but with the gravest air, till in order to give himself rest, he sets himself to admire his partner. And these proceedings are re-commenced with the next *pas*; and every evening your dancer will conduct himself in the same manner, and all for your amusement." Ah, you may say that we are giddy, but look at our fashions, our entertainments, and our arts, and you will acknowledge that we are the most constant people on the face of the earth. The Turks have quitted the turban, but we will never lay aside the round hat. In Spain, the bull-fights have ceased for some time, but in France, pirouettes will never cease. Call not a people changeable, whose dances are lugubrious, whose fantasies are invincible, whose fashions are eternal."

Forgetting her testimony to the endurance of usages, our fair authoress mentions a change in the fashion of names, in a paper alluding to the custom of sending bouquets on the day of the ASSUMPTION of the BLESSED VIRGIN, to all that are called Mary.

August 19, 1837. "The week has passed in the celebration of family festivals. We do not exaggerate in saying that more than twenty thousand bouquets were distributed in Paris the day of the ASSUMPTION. All the myrtle flowers we have seen! and so carefully enveloped in their white paper envelopes! Where were they going? to a mother, to an aunt, to a sister, to a cousin. Who has not a Mary to offer homage to, among his cousins or his friends? You

must be an orphan, a widow abandoned by earth and heaven, if you have not a bouquet to send on the Assumption to some woman. In Paris, all women young and old are called *Mary*; all the little girls are *Marys*. This charming name, which perhaps no one ought to presume to bear, is not only a religious observance; it is a pretension. Formerly they gave children the most extraordinary names taken from the now extinct folio romances. They called them Coralie, Pamela, Palmyra, Clarissa, Zenobia, Clara, Clorinda, Aglaure, Aglaë, Amanda, Malvina. They looked out for a name not borne by every one: they would not have a young lady of birth having the same appellation as her waiting maid. This fashion has passed away: indeed we do not regret it; but we attack the opposite exaggeration; the great pretension to simplicity, which induces every mother to give the same name to her daughter has its ridiculous side. This last winter at a children's ball, we counted twenty-two *Marys*, you could hear nothing but Marie, 'Marie, come here, Marie, Marie;' and every time, twenty-two little ladies all ran where they heard the call. The abuse of the best things is so unpleasant, that we have begun to dislike this name so sweet in itself. Yes, at this moment we would welcome *Calphurnia*, *Fatima*, *Ismenia*, or *Fredegonda*. It would be at least less pretentious than the dear name *Mary* which perforce of becoming fashionable, has lost its distinctive charm.

"To the family festivals have succeeded those of the colleges. The distribution of prizes has been one of the most interesting solemnities of the year. It is a joyful day for the parents, even though they be kings and queens. A mother has said, on learning that her son had obtained the prize for history, 'In his position it is the prize I would particularly wish for him.' This mother is the Queen of the French. M. the Duke D'Aumale has reason to be proud of his success, for according to general opinion, he deserved it. They say that M. the Duke de Montpensier was fly-fishing at Neuilly, when the news came of his acquiring the prize of Natural History. His joy was so great, that he dropped his rod; and the fish on the point of being pulled up, made his escape. This event proves that the glory of the great is occasionally favorable to the little—fishes in this instance.

"It was a good idea, that of the king's to give to his children an opportunity of sharing one of the most delightful enjoyments of boyhood, and himself to come down from the anxieties of his royal seat, to see his children crowned just as an honest citizen would do. The only distinction the young dukes enjoyed was that of being able to bring more than one of their family to witness their triumph, each private pupil having the enjoyment of one ticket only.

"Mothers commonly shed tears in abundance on these occasions. It is a physical effect useless to resist; the better scholar the child is, the more abundant the tears. If you see a woman bathed in tears and in a state bordering on despair, you may be certain that she is the mother of the youth who has been crowned three times. The emotions are respectively in proportion to the importance of the prizes. The prize for French declamation being given, she

wipes her eyes. At the prize for Latin translation, she covers her face with her handkerchief; Greek translation, she bursts into tears;—Cosmography, she sobs. Happily they pass to another class; she comes to herself, and the tears resume their empire with another woman. Tears like these are sweet. Such is woman's life: the tears which they are not ashamed to shed before the eyes of others are the recompense of those they must shed in secret."

Among the successful students are named O'Donnells and MacDonnells (A sister of Delphine's was married to an O'Donnell). In the evening the pupils were treated to the entertainments of the Tournament and the Indian races at Tivoli. What amused our fair looker-on better than these, was the address handed to the spectators by one whose position should have weaned him from such worldly speculations.

#### TOPPIN,

##### THE TIVOLI HERMIT.

N.B.—*His spouse\* washes and mangles, Rue de Bussy, No. 6, opposite the Rue des Mauvais Garçons.*

"It is pretty evident that it is a badly conducted household. How can a hermit and a washerwoman live together in comfort? If the wife has plenty of customers, adieu to solitude, our hermit will not have a moment to himself. On the other hand, if the hermit lives in absolute retirement, his wife will see no customers, and then adieu to business. The idea of this household has caused us considerable anxiety; but why should a mangle woman think of marrying a hermit at all!

"This hermit recalls to our minds a practical piece of pleasantry of which he was the accomplice. Some years since, a humorous and clever person being at Tivoli in grand company, borrowed the hermit's gown, wig, and long beard; and being thoroughly concealed by his disguise, he waited patiently to be consulted. A confederate seduced all the handsome women of their acquaintance who were at Tivoli, to come and visit him; and the false hermit amused himself by roguishly prophesying for every fair visitor, whatever he knew she was most anxious to obtain."

In the *Feuilleton* of 21st October, 1837, Mme. de Girardin examines the different systems of those who divide their fellow

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\* Your porters, and small shopkeepers in Paris would not say, '*my wife*' for any 'earthly crowns' (see *Miss Miggs* *passim*). It is only Dukes, peers, and ordinary gentlemen who can afford to use the expression. Ourselves have seen undoubted gentry cordially salute their dependants and humble acquaintance in public, but never beheld a green grocer, second hand bookseller, or working carpenter, hailed by a grand shopkeeper of the streets called Grafton, Sackville, or Westmoreland.

creatures into classes. The article is longer than our lessening space can accommodate, but we give some extracts, though at the risk of spoiling the general effect.

\* \* \* "Some philosophers have made a division of the human race according to nations, calling them Egyptian, Greek, Slavonic, &c. According to the characters they recognise in these people, they class every one of their acquaintance. A savant of this persuasion would never marry a wife having the visible marks of such and such a race;—would not on any consideration take a servant of the Greek *species*. All the Greeks according to him are intelligent, but they are gluttons and thieves. By *Greeks* he did not absolutely mean natives of the Peloponnesus, but persons having a certain shape of head, foot, jaw, &c. 'Thief and glutton,' said he, 'the Greek would eat up all my sugar.' He selected an attendant of a race less intelligent, but honest and devoted; and the chosen one being an oaf, let all the plate be stolen. See the ends to which we are conducted by science.

"The physicians have another system of classification, viz.—physical constitution; and they arrange your place at first view. 'You are not Mons. So and So, you are not man or woman, you are a *Bilious*, a *Sanguine*, a *Nervous*, or a *Lymphatic*.' We have heard a friend of ours thus express himself.—'Ah! that person has wit and understanding—that *Bilious* who was here yesterday.' 'That is M. ———.' 'Ah! I was formerly acquainted with his mother, a very amiable *Sanguine*.' If you scold the chamber-maid for her laziness or neglect before him, he mutters, '*Lymphatic*.' If a fine child comes in his way he will embrace it with much tenderness, exclaiming, 'beautiful organization,—*Nervo-Sanguine*.' However, this does not prevent him from treating all his patients, bilious, nervous, and lymphatic in the same manner, and killing all with the most conscientious impartiality.

"The philosophers have invented moral classifications: their system having more particular reference to the state of society. Their two great divisions are the *Meneurs* and the *Menées*, (leaders and led), these, the masters everywhere, those, waiting for the direction of the others before they move;—objects and their reflections, shepherds and sheep, Orestes and Pylades. The art of good government, they say, entirely consists in the proper application of this discovery, the *Meneurs* acting the governors to the great advantage of the state, the *Menées* filling subordinate offices, and carrying out the others' instructions. Let the *Meneurs* create, organise, put the great engines in movement; then the *Menées* come in to keep the machine going, and the wheels in the appointed grooves. The first have genius, courage, and energy, the others, patience, and order, qualities as serviceable as any. The grand secret is to select the right man for the right place. The cause of all the disorders in France, is the selection of the *Menées* for the proper office of the *Meneurs*; for working under the influence of these latter without being aware of it, they act for the private advantage of the *Meneurs*,

not for the general weal. Probably the number of the *Meneurs* is rather small with us; and it may be well supposed that it is a difficult task to conduct a whole population of *Meneurs*.

"A woman of understanding thus accounts in her peculiar sense for all the revolutions that have taken place amongst us;—'There are in the world two classes that wage incessant war on each other, who hate and despise, and will hate and despise each other for ever; and these are the people who wash, and the people who do not wash their hands. You will never succeed in reconciling these parties: they will never live together in peace, for there is one thing that cannot be overcome—disgust; another thing that can't be endured—humiliation; and in this quarrel, disgust clings to one side, humiliation falls to the other. You can never induce a dandy to lodge with a rag-picker, no more than you can induce an ugly woman to surround herself with beautiful ones. Neither will you ever persuade people who wash their hands to live on good terms with those who do not wash their hands.'

"Now for the latest classification. 'We resemble the irrational animals, or they resemble us, more or less. You sir, perhaps resemble the eagle—Monsieur, the jackall—Madame, the marten—Mademoiselle, the squirrel.' A friend of ours has laid down the law in this matter, thus:—'Human kind consists of two great races, namely, *dogs* and *cats*.' He does not mean to say that we lead a cat and dog life; on the contrary we agree well enough together; we are different but we are not unfriendly. The individual of the *canine* race has all the good qualities of that animal, good-nature, courage, fidelity, and frankness, but he is also encumbered with his defects, credulity, improvidence, and *bonhomie*\*—woe the day! for though it be a virtue of the heart, it is a defect in the character. The *canine* man (properly so called) is full of good, solid qualities, but he wants address. He is very rarely a seducer: he is destined to serious employments where courage, probity, and frankness are required. He makes a good soldier, a good husband, a sincere friend, the best of servants:—he is a good comrade, a sublime dupe. The *dog*—men furnish heroes, poets, philanthropists, faithful notaries, model grocers, commissionnaires, water-carriers, cashiers, bank-clerks, and letter-carriers: in fine, they always select such offices as leave them free to remain honest men.

"But the brave *Dog*, though adapted to feel love, seldom has his affection returned. He married some one who has seduced him:—He lends money to young play-wrights, who notwithstanding will not send him a pit ticket:—His wife whom he adores, is a coquet, and he is ruined by his children. Socrates, Regulus, Epaminondas, and Washington belong to this devoted class.

The *Cat* man on the contrary has none of the good qualities of the *Dog* man, but he reaps all their attendant advantages. He is egotistical, avaricious, ambitious and envious, jealous and perfidious; but

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\* This quality including good-nature united to weakness of character, not having an exact equivalent in English, we retain the original.

he is prudent, adroit, agreeable, gracious, persuasive, gifted with intelligence, management, and seduction. He possesses an infused experience; he makes a shrewd guess when knowledge fails; he finds out what they wish to conceal from him; he absorbs with impunity everything calculated to injure him. The *Cat* man never cultivates useless virtues, but he easily acquires all profitable ones. This race furnishes great diplomatists, prime ministers, K——s but we will not give offence. It supplies seducers, and generally all those whom women call *perfidious*. Ulysses and Hannibal, Pericles and the Maréchal de Richelieu, belong to the *Feline* race. We are indebted to it for most of our fashionable beaux and many statesmen, for instance M. de—— but we will not be guilty of flattery.

"This ingenious system admits all the nice shades which education can produce. Thus a *Dog* man brought up among the *Cats*, often acquires some of their profitable defects, and gets rid of his own pernicious good qualities. He becomes mistrustful; he preserves his natural goodness, but he repulses all those who desire to abuse it. He acquires many bad gifts which perfect his character. A *Canine* man, brought up in Normandy, becomes a finished prefect, a ditto banker a ditto manufacturer, or a ditto speculator. He is a man of honor who knows the world, no more a dupe than a cheat.

"But the finest specimen of all is the *Cat* reared up among the noble race of *Dogs*,—for instance in Brittany. He becomes the irresistible being, the superior man. He preserves his address and profound intelligence, his infallible instinct, his finesse, his grace; and he acquires all the good properties of his patrons. He even exhibits among his *Dog* friends an extra amount of goodness, for it is difficult to preserve a just medium in circumstances not of habit, nor natural. A converted *Cat* is much more generous than a *Dog*. He is determined to surpass every one. \* \* \* Buonaparte was a *Cat* brought up among the *Dogs*. He was a Corsican whose dreams were of glory not of revenge.

27th October, 1837. "The other day we were guilty of a great imprudence, though the *dog* and *cat* division was well enough received. It was a pleasure to see the *Cats* coming forward and humbly avow themselves to belong to the *canine* division, while a great *Newfoundland* cunningly confessed in a low voice, 'I was frightened by the article, for I had some doubts about being considered a *cat*.' The *Meneurs* and *Menées* came off very fairly too: it was a serious idea (not one of ours), and offended no one, as who may not reckon himself among the *Meneurs*! Weakness of character is full of self-deceit, and uses all sorts of misnomers to disguise itself. Obstinacy, which is a weakness of the first order, gives its name to those with whom it abides as 'strength of opinion'; indecision calls itself 'prudence'; stupidity is 'constancy of opinion'; and laziness, 'force of inertia.' Thus the feeble-minded not recognising themselves among the *Menées*, have made no complaint; but how could the *unwashed* be deceived or propitiated! People may believe themselves good when they are evil, intelligent when they are silly, or charming when they are ugly: but no one can suppose that his hands are clean unless they have been washed. The water is there to give the lie.



Error is impossible ; a flatterer could not persuade the greatest fool in this matter. A crowd of courtiers would lose their labour flattering a prince on the grace with which he had just washed his hands, if the ablution had not taken place. Behold the imprudence we have been guilty of in launching a shaft which had sped so unerringly to the centre of the butt, and the number of enemies we have made among the dirty-fingered : it is really frightful."

However often M. de Girardin thought it expedient to change his political creed, we have not been able to discover through the four volumes of his lady's passing observations, any views not consistent with rational liberty and good government, as we understand them on this side of the "sea sleeve." Her equanimity was frequently disturbed by the little street insurrections so pleasantly described by De Bernard in *L'Homme Sérieux*.\* In the paper of March 6th, 1839, she thus speaks :—

"The *Émancipé* has not come to the gathering point ; it has not proceeded yet to blows, it scolds. It abuses the people who pass in voitures. If it perceive a lady inside a coach, it cries, 'oh ! you are at your ease ; you will take no trouble you can avoid : can't you go on foot as we do ?' And not a harness or coach maker has protested against this outcry. It is evident that the boot and shoe makers are in the majority. 'No more hackney coaches !' you say. Be it so. Let us go on foot for the benefit of the commonweal ; but let the reform be adopted in its full rigor. Go on then, coachmen, groomsmen, footmen, hostlers, huntmen, and prickers. We are the friends of the people—we will not indulge in a luxury which offends its delicate nostrils. Go on good people : make out your living some other way : we don't want you : quit the stables, and become good citizens.

"And now that we must go on foot, what shall we do with these useless ornaments ? What good, for instance, in a gown of white satin or sky-blue velvet to walk the streets ? a woollen stuff will do quite well. Go to then, brave weavers of our old city of Lyons, quit your looms, you are free : we have no further need of your services. No more drudgery—be happy, and turn out good citizens.

"But if our ladies are no more to don these proud dresses, why should they use expensive lace ? Down with all laces then, black and white, laces in relief, blonde laces, *point de Paris*, *point de Alençon*. Down we say with these humiliating ornaments ! the women of the people will not have them. As a friend of the people we will not have the woman more bedizened than the man. No more the floating veil ! ridiculous net, so often torn, so often replaced. Lace merchants, close your shops ; give a holiday to your poor women : their eyes are injured by the delicate nature of their work. We are more generous than you, and will give them rest.

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\* See IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No.

"We have suppressed horses, coaches, satin, silk, lace: why should we spare jewels, the insulting jewels worn for no purpose by the rich, but to excite the envy of those who cannot afford them? What is the use of diamonds for instance, but to tempt the thieves? How can a lady crown her head with diamonds, and so many poor without bread! it is unjust. Jewellers, please to close your shops: we have no need of you, my friends: your art only serves to irritate the poor: you encourage vice in exhibiting all these treasures: go, do penance, and become good citizens.

"But the ribbons! Ah! they are so light, so graceful, so pretty! spare them. And why should we spare them? They fasten nothing, neither the hair, nor the dress: they are only ornaments, and ornaments must not be retained. The useful, and nothing but the useful! the useful is now the ornamental: we need to be dressed, not ornamented. What need have you of ribbons, Madam? To keep you warm! eh! No. Then renounce ribbons, and give rest to the thousands of arms that are now fatiguing themselves at St. Etienne to indulge your caprices. Leave these brave men time to occupy themselves with politics. Why should they spend the long day at labor? To support their wives and children—nonsense. It is only to indulge your whims in the fabrication of *cabbage heads*, *true love knots*, and *perfect contentments*, charming fantasies to which your inconstancy adds a new name every year. No more ribbons, dear weavers! you are all good citizens: cross your arms, and amuse yourselves with an excursion on your railroad.

"But as we have extinguished silks, velvets, manufactures of Lyons and manufactures of St. Etienne, why should we not render their liberty to the silk worms? The poor creatures! they are literally stifled. They are kept in an intolerable atmosphere; their fate is frightful. Poor insect! our luxury has kept you in durance vile, till now: bless this era of equality which restores you to liberty. The first century of our era saw the emancipation of the woman, the twelfth that of the slave, the eighteenth took the chains off the serf, the nineteenth will see the freedom of the silk worm. But here a disagreeable idea intrudes. What will the interesting *reptile* do with his independence? To pass from the dense air of servitude to which he has been accustomed for ages, into the inebriating atmosphere of liberty, will be too abrupt a transition to a being so delicate. And then you cannot emancipate an entire nation of caterpillars without some anxiety for their future well being. What employment can we procure for the insect? Shall we make him a citizen, or allow him political rights? he would not thank us for these privileges. Perhaps the place of *butterfly* in the royal gardens, or *cockchafer* in the crown forests might be secured for him.

"The more we think, the wider spreads the economical field before us. Suppress rich dress and ornament: then will the women, particularly the ugly ones, give no encouragement to mirrors, toilet-tables, or psyches. The manufacture of glass ceases, and the contented workmen will turn out the best of citizens. No longer caring to be seen by others, of course we go to no expense for crystal lustres or candelabras of gilt bronze. Ladies at a party in woollen

dressess, would not relish to be set in high relief by these artificial suns. Smash the chandeliers! the lights of the understanding will suffice for us: behold thousands of workmen now metamorphosed into joyous citizens!

"And now figure to yourself, saddlers, lace makers, ribbon weavers, and workers in bronze, giving their arms to their wives, and followed by their children, hungry and on foot, but on foot like the rest of the world; without money but equally without envy, without bread but without humiliation, without salary but without a tyrant master, naked but free, wretched but proud, and enjoying that greatest of luxuries, idleness.

"There will be no longer a barrier between poor and rich; the strictest equality will unite the great and little, for all will be little. The dreams of our modern economists will be fulfilled, and themselves will be content. They will rub their hands,—perhaps they would wash them, but for a long time, Windsor soap (made at Marseilles), will have been suppressed as a most unnecessary fantasy; the reign of the people will be established, and the enemies of opulence triumphant."

"After all, these very means will be the surest to establish aristocracy in time. Why were sumptuary laws enacted in former ages? Why in Rome and Venice, did they forbid expensive displays? Merely to prevent the nobility from impoverishing themselves by their follies, and enriching the inferior classes by their spoils. You say that the great are enriched by the sweat of the poor; on the contrary the people are fattened on the prodigal follies of the rich nobles. It is because the Duke of——is ruined by his waistcoats, that his tailor has made a fortune; the Marquis of——and the count of—— have lost their estates on the race-course, and *Crémieux* and *Hobbs* are thereby enriched. And you desire that our young *elegants* should go on foot! they ought to be thankful to you, for you save them from that misery which would make them your equals; and you deprive the people who labor, of all the money they would gain by these young fools. Bravo gentlemen! you establish sumptuary laws which your opponents would not venture to tamper with, and which in the end will crush yourselves; you protect accumulated fortunes in forbidding their owners to spend them, you stifle growing ones which might tend by rivalling them in time to preserve equality; in fine you work for the revival of the aristocracy, but the masses will pardon you as being ultra-democrats."

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\* Notwithstanding all our Lady's keenness of penetration, moderate fortunes and little luxurious expenditure would make a happier state of things than our present boundless luxury and miserable destitution. It is a hard thing for a delicately nurtured lady, one gifted with a fine taste for literary and other luxuries, to see these things from the point of view of the struggling tradesman or labourer.

It would not be doing justice to our fair writer, if we omitted to give some specimen of her devotional thoughts and feelings. The reader will be struck with the religious element as seen through her poetic coloring.

"Every one of us has some favorite festival. Some prefer the *FÊTE DIEU*, and regret the beautiful processions, which formerly traversed the city in every direction, with waving banners, young girls with downcast eyes, and adorned with white crowns and veils, and battalions of choir children exhibiting their scarlet robes in the sun. And then the rich tapestries hung out from balconies, the magnificent tabernacles, with their rich accompaniments of superb candelabras, and precious vases—fairest mansions that could be devised by the rich of the earth to receive the Lord of Heaven. It is the most poetic of ceremonies, the vapour of perfumes uniting itself to the scent of roses, so as to intoxicate the senses of the devout worshippers.

"Other spirits, we should say other hearts affect the day of the *ASSUMPTION*. For them the *BLESSED MARY* is the heavenly load-star: from her radiates the effulgence of beauty, purity, and love. She rules by every claim and right; she unites the chastity of the young Virgin to the august dignity of the Mother; she is powerful by her grace, absolute by her sweetness, awful in her innocence; and yet it is to her intercession we sue, to obtain pardon of offences against this spotless virtue.

"To young wives, the festival of *CHRISTMAS* is a welcome solemnity. The lovely new-born *INFANT* captivates their eyes: they feel for him devotion blended with maternal love. To the hearts of women, the Saviour of the world scarcely speaks as powerfully as the *INFANT JESUS*. This festival is of so affecting a character, that it once made a poet of a friend of ours, who was very ignorant of verse, till one morning, when on returning from early mass she improvised the following stanzas."

Then follow some beautiful lines, which we would most gladly translate, had the poetic gift been among our birth-day presents. They are the aspirations of a childless mother for that very doubtful blessing, a child. We pray some lady on whom the divine afflatus has breathed, to open the fourth volume at page 10, and send us, either prepaid or unpaid, a worthy transfusion of the sweet poetry they will there find. Delphine was then a young childless wife, and there is an indescribable melancholy charm about the lines, that may be well attributed to this circumstance.

"*TWELFTH DAY* is also an imposing festival from the prevailing sentiment which it brings with it. These proud kings prostrate before the lowly crib, human power humbling itself before the divine, the crown lost in the encircling glory,—all these images, grand and

gracious at the same time, strike the soul by their deep meaning, and charm the eyes by their vastness. Along with this the EPIPHANY is a household festival. It brings together a joyful group animated with sportive contests, and childish merriment. It is celebrated with joy while the family reunion is complete; but alas, where a son is vacant, the festival is only a day of mourning.

"But our own favorite solemnity is PALM SUNDAY. The very sight of a bit of blessed palm (box wood) still affects us as when a child. At Rome they have the genuine palm brought from the environs of Genoa. God knows how we love the palms! and with what profound respect we are inspired by this tree of the Scriptures! these waving branches embracing in themselves all the poetry of the East; and yet the memories of our childhood are so strong, that the sacred palm blessed by the Pope himself, had a weaker effect on us than a little branch of Parisian box wood.

"Last Sunday the inhabitants of this great city seemed to sympathise strongly with us. The drivers of the public vehicles had the collars of their horses ornamented with branches of palm, and the women returning from church had their hands filled with a provision of the blessed shrub. Every one attached an idea, a belief, a souvenir to this sacred ornament, which he or she was going to fasten over some revered object—one over the portrait of his mother, another (it must be confessed) above the bust of Napoleon, a third over the holy-water vessel, a fourth over the image of her patroness. 'What folly,' cry the philosophers, 'to pay such reverence to a dwarfish little shrub, which scarcely requires an inch of soil, and is only fit for making combs and snuff boxes!' Ah, what fine people the philosophers are! they never have the slightest distrust of themselves: their proud revelations, their lofty thoughts are ever at command; and they have no need of exterior objects to recal them from a distance. What use can the image be to him who is never without the idea, or the guardian recollection to him, whom a defect of memory has never led into a fault? We acknowledge that we have not this strength of soul. We have need in our hours of prostration of a holy image, of a sacred souvenir, to come to our assistance. When our souls are in trouble, consolation and counsel enter again through our eyes; and we make this acknowledgment the more readily, as we have seen minds of a very superior order subject to the same weakness."

The longest article must have an end, but in this instance it is not for lack of material, as our selections have scarcely extended beyond the first volume. For an exact picture of the period over which the papers extended, as to fashions, public feeling, state of the fine arts, groupings in private and public life, they will be of the greatest value to the future historian of those things which are neglected by the setters up of the skeletons of past national events. We scarcely know a book better adapted to fill up hours spent in railroad carriages,

by the banks of country streams, or on the rocks of watering places. Accounts of spectacles, races at Chantilly, exhibitions, fireworks, and glances at the fashions, necessarily occupied some space as the feuilletons appeared. They will enter into the tableaux of some future Macaulay of the Champs Elysées; but to a large portion of ordinary readers they would be supremely uninteresting. However they do not take up disproportionate space. Some of the novels of this lady have not given us as much satisfaction as these journals of the *Chevalier de Launay*. From the healthy tone of his lucubrations we expected something more edifying than the plan and details of the *Marquis de Pontanges*. A model lady marries a violent idiot (we would be glad to know how the dispensation was procured), and bestows the most tender care on him. *Lovelace* becomes domesticated at the castle; and if she does not fall into his clutches, it is not her religious nor moral strength that saves her. We are made to see however that if she had gone astray, it would be a mere self-sacrifice to her lover's ease of mind, not a gratification to herself.\* This fascinating youth at last runs off out of pique, and marries; but on returning from the church with his bride, he hears of the death of his true love's husband. Oh, woe and desolation! he runs off to her chateau, and she knowing nothing of his marriage, receives him with the sincerest joy, as her future husband.

However she is presently undeceived, and he is obliged to be off to console his deserted spouse. When she considers herself cured of her fantasy, they meet again in the gay world. He is more infatuated than ever, and she, finding her heart not entirely healed, makes a marriage of reason and esteem. This is done suddenly, and without the knowledge of *Lovelace*, whose wife dies most inconveniently the very same time. After some genuine, but not very enduring sorrow on his part, he flies like a steam coach to the castle of his long tried love, and is politely welcomed by her husband. We next hear of him in a mad house, and we are not informed that she enjoyed much happiness in her second espousals. She is however strongly commended for having retained her virtue and reason between two madmen. Now, however faulty the novel may be in outline and coloring, there was evidently no malice

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\* For a fine expose of this convenient help to morality see Miss Edgeworth's *Leonora*. *Le Marquis de Pontanges* was an early work.

prepenne in the authoress's mind. She wrote to excite sympathy for the sufferings which the weaker portion of humanity endure at the hands of their selfish and unprincipled tyrants.

It is probable that Gay had no design of encouraging informers' or turnkeys' daughters to loose conduct, or shop-boys to take to the road, when he wrote his dramatic sermon against hypocrisy and political knavery ; yet the *Beggar's Opera* is a decidedly unedifying spectacle for young people. Blame of the same quality but lighter in quantity, may be justly laid to the *Marquis of Portanges*.

The Lorgnon (Eye-glass) is a very pleasant novellette. ' She evidently sketches herself in the heroine of the story ; for the hastiness of expression, occasional sharpness of repartee or sarcasm, speedy remorse, and satisfaction for pain given thereby, kindness of heart, and defence of absent friends, qualities ascribed to the lady of the story, are thoroughly appropriate to herself, as we find her painted by her sorrowing literary friends and admirers.

In *Balzac's Cane*, an article which, carried in its master's left hand renders him invisible, she humourously ascribes his wonderful insight into character, modes of life of all classes, intimate knowledge of puzzling business affairs, &c., to the wonderful virtue of his bamboo—we are sorry for not having room for the extract.

It is surprising, and pleasant at the same time, to find respectful and affectionate references to religious usages, and sincere tribute to the spirit of religious influence, thro various papers of the series, when we reflect on the continual attendance of such lax professors as Balzac, Théophile Gautier, Latouche, &c., at her select reunions. Though we hear of no domestic complaints nor *amicable arrangements* for living apart, but on the contrary, great and successful efforts made at times by the lady to extricate the gentleman out of the hands of powerful foes in high places, we can scarcely suppose that her married life was blessed with much domestic comfort ; she, living in the world of poetry and romance, he occupied day and night, struggling for a high political position, devising giant posters for the dead walls, and *canards* for the rise and fall of bubble and other shares in new companies. She is gone, and France will not see her peer for a century to come.

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